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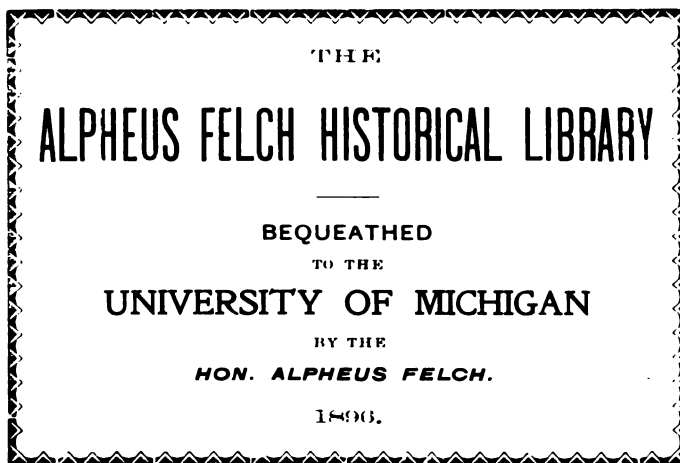
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71  
2  
E19







Engraved by M. Smith for the Publisher, by J. G. F. & Co. London

200

201

202

203

THE  
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF  
FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

OLD SERIES, COMPLETE IN LXIII. VOLS.

JANUARY, 1844, TO DECEMBER, 1864.

NEW SERIES, VOL. XI.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1870.

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W. H. BIDWELL, EDITOR.

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NEW-YORK:  
E. R. PELTON, PUBLISHER, 108 FULTON STREET.

1870.

THE NEW YORK PRINTING COMPANY,  
81, 83, and 85 *Centre Street*,  
NEW YORK.



# INDEX TO VOLUME XI.

## EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. SCHILLER BEFORE THE COURT OF WEIMAR.
2. JAMES T. BRADY.
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6. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

PAGE

## POETRY.

The Prayer of Hercules,	114
Frederic Temple,	115
Alice,	115
In the Tropics,	115
In the Fall,	115
Autumn Evening,	116
The Holly's Teaching,	116
A Confession and Apology,	245
Hero to Leander,	246
All Saints and All Souls,	246
Endymion,	246
St. Guthlac,	247
The Old Geologist,	373
The Shepherd,	374
My Secret,	374
The Cuckoo,	374
Not Lost,	374
A Storm,	374
Twilight,	875
The Stream that Hurries by,	498
In Sorrow,	499
Sacred,	499
La Musica Trionfante,	499
A Winter Evening,	499
Love that is Love,	500
After many Days,	626
Medusa,	627
The Last Wish,	627
Evening,	628
Proteus,	758
On the River,	759
A Regret,	759
Recognition of Genius,	759
Arguing in a Circle,	759

## A.

A Peep at a Neapolitan Nunnery,	99
A Drifting Star,	108
A Doctor's Story,	174
Art of Long Living, The,	197
Assammarco; the Convent of Savonarola,	204
A Greek Herculeaneum,	426
Autumn Period of "The Earthly Paradise,"	437
Ancient and Mediæval India,	563

PAGE

Alchemists, The,	580
A Roman Story,	606
A Slave of the Lamp and his Labors,	611
At Rome,	
A Hindu Legend,	125, 253, 382, 500, 637, 767
Art,	

## B.

Battle of the Philosophies—Physical and Metaphysical,	161
Brady, James T.,	243
Bryant, William Cullen,	371
Bells,	493
Babylonian and Assyrian Libraries,	589
Barbarossa Legend, The,	656
Blanche Tréguier,	691
Better-Half Barter,	752
Beecher, Henry Ward,	755

## C.

Catalan Rover—Roger de Flor,	17
Crown Jewels,	231
City of Jerusalem, Past and Present,	240
Characteristics of Modern Painting,	366
Colors of the Double Stars,	604
Chatterton,	671

## D.

Dr. Livingston and the Sources of the Nile,	110
Defenders of our Northwest Indian Frontier,	147
Duc d'Aumale's Lives of the Condés,	257
Double Stars, Colors of,	664

## E.

Early History of Man,	1, 184
Execution by Hara-Kiri,	89

## F.

Fortunes of the Second Empire,	46
France Adrift,	223
French Bank-Notes,	237
Frederick Koenig, Inventor of the Steam Printing Machine,	344
Foreign Literary Notes,	301, 760

## G.

Greek Herculeaneum,	426
Greeley, Horace,	490
Geological Theory in Britain,	642

H.		Q.	
	PAGE		PAGE
History of Queen Elizabeth, Froude's,	513	Questionable Faces, . . . . .	491
Horace Greeley, . . . . .	496		
Henry Ward Beecher, . . . . .	735		
I.		R.	
Islam, . . . . .	129, 308	Roger de Flor—The Catalan Rover, .	17
J.		Regalia, or Crown Jewels, . . . .	281
Juventus Mundi; the Youth of the		Rosse Telescope set to New Work, .	288
World, . . . . .	30	Romance of Medicine, . . . . .	293
K.		Report of the German Scientific Asso-	
King Cophetua; a Doctor's Story, . .	174	ciation, . . . . .	335
L.		Rain and Rain-Doctors, . . . . .	355
Lambeth and the Archbishops, . . .	93, 189, 327		
Livingston (Dr.) and the Sources of the			
Nile, . . . . .	110		
Last Hours of Mary, Queen of Scots, .	301		
La Grande Marquise, . . . . .	402		
Lunar Warmth and Stellar Heat, . . .	420		
Legend of the Holy Grail, . . . . .	432		
Lectures on the Science of Religion, .			
Literary Notices, . . . . .	110, 247, 375, 500, 623, 763		
M.		S.	
Mary Gresley; an Editor's Tale, . . .	69	Suez Canal, The, . . . . .	57
Morning Calls on the Munich Police, .	216	Solar Wonders, . . . . .	112
Mr. Tennyson's New Poems, . . . . .	339	Study and Opinion in Oxford, . . .	209
My Master, . . . . .	472	Sun's Crown, The, . . . . .	223
Modern Poetry of Doubt, . . . . .	480	Sacerdotal Celibacy, . . . . .	443
Mr. Froude's History of Queen Elizabeth,	513	Strange Discoveries Respecting the Au-	
Mr. Mill on the Subjection of Women, .	516	rora, . . . . .	465
Man in the Iron Mask, . . . . .	599	Shadow-Hunted Shadows, . . . . .	480
N.		Samuel Irenæus Prime, D.D., . . . .	624
November Shooting-Stars, . . . . .	154	Science, . . . . .	121, 251, 379, 506, 632, 764
National Antipathies, . . . . .	456		
O.		T.	
Ottoman Rule in Europe, . . . . .	409	The Early History of Man, . . . . .	1, 184
On Dust and Disease, . . . . .	556	The Catalan Rover—Roger de Flor, .	17
Orientalism in European Industry, . .	747	The Present Prevalence of Sun-Spots, .	89
P.		The Fortunes of the Second Empire, .	46
Present Prevalence of Sun-Spots, . . .	39	The Suez Canal, . . . . .	57
Prof. Tyndall's Theory of Comets, . .	83	The Execution by Hara-Kiri, . . . .	89
Peep at a Neapolitan Nunnery, . . .	80	The Defenders of our Northwest Indian	
Pre-Historic England, . . . . .	385	Frontier, . . . . .	147
Proverbs, . . . . .	485	The November Shooting-Stars, . . .	154
Palace of the Cæsars, . . . . .	549	The Hill-Tribes of Chittagong, . . .	169
Prime, S. Irenæus, . . . . .	624	The Art of Long Living, . . . . .	197
Princesse des Ursins, The, . . . . .	710	The Sun's Crown, . . . . .	223
Place where Light Dwelleth, . . . . .	735	The Regalia, or Crown Jewels, . . .	281
Poetry . . . . .	115, 245, 373, 498, 626, 758	The City of Jerusalem, Past and Present,	240
		The Duc d'Aumale's Lives of the Condés,	267
		To Know or Not to Know, . . . . .	278
		The Rosse Telescope set to New Work,	288
		The Romance of Medicine, . . . . .	293
		The Legend of the Holy Graal, . . .	433
		Tenants of St. Denis, . . . . .	441
		The Modern Poetry of Doubt, . . . .	489
		The Palace of the Cæsars, . . . . .	549
		The Translation of Faith, . . . . .	579
		The Alchemists, . . . . .	590
		The Man in the Iron Mask, . . . . .	599
		The French Stage, . . . . .	620
		The Barbarossa Legend, . . . . .	656
		The Princesse des Ursins, . . . . .	710
		The Place where Light Dwelleth, . .	725
		V.	
		Varieties, . . . . .	127, 255, 383, 511, 639
		W.	
		Who Wrote Robinson Crusoe? . . . .	366
		William Cullen Bryant, . . . . .	371

# INDEX TO VOLUME XI.

## EMBELLISHMENTS.

	PAGE
1. SCHILLER BEFORE THE COURT OF WEIMAR.	
2. JAMES T. BRADY.	
3. WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.	
4. HORACE GREELEY.	
5. S. IRENÆUS PRIME.	
6. HENRY WARD BEECHER.	

## POETRY.

The Prayer of Hercules,	114
Frederic Temple,	115
Alice,	115
In the Tropics,	115
In the Fall,	115
Autumn Evening,	116
The Holly's Teaching,	116
A Confession and Apology,	245
Hero to Leander,	246
All Saints and All Souls,	246
Endymion,	246
St. Guthlac,	247
The Old Geologist,	373
The Shepherd,	374
My Secret,	374
The Cuckoo,	374
Not Lost,	374
A Storm,	374
Twilight,	375
The Stream that Hurries by,	498
In Sorrow,	499
Sacred,	499
La Musica Trionfante,	499
A Winter Evening,	499
Love that is Love,	500
After many Days,	626
Medusa,	627
The Last Wish,	627
Evening,	628
Proteus,	758
On the River,	759
A Regret,	759
Recognition of Genius,	759
Arguing in a Circle,	759

## A.

A Peep at a Neapolitan Nunnery,	99
A Drifting Star,	108
A Doctor's Story,	174
Art of Long Living, The,	197
Assammarco; the Convent of Savonarola,	204
A Greek Herculaneum,	426
Autumn Period of "The Earthly Paradise,"	437
Ancient and Mediæval India,	563

Alchemists, The,	
A Roman Story,	
A Slave of the Lamp and his Labor at Rome,	
A Hindu Legend,	125, 253, 382,
Art,	

## B.

Battle of the Philosophies—Physical,	
Metaphysical,	
Brady, James T.,	
Bryant, William Cullen,	
Bells,	
Babylonian and Assyrian Libraries	
Barbarossa Legend, The,	
Blanche Tréguier,	
Better-Half Barter,	
Beecher, Henry Ward,	

## C.

Catalan Rover—Roger de Flor,	
Crown Jewels,	
City of Jerusalem, Past and Present	
Characteristics of Modern Painting	
Colors of the Double Stars,	
Chatterton,	

## D.

Dr. Livingston and the Sources of Nile,	
Defenders of our Northwest Frontier,	
Duc d'Aumale's Lives of the Condé	
Double Stars, Colors of,	

## E.

Early History of Man,	
Execution by Hara-Kiri,	

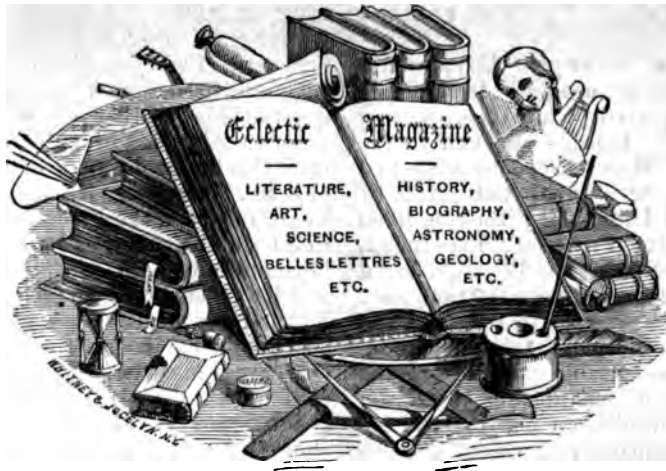
## F.

Fortunes of the Second Empire,	
France Adrift,	
French Bank-Notes,	
Frederick Koenig, Inventor of Steam Printing Machine,	
Foreign Literary Notes,	

## G.

Greek Herculaneum,	
Greeley, Horace,	
Geological Theory in Britain,	

H.		Q.	
	PAGE		PAGE
History of Queen Elizabeth, Froude's,	513	Questionable Faces, . . . .	491
Horace Greeley, . . . .	496		
Henry Ward Beecher, . . . .	755		
I.		R.	
Islam, . . . . .	129, 308	Roger de Flor—The Catalan Rover, .	17
		Regalia, or Crown Jewels, . . .	231
J.		Rosse Telescope set to New Work, .	288
Juventus Mundi; the Youth of the		Romance of Medicine, . . . .	293
World, . . . . .	30	Report of the German Scientific Asso-	
		ciation, . . . . .	335
K.		Rain and Rain-Doctors, . . . .	355
King Cophetua; a Doctor's Story, . .	174		
L.		S.	
Lambeth and the Archbishops, . . .	93, 189, 327	Suez Canal, The, . . . . .	57
Livingston (Dr.) and the Sources of the		Solar Wonders, . . . . .	113
Nile, . . . . .	110	Study and Opinion in Oxford, . . .	209
Last Hours of Mary, Queen of Scots, .	301	Sun's Crown, The, . . . . .	223
La Grande Marquise, . . . . .	402	Sacerdotal Celibacy, . . . . .	443
Lunar Warmth and Stellar Heat, . . .	420	Strange Discoveries Respecting the Au-	
Legend of the Holy Grail, . . . .	432	rors, . . . . .	465
Lectures on the Science of Religion, .		Shadow-Hunted Shadows, . . . .	480
Literary Notices, . . 116, 247, 375, 500, 623, 763		Samuel Irenæus Prime, D.D., . . .	624
M.		Science, . . . . .	121, 251, 379, 500, 632, 764
Mary Gresley; an Editor's Tale, . . .	60		
Morning Calls on the Munich Police, .	216	T.	
Mr. Tennyson's New Poems, . . . .	339	The Early History of Man, . . . .	1, 184
My Master, . . . . .	472	The Catalan Rover—Roger de Flor, .	17
Modern Poetry of Doubt, . . . . .	489	The Present Prevalence of Sun-Spots, .	3'
Mr. Froude's History of Queen Elizabeth,	513	The Fortunes of the Second Empire, .	'
Mr. Mill on the Subjection of Women, .	516	The Suez Canal, . . . . .	
Man in the Iron Mask, . . . . .	599	The Execution by Hara-Kiri, . . . .	
N.		The Defenders of our Northwest Indian	
November Shooting-Stars, . . . . .	154	Frontier, . . . . .	1
National Antipathies, . . . . .	450	The November Shooting-Stars, . . . .	
O.		The Hill-Tribes of Chittagong, . . .	
Ottoman Rule in Europe, . . . . .	409	The Art of Long Living, . . . . .	
On Dust and Disease, . . . . .	556	The Sun's Crown, . . . . .	
Orientalism in European Industry, . .	747	The Regalia, or Crown Jewels, . . .	
P.		The City of Jerusalem, Past and Present	
Present Prevalence of Sun-Spots, . . .	39	The Duc d'Aumale's Lives of the Condi	
Prof. Tyndall's Theory of Comets, . .	82	To Know or Not to Know, . . . . .	
Peep at a Neapolitan Nunnery, . . .	99	The Rosse Telescope set to New Work	
Pre-Historic England, . . . . .	385	The Romance of Medicine, . . . .	
Proverbs, . . . . .	485	The Legend of the Holy Grail, . . .	
Palace of the Cæsars, . . . . .	549	Tenants of St. Denis, . . . . .	
Prime, S. Irenæus, . . . . .	624	The Modern Poetry of Doubt, . . .	
Princesse des Ursins, The, . . . . .	710	The Palace of the Cæsars, . . . .	
Place where Light Dwelleth, . . . .	725	The Translation of Faith, . . . .	
Poetry . . . . .	115, 245, 373, 498, 626, 758	The Alchemists, . . . . .	
		The Man in the Iron Mask, . . . .	
		The French Stage, . . . . .	
		The Barbarossa Legend, . . . . .	
		The Princesse des Ursins, . . . .	
		The Place where Light Dwelleth,	
		V.	
		Varieties, . . . . .	127, 27
		W.	
		Who Wrote Robinson Crusoe ?	
		William Cullen Bryant, . . . .	



# Eclectic Magazine

OF

## FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series,  
Vol. XI., No. 1.

JANUARY, 1870.

{ Old Series Complete in 63 vols.

North British Review.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF MAN.

WE propose briefly to consider three points connected with the early history of man: the first respects his antiquity; the second his primitive condition; and the third the method of studying his early progress.

I. THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.—Our proposition is that the antiquity of man is very great—the popular chronology entirely wrong. The point to be cleared is, Whether all the races of men can have had their progenitors in the members of a single family 2348 B.C.,—the date of the deluge? If we can show that to be impossible our proposition will be proved, since the chronology which asserts it is the only obstacle to our believing man to have been on the earth for any length of time. It is commonly supposed that this chronology is founded on Scripture; but in the Old Testament there is no connected chronology prior to Solomon. "All that now passes for ancient chronology beyond that fixed point is the melancholy legacy of the seventeenth

and eighteenth centuries; a compound of intentional deceit and utter misconception of the principles of historical research." \*

In the earliest historical times great and highly civilized nations existed in different parts of the world. This is what we should expect, because history begins with records, and before a people can bring to perfection the arts which make enduring records possible, they must have made great progress in civilization. Of the ancient communities we select for consideration three—the Egyptian, the Chinese, and the Indo-European "mother-tribe." The facts ascertained respecting the antiquity and ancient condition of these communities establish our proposition.

(1.) *Ancient Egypt*.—Those entitled to have an opinion respecting the com-

\* Bunsen's *Egypt's Place in Universal History* (Lond., 1848), Pref., p. 1.

monement of history in Egypt differ from one another, but agree in referring it to a time precedent to "the dispersion of mankind." Lepsius assigned to the accession of Menes the date 3893 B.C., which nearly agrees with that given by Kenrick and Humboldt; Bunsen fixed it at 3643 B.C.; Pickering, Lenormant, Champollion-Figeac, and Böckh, referred it to dates varying between 4400 and 5867 B.C. It is unnecessary to insist on the correctness of any of these computations: sufficient for our purpose are the computations of such men as Wilkinson and Poole. Wilkinson had in 1835 assigned a comparatively recent date to Menes, saying, "I have not placed him earlier, for fear of interfering with the deluge, the date of which is 2348 B.C." He remodelled his chronology at a later time, and assigned to the accession of this king the date 2320 B.C., being twenty-eight years *after* the Flood, and ninety-six *before* the dispersion of mankind.\* Mr. Poole's view is thus represented by the Duke of Argyll:—"The most modern computation carries the foundation of that [the Egyptian] Monarchy as far back as 700 years before the visit of the Hebrew Patriarch. Some of the best German scholars hold that there is evidence of a much longer chronology. But seven centuries before Abraham is the estimate of Mr. R. Stuart Poole, of the British Museum, who is one of the very highest authorities, and certainly the most cautious, upon questions of Egyptian chronology. This places the beginning of the Pharaohs in the twenty-eighth century B.C. But according to Usher's interpretation of the Hebrew Pontateuch, the twenty-eighth century B.C. would be some 400 years before the Flood. On the other hand, a difference of 800 years is allowed by the chronology which is founded on the Septuagint Version of the Scriptures. But the fact of this difference tells in two ways. A margin of variation amounting to eight centuries between two versions of the same document, is a variation so enormous, that it seems to cast complete doubt on the whole system of inter-

pretation on which such computations of time are based. And yet it is more than questionable whether it is possible to reconcile the known order of events with even this larger estimate of the number of years. It is true that, according to this larger estimate, the Flood would be carried back about four and a half centuries beyond the beginning of the Pharaohs. But is this enough? The founding of a Monarchy is not the beginning of a race. The people amongst whom such Monarchies arose must have grown and gathered during many generations. Nor is it in regard to the peopling of Egypt alone that this difficulty meets us in the face. The existence in the days of Abraham of such an organized government as that of Chedorlaomer, shows that 2000 years B.C. there flourished in Elam, beyond Mesopotamia, a nation which even now would be ranked among "the Great Powers." And if nations so great had thus arisen, altogether unnoticed in the Hebrew narrative—if we are left to gather as best we may from other sources, all our knowledge of their origin and growth, how much more is this true of far distant lands over which the advancing tide of human population had rolled, or was then rolling, its mysterious wave?"\* Nothing need be added to the case as here so well put.

As to the state of civilization in Egypt at the commencement of its history, we have the fact that the hieroglyphic system appears on the earliest extant monuments belonging to the fourth dynasty, and must therefore have been in use for centuries before. The monuments themselves are proof of some knowledge of the sciences of geodesy and astronomy, and of great skill in the mechanical arts; and, indeed, had the people not been excellent hydraulic engineers they could not have established themselves in towns in the Lower Valley of the Nile.

"The pyramids and the sepulchres near them," says Kenrick, "remain to assure us that the Egyptians were then a powerful and populous nation, far advanced in the arts of life; and as a people can only progressively attain such a station, the light of history is reflected back from this era upon the ages which

\* See, for a discussion of these dates and computations, *Types of Mankind*, by J. C. Nott and G. R. Gliddon (Philadelphia, 1844), p. 371 of seq.

\* *Summary of Man*, by the Duke of Argyll (1869), pp. 55-58.

preceded it."\* Reed-pens, inks (red and black), papyrus-paper, chemically prepared colors, beautifully executed bass-reliefs, a magnificent architecture, pyramidal and hydraulic engineering, are items in the proof that they were highly civilized. It is important to observe that the records show them to have been but one of several contemporary nations; that they believed themselves to be autochthones; and that many of their institutions were unquestionably indigenous. The hieroglyphics were their own; much was peculiar to them in manners, customs, and arts; their religion—there was a national priesthood—was in some particulars local; and every animal and plant delineated in their sculptures belonged to the land they inhabited. It is implied in what has been said, and is the fact, that the ancient Egyptians were agriculturists, and had a variety of domesticated animals.

(2.) *China*.—In China we see a mighty State, comprising about one-third of mankind, living under the same government and code of laws, speaking the same language, and enjoying the same culture. That State appears in a remote antiquity, with peculiarities that still adhere to it; its language, science, philosophy, industries, and marvellous administrative machinery, having features peculiarly its own. Of its origin, of the consolidation of so many races of men under a common government, we know nothing; but as well might we believe coal-beds and chalk-cliffs to be primordial features of the earth's crust, as the empire of China to have been the growth of a few hundreds, or even thousands of years. When its authentic history commences is another matter. The beginning of its historical period is perhaps as well fixed as any such fact can be at 2637 B.C. The Hia dynasty, at least, beginning with Yu the Great, is well fixed at 2200 B.C., little more than 100 years after the Flood, according to Usher, and but twenty-four years after the "dispersion of mankind." Of the ancient civilization of the Chinese we shall give no details. The reader will consi-

der how much progress is implied in the consolidation of a monarchy.

(3.) *The Indo-Europeans*.—The earliest date claiming to be historically established for any race of the Indo-European group is about 2400 B.C., which Mr. James Ferguson assigns to the entrance of the Solar Aryans into India.\* We are enabled, however, to contemplate the Indo-Europeans at a time long before that invasion. The chief triumph of philology is the generalization which has brought to our knowledge the mother-tribe of the Sanskrit-speaking Aryans, the Persians, the Greeks and Latins, Germans, Slaves, and Celts. In that tribe, before its disruption, the grammatical structure still seen in the languages of its derivatives had been developed, and many objects, acts, and processes had been named. The names given to these, being a portion of the vocabulary of the mother-tribe, have been ascertained by a process as simple as it is ingenious—the examination of the derived languages, and the reasonable inference that any word found in all, or nearly all, of them, is a part of the common inheritance from the mother-tribe. More need not be said of a generalization with which by this time most readers are familiar. Now, while philology, thus investigating the early history of the Indo-Europeans, can tell us nothing of the locality of the parent tribe, nor of the date of the dispersion, it assumes to fix with confidence a date before which the dispersion must have happened. Mr. Whitney in his excellent book on Language says, "To set a date lower than 3000 years before Christ for the dispersion of the Indo-European family would doubtless be altogether inadmissible; and the event is most likely to have taken place far earlier."† In this conclusion we imagine every philologist will agree. The mother-tribe of the group is exhibited as a language-using tribe distinct from the Mongols and Semites, and most probably territorially disconnected from them at a

\* *Tree and Serpent-worship* (1868), pp. 59, 62 of the Introduction.

† *Language and the Study of Language*, by W. D. Whitney, Professor of Sanskrit in Yale College (Trübner & Co., London, 1867), p. 205.

\* *Ancient Egypt under the Pharaohs* (London, 1850), p. 131.

time long anterior to that of the alleged dispersion of mankind.

Let us now see what was the state of civilization in the mother-tribe of the Indo-Europeans. Mr. Max Müller has done more than any other writer to familiarize English readers with the facts about which among philologists there is no dispute; but the most condensed statement of them we know is given by the American author whom we have just cited. Mr. Whitney says: "It is found that the primitive tribe which spoke the mother-tongue of the Indo-European family was not nomadic alone, but had settled habitations, even towns and fortified places, and addicted itself in part to the rearing of cattle, in part to the cultivation of the earth. It possessed our chief domestic animals—the horse, the ox, the sheep, the goat, and the swine, besides the dog; the bear and the wolf were foes that ravished its flocks; the mouse and fly were already its domestic pests. The region it inhabited was a varied one, not bordering upon the ocean. The season whose name has been most persistent is the winter. Barley, and perhaps also wheat, was raised for food, and converted into meal. Mead was prepared from honey, as a cheering and inebriating drink. The use of certain metals was known; whether iron was one of them admits of question. The art of weaving was practised; wool and hemp, and possibly flax, being the materials employed. Of other branches of domestic industry, little that is definite can be said; but those already mentioned imply a variety of others as co-ordinate or auxiliary to them. The weapons of offence and defence were those which are usual among primitive peoples,—the sword, spear, bow, and shield. Boats were manufactured, and moved by oars. Of extended and elaborate political organization no traces are discoverable; the people was doubtless a congeries of petty tribes, under chiefs and leaders, rather than kings, and with institutions of a patriarchal cast, among which the reduction to servitude of prisoners taken in war appears not to have been wanting. The structure and relations of the family are more clearly seen; names of its members, even to the second and third degrees of consanguinity and affinity, were already fixed, and

were significant of affectionate regard and trustful interdependence. That woman was looked down upon, as a being in capacity and dignity inferior to man, we find no indication whatever. The art of numeration was learned, at least up to a hundred; there is no general Indo-European word for 'thousand.' Some of the stars were noticed and named; the moon was the chief measurer of time. The religion was polytheistic, a worship of the personified powers of nature. Its rites, whatever they were, were practised without the aid of a priesthood."\*

Three civilizations, occurring in the three families into which mankind is usually divided, have now been exhibited, two of them with some detail, at dates anterior to that which the popular chronology has fixed for the commencement of the peopling of the world. These civilizations were high compared with the state of human tribes yet on the earth. The people were agriculturists, and well practised in the common arts of life. They had a variety of domesticated animals; indeed, but few animals have within the historical period been added to the list. They clothed themselves with a variety of fabrics, dwelt in houses and in towns, protecting the latter by fortifications; they had speculated on the order of the spiritual world, and evolved religions; on the order of the material world, and evolved bodies of doctrine, which we should call sciences. They differed from one another in language, religion, physical characters, and social arrangements; but in this they agreed, that they had left a state of barbarism far in the rear.

If now we take up our position in time at a date preceding the alleged dispersion of mankind, say somewhere about 2700 years B.C., and contemplate the Chinese, the Egyptians, and the early Aryans—*so different in type*, geographically disconnected, and so far advanced in civilization—and ask when were these nations represented by their progenitors in the primitive *family-group* from which some think mankind has been derived, is it not plain that we shall be forced to say,

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\* *Language and the Study of Language*, I. c., p. 207.



"If they ever were so represented, it must have been many thousands of years ago. In 4000 years the types of men have not changed.\* They were either primordial, or their production must have occupied ages."

Here we may say that our proposition has been proved, and that the popular chronology, whose influence on historical inquiry has been so pernicious, must be discarded. It may be believed that, once it is fairly given up, we shall be unable to think of the ancient nations as being at all *much* nearer the beginnings of human progress than we are ourselves; we shall be unable to think that four or five thousand years are more than a fraction of the time which that progress has occupied. When that point of view becomes common, no one will any longer wonder at the Greeks appearing with the wonderful Homeric poems as their earliest record, or at the Aryans possessing the Veda from the dawn of history. Indeed, a knowledge of the Vedic literature, which, through the labors of Müller, Muir, and others, is being brought within our reach, will do much to establish the position we have been maintaining. That most ancient literature is in many respects wonderfully modern,† and no one can study it with-

\* This is established by the monuments of ancient Egypt.

† As an illustration take Rig-Veda ix. 112, which has been closely translated as follows:—

"How multifarious are the views which different men inspire!  
How various are the ends which men of various crafts desire!  
The leech a patient seeks; the smith looks out for something cracked;  
The priest seeks devotees from whom he may his fee extract.  
With feathers, metals, and the like, and sticks decayed and old,  
The workman manufactures wares to win the rich man's gold.  
A poet I, my sire a leech, and corn my mother grinds:  
On gain intent, we each pursue our trades of different kinds.  
The draught-horse seeks an easy car; of gallants girls are fond;  
The merry dearly love a joke; and frogs desire a pond."

There is a prose rendering of this lyric in Mr. John Muir's *Miscellaneous Hymns from the Rig and Atharva Vedas*, in the Proceedings of the Royal

out feeling that the years that separate us from the poets are few compared with those that separated the poets from barbarism.

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(4.) *Archæology*.—The body of facts accumulated in the pages of Lubbock and Lyell bearing on the antiquity and ancient condition of man forms a hitherto innominate science (which we must glance at), comprising the history, so far as we know it, of what are called "prehistoric" times. We have evidence of man as a tool-using animal, and, what is more remarkable, as an artist, inhabiting the earth along with genera of animals now extinct, most probably more than 20,000 years ago.\* He then possessed the same characteristics that he now exhibits; was distinctively *man*, with remarkable powers of contrivance, and æsthetic tastes, though with less knowledge, and consequently with ruder habits. It would be out of place to enter into the details of this evidence. The fact that Sir Charles Lyell has yielded to the pressure of it, after a long resistance, is the best proof of its force. We may glance, however, at the facts in one district disclosed by cave-excavation. Human remains have been found along with those of the elephant and rhinoceros in the south of France; and there is proof that the concurrence in the same district of such remains with those of the reindeer at least is not accidental,—that the two were inhabitants of the country contemporaneously. The bones of the reindeer were broken open for the marrow, and many of them bear the marks of knives. At Les Eyzies a

Asiatic Society. Mr. Muir says of it, "It is distinguished by a vein of naïve observation not unmingled with satire." It might have been written yesterday in London by a quiet cynic of the Thackeray type, who, looking to the balance and movement of the piece, would scarcely have said more in it of the aims and pursuits of the men of to-day than is here recorded of those which engaged men of our race 4,000 years ago. It is instructive to reflect that this is a part of that Vedic literature which the orthodox Hindoo believes existed in the mind of God from all eternity!

\* It illustrates the nature of the struggle between the old and new views of the age of man that there are some who regard the stone implements, which often are the only witnesses of man's existence long ago, as being "inventions of the devil," intended to mislead the human intellect. *Fossils* were thus long regarded!

vertebra of this animal was found that had been pierced by a stone weapon when it was fresh. The stone instruments found are suited for a variety of uses; for aid in eating, in killing, and in manufactures; the "finds" comprising scrapers, cores, awls, lance-heads, cutters, hammers, and mortar-stones. "In the archaic bone-caves," says Sir John Lubbock, "many very fair pictures have been found, scratched on bone or stone with a sharp point, probably of a flint implement. In some cases there is even an attempt at shading. . . . In the lower station at Laugerie several of these drawings have been found; one represents a large herbivorous animal, but unfortunately without the head or forelegs; a second also is apparently intended for some species of ox; a third represents a smaller animal, with vertical horns; another is evidently intended for a horse; and a fifth is very interesting, because, from the shape of the antlers and head, it was evidently intended for a reindeer. Several similar drawings have been obtained by M. de Lastol in a cave at Bruniquel. But perhaps the most remarkable example of the cave-man's art is a poniard, cut out of a reindeer's horn. The artist has ingeniously adapted the position of the animal to the necessities of the case. The horns are thrown back on the neck, the forelegs are doubled up under the belly, and the hind-legs are stretched out along the blade. Unfortunately the poniard seems to have been thrown away before the carving was quite finished, but several of the details indicate that the animal intended to be represented was a reindeer."\* The cave-men, though they were such good artists, were ignorant of metals, of the art of *polishing* their stone implements, of pottery and agriculture. They had no domestic animals—not even the dog. Similar evidence demonstrates a like antiquity and condition of men in different parts of the world.

We have now transcended the period of historical records. In reaching a time indefinitely more remote, we have come on a condition of man indefinitely lower. Yet we find ourselves still far from the fountain-head—assuming for

the moment that there has been from the first a progress; we find man still distinctively human, a tool-user, an artist, a thinker, an ingenious craftsman. Rude as the instruments were with which the cave-man worked, they yet required much thought to devise them, and great dexterity of hand to frame and to employ them. What man then wanted most was a knowledge of workable materials, and of methods of working—a knowledge which no one, we imagine, will maintain came to him otherwise than gradually, through the exercise from time to time of his wits, in new circumstances and on novel occasions; through happy accidents, or as the result of some of the infinitely varied suggestions springing up in the mind, often, as we call it, casually. The cave-dweller was a hunter, and probably ate his prey raw. He broke the bones of animals to get at the marrow. But he was a social creature, and had time for, and cultivated, the arts of amusement. What more he may have been we shall never ascertain from the record that discloses these facts. What were his relations to his females, to his children, to his fellows; under what rules the groups in a district associated in the chase and divided its produce; whether there was any division of labor, any political system, this record, from the nature of it, can never inform us.

It here occurs, that in referring to an epoch so remote as 20,000 years ago, we may appear to be assuming, without evidence, that the earth itself then existed. The popular chronology declares it did not then exist as emphatically as it declares that distinct nations could not appear in different parts of the world earlier than 2224 B.C., the date assigned to the dispersion of mankind. Perhaps any remarks on this point are by this time superfluous; one or two may, however, be submitted with confidence for consideration. It is familiar that the defenders of this chronology—which is as purely a *human* invention as is the bicycle velocipede—have been obliged to stretch the days of creation, as given in Genesis, into periods of time of indefinite duration—millions of years, if necessary. It is also familiar that they are being obliged to regard the Mosaic account as comprising a history

\* *Prehistoric Times*, by Sir John Lubbock, Bart. (1865), pp. 254-5.

of the white races of men only—the others having nothing, on that view, to do with Adam.\* Our first remark is that these concessions prove that the evidence of the antiquity of man has been felt to be irresistible by the defenders of the chronology, and therefore that it *is* irresistible, considering the weight of the prepossessions it has been able to overcome. Our next remark is that astronomy sets the existence of *the world* more than 20,000 years ago beyond doubt, by showing that there are stars now visible to us whose light takes at least 50,000 years to cross the space that separates us from them. Lastly, we observe that in the latest assault made on geological time by Sir William Thomson, the conclusion arrived at, on physical considerations, is, that geologists must contrive to confine “all geological history showing continuity of life,” within “*some such period of past time as ONE HUNDRED MILLION YEARS*”† The student of human history, regarding man as the latest and highest of organized beings, is disposed to be content with such a slice off the 100,000,000 years as may reasonably be thought to belong to him, and feels that he is no-wise greedy when he claims a little more than 20,000 years out of the 100,000,000 as necessary for an explanation of the progress of mankind.

II. THE PRIMITIVE STATE.—Within the historical period the progress of man has been effected from point to point by his powers exerted to meet his occasions. All we know of man in prehistoric times shows that he was then less advanced than at the dawn of history. Was the gulf between the cave-dwellers and the ancient nations crossed through such exertions as have improved the condition of men within the historical period; and was the stage of advancement the cave-dwellers were in reached by similar exertions put forth by men advancing from a still lower condition? The forces that have effected such a mighty progress in the sciences and arts, and in the domestic and political grouping of men,

within the period of history, will, if we assume them to have been at work from the first, afford an ample explanation of a progress from the rudest beginnings. They will do so even on the assumption that they were at first *less*, and their action less intense. On the other hand, the question above put cannot be answered in the negative unless we assume a commencement of the action of these forces, and that the progress we see could never have been carried on by them had it not been set agoing by supernatural means on a basis of communicated ideas. Such an assumption would be unscientific, and the inquiry is scientific. That the ancient nations had a long history that is unrecorded is certain. The stage of advancement at which records *can* begin is necessarily high, and on the theory of development the greater part of a nation's life is probably passed before reaching it. That the unrecorded part was, like the recorded, a progress, can generally be shown; that it was effected by other forces than those we still see at work there is no evidence.

The question we have above put, and, after a fashion, answered, it is usual to put somewhat differently, as when it is asked whether men were originally savage or civilized. If men were civilized to begin, existing savage races have fallen from the primitive state; if men were savage to begin, the ancient nations advanced in prehistoric times to the civilized state in which they appear. Our proposition is that men were originally savage and not civilized.

Let us here define what we mean by civilization. We have hitherto used the word indefinitely, as it is employed in common parlance, but a precise definition of it is necessary to prevent confusion in the discussions we are entering upon. The word *civilization*, as its etymology indicates, denotes the condition of *cives*, of men, that is, united in societies which are also *civitates*—States. Of the many ideas the word now brings together, this is clearly the primary one, so that strictly we should not be justified in at all speaking of the stage of civilization of any people ignorant of the relations implied in citizenship. The combination of men in civil societies is possible only on certain conditions, namely, those which must be complied with be-

\* *Primeval Man*, l. c. p. 104.

† *On Geological Time*, by Sir William Thomson, LL.D., Trans. Geol. Soc. of Glasgow, vol. iii., Part I., p. 1.

fore large numbers of men can live permanently together; and the first of these is *ORDER*, and the second is what we may call a *COMMISSARIAT*. The order of society turns wholly on the *grouping* of its members, domestic and political, while the efficiency of the commissariat depends of course on the stage at which the arts of subsistence have arrived, and the established facilities for the distribution and interchange of productions. Necessary for both of these main conditions being fulfilled are certain faculties,—the means of interchanging ideas and a capacity for common action, which implies a community of ideas and sympathies, as well as interests. Civilization begins with the State, and no earlier; and those who would discriminate between stages ruder than that, must be understood as speaking of preparatory stages leading up to the State from various distances and at varying rates. The idea of the State is elementary, like that of the family. The family rests on the closest blood-relationship; the gens on on consanguinity, real or assumed, between the families composing it; the tribe, according to the common theory, is composed of cognate gentes. The State begins where blood-ties terminate. In the largest tribe a man is simply a tribesman: he is a citizen in the smallest group of tribes politically united under a common government.

This definition fixes attention on three distinct sets of phenomena—(1.) The grouping, domestic and political, of men in societies; (2.) The arts and sciences; and (3.) The means of intercommunication and common action. The means of communication is of course language. Religion is a most powerful social bond, facilitating common action by establishing a community of sentiments and aspirations. We propose rapidly to glance at the facts which show that in each and all of these there has been development.

(1.) *Grouping*.—Before we can say whether there has been progress in grouping, it is necessary to see whether we can find a test by which one mode of grouping can be known to be higher and better than another. Such a test we think exists.

No one will question but that a tribe of men, ignorant of marriage and blood-

relationship, and without permanent attachments of males to females, and of parents to offspring, is as low a group as is conceivable, a simple *herd*, as we should call it, when presented as an aggregate of creatures other than human. The rudest permanent arrangement of the sexes, and the most imperfect system of kinship—say, for instance, a system of kinship through mothers only,—appearing in a group, would compel us to recognize it as *more* advanced than that first considered. Permanent arrangements of a sort to permit kinship through fathers as well as mothers we should recognize as entitling a group to rank higher than the second considered. Looking at it another way: any regulated relation of the sexes is an advance on promiscuity; the Tibetan polyandry, in which the co-husbands are brothers, is an advance on the Nair, in which the co-husbands are strangers in blood; the Levirate is an improvement on—it is at any rate an advance from—Tibetan polyandry; monandry, with the agnatic family, repudiating such an obligation as the Levirate implies, is an improvement on the Levirate; and, lastly, we may see that modern marriage-laws, gradually conceding equality of rights to women, are improving a system which still preserves too many features of the husband's absolute supremacy as head of the agnatic family. A similar series of stages from lower to higher might be pointed out in the evolution of rights of property and laws of succession—rights and laws intimately connected with domestic grouping. As regards political grouping, it is not so easy to effect a classification. This is not to be wondered at, considering that no respectable arrangements have as yet anywhere been established for the reasonable government of large communities. Progress in political organization is in its infancy. Yet there are stages in the past history of even political grouping which, as manifestly connected with and determined by the domestic grouping, might pretty safely be classified. We shall not here, however, affect to offer a classification, as there does not exist such a body of settled opinion as could confidently be appealed to in justification of a scheme. Enough has been said to show how a classification of stages of progress

in grouping generally may be effected, and that suffice for our purpose at this point.

Now, we have numerous examples of all the stages of domestic grouping we have enumerated occurring among the most diverse races of men. We have numerous instances of the family as a group, with the mother at its head—the marriage system polyandrous, and the husbands living not with the wife but in their mothers' houses. We have numerous instances, again, of a polyandrous arrangement, by which a woman becomes the wife of all the brothers of a family, passing into permanent residence with them in *their* house. We have cases transitional between these two, and also between the last mentioned and the agnatic family, and can show how the one grew into the other. Sometimes we can exhibit the transition in progress in adjoining districts of the same country. In some cases, again, it can be shown that they actually succeeded one another as stages of evolution in the progress of particular nations. Take the case of kinship, for example (which depends on the form of the family), and the history of the Greeks as illustrating the growth of systems of kinships. The Homeric poems exhibit the ties of kinship through both father and mother as being recognized, and furnish hints that at an earlier time only the ties through the mother were acknowledged. These hints, when combined with the ancient traditions of the people, read in the light of facts elsewhere disclosed, *prove* that at an earlier time there was kinship through mothers only. In the post-Homeric times we reach a stage at which there was kinship through fathers only, that is, when agnation was established. Orestes was esteemed no relation of his mother Clytemnestra. Later still, agnation broke down, and there was again kinship acknowledged through mothers as well as fathers. These stages of evolution are not only well vouched, but the causes can be assigned which determined them—causes connected mainly with changes in the marriage-laws and the laws of inheritance, of which changes, again, the causes can generally be assigned. Such an evolution as is in this case presented can be shown to have taken place in numerous unconnected cases: we find tribes of men

now existing occupying one or other of the stages precedent or transitional to that in which the Homeric Greeks appear; again, we find nations more ancient than the Greeks, either exhibiting traces of having, in the prehistoric times, come through such precedent stages, or occupying one or other of them, or one or other of the stages later than, and advancing from, that the Homeric Greeks occupied; lastly, *we cannot find a nation that offers no traces of such stages.* These facts being sufficiently attested, we are obliged to conclude that there was a law of progress in the evolution of forms of domestic grouping, which may be enunciated as a law of human progress; and the only explanation that can be offered of such a progress is, that men have advanced from the savage state.

Not only can every conceivable stage of domestic grouping be discovered in the history of the ancient nations, but the moral sentiments of men can be seen improving with the domestic institutions. It is a favorite idea with some that man's progress has been material merely; that as a moral being he has not made progress. It may be a question whether he is readier now than formerly to observe the standards of propriety established in the society of which he is a member. We incline to think he has improved even in this respect. Public opinion, which applies the severest sanctions of right conduct, is more searching and powerful now, and, other things being the same, the disposition to obey the dictates of conscience may be assumed stronger the sharper the penalties of disobedience are. Of the improvement of the standards of propriety there is no doubt.

Look to the rules related to domestic grouping which constitute the standard of purity—the laws regulating the relations of the sexes generally. Sister marriages were common in ancient Egypt, where acts of prostitution in the temples were prescribed to the women. In ancient Persia there seems to have been no law of incest at all. Brothers and sisters married, and even mothers and sons. Unions of mothers and sons were *required* for the production of persons eligible to certain religious offices. Marriages were allowed both in Athens and Sparta between brothers and sisters of the half-blood. They were permissible

also among the Jews. Amnon and Tamar were marriageable—"speak to the king, and he will not withhold me from thee."\* Abraham married his sister, his father's daughter; Nahor married his niece, his brother's daughter. Amram, the father of Moses, married his father's sister. Such marriages we declare incestuous, and to be capital crimes. Anciently they were all right—agreeable to the moral standard; it is the standard of propriety that has changed with the nature of domestic grouping.

Where, again, is the ancient nation that was monogamous? The Jews certainly were not. They recognized concubinage as well as polygyny. Jacob had two sisters to wife at one time—a thing subsequently forbidden, polygyny being recognized in the prohibition. A Jew might marry his brother's widow, although he had wives of his own; indeed, at one time she became his wife without any form of marriage;† afterwards he was enabled to get quit of her;‡ arrangements that go to show that *polyandry* had anciently been a Jewish institution. Well, if not among the Jews, where else shall we look for monogamy? No Semitic people had it. Shall we find it among the Vedic races? The Rîg-Veda contains traces of both polygyny and concubinage. The term *sapatrî* occurs, for example, which means having the same husband. The Hymns x. 145, 159, contain charms by which a wife tries to get rid of her rivals. For the kings, concubinage became an institution § In the Sâtâpâthâ, Brâhmânâ, ix. 4. 1. 6, we have the order of sacrifice regulated on the principle of men being entitled to have many wives:—"He gives pre-eminence to the man in consequence of his vigor. He sacrifices to the man as if to one, and to the woman as if to many. Wherefore also one man has many wives." And so on. Here, again, as in the Jewish case, we can see that polyandry preceded polygyny as the marriage system. We find in the Rîg-Veda that the Asvin brothers had one wife between them—

Sûryâ. It is familiar that in the great epic, the Mahâbhârata, the heroes—the five Pandava Princes—had one wife between them, Draupadi. The authorities hold that there is proof that the Brahmans who compiled the epic from old materials, found this tradition too strong for them, otherwise they would have suppressed it; and that, since the marriage was repugnant on the whole to Vedic, and altogether to post-Vedic ideas, the story belongs to the pre-Vedic history of the people.

The father of Draupadi is represented by the compilers as shocked at the proposal of the Princes to marry his daughter. "You who know the law," he is made to say, "must not commit an unlawful act which is contrary to usage and the Vedas." The reply is, "The law, O king, is subtle; we do not know its way. *We follow the path which has been trodden by our ancestors in succession.*" One of the Princes then pleads precedent: "In an old tradition it is recorded that Jatilâ, of the family of Gotama, that most excellent of moral women, dwelt with seven saints; and that Vârکشî, the daughter of a Muni, cohabited with ten brothers, all of them called Prachetas, whose souls had been purified by penance."\* The tradition being too stubborn for the Brahmans, they thus tried as much as they could to palliate it. It is a tradition of that stage of the family group which prevails now in Thibet, and no one could study Manu and doubt that such a stage had anciently existed among the Hindoos. That it was pre-Vedic may be considered certain. At any rate, monogamy was not the Vedic idea of marriage, and we cannot doubt but there had been a progress in the pre-Vedic as well as in the post-Vedic times. In the latter, caste has arisen,—the laws of inheritance and marriage shifting from ruder to more civilized types. In the discussion between the Pandavas and their father-in-law we have simply a case of collision between moral standards belonging to two stages of the progress.

The Homeric Greeks were after a fashion monogamous; but they also had only just left polyandry in the rear.

\* 2 Samuel xiii. 13, and see verse 16.

† Lewis's *Hebrew Republic* (1725), vol. iii., p. 268.

‡ Ruth iv. 6; Deut. xxv. 5-10.

§ Rîg-Veda xx. 1. 12, and 1. 72; and see, for traces of polygyny, i. 112. 19, v. 42. 12.

\* On the Mahâbhârata. Reprinted from the *Westminster Review* for April, 1868.

Their marriage system was clearly only a few generations old at the Troica, for none of them had a pedigree with more than one or two known fathers. It consisted moreover with their having any number of captive wives. Let us observe also of the Greeks, that while they were developing a proper law of incest and marriage they were gathering a literature round the practice of *παίδεσθαι*. The relation between a man and his *αἵμας* they constituted by one of the ancient forms of marriage.\* It is disagreeable to recall such facts; but they are necessary for our argument. To clearly understand what moral standards have been derelinquished by men within the historical period, a wide survey would have to be taken of ancient facts, of a nature still more disagreeable.†

It matters not what moral standard we take, when we study the history of the rules now constituting it we shall have a similar account to give of them. They are the lower the farther back we go, and are everywhere in harmony with the general character of the grouping at each stage of the evolution. But of the evolution of grouping and of moral sentiments from such low stages as we have exhibited, what explanation, we repeat, can be given, except that men have advanced from the savage state?

Other explanations have no doubt been offered; but it is impossible to regard them as being other than the products of an uninformed fancy. Take, for example, the hypothesis of Sir George Grey in explanation of the peculiar grouping, the complex laws of marriage, inter-marriage, kinship, and succession, which he found among the natives of Australia. These laws are familiar to us as transitional in the case of numerous primitive races in many quarters of the world. And we have evidence of such laws among the most ancient nations. To Sir George they appeared, not as evolved from the past experiences of the people, and in the course of growth and modification, but as being of divine appointment, and immutable. "The laws of

this people," he says, "are unfitted for the government of a single isolated family, some of them being only adapted for the regulation of an assemblage of families; they could, therefore, not have been a series of rules given by the first father to his children: again they could not have been rules given by an assembly of the first fathers to their children, for there are these remarkable features about them, that some are of such a nature as to compel those subject to them to remain in a state of barbarism, whilst others are adapted to the wants and necessities of savage races, as well as to prevent too close intermarriages of a people, who preserve no written or symbolical records of any kind; and in all these instances the desired ends are obtained by the simplest means, so that we are necessitated to admit that when these rules were planned, it was foreseen that the race submitted to them would be savages, and under this foresight the necessary provision was made for the event."\* Elsewhere he says, it is impossible to believe the Australians to have been originally civilized, and equally impossible to believe that their laws had been developed.† His conclusion is, the laws were designed by God for them as savages, and with a view to prevent them ever improving! It is only what we should expect after this, when the same writer says that "The first natives who were placed on the (Australian) continent must have been instructed how to provide for their wants, how to form weapons suited to their circumstances, how to select roots, and to capture animals fit for food."‡ A revealed stone arrow-head or boomerang should no more surprise us than an inspired "inch." If an inch is to be so taken, then an ell. We have been offered a revelation of the entire metric system!

The progress we contend for is wholly divine as much as it is wholly human. What is at issue is the mode of the divine operation. Why should a revelation to the Negritans and peoples in their situation be of stone arrows, suggesting a low state of development? Why not at once the Henry rifle and Boxer-Henry cartridge? Is there a special fitness of

\* Grote's *Greece*, vol. ii., p. 500.

† See Leviticus, chap. xviii. in the light of verse 27; and see book xiii. 9 of *Mishcāt-ul-Masābēh* on the points relating to marriage on which Mahomet was consulted by his disciples, vol. ii., p. 76 (Calcutta), 1810.

\* *Travels in North-West and Western Australia* (London), 1841, vol. ii., p. 222.

† *Idem*, p. 223.

‡ *Idem*, p. 220.

the boomerang for killing beasts or men in Australia, and nowhere else, since no other country has it? More reasonable surely it is to regard the weapon as a local *invention*. We cannot look at the facts from the two points of view simultaneously; and if we are to take any of them either way, we should take them all. It is possible to regard the discoveries of Galileo, Newton, Adams, and Leverrier as revelations; but if we do, along with them we should take Mr. Disraeli's Reform Act of 1868, and the latest addition to the law of sale or bankruptcy in England. Not the less for so, in some moods, regarding these, shall we be constrained by the whole cast of our minds, as Heaven-determined, to take an interest in and trace the stages of each discovery and enactment—and, divine as they may be, to get beyond them—with fresh discoveries that shall leave them behind as contributions merely to the growing mass of our knowledge, and with fresh enactments giving effect to new social conceptions evolved from experience.

It is obvious that the class of facts related to grouping which we have just surveyed belong to quite a different category from those related to the mechanical arts which the Duke of Argyll has so lightly put aside in his case against Sir John Lubbock. It is obvious also that before the Duke can plead one word in favor of the degradation hypothesis as explanatory of the facts of history, he must produce for us an ancient people whose moral standards we should call high, and whose grouping was in accordance with such standards. Till that is done the degradation hypothesis cannot be seriously considered. It will never do to tolerate an hypothesis which requires for its foundation another hypothesis which there are no facts to support.

(2.) *The Arts of Subsistence, etc.*—When we turn to the commissariat of society, the progress becomes, if possible, even more palpable. As regards the tools, weapons, and ornaments used by successive generations of men, there is evidence everywhere presented of the gradual relinquishment of inferior materials and forms on the gradual discovery of better. The succession of the ages of

stone, bronze, and iron is an established fact, which though only recently demonstrated, was long ago perceived as probable on an incomplete survey of the facts. Lucretius anticipated our archaeologists: \*—

"Arma antiqua, manus, ungues, dentesque fuerunt  
Et lapides, et item sylvarum fragmina rami;  
Posterior ferri vis est ærisque reperta;  
Et prior æris erat quam ferri cognitus usus."

"Man's earliest arms were fingers, teeth, and nails,  
And stones and fragments from the branching woods,  
Then copper next; and last, at latest traced,  
The tyrant iron."

The kinds of food on which men subsisted, and their modes of procuring food, equally with their arrangements for shelter and security, can easily be classified as more or less primitive; and most of the modes and arrangements now in use among the less-favored races of men archaeology shows were employed by the inhabitants of the world in remote prehistoric times. A nomad tribe, subsisting on fruits, berries, roots, and shell-fish, leads a more simple and precarious life than a tribe of hunters; and hunting as a means of living is more obvious and presumably earlier than fishing.† A tribe that accumulates stores of food, by whatever causes led to do so, is obviously a step in advance of one that does not. The herdsman and shepherd keeping stocks of the animals most wanted is in advance of the hunter; while the agriculturist, whether nomadic or settled, is in advance of the herdsman and shepherd.

We find now on the face of the earth, or we have accounts of tribes existing in each of the stages enumerated of progressive modes of procuring subsistence, and in every conceivable phrase of transition from the lower to the higher of them; and it is impossible not to believe that as those in the lower are seen advancing, those in the higher have similarly and step by step advanced in

\* *De Rerum Natura*, v. 1282.

† Among Sir George Grey's divinely-taught Australian aborigines the hunter is seen stalking his prey with the bearing of a beast of prey, only with the aid of contrivances. But for these he would be undistinguishable from any other animal engaged in the search for food.



these arts of life. Tree-dwellers and cave-dwellers, using nature-supplied shelters, are nowise distinguishable from other animals that do the same thing. The tribes that first felled trees, and erected rude platforms on their stumps, at a height from the ground, for security, were architects, as were the excavators of artificial caves or underground houses. The steps from either mode of "building" to modern architecture are numerous, and all the evidence shows that they were taken one by one. Many of them can be enumerated. Moreover, as regards the arts of subsistence, shelter, and security, the progress we are endeavoring to demonstrate is still a fact. New means of meeting the necessities and conveniences of men are year by year, and even day by day, being invented. And the same never-ending process of invention and discovery that we now see has been going on everywhere, *within the whole of recorded time*. Since this process, if assumed to have gone on from the first, offers a sufficient explanation of the facts—and since *in this field* there is a total absence of reasons against making the assumption—we are free as we are constrained to make it, and to believe the whole phenomena of the arts and sciences to have been progressively evolved by human ingenuity exerted to meet human exigencies or to satisfy human curiosity. Of course, when we go back to the commencement of the evolution we have there Man—the creature capable of achieving the progress.

(3.) *Language*.—Language forms no exception to the law of evolution of all human powers. The means of communication between man and man by articulate speech and writing, as a pure product of human effort, are effective only so far as a common understanding is artificially established as to the meaning to be attached to the sounds or the symbols. About writing there is no dispute. The written or rudimentary written systems, which are various, and independent of each other, can be exhibited in many of the stages of growth from pictorial signs, and abridgments of such, to the systematic employment of conventional symbols that are not pictorial.

It can scarcely be said that there is

now a dispute as to the origin of speech. It is admitted that all the languages of men have grown; the processes and laws of the growth are well ascertained and agreed upon. All speech has been run back to a few monosyllabic sounds, as the elemental matter out of which the wonderful variety of tongues has been elaborated. There is some controversy as to the roots, but it chiefly concerns the question whether they were *instinctive* utterances, whatever that, as distinguished from *developed* utterances, may mean—it is not asserted that instincts may not be developed—or sounds uttered in successful imitation of sounds occurring in nature, and as interjections in the natural expressions of emotion.\*

Professor Max Müller, who supports the instinctive theory, puts his results thus:—"We require no supernatural interference, nor any conclave of ancient sages to explain the realities of human speech. All that is formal in language is the result of rational combination; all that is material the result of a mental instinct. The first natural and instinctive utterances, if sifted differently by different clans, would fully account both for the first origin and for the first divergence of human speech. We can understand not only the origin of language, but likewise the necessary breaking-up of one language into many."† Elsewhere rejecting the origin of roots in interjections, and the imitation of sounds occurring in nature, he adopts the views of a German authority (Professor Heyse, of Berlin), which are as follows: "There is a law which runs through nearly the whole of nature, that everything which is struck rings. Each substance has its peculiar ring. . . . It

\* Mr. E. B. Tylor has done good service in showing how important *gesture* originally was as a means of communication. He has shown that there must have been a time when the numerals were unspoken, and their purposes served by visible signs,—a hand meaning 5, and two hands 10; 20, of course, was a man. The argument rested by Sir John Lubbock on the evidence Mr. Tylor has adduced is conclusive as to the independent development, among different races, of systems of numeration founded on counting the fingers and toes, and worked at first by appeals to the eye. It is understood that Mr. Darwin is now working on this subject.

† *Lectures on the Science of Language*, 4th edition (1864), p. 409.

was the same with man, the most highly organized of nature's works"—and so on. Man possessed an instinctive "faculty for giving articulate expression to the rational conceptions of his mind." But "this creative faculty, which gave to each conception, as it thrilled for the first time through the brain, a phonetic expression, became *extinct* when its object was fulfilled!" etc. This—which would have been worthy of Sir George Grey, and in him not to be wondered at—is marvellous as propounded by Müller. It has been appositely termed "the *ding-dong* theory" of the origin of language, as opposed to the *bow-wow*, or imitative, and *pooh-pooh*, or interjectional, theories. It cannot be said that the "*ding-dong*" has met with any acceptance. Mr. Whitney says of it, "It may be very summarily dismissed, as wholly unfounded and worthless. It is, indeed, not a little surprising to see a man of the acknowledged ability and great learning of Professor Müller, after deprecating and casting ridicule upon the views of others respecting so important a point, put forward one of his own as a mere authoritative *dictum*, resting it upon nothing better than a fanciful comparison which lacks every element of a true analogy, not venturing to attempt its support by a single argument, instance, or illustration, drawn from either the nature or the history of language."

Take it either way, as ideas came gradually, and therefore words, which, even on the *ding-dong* hypothesis, came after the ideas, we are led back to a time when man, as regards his power of communicating with his fellows, was undistinguishable from any other animal, for the brutes also have their modes of communication, including "their natural and instinctive utterances."

(4.) *Religion*.—Of the growth of religious ideas we shall here say little, because the subject would require more space than we have for the whole purposes of this paper at our disposal for its discussion, and to make the development clearly apparent. Thus much, however, it is necessary to say, that when we examine the religions of the ancient nations, as we know them, at the earliest time—and they were almost as

various as their languages, while, like them, perhaps, compounded from a few simple elements,—the conclusion is irresistibly forced on the mind, that each of them had passed through a long previous history. They were composite, as were the populations that possessed them; animal and vegetable gods, the elements, and especially fire, the sun, moon, and planets, light and personifications of light, of the sun, and of the procreative and life-sustaining powers of nature, being all commingled in theogonies to which there must have been numerous contributories, and on the elaboration of which an infinity of thinking, fancy, faith, metaphysics, and imposture had been expended, and round which in some cases literatures had grown. The ivy never covers the tower of yesterday. This also has been said, that not one of them exhibits the idea of God as we have it, as an idea in the mind of the worshippers; and that not one of them exhibits the idea of creation *ex nihilo*, as we have it; that these are modern conceptions. Max Müller, following the Rev. R. G. S. Browne, in his essay on the progress of Zend scholarship, points out that the idea of creation *ex nihilo* came late even to the Jews, who latterly received it as the orthodox view. It occurs neither in the Veda nor Zendavesta. There is no hint of it in Homer. There has been a progress, therefore, in the central conceptions; how much more probable it is there was progress in the detail.

Every one admits there is but one true faith, and since of faiths there is an immense variety, that all save one have grown or been invented. That is, we all admit that religions *can* grow and develop, are human institutions, that reflect in their structure, as modified from time to time, the shifting phases of belief in their adherents. It has been asked whether *any* faith has had no history, has not grown and developed within the period of our knowledge? The mysteries of religion occupy so many minds, and so exercise ingenuity, that its doctrines constantly tend to vary, and would do so very rapidly, but for—(1) the hold the central authority in each religious organization has on its ministers as bound by the standards; and (2) the hold the ministers have on their flocks through

the solemnities and ordinances. Despite these checks the varieties are surprisingly numerous. New sects are constantly forming, and about as frequently new religions. Of the projects, only those thrive that fall in with the sentiments and dispositions of large classes,—the conditions of success so far resembling those of ordinary commercial undertakings. By a process like that of natural selection in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, those that best accommodate themselves to the conditions of existence live, while the others perish. Many religions, either wholly new or radical modifications of old faiths, have sprung up and died within a century. One or two more vigorous still flourish, and may live long and be influential. We see Mohammedanism spreading into regions to which Christianity is refused access—the superior faith beaten in some districts by the inferior, as being more attractive to the inferior people. Every faith, again, on a conquest, loses in purity as it gains in range, through unavoidable intermixture of its rites and doctrines with those of the religion it displaces. Christianity itself, as seen in the Romish Church, has taken over much of the ceremonial, many of the festivals, and not a few of the doctrines, of ancient Paganism. Change is thus a consequence of diffusion. And as every religion spreads necessarily from some centre of origin, continuous modification is a necessary feature of the progress of every religion from its beginning.

If we would see from how low a state men may have advanced as regards speculation on the mysterious order of the world, we shall find races of men whose minds a thought of the existence of the divine power has never entered. Above that stage of blank ignorance we shall find every conceivable phase of speculation and belief; every imaginable form of superstition and idolatry; and a great variety of contending, highly organized, and in some respects “reasoned” systems of religious doctrine. The belief in God, and the idea of his hating sin and loving righteousness, are grand conceptions. Were there always *some* human breasts in which from the first they were cherished? To the question no one dare say No, however he may be moved by the probabilities of the case,

looking to the answer which history would prompt him to give. “We can hardly speak with sufficient reverence of the discovery of these truths,” says Max Müller, “however trite they may appear to ourselves; and, if the name of revelation seems too sacred a name to be applied to them, that of discovery is too profane, for it would throw the vital truths of all religion, both ancient and modern, into the same category as the discoveries of a Galileo or a Newton.” Theologians may agree in denying that any man in possession of his reason can, without a crime, remain ignorant of God for any length of time. Missionaries, however, who held and defended this opinion, have been led to very different convictions after some intercourse with savage tribes. Dobrizhoffer, who was for eighteen years a missionary in Paraguay, states that the language of the Abipones does not contain a single word which expresses God or a divinity. Penafiel, a Jesuit theologian, declared that there were many Indians who, on being asked whether, during the whole course of their lives, they ever thought of God, replied, *No, never*. Dobrizhoffer says, “Travelling with fourteen Abipones, I sat down by the fire in the open air, as usual on the high shore of the river Plata. The sky, which was perfectly serene, delighted our eyes with its twinkling stars. I began a conversation with the Cacique Ychoalay, the most intelligent of all the Abipones I have been acquainted with, as well as the most famous in war. ‘Do you behold,’ said I, ‘the splendor of heaven, with its magnificent arrangement of stars? Who can suppose that all this is produced by chance? Whom do you suppose to be their creator and governor? What were the opinions of your ancestors on the subject?’ ‘My father,’ replied Ychoalay, readily and frankly, ‘our grandfathers, and great-grandfathers, were wont to contemplate the earth alone, solicitous only to see whether the plain afforded grass and water for their horses. They never troubled themselves about what went on in the heavens, and who was the creator and governor of the stars.’”\*

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\* *A History of Sanskrit Literature* (1859), p. 538.

We have now glanced at the facts which support the conclusion that men were originally ignorant of language and laws, arts, sciences, and religion,—a conclusion to which we are driven from whatever view of man's origin we set out. The story of the fall of man, unaccompanied as it is by a statement that the arts of life were divinely communicated, represents the species as left from the first to struggle for existence on the earth, cursed because of the disobedience of the first father. The narrative bears that men grew up in wickedness till the Flood came, which left as their only records but a few names and the generally bad reputation. At a later time the sins of Noah's descendants led to their dispersion, and to the confusion of tongues. Wandering in different directions, unable to communicate with each other, none of them perhaps retaining the original language or the ideas embedded in it, they must have sunk into utter barbarism. What does it matter whether the savagery from which men have advanced was primitive or induced, if it be the fact that it was universal? The learned President de Goguet, in his excellent work on the *Origin and Progress of Laws, Arts, and Sciences*, thus depicts the condition of men, before the commencement of the progress it was his object to investigate:—"All society being dissolved by the confusion of tongues [at Babel], and families living detached from each other, they sunk in a little time into the profoundest ignorance. Add to this, the consideration of the tumult and disorder inseparable from new establishments, and we shall easily conceive how there was a time in which almost all this world was plunged into the most deplorable barbarity. Men wandered in the woods and fields, without leaders, or any form of government. Their ferocity became so great, that many of them devoured each other. All kinds of knowledge, even the most common and necessary, were so much neglected that not a few had forgot even the use of fire. It is to these unhappy times we must refer what profane historians relate of the miseries which afflicted the first ages of

the world. All ancient traditions declare that the first men led a life very little different from that of beasts. We shall find no difficulty in believing these relations if we cast our eyes on what ancient authors tell us of the state of several countries even in their own times, a state the reality of which is confirmed by modern relations. Travellers inform us, that even at this day, in some parts of the world, they meet with men who are strangers to all social intercourse, of a character so cruel and ferocious that they live in perpetual war, destroying and even devouring each other. These wretched people, void of all the principles of humanity, without laws, polity, or government, live in dens and caverns, and differ but very little from the brute creation. Their food consists of some fruits and roots, with which the woods supply them; for want of skill and industry they can seldom procure more solid nourishment. In a word, not having even the most common and obvious notions, they have nothing of humanity but the external figure. These savage people exactly answer the description given us by historians of the ancient state of mankind. We see even from Scripture that soon after the dispersion the precepts and example of Noah were so generally forgotten that even the ancestors of Abraham were plunged in idolatry."\*

We have here the conclusion to which the facts led a man as ingenious and learned as he was orthodox—"that the first men led a life very little different from that of beasts." The fact may be humiliating; but surely it is encouraging. If we of the higher races of men are yet of those who once were in such a case, and have come to be what we are, while with humble hearts we regard our origin and first estate, we may hopefully look to the future as holding in store for our species forms of life purer and higher than the present by as much as the present are purer and higher than the past.

(To be concluded.)

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\* *The Origin of Laws*, etc., Trans. (Edinburgh, 1761), Introduction, vol. i., p. 3.

Cornhill Magazine.

## THE CATALAN ROVER—ROGER DE FLOR.

HE is seldom heard of now; but when the centuries were entering their teens fame had no greater favorite than the Catalan admiral, Roger de Flor. And well he merited the distinction, being in all respects the first of the condottieri. He was, however, a Catalan only by adoption. The Emperor Frederick II. had a favorite falconer, Richard Blum. This gentleman he united, in his last Italian expedition, to an heiress of Brindisi. Nor did the fortunes of the falconer pause here. He received in gift so many forfeited estates, that he became one of the wealthiest barons of the province. There, too, his good German name underwent a transformation of a kind very usual in those days. Richard Blum was understood by the Brindisians to mean Blooming Richard, and all the more readily since the owner of the name was a large and very handsome blond. Now the Apulian of *Richard* was and is *Roger*, and *blooming* is the same as *flowery* all the world over. And thus it happened that Richard Blum, or Blooming Richard, was turned into Flowery Roger—that is to say, Roger de Flor.

The whilom falconer was duly grateful to his benefactor and attached himself unswervingly to his dynasty. Its sun, however, was nearly set. Charles of Anjou commenced his red career a few years later, and Blum or De Flor, fighting valiantly for Conradin, was slain with many another at Scortocula, August 23, 1268; leaving behind him a widow and two sons, the younger, Roger, being then scarce a year old. "Woe to the vanquished," was ever the maxim of Charles, and here he carried it out relentlessly. Legal butchery and confiscation supplemented the victory, until Conradin and his party were exterminated. Among the multitude thus reduced to penury was the widow of De Flor, and she settled with her children in the outskirts of Brindisi.

That town is no longer what it was. In ancient days it possessed an excellent harbor. Cæsar, however, did it much mischief by blocking up one of the entrances of this harbor, and 1,500 years

later a prince of "false Tarentum" completed the ruin by sinking several hulks laden with stones in the other. But in the thirteenth century it was still a place of consequence, being the centre of a great Levantine traffic, and the favorite resort of merchants, pilgrims, and others intent on the Eastern voyage. Here young Roger grew till his eighth year—a sturdy, handsome boy, spending most of his time about the shore, while he learnt to swim like a dolphin and climb like a monkey. At length a vessel belonging to the Knights of the Temple happened to be laid up in the port for repairs. As usual, Roger made his way on board, and there he showed such dexterity and daring in his excursions over the rigging as completely won the heart of the veteran knight who commanded. When the vessel was ready for sea, this officer begged the boy from his mother, promising to treat him in all respects like his nephew, and to make of him in time "a worthy Templar." The dame consented, not unwillingly. Young as he was, Roger was already beyond her control, the pest of the neighboring housewives, and the object of no end of gloomy forecasts. His patron bore him away to sea, and having excellent material to work up, moulded him into a consummate seaman. That was not quite what it is to-day, but still it was no trifle. It meant a man whose knowledge of current, shoal, and storm was more like instinct than experience; who could swim in his armor, and run along the oars round his galley when the rowers pulled hardest; and who was fond of a high sea and a heavy gale as a petrel. Nor did Brother Vassal neglect the interests of his protégé: he provided him with ample opportunity of displaying his qualities, and seconded his feats with all his influence. By his twentieth year, the youth was a Knight of the Order, and by his twenty-second in command of its largest vessel, the *Falcon*. Brother Vassal had kept his word: Roger was "a worthy Templar."

And what was that? Well, not exactly the realization of the founder's

ideal. The special excellence of religious associations is a delicate thing, and not less evanescent. It flourishes and fades with the enthusiasm to which it owes its birth. Poverty and persecution may occasionally prolong its existence, but wealth and prosperity are sure to destroy it, and reduce the thoughts and tastes of the fraternity to the level of the rest of the world; or perhaps a little lower. So it had happened with the Templars. Having flourished with extraordinary luxuriance for several generations, they were no longer a band of pugnacious ascetics, who made as much parade of their poverty, humility, and temperance as of their valor. Generally speaking, they were now a society of graceful warriors, of misty creed and easy principles, who lived a joyous bachelor life, and wore a costume of peculiar cut. These were not precisely the companions to give a high heroic tone to the aspirations of a dashing young seaman. Roger, indeed, hardly appeared in command among the Templars before he began to make acquaintance with trouble. But not through idleness or failure. So far as he was concerned, every day had its enterprise, and every enterprise its victory. But his career was very prolific of temptations, and these occasionally obtained but too much sway. The navy of the Order was maintained largely with a view to profit, and the *Falcon* was quite as often employed in carrying as in cruising. Roger, therefore, had to make bargains and receive money, as well as to pummel the infidel. Now, being a man of pleasure, and keeping his purse open to all comers, he was frequently in pecuniary difficulties. And as, like most pronounced characters, he had some bitter enemies, unpleasant whispers of embezzlement began to fly about concerning him. Nor was this all. He was very subject to that influence which Scott rather enthusiastically identifies with heaven. But this, perhaps, would have mattered little, considering the manners of the day, had he not been marvellously indiscreet. Among other wild freaks it was told that he had carried off a fair dame, "by force and arms," from the island of Scio. And it was added that another lady, who had taken passage in the *Falcon*, had been withheld from her husband at the close of

the voyage, and, worse still, from intended pilgrimage to the Holy Places, by the redoubtable Roger. For awhile his brilliant services did much to shelter him from the consequences of feats like these. But his peccadilloes grew at length so exceedingly like crimes, that they could no longer be overlooked. His trial indeed was impending when the siege of Acre interposed, in 1291, and saved him for the time.

This was a stirring affair. Acre was then a very Babylon, crowded with life and wealth, and brimful of combatants. The Hospitallers were strong in one quarter, and the Templars in another; while a mass of fearless vagabonds from every Christian land thronged the ramparts. The attack then was fierce, the defence obstinate, and the slaughter awful. Numbers, however, prevailed at last, and the Turks stormed the town. Of De Flor's deeds during the siege we have no record, and only catch a glimpse of him as it opened, and once again as it closed. On the former occasion he aided in carrying off the multitude which migrated from the threatened city, and on the latter in rescuing the remnant of the defeated. This was no easy task. When the Turks swept over the last defence, the Knights of St. John gathered their ranks and fought their way to the strand, carrying with them a crowd of citizens. A Christian squadron stood close in shore to receive them. The pursuit, however, was keen, and the scene appalling. Here and there the knights breasted the assault and flung it back as rocks the rising tide. But the Moslems surged through the intervals on the helpless fugitives—slaying many, capturing more, and thrusting the rest into the waves. Some attempted to swim to the ships, others thronged round the boats contesting every seat; while the avarice of too many shipmen augmented the confusion. The claims of age, sex, and blood were forgotten in the rush for life. The weaker were trampled down, the poorer thrust aside, and only the strong and wealthy admitted to salvation. But all were not like this. "Above five hundred matrons and virgins of noble blood," says Fuller, quoting an original, "standing upon the shore and having all their richest jewels with them, cried out with lamentable voice, and proffered to

any mariner that would undertake safely to land them anywhere, all their wealth for his hire, and also that he should choose any one of them for his wife. Then a certain mariner came, transporting them all freely, safely landed them in Cyprus; nor by an inquiry could it after be known, when he was sought to receive his hire, who this mariner was, nor whither he went." We do not assert that this mariner was De Flor. But though he carried off the richest cargo of any, he alone of all the shipmasters there had no profits to hand over to his owners as the results of that day's work. And besides he was just the man to sacrifice every pecuniary and selfish interest to a magnanimous impulse.

The fall of Acre was a fearful blow to the Templars. Their Grand Master and their principal officers died therein, and with them perished for a period the unity and discipline of the Order, reducing it to that debility which did so much to facilitate the work of Philip the Fair, if it did not tempt him to it. Years passed before the organization could be restored, and in the interval many small matters relating to individuals were allowed to drop into oblivion; but the indictment against De Flor was not of the number. This, with the addition of the new and formidable charge of making away with great sums received for transporting the fugitives of Acre, was one of the first things considered by the new régime. The process—a secret one—was pushed with extreme celerity, in the absence, and in fact without the knowledge, of the accused. He was convicted of course, and hardly had the judges pronounced ere they proceeded to execution. All his property within reach was confiscated, a warrant was issued for his apprehension, and a party commanded by a personal enemy despatched to execute it. This officer did not dally on the way. Reaching Marseilles betimes he found the *Falcon* in the harbor and hurried on board, and just managed to miss De Flor, who had escaped a few minutes before. A friendly knight penetrating the secret of the trial had forwarded a warning, which, thus outstripping the speed of hate, supplies a tolerable proof of his capacity for attaching adherents.

De Flor reached Genoa A.D. 1300, penniless and ruined; but not particularly

the worse for this. Ruin, indeed, is a bad thing for your routine character who cannot conceive a future different from the past, and who therefore wastes his after-life in clinging feebly to the skirts of the old profession. But when uncontrollable circumstances have fixed brain and courage in a corner, where they have no scope except for mischief, ruin is decidedly a good thing, being, in most instances, the commencement of a real career; and this was the case with De Flor. He was now thirty-three, a man of large figure and fine face, with a piercing brown eye, and a rough red beard that bore no small resemblance to a lion's name; and full of ability and enterprise, that had now, for the first time, something better to direct them than mere appetite. He had friends in Genoa, among others the Dorias. From these he borrowed sufficient to purchase and equip a stout galley; clapping on board 200 desperadoes—a plentiful commodity in Genoa—he stood out to sea, raised the rover's flag, and set up for himself.

But he had no intention of degenerating into a mere vulgar pirate. The houses of Anjou and Arragon were then at strife along the shores of the Two Sicilies—the former occupying the mainland, and the latter the island; and to the seat of war Brother Roger directed his galley. Anchoring at Catania, then held by the Angevins, he went ashore and offered his services to the fighting chief, the Duke of Calabria. This Prince thought so little of the new comer that he did not even condescend to reply. Three days Roger waited. On the fourth he presented himself before the Duke. "Beau Seigneur," said the rover, "I perceive that my services are not acceptable to you, so I recommend you to God, and with your permission, will seek a master who will know better how to appreciate me." The Duke replied pretty much as fighty old Fritz once replied to a similar request preferred by the future Marshal "Vorwarts."—"Captain Von Blucher has leave to retire, and may go to the devil if he pleases." "Very well," said Roger, coolly, as he retired. "I hope soon to show your Highness that I am worth something more than a cold reception and a rude dismissal." Half-an-hour afterwards he was out of port and steering for Syra-

cuse, the head-quarters of Arragon. There he found King Frederick, who received him graciously, accepted his services, and assigned him a good position, with a handsome salary attached to it: that is, whenever the latter should happen to be paid. But there was no great prospect of that just then. The Arragonese, indeed, was so hard pressed, and so scant of cash, and even of necessities, many of his garrisons being at starvation point, that it was questionable whether he would be able to make head for another month. This, by the way, was one reason why the Calabrian Duke had dismissed De Flor so unceremoniously. Considering the victory already in his grasp, Charles could see no particular reason for embarrassing himself with additional followers. Eight days after, Roger started on a cruise under the flag of Arragon—a bold step, for that ensign was rather rare in the Sicilian waters, which, besides, were crowded with hostile craft. It was, however, a very successful step. In a few days he was safe back, bearing with him eleven sail of the enemy, deeply laden with stores; and never was a prize more welcome. Part of the booty was distributed among the distressed garrisons, and the remainder sold so well that, after advancing a large sum for the pay of troops, and rewarding his seamen magnificently, Brother Roger had still 4,000 golden ounces left for himself. He now received four galleys from King Frederick's arsenal, equipped them at his own cost, and started on a second venture. He doubled Cape Spartivento, dashed across the bight of Squillace and round the Gulf of Taranto; but so far without sighting a sail. Then he bore away past Cape de Leuca, and up the Adriatic until Otranto lay under his lee. Here he fell in with a fleet of thirty Angevin store ships, and, as an Arragonese squadron was the last thing they looked for, took them every one. This last stroke went far towards equalizing the struggle. On his return Brother Roger was richly rewarded, being created Vice-Admiral of Sicily and member of the Council, and endowed with several castles and the revenues of the island of Malta. It was plain the Arragonese knew how to appreciate the rover; the Angevins, too, were beginning to open

their eyes to his qualities; but neither party had yet learnt his full value.

De Flor did not delay to form an establishment suitable to his new dignity and rapidly-acquired wealth. He bought many horses, engaged numerous squires, dressed and armed them splendidly, and placed the whole following under five gallant Catalan knights. Having arranged this matter to his satisfaction, he prepared his five galleys and put to sea on a new expedition. The Sicilian coasts were by this time pretty well cleared, so he wasted no time along them. Off he went to scour the whole Western Mediterranean,—stopping every sail he met, and helping himself to their lading so far as he needed. To his friends he gave bills of acknowledgment in exchange, and to his enemies hard knocks—that is to say, if they grumbled; otherwise, like a generous rover as he was, he let them go with their barks and their skins undamaged. In this way he traversed the Italian shore from south to north, the Gulf of Lyons, the Spanish waters, and the Barbary coast,—returning with full cargoes to Sicily, “where,” says his ancient comrade, Raymond Muntaner, “he was as eagerly looked for as if the people were Jews, and himself the Messiah.” But not altogether on account of the spoils he was likely to bring.

During his absence the Arragonian cause had lost ground. Gathering a large army and a fleet of a hundred sail, the Duke of Calabria had swept the coasts of Sicily, committing tremendous havoc, and burning sundry vessels in the very arsenal of Syracuse. He had then settled down to the siege of Messina with all his power, and the Arragonese prince had no force capable of giving the city effectual relief. The siege, indeed, progressed slowly; but the Duke kept the port tightly blockaded, and famine was gradually and very surely sapping the defence. Convoys were occasionally introduced, but with small results. By the time they gained the place it was generally found that the escort had consumed the greater portion. When Roger reappeared, it was evident that the fall of Messina could not long be delayed, and equally evident that the catastrophe would decide the war. Aware of this, the Duke of Calabria strengthened his lines and tightened his



blockade; and well he might, for Brother Roger was now busily preparing to take a leading part in the play. Purchasing four more galleys from the Genoese and taking three others that remained in the arsenal, he added them to his squadron, and loaded the whole with provisions. This done, he anchored them off Syracuse in waiting for a "hurricane." And a hurricane soon came roaring across from Africa,—sweeping a yellow haze before it,—rolling the sea into mountains, and changing its azure tint into a portentous blood-red. Fishermen and seagulls hurried ashore for shelter; but not so Brother Roger. "Cut away!" he shouted, as the fleet heeled over before the first fierce rush of the blast. At the word some score of ready axes fell on the hawsers, and the vessels leaped off like racers towards the north. Conspicuous at the stern of the foremost, with his long red beard streaming in the gale, and his powerful voice distinct above its roar, De Flor led the line. The beach was crowded,—partly by gallant soldiers and noble cavaliers, and partly by those respectable Syracusans who had already, with matchless taste, turned the fountain of Arethusa into a—washing-tub! \* "A wizard!" cried some. "A devil!" muttered others. "Wizard or devil, I care not," remarked Frederick, "if he only succeeds." The sun was setting as the galleys slipt from their moorings, each under a shred of sail, for oars were useless in such a sea. But that shred was quite sufficient, and they flew like dragons under it, tearing through rather than over the waves, and leaving point after point behind them with unexampled speed. The night closed round the storm, but not too dark to hide the cliffs that rose and fled like shadows, or the dangerous waves that chased them fast behind. The midnight moon shone fitfully through the drift as they swept by Etna, that rose gigantic to the left, till its head was lost in the gloom. Shortly afterwards, one of the ships refused her helm, and ran headlong to destruction on the rocks of Taormina. A dull crash, a faint shriek, and all was

over,—the fatal spot being left furlongs behind ere the death-cry had died out. A few hours later they were off Scaletta, and then a second galley was overtaken by a heavy sea and foundered in an instant. The Straits now began to narrow, and the wind if anything blew fiercer up the gorge. As morning dawned, the orange-grove of Reggio appeared on the right; and before the day had fairly opened white Messina, a magnificent spectacle, spread broadly to the left. The enemy's camp was all astir, and the ramparts were crowded with anxious spectators; but not a hostile bark was to be seen. Flying before the tempest, the great fleet was scattered far out of reach—from Stromboli to the Gulf of Euphemia. The harbor of Messina running parallel with the Straits, and opening due north, is no easy thing to make when the wind is blowing moderately fair behind; and, as the blast was now considerably more than moderate, it was almost a certainty that the rover would be blown quite through the Faro. But that remained to be seen. The galleys hugged the shore as they dashed along. They breasted the point, and, as they did so, one after another sheered sharply to the west, and cut away the shred of canvas. Out, then, leapt the oars, and, mastering the storm by main force, they rushed into the bay amid a burst of deafening cheers.

Next day, the siege was raised; and, after a few attempts, as futile as they were feeble, on places of less importance, the Duke withdrew to Reggio. Thither he was followed by a jongleur in the pay of Arragon, who teased him for some time by singing his defeat in sundry taunting rhymes, until silenced by a sound whipping. This was the last of the war. Both sides being pretty well exhausted, the claims of the rival families were compromised, and the territories divided,—Anjou taking continental Sicily, and Arragon Trinacria. And the peace was ratified as usual in those days by a marriage.

De Flor's brilliant career was cut short by this treaty. Worse still, it exposed him to the vengeance of the Grand Master of the Temple, who, incited by Anjou and strongly supported by the Pope, lost no time in claiming him for punishment. This sorely per-

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\* And a washing-tub it remained down to 1843. Whether it be so still or not, we cannot tell.

plexed Frederick. He loved the gallant rover, but he was too exhausted to protect him by the sword. Nor was De Flor the monarch's only difficulty. The pay of his troops was heavily in arrear, and he had no means of settling with them. He knew not, therefore, how soon they might take it into their heads to disband, and cover the island with marauders. Indeed some of their chiefs, who held the strong places, roundly refused to deliver them up without their full pay. Frederick was not equal to the occasion, and confessed it with tears in his eyes: but De Flor was a different man. Scanning the situation with just such a glance as he was accustomed to cast across the perils of the sea, he soon discerned a way through the predicament. "What," he asked himself, "was to hinder him from leading these truculent ranks to the relief of the Byzantine Empire, which was so wealthy and so weak, and where Western valor might always command its own price?" The reply—a grand idea—followed hard on the heels of the query. He grasped it at once, and hewed at it until it took commanding shape; and then he sought his friend the King. Frederick was delighted, and agreed to aid in realizing the rover's conception to the utmost of his power. A galley was immediately got ready and despatched with envoys to Constantinople. Knowing the extremity of the Emperor,—that the Turks were carrying all before them, and that the Greeks left to themselves were incapable of stemming the tide of invasion, Roger felt assured that his terms would be accepted, and began at once to form his band. He issued a proclamation specifying the objects and conditions of the service, and assigning Messina as rendezvous. A man-at-arms or the captain of a galley, it was announced, would receive four ounces of gold a month; a light horseman two; a pilot one; a footman or an able seaman, a quarter of an ounce; and a crossbowman, or lower, a fifth. These were magnificent terms, and the leader was a chief among chiefs, the bravest of the brave, generous as a king and as fortunate as he was energetic and skilful. Warriors and seamen gathered in crowds, and De Flor had speedily an army at his back. Nor did the adventurers come alone. Every sol-

dier was accompanied by wife or mistress, many by their children; and these females were as expert with spear and sword, and quite as formidable in close fight as their lords and lovers. Thus at the call of ambition, and out of a heap of difficulties, rose that formidable military engine which was soon to be known and long afterwards dreaded as *The Great Company*.

The ambassadors speeded well. They found Andronicus at his wit's end, his Asiatic domains nearly all overrun; his last army just beaten; the Turkish hordes pushing forward to the coasts; some of their bands already sitting down before the seaports; their corsairs sweeping the narrow seas; and troops of their daring horsemen occasionally appearing beyond the Bosphorus to shake their weapons in menace at the capital. The Emperor knew not how soon the invaders might cross into Europe. Under these circumstances the rover's offer was most welcome. As Roger had foreseen, all his terms were accepted without demur. The rovers were to be taken into the Byzantine service at their own price, receiving four months' pay in advance wherever they should first touch Imperial soil. Roger himself was to wed the Emperor's niece, and to be constituted Grand Duke, that is to say, Commander-in-Chief of all the Byzantine forces by sea and land. And the envoys brought back with them the insignia, the banner, cap, and bâton of the dignity; and the diploma duly signed and sealed. No sooner had De Flor received these things than he hurried to get into action, lavishing his wealth with no sparing hand; and borrowing wherever he could find a lender, especially among the Genoese. He had eight galleys of his own; King Frederick gave him ten others and two barks, and he hired as many more from the Genoese. This fleet the King aided him to victual so far as his resources went, and it carried 1,500 men-at-arms, 4,000 of those formidable Catalan footmen called Almogaveres, all stern haters of the Moslem, and 1,000 other footmen; without counting the seamen, who also were mostly hardy Catalans, with few to match them for seamanship in the Mediterranean. And could Roger have hired transports enough, he might have tripled his power. However, a great number of

those left behind rejoined him from time to time in the course of the expedition.

They set sail in August, 1303. "God gave them a good time," says the chronicler, who is as full of pious ejaculations as an itinerant preacher, or a buccaneer; "and they had a pleasant as well as a rapid voyage." Many of them were musical vagabonds, and one or other of these had thrown together a few rough verses, which took amazingly with the Great Company, and formed indeed the usual chant of the oarsmen as they traversed the Archipelago—that sea which has listened to the songs of so many rovers, from the days of the Golden Fleece downwards. It ran something as follows:—

## I.

He can manage the steed, he can handle the sail,  
He can guide through the battle, and steer through  
the gale;  
He is fearless and peerless at sea and on shore,  
And he woos as he wars, does bold Roger de  
Flor.

Huzzah for the Catalan, Roger de Flor!

## II.

He is dashing and slashing—there's luck at his  
back,  
And plunder and glory abound in his track;  
He shares with his friends to the last of his store,  
And he quaffs like a rover, does Roger de Flor.

Huzzah for the Catalan, Roger de Flor!

## III.

Through the brine and the blast, over bulwark  
and peak,  
Through the hordes of the Turk, and the hosts of  
the Greek;  
Through the ranks of the fiends, should they mus-  
ter before,  
We'll follow the Catalan, Roger de Flor.

Huzzah for the Catalan, Roger de Flor!

At the mouth of the Dardanelles they found their four months' advance of pay, a supply of necessities, and an order to proceed direct to the capital. Thither accordingly they steered against a current flowing like aggression—ever from the north, and between banks typical of the neighboring races—Europe rising bold and rugged on the one side and Asia stretching away in sluggish softness on the other: thither, dreamy skies above, dreamy waters under, and ever-changing loveliness to right and left: thither, in the track of the mighty, where every

spot was hallowed by heroism, and every breeze that blew was rich with stirring memories: thither, softened, delighted, expectant, through the winding Hellespont, and over the broad Propontis, until the city rose before them, the splendid reality immeasurably exceeding their untutored conception. They scanned its vast dimensions, its lofty walls and goodly towers, its courtly palaces and glittering shrines with admiration akin to awe. "Truly," said the Catalans, "this is the queen of all the earth, the treasury of nations, the city of wonders, the home of delights, the veritable terrestrial paradise!"\* They landed early in September, to find subject for fresh wonderment at every step: for Constantinople was not then as now, a heaven to look at and an abomination to penetrate. Antique civilization still survived therein, and everywhere presented its gigantic works ministering to the wants that had created them: works which, far beyond the requirements and constructive capacity of the West, where their origin and uses had fallen as much out of remembrance as the buildings themselves had fallen into ruin, the Catalans had hitherto attributed to the demons and shunned as their haunts. And the rovers excited hardly less astonishment than they felt: their dress, their arms, their uncouth demeanor, and especially their troops of martial women, surrounding them with a curious multitude. A few days after the Megaduc, as the Catalans rendered their leader's title, wedded his promised bride, a beauty of sixteen, and with her he fixed his Scian mistress as principal lady in waiting. The ceremony was attended with much show and great rejoicings, and closed with a tremendous riot.

The adventurers had barely put foot ashore when the Genoese—a numerous and powerful community in Constantinople—proceeded to dun them for the moneys due. The Genoese were sharp practitioners, thoroughly versed in all the arts of swelling bills and ruining debtors; and what with discount, interest, and so forth, they had run up the reckoning in this instance to an aggre-

\* Very similar were the feelings of the Crusaders who captured Constantinople exactly a century before.—See VILLEHARDOUIN.

gate of startling amount. The Catalans objected to the bill, and the Genoese refused to withdraw or diminish a single item. A quarrel ensued, insults were fully exchanged, and the parties separated in a temper that boded no good to the public peace. Both sides prepared for blows. The Catalans strengthened their quarter, in the monastery of St. Come—a saint, by the way, who, though sufficiently moral in later years, led, as there is reason to believe, a harum-scarum night-waking sort of life in Pagan times under the name of Comus. The Genoese, too, with a view to the worst, threw up a fortification of barrels filled with sand on the verge of the Golden Horn. After a good deal of preparatory fencing and ill-treatment of stragglers, matters came to a crisis on the very day of the wedding. A mob of Genoese bearing the banner of the republic assembled in front of the monastery, fully bent on a row. They began with rude gestures, the first note in the rioter's gamut, and soon ran up through hooting and stoning to the topmost note of the scale, an attempt to storm the place. The adventurers met them nothing loath, beat them back, sallied in force, and after a sanguinary conflict, in which the Spanish dames showed themselves terribly efficient in cutting the throats of those who happened to be knocked down, the banner was captured, and the Genoese completely routed; or, as the Oriental lookers-on put it, "driven to devour the paths of flight." "Very good," said the Emperor, who was well aware of the strife, "those haughty traders have met their match at last." But, having won the victory, the Catalans naturally thought that they had a right to reap the fruits of it; and girding up their loins they set forward to sack Pera. This they might have done to their hearts' content, but for one small consideration. Andronicus was rather afraid that once the rovers were fairly involved in such a pleasant amusement, they might possibly forget to distinguish accurately between Genoese and Greek. At his request, therefore, the Megaduc interfered, and with much exertion put a period to the fray. But from that day forth the Genoese showed themselves the deadly enemies of the Catalans, crossing them in every

way, and doing them as much mischief as they conveniently could.

Pleased as he was with the castigation administered to the traders, the Emperor did not care to retain these dangerously ready brawlers in his capital a moment longer than was absolutely necessary. So putting them in good humor with a donative, he removed the Catalans that very day to new quarters beyond the Bosphorus. Not content with this, he hurried the warlike preparations, so as to get them as quickly as might be into action. All De Flor's suggestions therefore met with ready acquiescence; and at his demand the Emperor gave another of his relatives in marriage to Ferran d'Aunis, commander of the rover's galleys, and appointed the said Ferran Vice-Admiral of the Empire. Thus the Megaduc secured harmony between the services, and made sure that those important matters—supply and re-enforcement—should be removed beyond the reach of Grecian treachery and Genoese hostility.

A few days saw the Catalans afloat again, and making at the top of their speed for Artaki. This town stood on the isthmus that connects the peninsula of Cyzicus with Natolia. Cyzicus in those days contained 20,000 habitations, and was cultivated like a garden; and the isthmus was crossed by a ditch and a wall—a bulwark that, in the hands of the timorous Greeks, would have availed but little against the savage swarm that was already but two leagues off. These invaders were not so much an army as a tribe: for every man carried with him his family and all his wealth—a style of making war that accounts for the rapidity of Turkish conquest, and its permanence. The Catalans landed at midnight, and were led without a pause to the attack. As the day broke they reached the Turkish encampment, in a ravine pierced by a torrent. Contemning the natives of the soil, and unaware of the vicinity of the rovers, the nomades kept no watch. The cavaliers charged up the valley, shouting, "Arragon! Arragon!" and the Almogaveres rushed down the hillsides, rousing the echoes with their singular war-cry, "Whet your steel!" The Turks were completely surprised. Many fell at the first onset; the rest sprang to their weapons and

fought desperately; for, surrounded by all they valued, flight was out of the question. A stern conflict was that. The wild Iberian met the hardly wilder Kurd; the fanatic Moslem grappled the equally bigoted Christian; race wrestled with race, and creed with creed, as they always wrestle—to the death—and the Natolian gorge ran red that day with blood. Nothing, however, could stand before the ponderous charge of the Western horseman; and ere the sun was three hours old the fight was lost and won. Everything was taken; and every male Turk over ten that survived the battle was slaughtered in the triumph.

This happened on the eighth day after the riot. News of the victory was at once despatched to the Emperor, and with the news the choicest of the spoil. The envoys were welcomed by all except the Genoese, and Michael, the heir-apparent. "From that day," says the chronicler, "the latter became the deadly enemy of the Great Company and its chief, preferring in his envy and hate the ruin of the empire to their success—who, though so few, had conquered where he and his myriads had shamefully failed. It was not that he was not a good knight. But God had stricken the Greeks with such a curse that any man might conquer them. And this came from their crying sins—their excessive pride, and especially their hard uncharitableness. They actually refused to succor their own countrymen who fled before the Turks, and though overflowing with provision, they left them to perish of hunger. Our Almogaveres, however, took pity on the poor starving creatures, and above 4,000 of them followed us everywhere for our broken victuals."

Immediately after the fight the winter set in with great severity, and rendered further campaigning impossible. It was decided, therefore, that the Great Company should winter at Artaki, where their quarters were arranged with some skill. Six of the adventurers and twelve of the natives were formed into a committee for distributing the billets and regulating the relations between Catalans and Greeks. The latter were to furnish their guests with whatever they might require in the way of food at a fixed price; and a strict account was to

be kept of what each man received. With this view a piece of wood was divided into two equal parts, the buyer retaining the one and the seller the other. Every item, or at least its cost, was recorded on both these tallies by notches of various size; the larger notches standing for the chief current coins of the empire, and the lesser notches for the small change. And the military chest was to pay for all before the encampment broke up.

The army being comfortably housed, the fleet was despatched to Scio to watch the Turkish corsairs. The Catalans spent the winter merrily after the fashion of such people. They feasted, indulged in warlike games and a good many quarrels, and tyrannized to any extent over the effeminate Ionians; treating them to all that oppression and to all those insults which the degenerate must expect in such cases; and which they usually repay with characteristic fraud and treachery, and occasionally with massacre. The Megaduc and his duchess, who had spent the season at Artaki, departed on the first of March, 1304, for the metropolis. The former returned on the 15th, bringing with him a supply of money. During his absence the accounts had been made up, and to the great astonishment of the soldiers, not a single one of them was to be found who had not contracted debts far in excess of his arrears. The thing, however, was not so very amazing, seeing that the Catalans, not caring to be bothered with such things, had in every instance intrusted their tallies to the care of their landlords. So, though the accountants and the debtors opened their eyes very wide, the Greeks merely grinned and winked. The items having been cast up, the amount of each soldier's indebtedness was inscribed on two slips of paper. The debtor received one of these slips and the creditor the other, and both were warned to present themselves and their bills betimes on the morning of the 16th at the General's quarters.

At the hour specified the Megaduc took his seat under an elm in front of his lodgings: a patriarchal way of deciding serious matters that was very prevalent among the great in the middle ages. St. Louis was accustomed to dispense justice under an elm at Vincen-

nes; the Dukes of Normandy were in the habit of meeting their suzerains the French kings under an elm at Gisors; the free Frison deputies met at stated periods under the three oaks at Upstal; the lordly cow-keepers of Uri assembled in tribunal under the chestnuts of Faïdo; the four Rhinish Electors were given to holding council under a walnut-tree at Rhense; and the Visconti were wont to meet their vassals under the cypress of Soma—a tree, to spare which Napoleon, who was little given to spare anything that stood in his way, actually turned aside the road over the Simplon. What with debtors and creditors, the crowd mustered strong by the time the Megaduc made his appearance. The examination of the bills occupied much time, but it was over at last. Then the chief stood up, and waving his hand for silence, prepared to speak. A good many faces looked blank enough; nobody knew what was coming; but all expected a scolding, and most of them felt that they richly deserved it. Roger was no showy orator; but, like all men of his temperament, he had the faculty of putting his meaning into a few strong sentences, and thus ran his speech:—"Brave men, I thank you much for having accepted me as your chief, and for having followed me so far. At present I find that you have all received as much, and twice as much, and some of you thrice as much as is due to you. If the military chest were to reckon rigorously, every one of you would be put to great straits; but for the honor of God, and of the empire, and for the great affection I bear you, I make you a present of all that you have received, and shall not deduct it from your pay, which you shall receive in gold to-morrow. As for these notes, let the Greeks take theirs to my treasurer, and let the others be burnt." Hardly had he paused when a crashing shout rang from the crowd; it was taken up again, and again, and still again; finally subsiding into the thunderous melody so well known during the Mediterranean passage.

On the 1st of April the Great Company set forward, "with the grace of God," to the relief of Philadelphia, then beleaguered by the Saracens. Near the city they encountered the foe, to the number of 20,000, of whom fully a third

were horsemen. A stout fight ensued, that lasted from noon till mid-day; the Turks being finally defeated with enormous loss, hardly a tenth of them escaping, while the Catalans had but 200 slain. As usual, the Turkish camp was a mine of wealth, and the victors took and kept possession of it for the next week. Here, too, the Megaduc made new, and, as it eventually proved, very dangerous enemies. Sundry bands of Byzantine mercenaries had accompanied the Catalans from the peninsula. They were mostly Bulgarians and Saracens,—for the Greeks had an ugly trick of recruiting among their worst enemies,—and they were massed by nationalities under their own chiefs. Roger soon found that these warriors were "formidable to everybody save the enemy." His own Catalans could do some plundering in a quiet way, but their "two-handed" mates kept a tight rein on them in several respects, and certainly withheld them from many outrages. The mercenaries, however, acknowledged no such restraint, but robbed and murdered until the inhabitants exclaimed, "The Emperor has sent the fire to deliver us from the smoke." They were not quite so fervent in the fight; but then nobody could be readier in hunting down fugitives and appropriating spoil. Roger was not just the man to tolerate this way of making war, and finding his Bulgarian and Saracen coadjutors indulging as usual after the victory, he adopted decided measures. He gathered the mercenaries in a mass and enveloped them with his Catalans. He first stripped them of their weapons and their plunder; he then seized their principal chief with his own hand, and drubbed him soundly with the flat of his sword; he afterwards hung several scores of them, executing at the same time a number of the Company who had fallen into the same bad habits; he finally turned the whole body ignominiously out of the army and left them to find their way back to Constantinople, as best they could, through the infuriated peasantry.

From Philadelphia the Great Company pushed forward to Thyatira. There it came upon a body of Turkish ravagers in the midst of their work, the smoke of burning hamlets rising in all directions far as the eye could reach. At

sight of the Catalan van the robbers concentrated, and showed front. Not deeming them worth his own attention, the Megaduc called a favorite officer, Cormoran d'Alet, to whom he had betrothed the daughter of his Scian mistress, and set him against them. D'Alet dashed forward at the head of 1,200 men, horse and foot, and broke the enemy at the first onset. The Turks dispersed among the marshes, and the Christians followed hard in pursuit, dropping the heavier portions of their armor to lighten them in the chase. Among others D'Alet threw aside his helmet, and in consequence received the arrow of a flying Kurd through the brain. He fell, and his men gathering around his body, the pursuit was discontinued. D'Alet was buried in one grave at Thyatira, and ten of his comrades in another, with imposing rites, and two showy monuments were raised over their remains.

They reached Ephesus, the next stage in the campaign, without a fight. Here they were greatly interested and edified by the tomb of Monseigneur \* St. John the Evangelist, from whence issues a marvellous shower of manna every St. John's day, or rather used to issue, for there is no such miracle now to be witnessed at Ephesus. Here, too, they received a re-enforcement of 200 horsemen and 1,000 Almogaveres, under Berenger de Rocefort, an old fellow-soldier of the Megaduc. Berenger was at once made seneschal of the camp, in place of D'Alet. And similar bodies arriving every few months from the West, not merely made good the losses of the Great Company, but gradually swelled it to formidable dimensions.

But De Flor did not confine himself to gaining battles, gathering plunder, driving the Turk before him, and maintaining the strength of his Company. He was equally intent on reknitting the political organization of the country, which had fallen to pieces during the invasion. He restored the Imperial authority as he advanced; he garrisoned the commanding points; and he dealt out punishment to cowardly governors and treacherous officials with no sparing

hand, hanging some and decapitating others. Nor did he spare the towns that had submitted to the Turk without an adequate resistance. These he fined heavily, and exacted the imposition to the last farthing. But speedy justice, excellent as it is, has its drawbacks; and Roger more than once confounded the innocent with the guilty, and punished both together. Nor was this his only error. Finding valor, patriotism, good faith, and every other manly quality at a low ebb among these people, he soon learnt to hold them in utter contempt, and hardly cared to exercise that control over his Company that he otherwise would have done. The latter, therefore, indulged largely in rapine; and as the Greeks had contracted the trick of burying their wealth, the Catalans speedily became adepts in the devices by which marauders in all ages and every country open the hoards of their victims, and tortured with all the skill of the recently-instituted Inquisition. The Greeks, in consequence, hated and feared the Catalans rather worse than the Turks, and avenged themselves at every opportunity by their usual weapons, assassination and treachery, but in nearly every instance to be detected and to suffer hideous reprisals.

Roger continued his conquering march unchecked. Everywhere the Turks fled as he advanced, and long before the summer was over he had met them in unusual strength among the passes leading to Armenia, and given them a final and decisive overthrow. In the very flush of victory he received a despatch from Constantinople apprising him that those dangerous hordes, the Bulgarians, were up in arms, and urging him to return in haste to the defence of the capital. Never was despatch more unwelcome. What was he to do? For once in his life he gave way to indecision, and called the whole Great Company into council. He read the despatch, and asked their advice. That was soon given. "Let us obey the Emperor, in the first instance," said the Catalans; "and when we have beaten the Bulgarians, we can come back and beat the infidels." De Flor accepted the counsel, and closed a campaign which the Byzantines themselves, much as they hated the rover, and reluctant as they were to credit him with aught but crime,

\* The Saints were invested with nobility during the Middle Ages, and always addressed as Barons.

were constrained to pronounce "most brilliant." "The discipline of the Company," says Pachymer, "their novel weapons, and their warlike fervor, so terrified the Turks, that they retreated before them even beyond the limits of the old Roman empire; and the Catalan chief restored the authority of the Emperor to a solidity unknown for ages."

The counter-march was conducted by the verge of the Levant; the fleet carrying the plunder, the baggage, and the provisions, kept pace with the army; and thus, by easy stages and without interruption, they reached the mouth of the Dardanelles towards the end of August, 1304.

But the capital was no longer in danger. Hearing of the return of the Catalans, the Bulgarians had hastened to come to terms, and all was now at peace in that quarter. Leaving the Great Company at Gallipoli, Roger went up to Constantinople for money—six months' pay for his troops. Money, however, was very scarce at court—so scarce that not a tenth of the sum could be collected. The Emperor received Roger none the worse for that, and, saying nothing of his poverty, he caressed and fêted him until the mint had turned out a great heap of new coins of handsome design and choice workmanship, but of the very basest material. This trick was Greek all over. The Catalan, however, was not to be duped, and having spoken his mind on the matter with his usual frankness and strength of language, he returned in high dudgeon to his men. There he seized Gallipoli, gathered provisions, threw up entrenchments, sent a galley westwards to call up recruits, and made every preparation for a desperate tussle with the Emperor. This was not at all to the liking of the latter. He was well aware of what had befallen when his predecessor had quarrelled with Dandolo, and, of the two, De Flor was more to be dreaded than the Venetian. The latter, indeed, had overthrown the Empire for a time; but De Flor, it was but too probable, might thoroughly Latinize it, and transmit its crown to a long line of his descendants. The Emperor then shut his eyes to the rover's proceedings, and did his utmost to win him back into good temper and fealty. To this end messengers went and came daily between the

court and the camp, and the Imperial envoys pleaded, apologized, and begged the Grand Duke to return to the court, using all the arguments customary with such people, but without success. "Tell your master that he had better pay my Catalans, and that quickly," replied Roger, continuing his preparations. Meanwhile the Turks, finding Asia Minor denuded of its deliverers, pushed forward once again, and undid in a month all that Roger had done in six: they had even resumed the siege of Philadelphia, and were pressing it closer than ever. Seeing that no better might be done, the Emperor gave way, melted down a quantity of plate, stripped a good many altars, withheld numerous salaries, and, making up the sum demanded by the terrible mercenaries, he remitted it to Gallipoli. Roger was now satisfied, and returned to court to arrange for the next campaign. Just at this juncture a new and formidable body of Catalans made their appearance in the Dardanelles—they numbered 300 horsemen and 1,500 Almogaveres—in nine great ships, and were commanded by Berenger d'Entenca, a high-born gentleman, and the sworn brother in arms of De Flor. This detachment demanded the usual four months' advance in the first place, and an engagement in the second, and would be content with no less, to the great annoyance of Andronicus. It was useless for him to say that he had not sent for these fresh auxiliaries, and did not require their services. The first band, chiefs and men, made common cause with the new comers, and the whole tantalizing negotiation had to be gone through over again, and with a similar result. The Emperor might diplomatize, and reason, and procrastinate, but the adventurers knew their strength, and used it relentlessly. Andronicus had to give way on every point, and at Christmas, De Flor and D'Entenca appeared at court. Then the former received the loftier title and dignity of Cæsar for himself, and transferred the Megaducate to his friend. "The powers and privileges of the Cæsars," says the chronicler, evidently pleased with the honors of his chief, "are exactly the same in all respects as those of the Emperor. The only difference between the two is this—the latter sits a few inches higher, and wears a purple robe, while the former is dressed in blue edged



with gold." Consequently, Jack was as good as his master.

It was agreed that Asia Minor should be wholly given up to the new Cæsar, who was to divide it in fiefs among his followers; and that these henceforth were to receive no pay from the Emperor, but were to depend wholly on their own leader. In consequence of this arrangement De Flor consented to receive the base money which he had so obstinately refused three months before in satisfaction of all demands. "But," said the Catalan to himself, "I'll take very good care to lose nothing by the bargain. What I receive from the prince, the people must accept from me; or I'll know the reason why."

Roger and his brother in arms returned in company to Gallipoli; but not without a cunning attempt on the part of the Greeks to gain Berenger and play him off against his chief. D'Entenca, however, was firm against their wiles. For a day or two, indeed, he appeared to waver, heard all that was said, and received the Emperor's gifts with complaisance. But when the hour of sailing came, he gathered the envoys into his cabin, showed them the glittering vases put to base uses, and then thrust them out of the galley with opprobrium, and pursued them while they remained in sight with hearty Western imprecations.

A grand career was now opening before Brother Roger—one that promised to exercise vast influence over the fate of the world. For there can be no question that the feudal system of Europe, firmly planted in Asia Minor by the vigorous hand and comprehensive intellect of the rover, would have thrown back the Turkish hordes *en permanence* from those beautiful lands; while the Lower Empire and its corruptions, compressed between encroaching Franks on the West, and still more encroaching Franks on the East, must have been speedily crushed out of existence. The adventurer, too, comprehended his mission, and took measures to fulfil it with his usual fierce decision. He threw a strong advance corps ashore at Cyzicus, he sent a fleet southward to sweep the Grecian seas, and he despatched couriers to summon additional warriors from the West. Then, when all was ready for the march, he determined to meet the

Emperor and take leave of him for ever! His Eastern wife, devoted to him like everybody else, heard of this purpose with dismay. She knew the treacherous character of the court, and she was well aware that many there thirsted for the blood of the new Cæsar. She warned, entreated, and wept; her relatives seconded her well, and so did the leading officers of the Catalans, but all in vain. Then she and they excited the alarm of the Great Company for their leader, and soon raised an affectionate mutiny therein—the men threatening to restrain him by force if he persisted in his purpose. But Roger was not to be deterred. Gathering round him all the troops that still remained at Gallipoli, he made them his last speech—ridiculing their fears, making light of the risks, and declaring that he was bound in honor to take the course he intended. "Fear not," said he, "for me; I mean to live and lead you to many triumphs. And even should the worst you dread befall, why should that unman you? The loss of a single chief should never drive so many veterans to despair. Should I be laid low to-morrow, there are scores about me fully as competent to lead the Great Company." Accordingly he departed, with 300 horse and 1,000 foot, to meet the Emperor and his son Michael at Adrianople; and Muntaner takes advantage of his absence to give a curious account of the rape of Helen—which, in its mixture of current fashions and ideas with antique characters and events, bears some resemblance to the *Ingoldsby Legends*. "Hereabouts," says he, "was a strong castle called Paris, constructed by Paris, son of king Priam, when he had taken Helen, wife of the Duke of Athens, from the island of Tenedos. In those days there was an idol in Tenedos, and thither on a certain month in the year hied all the dames and nobles of Romania in pilgrimage. And so it happened that Helen came thither on pilgrimage, escorted by 100 knights. And Paris, son of King Priam, came also thither on pilgrimage, attended by 50 knights. He saw Dame Helen, and was so much troubled with the sight that he said to his knights, 'I must verily carry her off!' And as his heart suggested, so he did. He put on his brightest armor, and his knights also, and he seized the dame.

Her knights took weapon to defend her; but they perished every one, and Paris carried off the lady. This was the cause of the war which destroyed Troy."

Meanwhile, Roger went fearlessly to Adrianople. He reached the city on the 13th of March, 1305, and was received with much respect, especially by Prince Michael. Indeed, there was nothing but feast and festival in honor of the Cæsar for the next six days. But all this while soldiers were being collected from the surrounding country and admitted by stealth into Adrianople, until there were not less than 9,000 horsemen secreted therein. Some of these were Byzantines; but by far the greater number were Bulgarians and Turcopules, under the command of the chief whom Roger had beaten with the flat of his sword at Philadelphia, and of others who had lost relations by his just sentence, and who, therefore, were all deeply pledged to revenge.

Early on the morning of the 19th, the Catalans who happened to be in the capital were set upon and slaughtered. Much about the same hour the camp at Gallipoli was assailed unawares by an army, which was repelled after a desperate struggle, in which the Great Company suffered so severely that no more than 206 horses and 3,700 men survived

it. The camp remained in fearful anxiety concerning their chief for four other days. At length, on the evening of the 23d, three squires from Adrianople appeared at the barriers and were eagerly admitted. Their tale was a short one. On the 19th, De Flor had ridden to the palace with a feeble escort. These he left at the gate, and was conducted with the usual ceremonious respect to the Imperial apartment. As he stepped across the threshold a sword struck him through the back. It was a mortal thrust, but a hundred others followed it, and the dreaded chief fell stark and stiff at the feet of his cowardly assassins without uttering a single word. No sooner was the deed done than the word was given to the bands in hiding, who fell upon the Catalans and massacred them all, except these three squires. And they also would have been murdered had they not mounted into a bell-tower; where they defended themselves so long and valiantly, that the Emperor, for once constrained into a generous deed, withdrew their assailants and sent them safe out of the city.

The further adventures of the Great Company form another and even more interesting story, which will be found ably summarized in the sixty-third chapter of *Gibbon*.

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Blackwood's Magazine.

#### JUVENTUS MUNDI: THE YOUTH OF THE WORLD.

*Juventus Mundi*—"The Youth of the World!" Whatever may be the value of the pages that follow, it must be conceded that whole volumes of romance are concentrated in the title. Who would not wish to have lived when the world was young? The world is very old now—that is, our world of men and women; for the world of nature, the mere material elements, seem young enough. There is perennial youth in sky, and sea, and leaf, and flower. These are all as fresh in their loveliness, so far as we can guess, as "when Adam delved and Eve span," if she did spin. But the human world has undoubtedly grown very old. The freshness and simplicity of life seem to be ideas of the past: this present life is careworn, anxious, artifi-

cial. There is a great deal of very clever paint and padding, well-practised smiles, carefully-studied graces; the thing is very well made up, but it is not young. Our world is really so highly improved and developed, that it may be said to be better than new; but it is not new, and perhaps would not at all care to be thought so.

*Juventus Mundi*! There is a certain melancholy in the words, even as there is in recalling the days when we were young ourselves. Was there ever, indeed, a golden age, when, as poets say, the gods walked among men on earth, when wrong and injustice were unknown? Was there? We cannot answer. The one brief and mysterious record which, however we interpret it, seems rather to

hide than to reveal the history of the infancy of the human race, does not encourage us to think so. The gates of Eden were closed against its first occupants, and never opened since. And amongst the bolder speculators, there is no agreement as to what the early world was like. Some will tell us that our first ancestor was an ape or lemur, that we were originally cannibals, and that we have improved, like potatoes, by gradual cultivation: others go even further, and trace us back to something lower than a trilobite. If this was the youth of the world, we need at least have no regrets for it. Philosophers of a different school teach that all the higher faculties are not developments, but divine gifts bestowed at first in full completeness; that savagedom, where it exists, is not our normal estate, but its debasement; nay, that even the highest present attainments of our race do not come up to its primal perfection; that, as Jeremy Taylor puts it, "an Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of Paradise." The theories of the learned are far less unanimous than the fancies of the poets. The world's youth has not only passed away, but we have no authentic picture of it remaining.

It is very hard for us to judge of what the world was like when it was young. Even in looking back upon the days of our own youth, we are apt to throw over the retrospect a sort of Claude Lorraine coloring, which tones down the evil that was in them, and lights up the good. We remember something of the simplicity and guilelessness of our childhood—how readily we trusted others, how little we suspected; and we forget, with a very convenient forgetfulness, our little meannesses and cowardices, and the shame they brought upon us. We know that in our riper youth we were liberal and open-handed—of what was not really our own; that we had a strong contempt for what we thought mean economies; that we were joyous, easy-tempered, cheerful. We have wiped out of our book of recollection how really selfish we were, even in our good-nature; how uncharitably we contrasted our own buoyancy of spirit with the heavy shades of care and anxiety which clouded the brows of our elders; how greedily we drank in all the sunshine of life for our-

selves, and cared little for those who, perhaps for our sakes, had to sit in the shadow. It is very well perhaps that it should be so; if our consciences were a too faithful record of every one of these things, memory would be almost a hell to some of us.

No—it is not easy, even for those who are inclined to deal most honestly in this self-retrospect, to get a clear idea of what we really were in our youth. And any description of us as we then appeared, drawn by any other hand, would be quite as deceptive as our own partial reminiscences. It is romantic and poetical to sit down and lament "the days that are no more," but the sentiment is morbid. It is not at all certain that we were better, and it is almost certain that we were not happier, as children than we are as men. Saul of Tarsus—whose insight into our mere human nature might have won him the laurel of the schools if he had not been vouchsafed the crown of an apostle—knew that the man was not the worse for having "put away childish things." The longing of youth for the privileges and pleasures of manhood is quite as rational as the regrets which the man wastes over the vanished days of his boyhood. Both are deceived in their ideal, though in different ways. The youth would learn, if he could really put on the clock of time a few years, that the cares and responsibilities of life formed a serious counterpoise to the independence he so much covets; and the man would find, if he could go back to his early days, that what glitters so brightly in the distance of memory was not all gold. This "thinking on the days that are no more" is always a tempting occupation for poetic temperaments, and we have had somewhat too much of it. Mr. Tennyson utters a more literal truth, perhaps, than he intended, when he calls the tears which start to sensitive eyes under such circumstances "idle." It was very pretty of Thomas Hood to say that in his childhood he always thought the fir-tree tops were close against the sky, and that in his manhood it was little comfort to have had this ignorance enlightened—

"To know I'm further off from heaven  
Than when I was a boy."

Very prettily expressed; but the man—

if he be anything worth calling a man—has a grander and a better heaven in prospect than could be touched by any trees that grow; nay, and not so far out of his reach, comparatively.

Fancy portraits have been drawn of the world in its youth by various hands. There was a shepherd-life which was imagined to represent it, whose scene was in Arcadia. It seems to have been assumed that the character of the animal communicated itself to the keepers.

“Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat,”

and, by parity of reasoning, who keeps innocent sheep must needs himself be innocent. But in point of fact, the Arcadian life represented not so much the innocence of the sheep as its notorious foolishness. A real shepherd is a shrewd and sensible man; but the Arcadians were always losing their sheep while they were piping about some coy Phillis or false Daphne, or sitting lazily on a bank, singing foolish songs against each other for a wager. They were only “innocent” in the sense in which the word is sometimes charitably applied to those of very weak wits. As for their morality, the less said the better. Damon was not above stealing Damon’s kids and lambs, and Chloe and Galathea were often no better than they should have been. When the scene of this imaginary pastoral life was transferred from the sunny skies of the real Arcadia to the climate of England, the culminating point of the absurdity was pretty well reached; and the namby-pamby love-songs which Strephon addresses to Phillis in some of our Georgian poets and dramatists, are a compound of silliness and indecency which it would be hard to match in any other literature. Love, in the days of the world’s youth, could hardly have been like *that*, at all events! But it is wonderful what a strong hold this fancy of reproducing a supposed pastoral age took upon very different minds in successive generations. Witness the stately Sir Philip Sidney’s elaborate romance of “Arcadia,” and poor Marie Antoinette, and her gay court making-believe to be shepherds and shepherdesses in the groves of the Little Trianon. Singular evidence of the truth that “all things are double one against another,” that the

profligate courtiers of Augustus should have been charmed with the pastorals of Virgil, and that the French exquisites should have been playing at Arcadia, in an age effete with luxury, while the ground was heaving under them in the throes of a social revolution!

There was another golden age which never existed, but of which we have imaginary pictures which are not without their fascination. It is the age of chivalry as described in the mediæval romances. There never was a time, we suppose, when live knights-errant rode up and down the lands of Europe in quest of paynim enemies and distressed damsels; when all the men were brave and all the women were fair; when, if you mounted your horse and took lance in hand to seek for adventures, you were sure soon to come to a place where four roads met, and to find there an ugly dwarf and a beautiful lady. There never was a real Sir Galahad, the stainless knight, who could say in the noble words of the Laureate—

“My good blade carves the casques of men,  
My tough lance thrusteth sure;  
My strength is as the strength of ten,  
Because my heart is pure.”

The chivalrous ideal was as far from having any prototype in fact as the pastoral. But, in such a youth of the world, if it ever had been, one might perhaps have wished to have lived. It would have been a hard life, no doubt, and one requiring good stamina in both man and horse, to ride on all day,

“By bridge and ford, by park and pale,”

and apparently all night too, through the “dreaining towns” whose “streets were dumb with snow,” in pursuit of a mysterious adventure; but it would be better than sitting all day on a damp bank with Lubin or Colin Clout, looking after the sheep which even by the accounts of their best friends were continually going the way they should not, bringing melancholy music out of a reed pipe, and making love to a very rustic Dowsabella. There is a marvellous fascination about the actors and the scenery in that most impossible of all dramas for the stage of actual life—the romance of chivalry. The contrast with the plain prosaic features of

the present is one of its chief attractions. Its palpable unreality makes the attraction none the less. All mere utilitarian views of life are wholly ignored. There is no buying and selling, with all their servile and mercenary associations—no politics, no litigation. No wonder that the history of King Arthur and his knights has always such a charm for the British schoolboy. It seems indeed the youth of the world to him. Think of the delight of living in an age when the only competitive examination was in athletics! The work of life is fighting—always the occupation of a freeman and a gentleman—or the similitude of fighting in the tournament, and afterwards the banquet, and sweet minstrelsy, and gentle dalliance; while on the successful champion

“Perfume and flowers fall in showers,  
That lightly rain from ladies' hands.”

We are not told that in this age of romance the earth brought forth her fruits without the need of tillage, as in the golden age of pagan poets; but for all that appears on the record it might be so. Luxurious banquets stand always furnished on the board; costly garments, fair steeds, armor of proof, are always ready at a good knight's call; and we hear nothing of those laborious processes by which such things are produced. As he rode on his way rejoicing, he was sure to find some castle-gate standing invitingly open, and it was always dinner or supper time. He might possibly have to fight the owner for his entertainment, but he was never exposed to the more ignominious ordeal of having to wrangle about the bill. He might occasionally be in danger, like modern gallants, of being entrapped into delicate relations with some of those wandering damsels, who then, as now, were spreading their snares for lovers; the fair vision to which he had pledged his vows under the glamour of some strange enchantment might resolve itself, on more intimate acquaintance, into some “Lady Hideous”—“bearded like a goat, humped before and behind, and with both legs twisted”—who claimed fulfilment of his bargain; but there was usually some mode of escape from such entanglement without the lover's becoming the subject of a breach-of-promise case, and having all his ardent love-letters read out to an

unsympathising audience with jocose comments from the Sergeant Buzfuz of the day. A good knight, indeed, was usually secured from such an issue by the fact that his powers as a scribe did not go beyond the mark of a cross and some quaint hieroglyphic which stood for his name. Brave men and fair women passed as it were a perpetual holiday in the pleasure of some “Castle Joyeuse”—the very names are seductive—with nothing on earth to think of except the next day's tournament. There were hardly any old men, it would seem, and no old women, if we may trust those gay chronicles; and if there was a greybeard here and there, he had acquired by virtue of his age such cunning in medicine or occult science, that he became a personage of greater importance than the most stalwart champion.

It was a brave world, as seen in the vision of the romances—a world which certainly stands out in strong contrast with our modern age, when damsels in distress apply at once to their lawyer, and the only real contests between knights and gentlemen are carried on in the House of Commons or on the hustings, by means of a good deal of tall talk, and occasionally a little bribery. But, in order to enjoy it, we must all have either been beautiful ladies or tall knights—six feet high, and stout in proportion. It would have been an uncomfortable world for some of us dyspeptic moderns, whose stock of animal spirits is limited and irregular; and there was a “fat knight,” whom we seem to remember in some of those circumstantial narratives, who was always coming to grief quite undeservedly.

We promised that we were not going to review Mr. Gladstone's book; yet we cannot help noticing what we conceive to be his meaning in the title, as developed in the pages which follow. The heroic age, he thinks, was the youth of the world. Certainly the heroes of whom Homer sang were, in many of their thoughts and words and ways, very like boys—open-hearted and open-handed—by turns generous, petulant, and haughtily insolent, like Achilles; rejoicing in feats of strength and personal daring; curious of adventure, like Ulysses; given to plenteous eating, and to talk of their own personal achievements (with no

little tendency to boasting on this head); and, as a rule, taking very little thought for the morrow. They have a code of honor and a scale of estimation which has all the characteristics of full-blooded youth. They hate a liar and a thief—almost as much as they do a coward; they honor most the men who can hit the hardest blow, or hurl a spear the farthest; and they listen eagerly to detailed narratives of such deeds—not the less patiently even when the narrator makes himself the hero. Next to the man who can do these things, they love and honor him who can sing a good song or tell a good story. It is a grand physical life—its moral tone, if not high, is at least not debased—it knows nothing of those refinements of vice which are the Nemesis of civilization. Its faults, like its virtues, are those of the simple animal nature; they have neither the brutality into which it breaks out when degraded, nor the ingenuity of wickedness which it displays under cultivation. But in its intellectual aspect, how looks this heroic world? May that at all console us for the fact which we are half-disposed to regret, that we did not live when the world was younger? Lord Bacon surely said well, that the “fulness of years” belonged of right to us moderns, not to the younger age of the world: strength and lustihood it might boast of, but life is something more than this.

One would like, if it were not impertinent, to ask Mr. Gladstone himself whether he would have enjoyed being a hero—of the Homeric standard, of course, we mean? He has plainly a strong affection and sympathy, as no man with his classical tastes and reading could fail to have, with the age which he has studied so long and so carefully. It has been very pleasant to him, no doubt—as pleasant as it is for his readers—to withdraw for a while from the field of political strife, and live during the recess, as he tells us he has done, with those brave old Greeks, who knew not the Irish Church or the compound householder. But would he enjoy the rejuvenescence of the world, under all the conditions of this heroic life? He might find scope for his abilities in debate perhaps almost as readily in the public assemblies of the Homeric

age as in the English Parliament—for Achilles is almost as perfect in oratory as in soldiership. Possibly if he had been brought up in that line of life, he might have learnt to hurl a spear very creditably; if not quite so well as King Agamemnon. In the matter of personal courage, like most English gentlemen, he would look death in the face far more steadily than Hector did, and bear a wound with much more stoicism than the fair-haired Menelaus, who absolutely “shivered” with fear, as the poet tells us, when he saw the red blood spurt from the wound made by Pandarus’s arrow. If he had been condemned to enter bodily that famous Wooden Horse which was lately found so useful (figuratively) in the House of Commons, he would have shown more pluck, it is to be hoped, than its Homeric occupants, who, chiefs and leaders though they were, had tears in their eyes and a disagreeable trembling in their knees, when they found themselves actually going to be shut up in that uncomfortable ambush. So long as the fighting was going on, there is no fear but that the most modern Englishman would do his duty—with fewer hexameter speeches, and quite as much effect. But when there was no particular fighting to do, how far would any of us—even of a much lower mental calibre than Mr. Gladstone—have enjoyed this heroic existence? Off the stage of battle they were always either eating, drinking, talking, or sleeping. They doffed their armor, tucked up their sleeves (if they had any), slaughtered with their own hands fat oxen and swine, cooked them and ate them with a very primitive voracity, drank their red wine plentifully, —and then went to sleep. If this was life in the world’s golden youth, it was not so very unlike that of the modern fox-hunter of the last century—except that he had the advantage of a regular butcher and a three-pronged fork. It might not be expected of all of us to play so heroic a part at meal-times as the great Ajax and old Phœnix, who ate two heavy suppers—one with Agamemnon and one with Achilles—within the space of three hours; nor need we suppose that all men, even in those happy days, had appetites like Ulysses and “the noble swineherd,” who devoured

the best part of a pig apiece (apparently) for luncheon—certainly not leaving much of either animal, since a third had to be killed for their late dinner. But with all possible allowance for exceptional appetites and poetical exaggeration, it was an age of very heavy feeding as well as of hard fighting. Modern dinners are heavy too, sometimes, and so is the conversation, as some of us know to our cost; but even if we survived the fat pork and the thick, “fruity” wine, could we have borne to listen, before or after dinner, to the long stories of old Nestor? Ulysses was not bad company, we dare to say, and could tell some curious stories, as credible as those of many travellers since; but it would have been very tiresome to hear him always talking of his wife—and something more than tiresome to any one who had heard any whispers of his little affairs with Circe and Calypso. Agamemnon must have always talked more or less in what Sidney Smith called “a landed manner,” like a modern many-acred squire; Ajax was heavier than the heaviest “plunger;” Paris as notable an instance of combined fastness and frivolity as could be found in any young Guardsman. The women are better—as they always are. Yet, though Andromache and Penelope were charming domestic characters—examples which almost reconcile us to the new ladies’ colleges, which may enable our future wives to study them in the original Greek—they might have been, like many other good women, a trifle dull in society. It is no use to deny that at one of these heavy banquets we should have preferred to take Helen in to dinner. As we trifled with a goat’s leg, or picked the broad chine of pork which would probably be put upon our plate—*i. e.*, into our hands—as the *bonne-bouche* due to an honest guest, we could imagine ourselves almost too well satisfied with our fair neighbor—entirely forgetting some of her antecedents. Independently of

“The star-like beauty of immortal eyes,”

she is the only person, apparently, who understood what conversation meant: who knew all the celebrities of her own country, at least by sight, and had

shown in two courts, and even made a voyage up the Nile. It is very unfortunate that so pleasant a companion should have been—like many pleasant things—slightly improper. But it is only fair to the great poet who celebrated or invented her, to remember that the charm which he has thrown over her borrows none of its attraction from that impropriety. Her one error is a fate imposed upon her by her evil genius, in which she is hardly a responsible agent.

No—except Helen—we have no desire to have lived among those mythical Greeks, grand as they were in many ways. If theirs was the youth of the world, we are well contented to have been born in its old age. It may be a mistake; the noble simplicity of an heroic era may be better than the artificialities and complications of our own; but our eyes cannot see it so. The pulse and water of our early ancestors may be intrinsically a purer and nobler diet than the turtle cutlets and the Chablis of our own day; but if we have to go back to that primeval fare, we shall starve. Our tastes, intellectual and physical, are too highly educated.

We are all somewhat too apt to complain of the loss of the simplicities of life, while at the same time we are eager to get our full share of its refinements. We are blowing hot and cold with the same breath. We grumble at the inevitable results of education, while we are actually going so far—some of us—as to try and compel people to be educated whether they will or no. Take the common outcry about domestic servants—about their love of finery, their constant desire for change, the increase of wages, and the decrease of attachment to their employers. There is considerable foundation in fact for such complaints. It is disagreeable, and sometimes inconvenient, to find them copying the style of dress of their superiors so exactly, that the lady’s maid, if she has a good figure, sometimes looks more of a lady than her mistress. Your kitchen-maid is writing up her correspondence when she ought to be washing her dishes; and your footman, just when he has got used to your ways, and you have made him into an excellent servant by dint of much painstaking and forbearance, gives you notice some fine morning

—having “no fault to find,” as he is generous enough to inform you, but because he thinks he “should like a change.” All this is very provoking; very unlike the good old times; very different, perhaps, from what you remember yourself in your father’s household, and a sad contrast with the gray-haired retainers of your grandfathers and grandmothers. Where are all the good old-fashioned servants gone? we ask of one another querulously. The answer is exceedingly easy, though it does not seem to occur readily under the pressure of household difficulties. They are all “gone where the good niggers go”—white or black, we may charitably suppose—and where the old masters and mistresses are gone too. If our own tastes and habits of life were the same as those of fifty years ago, we should find servants much the same as they were then. It is unreasonable to suppose that all the lower strata of society are to stand still while we move forwards; yet there is no more common mistake. We must accept, if we are wise, all the aspects of an age of progress, without expecting that they should all chime in with our own personal tastes and conveniences; content to reap the unquestionable gains, and to put up with the inevitable losses. Remember how often you have blessed Rowland Hill and the penny postage, before you break out into any desperate language because the postman has brought three letters in one morning for the cook. You are shocked to find that your nursery-maid has left a novel by accident in the baby’s perambulator; but who was it that subscribed so liberally to the National School at Duckpuddle, and even took the chair one evening at the penny readings in that ambitious village. There were no such things, you will please to remember, in the good old times of your grandfather. But, you may make answer, you think it quite right that every man and woman in a Christian country should learn to read their Bibles—that is your notion of education for the masses. It is well understood, of course, that you confine your own literary studies entirely to the Book in question, taking a turn at the “Whole Duty of Man” occasionally, by way of relaxation for lighter hours; but it would be too much to expect that all the world should follow such a meri-

torious example. But the novel was trash, or worse than trash—a sort of book to put very undesirable notions into the head of a servant-girl. Of course you exercise a rigid censorship yourself over the box from Mudie; tales by the author of “Guy Livingstone” and “Cometh up as a Flower” have long been placed in your *index expurgatorius*—and you never went to see “Formosa” at Drury Lane. But other heads of families are not so careful, and the nursemaid, you see, had not the advantage of your advice in her reading. It is very ridiculous, indeed, that John should have come to look upon a fortnight’s holiday every year (to see his friends, forsooth!) almost as a right; and that James, after five years’ service, should talk about “wanting a change.” You enjoy your holiday—but then you are a county magistrate, and work a good deal harder than John, and get no wages. Your daughters were moped to death last year, and you feel yourself you hardly did your duty by them, because they only got that poor three weeks at Brighton instead of a run on the Continent. This revolution in the servant-world has its inconveniences, no doubt, but it is only part of a general revolution in the habits of society. We have brought cheap postage, cheap literature, cheap travelling, cheap ornaments, down to the doors of every cottage in a country village, and then we are astonished that those whose eyes we have opened should be no longer content to remain “bound to the soil” of their native parish, mere hewers of wood and drawers of water like their forefathers. When every letter cost a shilling, when a journey to the county town took more time and money than a return ticket to London does now, when there were few newspapers to read and few who could read them, servants were content to remain for years in the same place—mainly, perhaps, because it was troublesome to find another. The promotion to the Hall, or even to the Rectory, was in itself a glimpse of fuller life to the young rustic; of the still larger world that lay beyond he knew and heard but little, and was rather afraid. London was a mysterious and awful place; when the simple faith of rustic childhood had departed, and it seemed no longer credible that its streets were paved with



gold, the wiser country-folk shook their heads when they thought of the traps and pitfalls which were spread there for the unwary. Steady-going masters and servants alike preferred to "bide at home." Those were the times in which the old coachman was handed on from father to son with the old family coach, and so remained until both fell to pieces in the service. It would be very pleasant to keep up these kindly bonds between master and servant, which linger yet in some corners of the land; but all local and personal ties must weaken as society expands, and both servant and master become citizens of the world. Our domestics change their places easily, and with little show of regret at the severance; but the younger branches of our own family find the domestic ties sit quite as loosely, and no longer cling to the shadow of the old roof-tree as before.

Another fact makes it much easier for servants to get places than for masters and mistresses to get servants, and so leads to a desire for change on the part of the latter, unless they find everything to their mind. This is the growing prosperity—or at any rate the growing luxury—of the middle classes, which creates a demand for trained servants of a superior order. We hear mistresses protest against the incapacity and indifference of modern domestics, adding not unfrequently the remark, "that if things go on at this rate, in a few years it must come to their doing the work themselves. A cynical bachelor might be tempted to reply, "Madam, it is what your grandmother probably did." In the household at the Parsonage, or even at the Grange or the Hall, the mother of the family and her grown-up daughters unquestionably did a great portion of the work which is now delegated to servants—and did it (as all work is done which is undertaken by a higher class) much better. They not only discharged the administrative duties of the housekeeper, which they still in many cases retain, but the best results in the cookery and laundry business were obtained from their fair hands. There were few houses of moderate means which had not a reputation for some especial dish, on the concoction of which the hostess, far from ignoring its authorship, especially prided herself. In

many families the daughters took upon themselves the general cookery in turn, week by week—an arrangement sometimes embarrassing to a courteous visitor. A man has no sentimental scruples as to the cook's feelings, when he sends away his soup barely tasted; but when he had been carefully informed that the author of some doubtful dish which he was pressed to eat was sitting opposite him in the person of his host's pretty daughter, he had to swallow his criticisms with as few faces as he could.

We are conscious that we are here treading on delicate ground. It may be quite true that the ladies of the present period, young and old, employ their time much better, and find a far more intellectual and refined field for their abilities. This fact, if fact it be (and far be it from us here to question it), only serves as a confirmation of such argument as, in our wandering way, we have been trying to maintain. It is impossible to combine the advantages of two different phases of social life. It may be far better for a man to find in his wife one who can share in his higher interests, and cheer him in his domestic hours with her "finer fancies," than to retain her services as head cook and housekeeper. It may be a far higher life for the woman herself, better worth living, in every conceivable way. Both should remember that this life of taste and refinement is very hard to combine with moderate means, without the exercise of considerable self-denial; that to disengage one's self entirely from the servile cares of life is very pleasant, but in the nature of things can only be the lot of a favored few. The old type of servant, whose gradual disappearance we all lament, was produced under a different *régime*. The species was developed in the days when the mistress spent more hours in the kitchen and fewer in the library. Our domestic queens of the present era desire to throw a little more "color" into their lives; they do not care to chain themselves down to a mere daily round of household duties. They are not to be blamed for this. But it can hardly be expected that these duties will be as well performed by mere hirelings, who have not even the interest in their work which is always given by the feeling that it is

shared by their superiors. And then the footman and the housemaid have come to want a little more color in *their* lives too; and it makes no difference that the color which they most affect seems a little coarse in your eyes. They want their "outing," and their "followers," and a good many other little fillips to a monotonous life, which only differ from your own aspirations as their class differs from yours. In the mere matter of eating and drinking, too—a point on which we find the tastes of the kitchen and servants' hall growing more fastidious—there is something to be said in extenuation. The fare at their table does not approximate so closely to that provided for their masters as it did either fifty or five hundred years ago. It is better, but not better in proportion. A lady of the fourteenth or fifteenth century kept her household very much upon salt provisions; but for many months in the year any fresh meat except mutton was a rarity on her own table. Fifty years ago, most people of moderate pretensions dined early; and the dinner, whatever it might be, passed down, with little alteration, from the higher company to the lower. Later and more luxurious meals for the heads of the household have not improved the bill of fare at the kitchen dinner-hour. John will not eat cold meat—it is extremely perverse of him—but neither does his master specially affect it.

The world goes on, and we go on with it. We can no more go back to the ways of our forefathers than we can thrust our persons into the nankeen trousers of our childhood—and a pretty figure we should cut in them, supposing that we could. Some years ago there was a fancy (not yet wholly extinct) amongst enthusiastic people for trying to reintroduce into England the old monastic system; a system which unquestionably, in spite of many abuses, played a useful part in the commonwealth of earlier times. There was much popular outcry, of course, against such a revival; but the real objection was put very calmly and reasonably by a sensible friend whom one of these young enthusiasts consulted. "You want," said he, "to be a monk of the twelfth century: that might be all very well, but it is impossible; you can only be a monk

of the nineteenth century—which is a very different thing." Those who are always hankering after an ideal past, unfit themselves sadly for any real usefulness in the present. The youth of the world was good for those who lived in it, no doubt; this nineteenth century is best for us of the nineteenth century, as the twenty-ninth will be for those who are born to see it.

It is worth noticing, too, how entirely, alike in the Utopia of chivalry and in the heroic life of the Greek poets, the interest centres in mere physical strength and beauty. For these alone our sympathies are demanded. Poverty, deformity, weakness, and misery of any kind, are almost treated as faults in the mediæval romances. In Homer, it is true, the poor as well as the stranger are said to be under the protection of heaven; but even this is a half-confession that man would otherwise be apt to have no patience with them. The strong man who can fight and hold his own—or, indeed, for that matter, seize other people's; the beautiful woman who is the prize of the conqueror,—these are the subject of the tale or the song. Poverty is always hideous and in rags, and disease is always loathsome. This heroic youth of the world is, like all youth, insolent in its strength and beauty, and intolerant of any weakness. Wherever we find, in this old literature, any touch of what we moderns consider the pathetic, any recognition of the sadder side of our human nature as a subject of human interest, how gladly we recognize it, and how much we make of it! Say what we will in praise of those who wrote when the world was young, we must confess that (with the remarkable exception, as we should expect, of the Hebrew Scriptures) this suffering side of human life is brought very imperfectly before the reader. The lightest novel of our own day deals with it in a kindlier and we may almost say a more religious spirit than either the classical poet or the mediæval *trouvreur*. The working man—assuredly no unimportant person now, either in fact or fiction—is entirely ignored by both these latter. The "churl" in good King Arthur's days was so entirely aware of the estimation in which he was held, and the sort of treatment he might look for, that he was fain to take to his heels

"when he saw a knight;" the redresser of wrongs had no mission as concerned him. In the Homeric poems, he has to bear the blows of Ulysses, as the only argument adapted to his wretched comprehension. It may be true that the world has grown weaker, less simple, less truthful, and more self-indulgent: has it not also become more sympathizing, more forbearing, more tolerant? "Sensational" effect is said to be the bane of our modern literature. But the ruder portion of an audience, in those earlier days, listened most greedily to a story in which simple bloodshed, in all its most ferocious details, formed the staple: would they have been as much moved by those scenes of domestic pathos—overstrained and disfigured by rant though they may be—which "bring down the gallery" in the theatres patronised by our town roughs, or enter more or less into the plot of the penny novelist? The feeling of a common humanity, which has spread so widely from rank to rank, finds scanty place in this earlier society. The novel of high life, the romance of adventure, the tale of passion,—all have their prototypes in the literature of past ages; but the key-note of such stories as "Adam Bede" or "Mary Barton" could only have been struck under the softening influences of a purer creed and a higher intellectual cultivation.

Enthusiasts have thought that there was somewhere a secret, if it could only be discovered, for the renewal of youth—an elixir which was to give us back the freshness and vigor which years had

dimmed. It has never been found, for the individual; but, for the race collectively, it may be good to hope for it. It is well to believe, if not in an undeviating progress towards perfection, yet in a certain power of restoration and reproduction, such as nature shows in some of her lower organisms, in their replacing important parts of their material structures. This kind of vitality exists surely, in some degree, in civilized society. As, in the individual, features and traits of character come out in some remote descendant which were known to belong to some long-buried ancestor, so the better characteristics of past ages of the world, even if lost to sight for a time, may be working their way again to the surface of modern society. With all our refinements, we have in some points been going back of late to simpler habits, more straightforward ways of speech and action. We have eschewed Johnsonian English and Chesterfield's politeness. The speech of some of our young men is at least as free from superfluous polish as that of the Homeric heroes; their estimate of a man by his thews and sinews comes near to that which prevailed in the days of Arthur. They "smite the waters in order with their oars" as vigorously as the crew of Ulysses. We have almost gone back to our great-grandmothers' dress, though old women are as unknown among us as they were in the court of Camelot. Ours is still in many points a youthful age; inheriting, let us hope, together with many of the follies, something of the vigor of our forefathers.

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Cornhill Magazine.

#### THE PRESENT PREVALENCE OF SUN-SPOTS.

DURING the last few months the face of the sun has been overspread with an unusual number of spots. Enormous vacuities, forty or fifty thousand miles across in some instances, have exhibited their yawning depths to the inquisitive eye of the astronomer. Strangely-figured clusters of smaller spots, continually subject, if we may judge from their changes of figure, to the action of tremendous disturbing forces, have perplexed the physicist by the wondrous manifestations of power

they exhibit to his contemplation. It has been evident, too, that even where no spots are seen, the whole surface of the sun is in a strange state of turmoil and agitation. Those singular white spots, the "rice-grains," as some astronomers have called them, seemingly disconnected, but most probably the crests of enormous waves of luminous matter, have shown by the irregularity of their arrangement that there is no rest in those far-off seas of light. And, as we write,

all these appearances are gradually becoming more marked, insomuch that it is evident the centre of our system, the source of light and heat and force to the earth and her fellow planets, is approaching one of these critical stages of disturbance which astronomers have recently recognized as recurring at regular intervals, and forming an essential feature of the solar economy.

It may be interesting to our readers to hear what astronomers have been able to learn respecting the most remarkable physical phenomenon which the whole range of nature presents to our contemplation. The great globe on which we live would fill but a corner of some of these vast cavernous openings, within which, as within some magic laboratory, the mysterious agencies are at work to which the sun owes its influence as the life-supporting centre of his system of dependent orbs. It is therefore with a significant and noble phenomenon that we have to deal. It is one, too, with which we are more closely concerned than with many of the appearances to which astronomers direct their attention.

There are three claimants for the honor of being the first to recognize the existence of the solar spots: Galileo, of Florence, Scheiner, the Jesuit, and the younger Fabricius. Galileo first alludes to his discovery of the spots in a work on floating bodies published in 1612. In a letter to Welzer, dated May 4, 1612, he states that he had known of the existence of the spots no less than eighteen months before. But Arago rightly remarks that a statement such as this, unsupported by the records of any actual observations, or by the names of persons to whom the discovery had been communicated, cannot be held to establish Galileo's claim to priority in this matter. It is mentioned, however, that in the month of April, 1611, he announced the discovery of the solar spots at a meeting of scientific men held in the garden of Cardinal Bandini at Rome. The claim of Scheiner is founded on a letter addressed to Welzer on November 12, 1611. In this letter Scheiner states that he had discovered the spots seven months before, or in April, 1611. But as this statement is not confirmed by evidence of any sort, and as we find Schei-

ner still doubtful about the solar spots in October, 1611, we cannot accept his claim to priority as admissible. Fabricius was undoubtedly the first to publish any written statement respecting the solar spots. This was done in a work specially dealing with the telescopic appearance of the sun, and bearing date June 13, 1611. From the internal evidence of this work it is clear that the solar spots must have been observed by him in March of the same year. To him, then, so far as the evidence hitherto gathered extends, we must assign the credit of the discovery; though there can be no doubt that Galileo and Scheiner observed the spots independently.

Astronomers had been so long convinced that the sun is not only stainless, but the very emblem of celestial purity, that the discovery of the solar spots was received with an amusing mixture of doubt and indignation. Scheiner, in particular, found his statements received with discredit. It happened that the provincial of the order of Jesuits, to whom he was bound to communicate the discovery, was a zealous advocate of the philosophy of Aristotle. He refused, therefore, to believe in the solar spots, or even to look through Scheiner's telescope at them. "I have read Aristotle's writings from end to end many times," he said, "and I have nowhere found in them anything similar to what you mention. Go, therefore, my son, and endeavor to tranquillize yourself; be convinced that these appearances which you take for spots are the faults of your glasses or of your eyes; if they are not, as I in part suspect, the result of a disordered and ill-regulated imagination." It was probably with the dread lest any disrepute should fall on his order, if any of its members should be associated with so dangerous a discovery, that the provincial refused permission to Scheiner to publish his observations under his own name; and accordingly the letters which Scheiner addressed to Welzer bore the signature, "*Apelles latens post tabulam.*"

But the spots were not to be expunged from the sun's countenance even by the decrees of the Jesuits. Astronomers watched these new phenomena with interest and attention. They soon detected that the spots are not at rest, but continually travel round and round the

body of the sun; and they presently concluded that these movements are due to the sun's rotation upon an axis. Scheiner, who would seem to have been unable or unwilling to "tranquillize" himself according to order, watched the sun for no less than eighteen years; and in 1630 published a terrible volume, called the *Rosa Ursina*, containing the results of his researches. Respecting this work, Delambre has said that "there are few books so diffuse and containing so small a number of facts: it consists of 784 pages; there is not matter for fifty." However, the work contained the important discovery that the sun turns round on his axis in about twenty-seven days.

Galileo thought the spots were clouds in the solar atmosphere, intercepting the sun's light from the observer on earth. This theory, which has been revived in recent times, is not by any means consistent (as we shall see presently) with the changes of appearance to which the spots are subjected as they pass across the face of the sun. Scheiner at first thought the spots were planets; but having discovered that this view was erroneous, he formed the opinion that they indicate tremendous disturbances agitating the ocean of fire with which he imagined the sun to be girt about. La Hire thought there must be opaque bodies continually tossed about within the liquid mass of the sun, and that when these bodies happened to come near the surface they were dimly seen through the transparent fluid fire, and so gave rise to the appearance of spots.

But the first who discovered any circumstances on which really satisfactory views might be formed respecting the spots was Dr. Alexander Wilson of Glasgow. On March 22d, 1769, he noticed a very remarkable spot, which he was afterwards able to watch during its progress from one border of the sun to the other; while doing so he was struck by certain peculiarities which seemed to him full of significance. When the spot was in the middle of the disc, it appeared to have a dark central portion surrounded by a dusky fringe equally wide round all parts of the nucleus. But when the spot was near the border of the sun, the dusky fringe was wider on the side of the spot which

lay *nearest* to the sun's border; and, indeed, when the spot was just passing off to the invisible hemisphere of the sun, the part of the fringe farthest from the sun's border became wholly lost to sight. Now if any one will take a globe of any sort—say an orange—and will mark a small roughly circular spot on it, surrounded by a uniformly wide border or fringe, he will see at once that the direct contrary of Wilson's observations was to have been looked for had the solar spots been mere stains on a globular surface. For as the orange is turned so as to bring the fringed spot near the border of the visible half of the orange, the part of the fringe nearest the border seems perceptibly narrower than the other. Whatever the spots may be, then, they are certainly not mere surface-stains. An illustration drawn from our orange-globe will serve to indicate Wilson's explanation of the observed peculiarity. If we remove a small circular portion of the peel of an orange with a knife, in such a manner that the cut surface of the peel slopes down to the surface of the fruit—that is, if we form a little circular pit, so to speak, with a level base and sloping sides—we shall find that when this portion is brought near the border of the visible half of the orange, the sloping edge of the small pit looks perceptibly wider on the *farther* side, and may be made wholly to disappear on the nearer side, by bringing the pit near enough to the visible outline of the orange. If a spot, such as was first considered, be drawn close to the pit, and the two be brought near to the orange's outline, the contrast between the appearance of the fringe in one case and that of the sloping wall of the pit in the other will at once exhibit the full significance of Dr. Wilson's observation.

Thus Wilson was led to make the daring announcement that the spots are real *holes in the sun*. And the fringe of duskiest color surrounding the black nucleus of a spot was at once seen to be a much more meaning phenomenon than it had been supposed to be, just as a "cutting" teaches much more respecting the structure of the earth than any surface-markings. To return to the homely illustration made use of above,—if the rind of an orange were made up

of a number of consecutive cuticles, it is clear that by cutting out a little piece in the manner described above, we could learn the order, thickness, and something of the nature of these successive envelopes. And precisely in this way the observer of the sun was now able to learn something respecting the nature of the successive layers or strata (so to speak) of the solar photosphere. Seen in this light, Dr. Wilson's discovery assumes great interest and importance; and we learn without wonder that the King of Denmark thought it well worthy of being commemorated by a medal struck in its honor.

Sir William Herschel, very soon afterwards, applied the powers of his great telescopes, and his own wonderful aptitude and skill as an observer, to further elucidate the mysteries presented by the solar spots. A spot of such enormous dimensions as to be visible to the naked eye, appeared upon the sun in 1779, and remained upon the surface of our luminary for upwards of six months. To the study of this spot Sir William Herschel devoted all his powers. He first confirmed Wilson's views, and convinced himself that the spot was a real depression. He proved, also, that the bright streaks called *faculae*, which are always seen around spots, are real elevations. He argued that the bright matter in which such depressions and their surrounding elevations remain unchanged, often for a considerable time, can be neither gaseous nor fluid, nor could he suppose it to be solid. He now asked this question: Do we meet anywhere in nature with objects which can be neither properly termed solid, fluid, nor gaseous, and which yet have a real and sometimes a (relatively) permanent existence? Are not clouds of this nature? A cloud does not pass away like a fluid wave, nor does it become dispersed in the rapid way in which gases pass away into space. It often preserves its figure almost unchanged for hours, yet, properly speaking, it is neither fluid nor gaseous, and it is certainly not solid.

These analogies led Sir W. Herschel to infer that the solar photosphere consists in reality of strata of clouds hanging suspended in a transparent atmosphere. He supposed that there are two such strata, the upper being alone self-

luminous, the lower formed of opaque clouds, only capable of shining by reflecting the light of the clouds above them. He called these lower clouds *planetary*, to indicate their imagined resemblance to the clouds which float in our own atmosphere.

It is easy to recognize the consequences which Herschel drew from these views. If a break occur in any part of the outer bed of clouds, we see the inner bed as a dusky spot, because it shines only by the light it reflects from its surface. But if the inner bed as well as the outer be removed at any place, we see the opaque surface of the sun as a black spot; and if the aperture in the outer cloud is larger than that in the inner, the black spot will be surrounded by a dusky fringe, presenting all the features and all the peculiarities of change observed by Dr. Wilson.

Sir John Herschel was the next to whom we owe an important accession of knowledge respecting the solar spots. It had been noticed long before his time that the spots are arranged always along two belts of the sun's surface. What may be termed the polar regions of the sun are always free from spots, and so also is a wide band round the equator. It is in the parts of the sun corresponding to the temperate zones on our own earth that the spots are always observed to form.

Herschel pointed out that this circumstance must be intimately associated with the question of the origin of these objects. On our own earth we are presented with an analogous peculiarity in the fact that there are two similar zones within which the great cyclonic wind-storms take their origin, and for the most part expend their fury. The reason of this is not, strictly speaking, ascertained, but no doubt whatever exists that the cause of the peculiarity is to be sought in the difference of temperature between the polar and the equatorial regions. This difference we know to be due to the sun's different elevation as seen from polar and equatorial regions. But there is no circumstance which can affect the sun's surface in a similar manner. The sun's heat comes from no external body, but is inherent. We seem then, at first, perplexed to determine how there can exist any difference

of heat at the poles and at the equator of the sun, to account for the peculiar distribution of the solar spots.

Sir John Herschel got over the difficulty in the following way:—

"There can be no doubt," he urged, "that the sun has a very extensive atmosphere. Many circumstances, which need not here be particularized, concur to prove this. Now the sun, having a sufficiently rapid rotation upon his axis, it is clear that his atmosphere must assume the figure of a somewhat flattened globe, the flattening being opposite the sun's poles. At the equator, then, where the atmosphere is deepest, the sun's heat will escape less rapidly than at the poles. Accordingly the sun's equatorial regions will be always warmer than his polar regions, and the circumstances of our own earth being thus reproduced upon the sun's surface, there cannot but result precisely such cyclonic disturbances of the solar atmosphere as take place in our own air. Such whirling atmospheric disturbances are to be looked upon," says Sir John Herschel, "as the true cause of the solar spots."

There is something more than commonly interesting in this noble speculation. Of all the phenomena with which we are acquainted, there is none which conveys to us more strikingly the impression of fierce energy than the hurricane or tornado. The volcano and the earthquake may be in reality more tremendous exhibitions of nature's powers, but the source from which they derive their energy is comparatively remote. When the fierce tornado sweeps over a country all nature seems to feel its force. It is no subtle agency which is at work, but an open, blustering power, making itself felt by all who encounter it. And "the thought is overwhelming," as the late Professor Nichol has well remarked, "that from the tornado, terrific as it is, our minds must pass to hurricanes, apparently similar, in the solar atmosphere, by the inconceivable violence of which an opening of 50,000 miles in diameter may be made in the sun's cloud-envelopes; an opening, too, which extends probably to a depth of several thousand miles." Our tornadoes, tremendous as they seem, are like the faintest zephyrs when compared with the inconceivable fury of the solar cyclonic storms. It

seems almost too bold a leap to pass from a phenomenon relatively so insignificant to the most surpassingly tremendous of all the forms of disturbance man has ever become acquainted with. "And yet," we may add with Professor Nichol, "is not the electric spark with which the child disports itself akin to the rending tropic thunder? Is not the power of life which sustains the smallest wild-flower exactly that which infuses strength into the giant pine, and causes it to evolve its mighty branches?" And so the tiniest eddy in the flowing river presents to us an illustration of the tremendous aerial whirlpool of the tornado, while the latter, even tinier in its relation to the solar cyclones, yet presents an accurate picture of their habitudes and of the mode in which they come into existence.

Accepting as at least highly probable the theory that the spots indicate the occurrence of gigantic cyclonic storms in the solar atmosphere, it will be interesting to consider over what range these whirling storms extend, what sort of clouds those are which are carried before their breath as lightly as the haze of a summer sky before the faintest breeze, and what are the laws according to which these hurricanes rage or rest? We may afterwards inquire how far *we* are interested in these gigantic processes of disturbance.

It is a common thing for a spot to be so large that our earth would not suffice to fill the yawning gulf. One measured by Pastorff in 1828 had an area four times larger than that of our earth. In August, 1859, a spot was measured by Newall which had a diameter of 58,000 miles, a length exceeding more than seven times the length of the earth's diameter. But spots even larger than this have been observed. For in June, 1843, Schwabe measured a spot which extended over a length of 74,816 miles. This spot was visible for more than a week without optical aid. On March 15th, 1858, the observers of the great eclipse saw the moon pass over a solar spot which had a breadth of no less than 107,520 miles. In the same year the largest spot of any whose records have reached us was observed by many persons without telescopic aid. It had a breadth of upwards of 143,500 miles; so

that across it no less than thirteen globes as large as our earth might have been placed side by side.

But we need not go back to past years for the records of spots of tremendous dimensions; within the last six months gaps have opened in the sun's surface which will bear comparison with the largest that have yet been observed by astronomers. Mr. Browning, at a late meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society, exhibited a picture of an enormous spot bridged over by two strange streaks of light, formed, as it seemed, of interlacing flakes of a somewhat lengthened figure. An aggregation of clustering spots observed by the same astronomer was found to have a length of 97,700 miles and a breadth of 27,130 miles.

Equally remarkable with the dimensions of sun-spots are the rapid changes of figure to which these enormous vacuities are subject. Dr. Wollaston remarks on this point: "I once saw, with a twelve-inch reflector, a spot which burst to pieces while I was looking at it. I could not expect such an event, and, therefore, cannot be certain of the exact particulars; but the appearance, as it struck me at the time, was like that of a piece of ice when dashed on a frozen pond, which breaks in pieces and slides on the surface in various directions." Of course this description requires to be a little modified. We cannot properly speak of a hole as breaking into pieces; though Wollaston's description is natural enough to the telescopist, to whom the spots have in general rather the appearance of real bodies than of vast cavernous openings. What Wollaston, then, has described as the breaking up of a spot into pieces, must in reality be looked upon as the sudden change of a single whirlpool into a number of smaller ones.

But although the spots are subject to these rapid processes of change, they often continue to exist as visible spots for many weeks, or even for several months. On one occasion Sir William Herschel followed a spot for six months. In 1840 and 1841 Schwabe saw a group of spots which returned no less than eighteen times into view.

But even more remarkable than the phenomena which the spots present to the telescopist, are the revelations which an instrument of far more power than the

telescope has afforded us respecting the actual nature of those cloud masses within which the spots are formed. It must be remembered that the solar envelopes are *really* formed of clouds, although these clouds are constituted very differently from those which are suspended in our own atmosphere. The evidence which led Sir W. Herschel, as we have mentioned above, to the conclusion that the sun-spots are apertures through cloud-layers, has never yet been shaken; nor, indeed, does it seem possible to question the justice of his conclusions on this subject. We shall now see that the discovery has a wonderfully enhanced significance in the light of recent researches in solar physics.

Let us briefly consider what a cloud is. It will be found that the inquiry has a most important bearing on the subject we are dealing with.

When the heat of the sun is poured upon the surface of water, or on a moist soil, there rises into the air the invisible vapor which is the gaseous form of water. Clouds, in fact, are not true vapor, though often spoken of as vaporous. The invisible vapor, rising by reason of its lightness, reaches at length regions of air in which there is not warmth enough to prevent the vapor from resuming the visible form. Accordingly, the vapor again becomes *water*, but in tiny globules or vesicles, which float about in the air, and the aggregation of which in enormous numbers constitutes the ordinary "wool-pack" cloud. A cloud of this kind may remain unchanged in form, or may (through the action of processes which do not at present concern us) discharge itself in rain, or it may be dissipated by the sun's heat, and the invisible vapor carried upwards from it may pass into regions of air so cold that, instead of minute vesicles of water, tiny ice-crystals are formed, the aggregation of which constitutes the "mare's-tail" cloud of the sailor.

Now, let us conceive that, in place of our oceans, there exist oceans of molten gold, and iron, silver, copper, zinc, and other metals; that from such oceans there continually rise up (into an atmosphere of hydrogen and other gases) the vapors of these metallic elements; that these vapors condense into clouds, which



either remain floating in the solar air, or pour streams of metallic rain upon the sun's surface, or being again vaporized rise into higher regions, where they are condensed into clouds of a somewhat different character from those formed at the lower level. Then we have formed some faint conception of what goes on around the sun's globe. But of the intense heat, of the fierce disturbance, of the multiplied forms of action at work in causing these processes or resulting from them, it is beyond the power of the human imagination to form adequate conceptions.

It must be remarked that absolutely no doubt can exist as to the substances of which the solar cloud envelopes are formed. The spectroscope has informed us as certainly that copper, iron, and zinc, for instance, exist in the state of vapor within the solar atmosphere as the simple instruments of the meteorologist inform him that water commonly exists in the form of vapor in our own air.

The laws according to which the solar spots seem governed are among the most perplexing problems which solar physics present to us. It had long been noticed that there are periods when sun-spots are more than usually numerous, and other periods, again, when they are altogether wanting; but it had not been supposed that these periods of disturbance and rest are regulated by any fixed or ascertainable laws. More than forty years ago, however, a German observer, Schwabe, of Dessau, entered on a process of systematic observation of the sun, such as none but a German philosopher would, perhaps, ever have thought of undertaking. Every day on which the sun was not obscured by clouds, Schwabe examined the solar disc, and counted the number of spots and clusters visible upon it. "For thirty years," said Dr. Main, in 1857, "the sun has never exhibited his disc above the horizon of Dessau without being confronted by Schwabe's imperturbable telescope, and, on the average, that seems to have about 300 days a year. So, supposing he observed but once a day, he has made 9,000 observations, in the course of which he discovered 4,700 groups. That is, I believe, an instance of devoted persistence (if the word were

not equivocal, I should say *pertinacity*) unsurpassed in the annals of astronomy." But Schwabe did not rest even then, and up to the present day—that is, for twelve years longer than when Dr. Main spoke—the pertinacious telescope of the astronomer of Dessau has continued at its work.

And now for the results of labors which, at first sight, would seem to involve a wilful waste of time. Let us again quote Dr. Main's words: "The energy of one man has revealed a phenomenon that had eluded even the suspicion of astronomers for 200 years. Twelve years he spent to satisfy himself; six years more to satisfy, and still thirteen more to convince, mankind." The phenomenon referred to by Main is the periodicity of the sun-spots. Schwabe found that, in about ten years, the sun's face passes through a complete cycle of changes, from the state of maximum spot-prevalence, through the state of perfect freedom from spots, and back again to the former state.

There is a strange phenomenon in the sidereal heavens which is strikingly brought to our remembrance by Schwabe's noble discovery. We refer to the variable stars, or rather to the fact that every star which has been subjected to careful and systematic observation is found to be more or less variable. The sun, we know, is but one among the members of the sidereal system; and we have seen that his light is variable. Doubtless astronomers (if there be any) in planetary systems revolving around those far-off suns, recognize in our sun a variable star with a ten-year period, just as we recognize in the stars which deck our nocturnal skies other periods of variation—from the rapid changes of Algol (the demon-star of the Arabian astronomers) to the fifty-year period of the remarkable variable in the keel of the ship Argo.

The sun is now approaching—and he has perhaps very nearly attained—the epoch of maximum spot-prevalence. But as the periodic changes, though well marked, are subject to minor changes, which serve sometimes to slightly shift the epoch at which the spots are most numerous, some doubt still exists whether the present year or the next will be most remarkable for the size

and number of the solar spots. If next year is to surpass the present, we may look for some marvellous exhibitions of solar activity, since already the spots and clusters are, as we have mentioned, singularly numerous and remarkable.

It remains that we should inquire how far the earth is interested in the processes of disturbance which affect the great central luminary.

When we remember that the earth owes to the sun all the supplies of force on which her inhabitants—animal and vegetable—subsist, we cannot suppose that disturbances affecting the condition of our luminary so importantly as the sun-spots seem to do, can continue without in some way affecting us also. And accordingly Sir William Herschel long since suggested that if estimates were carefully formed of the total amount of heat received from the sun in successive years, an association would very probably be detected between our weather and the appearance of the sun's disc. He pointed out that observations made in a single place, or even in a single country, would be valueless, because it is well known that a year which is one of dearth and scarcity for one country will often be one of unusual plenty for others.

Unfortunately no satisfactory results have yet followed from the inquiry. Physicists are not agreed, in the first place, as to what effects they may expect from the prevalence of sun-spots; and, in the second place, two processes of careful and, one would have thought, conclusive research have led to directly opposite results.

That the prevalence of sun-spots affects the earth's magnetism there can be no doubt whatever. For while Schwabe was conducting his solar observations, Colonel (now General) Sabine was investigating with an equally attentive scrutiny the peculiar oscillations to which the magnetic needle is subject. He found that these oscillations wax and wane in

a regular manner, the period of the full series of changes being about ten years. When this period came to be compared with Schwabe's sun-spot period, it was found that the epochs when the magnetic needle vibrates over the largest arc correspond exactly with the epochs of maximum solar disturbance.

Then there is the strange evidence drawn from the behavior of the self-registering magnetic instruments at Kew, on September 1st, 1859. At the very instant when two telescopists at different observatories saw a brilliant spot of light form suddenly upon the sun, the instrument gave one of those strange jerks which indicate the occurrence of a magnetic storm of great intensity. And during the few following hours telegraphic communication was disturbed all over the world, clerks at work in telegraphic offices received violent shocks, the machinery being even in some places set on fire; while over both hemispheres auroral displays of an unusually magnificent character took place simultaneously.

It is most reasonable to conclude that many terrestrial phenomena of importance are influenced by changes in the action of the earth's magnetism. Indeed it has been demonstrated by M. Marié Davy, Chief of the Meteorological Division in the Imperial Observatory at Paris, that the weather is always affected in a *general* manner by the occurrence of magnetic disturbances. Therefore we have every reason to believe that further researches must indicate some such relation between the weather prevailing generally over the earth's surface, and the prevalence or absence of solar spots, as Sir William Herschel was led to look for. But our increase of knowledge on this particular point, although it gives us much better reason than Herschel had for believing that the sun-spots exert some influence on the earth, leaves us for the present in undiminished uncertainty as to the nature of that influence.

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St. Paul's.

#### THE FORTUNES OF THE SECOND EMPIRE.

SOME five or six years ago, the streets of Paris were placarded over with the words, "Un grand peuple qui se réveille." Such was the title of a work on the struggle

between North and South in the United States, which had a considerable success in France at the time, and which was, we think, translated into English under the name of "The Uprising of a great People." Of the book itself we know nothing, but its title has been constantly recalled to our mind of late, while we have watched the course of public affairs across the Channel. Whatever the future may have in store for France, whatever judgment may be passed on the prospects of the Empire, this much at least must be granted, that there is now going on in France a national awakening. There is an end for the time of the lethargy, the indifference to politics, the engrossment in material cares, which characterized the earlier years of the Second Empire. To persons whose faith in freedom was at once keen and sincere, there were few spectacles more painful than the indifference and even the contentment with which the French nation bore for so long the loss of liberty. And the painfulness of the spectacle was increased the more the spectator became convinced that this apathy was not feigned but real. By an unfortunate combination of circumstances, it has so happened that almost all the Englishmen who of late years have taken an interest in French politics have derived that information and drawn their impressions exclusively from the partisans either of the Republic or of the House of Orleans. Now it was the cue—we use the word in no offensive sense—of both Orleanists and Republicans to represent the French nation as groaning beneath an intolerable tyranny, as held down by force, as anxious above all things to overthrow the existing Government. Nothing was more distasteful to the exponents of this view than the acknowledgment, even to their own minds that the great mass of their countrymen were on the whole well satisfied with the Imperial *régime*; and, in consequence, the English critics of French affairs, who took their views, second-hand, from Republican or Orleanist coteries, were perpetually thrown out of their calculations by their inability to realize the simple fact that Frenchmen, as a body, were tolerably well-satisfied with the system of government inaugurated by the *coup d'état*. Yet an appreciation of this truth

is absolutely essential to any understanding of the present condition of France. It is true, as we believe, that the French nation has at last awoken from its long slumbers; but the significance of this awakening can only be estimated at its true value by realizing the profoundness of the torpor which preceded it.

Few things are more difficult to explain than the state of mind of a large community; and the exigencies of space would alone preclude our attempting any elaborate disquisition on the causes which induced France to accept, if not to condone, the 2d of December, and the consequences which followed logically from its acceptance. But in order to make our view of the present condition of France at all intelligible to our readers, it is necessary to explain as briefly as we may how the past stood, according to our reading of contemporary events. Whether the Government of July deserved the fate which befel it, is a question on which we need not enter. All we desire is, that those who follow our argument should disabuse themselves of the impression so commonly held in England that the reign of the citizen king is a period looked back upon by the France of 1848, and still more by the France of 1869, with any feeling of fond regret. It may be a fair ground of complaint against the French nation that they failed to appreciate the benefits of the peculiar form of parliamentary government with which the name of Louis Philippe is associated. But, as a matter of fact, the Orleanist *régime* not only failed to excite any popular enthusiasm in France, but it actually rendered the name of parliamentary government distasteful for a time to the mass of the French people. The Revolution of 1848 was undoubtedly the result of accident,—the work of a small minority. But the great majority, though averse to the idea of a revolution, and terrified at the name of a republic, witnessed the overthrow of the Orleanist monarchy with absolute unconcern, if not with positive satisfaction. Then came the era of the Republic of February. We incline, ourselves, to the belief that the Republic has much fewer sins to answer for than are commonly ascribed to it. But, justly or unjustly,

it excited the utmost apprehension throughout France, and was regarded by a generation, to whom the Reign of Terror was scarcely yet a tradition only, as the precursor of an epoch of anarchy and mob-law. The time was not ripe for a republican *régime*; and when the "Reds" received an overwhelming defeat at the hands of the "Garde Mobile," in the days of June, the Government, under which such a conflict between order and anarchy had become possible, had received its death-blow. The election of Louis Napoleon as Prince President was in reality neither more nor less than a protest against the Republic on the part of the nation.

It is certainly not our intention to enter on any justification of the *coup d'état*. But we think it must be fairly owned, that during the years which elapsed between the downfall of the Provisional Government and the establishment of the Empire, the main desire of the French was to get rid of the Republic, or perhaps more truly speaking, of the socialist reign, of which the Republic was deemed the precursor. That this desire was manifested in the peculiar form of Imperialism was due partly to the "culte Napoléonienne," which had so long found favor in France, partly to the fact that the then representative of the Napoleons was a man of singular ambition, energy, ability, and daring. When the "hour and the man" are forthcoming, it is well-nigh impossible to determine how much is due to the hour, how much to the man. But the two conditions are equally requisite to the solution of the problem; and it must be owned that if the Second Empire could not have been established but for the accident of Louis Napoleon's possession of supreme power as President of the Republic, yet, on the other hand, Louis Napoleon would never have succeeded in his *coup d'état* if the nation had not been ripe for the Empire. What France wanted in 1849, and on to 1851, was a strong government, whose existence would be a guarantee against the recurrence of such civil conflicts as those of the days of June. The Republic had been tried, and in popular estimation found wanting; the Orleanist monarchy, which was identified with parliamentary government, had failed to

protect order, and had left behind evil memories of discontent and national humiliation; while the First Empire had sustained a sort of historical rehabilitation, and had become associated in men's minds with an era of national grandeur. Thus when the *coup d'état* overthrew the Republic and substituted the Empire in its stead, the revolution, to say the least, encountered no national resistance. To some extent this has always been so in France. In no other country is the old legal adage, "Quod fieri non debet, factum valet," accepted more freely or acted upon more loyally. But the adhesion which the French nation gave to the Empire after the *coup d'état* was of a very different kind from that accorded to the monarch of July, after the "three glorious days," or to the Republic, after the Revolution of February. The title which Napoleon III. is so fond of claiming, that of the Elect of Eight Millions, had far more foundation in fact than Englishmen at the time were prepared to admit. The illegality and injustice of the usurpation are not condoned through the act of indemnity passed by the nation at the Plebiscite; but the fact of this indemnity having been given so readily does account in no small degree for the success which attended the first inauguration of the Imperial rule.

Of late it has been the fashion, amidst the partisans of the Empire, to describe the Constitution of 1852 as a provisional scheme, never designed to be anything beyond a makeshift. This assumption, though convenient at the present moment, is, we think, unjust to the author of the Second Empire. It is impossible to study the Constitution which was given to France immediately after the overthrow of the Republic, without perceiving that it was based upon a principle, false if you choose, but still intelligible and definite. That principle was the permanent superiority of Personal to Representative Government. The Emperor was to wield the whole executive power of the Government. He was to make war and peace, to conclude treaties, to appoint his own ministers, to prepare his own laws, without the control either of Parliament or of the Press. According to the theory of Imperialism, he having been elected by universal suf-

frage, was the embodiment—the incarnation, so to say—of the nation, and therefore all restrictions on his authority were in reality restrictions on the authority of the nation. The Senate, whose members owed their rank to the nomination of the Emperor, were not intended to exercise any control over the sovereign's freedom of action, but were designed to invest his decrees with the authority derived from the sanction of an assembly of notabilities. The Chamber of Deputies was studiously debarred from any independent legislative power. No subject could be discussed in the popular branch of the Legislature without the previous sanction of the Government. No bill could be proposed, no amendment could be introduced into any measure laid before the House, no ministerial explanation could be called for, as the Ministers were not allowed to attend the debates or appear before the Chambers; and even the Budget, the one matter concerning which the Lower House could exercise any independent judgment, was submitted to it, not for consideration of its various items, but for acceptance or rejection as a whole. It would, however, be a mistake to imagine that the Chambers were intended to be an utterly insignificant body. In the scheme of Imperialism, the Deputies elected by universal suffrage were to express the free opinion of the nation on all matters of public import, and, having expressed their opinion, were to be therewith content. The Emperor, on the other hand, would take this expression of opinion into account, and would shape his action accordingly.

It may be said that even this deliberative independence was rendered impossible by the restrictions placed upon the freedom of debate through the various laws which reduced the Assembly for a time to the condition of the chorus in the grand drama. This is true enough; but these restrictions were professedly, and probably truly, regarded as provisional in their essence. The deportations to Cayenne, the loss of public safety, the regulations by which the Press was reduced to silence, however iniquitous they may have been, were justified, or attempted to be justified, by the plea that the interests of order demanded an

absolute interdict on all demonstrations which, in the then agitated state of the public mind, might have retarded the restoration of tranquillity. The excuse was a poor one; and the Empire is now paying the penalty of the unscrupulousness with which it pandered to the panic that prevailed in France towards the latter end of the Republic. Society called loudly for a saviour, and the elect of the nation had not the will, possibly not the power, to prove that such salvation as France asked for was not to be found in measures of repression.

But,—and this is the point which seems to us, for good and for evil, to be the key to the whole Imperial system,—these coercive remedies, these violent interferences with individual liberty, these abrogations of law, were not in themselves essential parts of the scheme of government which Napoleon III. introduced into France. The Emperor need not be accredited with any special intelligence by the assumption that he himself regarded the dictatorial *régime* which was established on the morrow of the *coup d'état*, as temporary in its duration. No one, not bereft of common sense, could ever have contemplated the possibility of governing France by terrorism, by the imprisonment and exile of all who ventured to protest against the new *régime*, by the absolute suppression of all public political life. All these things were of their nature transitory; and when the Emperor talked of ultimately crowning the edifice with liberty, he looked forward honestly, as we believe, to a day when it should be in his power to do away with all these drastic remedies, and to let Personal Government stand upon its own merits. Whatever objections there may be in practice, there is no theoretical reason why considerable individual and public freedom should not be enjoyed under the rule of an elected autocrat, supposing the autocrat to rule in accordance with the wishes of the majority of the nation, and with their good-will and free consent. Indeed, if the Empire had not been hereditary, and if the plebiscite by which the Emperor was called to supreme power had been renewed from time to time, the Constitution of France, in so far as the power of the sovereign was concerned, would have borne no small resemblance to that

of the United States before the war. Unfortunately for the logical perfection of his scheme, Napoleon III. could not reconcile himself to the necessity of future appeals to the popular will, and in order to avoid this necessity a universal fiction was invented, in virtue of which the decision of the nation was assumed to be incapable of change. With the exception of our own constitutional fiction, that the king can do no wrong, there never was a more laseless assumption, than that a nation, having once chosen a sovereign, could never desire to modify its choice. Still, it was upon the cards, that a people, weary of change, might accept the Napoleon dynasty for good and for all. But even had this proved to be the case, the Emperor had, if we judge rightly, no intention in 1852—we doubt if he has any intention in 1869—of surrendering the principle of Personal Government. The liberties he has successively granted to France, great as they are, are yet not inconsistent with the cardinal tenet of Cæsarism,—that in the last resort it is Cæsar who governs as well as reigns.

From 1852 to 1860 there followed eight years of an almost unbroken success, and of unbroken quiet. The cause of self-government was discredited; the leaders of the popular cause were in exile; the liberal party was cowed by the stern resolution with which all opposition was crushed down by the Government: and, what was more than important than all, the public spirit of the nation seemed extinct and dead. The Press was silenced, the Chambers were tongue-tied, the freedom of speech was interdicted; and yet the country remained, to all outward semblance, indifferent to the loss of its liberties. It so happened, in addition to the causes to which we have already alluded, that the establishment of the Empire was contemporaneous with an era of unprecedented prosperity,—of extraordinary internal development. The adversaries of the Napoleon dynasty assert that the marvellous progress made by France in the years which followed the *coup d'état* was only the result of the measures initiated by the Government of July. It may be so; the “*sic vos non nobis*” maxim is so true a one in most

mundane affairs, that we are quite prepared to admit the Empire may only have reaped what others had sown. Still, as a fact, France, under Napoleon III., underwent a material regeneration. Englishmen, as a common rule, know France only through Paris; and as Englishmen were, as a body, adverse to the Imperial *régime* they reconciled facts to theories by asserting that the provinces were sacrificed to the capital, and that the marvellous transformation of Paris was solely due to exceptional causes. No assumption could be more untrue. The improvements in Paris were equalled in proportion by those in all the provincial towns throughout the Empire. The country was opened up by railroads; trade was set free from the trammels which a protective tariff had imposed upon it; a spirit of speculation and enterprise was infused throughout all classes: and an increased extravagance of private expenditure was at once the cause and the product of an unwonted development of industrial enterprise. Of nations, even more than of individuals, it is true that they cannot live by bread alone; and the result has shown once more that great commercial prosperity cannot reconcile a nation permanently to the loss of political liberty.

But for a time the comparatively novel charm of speculation in stocks and shares did undoubtedly do much to divert the thoughts of Frenchmen from the dependence to which they were reduced. And, moreover, that dependence was for a long period concealed from public view by the glamour of success. During the first few years of the Empire, the Emperor did unquestionably rule much after the fashion in which his subjects wished public affairs to be conducted; and even in the instances where he led, rather than followed public opinion, the chance of fortune justified his decision almost before its wisdom had been disputed. The marriage with the Empress Eugénie, the Crimean war, the treaty of commerce with England, and, above all, the campaign for the liberation of Italy, were all successes, not only brilliant in themselves, but invested with that theatrical character so dear to the French national mind. It so happened, also, from a combination of cir-

cumstances, any consideration of which would be foreign to our purpose, that Napoleon III. was for many years the virtual arbiter of European politics, and was regarded abroad, even more than at home, as a ruler of matchless sagacity, and still more matchless fortune. The result of this state of things was that France occupied a position on the continent such as she had never held since the palmy days of the First Empire; and while the more selfish feelings of the nation were gratified by the increase of her material prosperity, her higher instincts were in some measure appeased by the knowledge that France was feared and respected abroad.

Thus the new system of Personal Government started on its career with many advantages on which it could not justly have reckoned. But even at its brightest fortunes, certain fatal and inherent defects made themselves manifest in the Imperial mechanism. If government, according to the "*Idées Napoléoniennes*," was to be anything different from a dictatorship based on military force, it was essential that the various estates of the realm should discharge the subordinate duties imposed upon them in earnest. The nation was to run in fetters, but it was to run all the same; and if it were possible to secure devotion to the public interests without the bestowal of any independent authority, the nation might have co-operated zealously with the Emperor in his endeavor to rule France as seemed best in his own eyes. Unfortunately, however,—or perhaps we should say fortunately,—the French declined all active participation in the imperial project. The men who had been statesmen under free governments,—who had played leading parts in the drama of free public life,—naturally held aloof from the new autocratic *régime*. This was to be expected; but it was hardly to be anticipated beforehand that all the men of reputation, talent, character and standing should, with scarcely an exception, have refused to take service under the Empire. Under a personal government, however carefully the fact may be concealed, the ministers and advisers of the sovereign are, and can be, nothing beyond desks and counters; and it is to the credit of the intellect of France that the rewards of rank and wealth and

court favor proved so unavailing to draw recruits of any value to the Imperial ranks. In consequence of the well-nigh universal defection of men of position from his service, Napoleon III. was compelled to select as his ministers men whose reputation added nothing to, if it did not actually detract from, the hold his government exercised over France. This was the first flaw in the Imperial system. The second was the utter indifference of the masses to the discharge of their political duties. Frenchmen, as a body, were willing enough for the time to be governed; they even preferred, it may be, Imperialism to free institutions; but they declined to play at being free, or to trouble themselves about electing representatives, who, when elected, could only offer advice. The Emperor was the saviour of society. Well and good,—so he asserted himself, and so his subjects were half inclined to believe; but then the saviour must save society himself, and not look for help to others. In slave states it is always a cause of complaint that the slaves cannot be induced to take an intelligent interest in the welfare and prosperity of their masters, and fail to recognize the truth that his loss must be their loss also. What is true of social is true of political servitude; and men debarred from the exercise of political liberties cannot be expected to trouble themselves about political affairs, over the conduct of which they have no power or direct influence.

So it came to pass that while France increased in wealth at home and power abroad, her people left the whole management of her domestic and foreign policy to the "earthly providence" who ruled over her destinies. Public spirit seemed dead; the Chambers were filled with nominees of the administration, who voted as they were led with an unanimity to which no parallel can be found in the records of any other freely-elected assembly. The Press eschewed public affairs, and contented itself with chronicling the scandals of the *demi-monde*; "society" supplied the place of public interests by unparalleled extravagance and dissipation; the "bourgeois" class was given up to the pursuit of gain; the working classes earned high wages, and lived carelessly; everything, in fact, was

for the best in the best possible of worlds ; and Napoleon III. might have repeated Louis XIV.'s boast, "L'état c'est moi," with a truthfulness not possessed at the time of the utterance of the saying by the "Grand Monarque" himself.

It was in 1860 that France gave the first indication of awakening from her long torpor ; and it is, to say the least, significant that this awakening should have coincided almost exactly with the first decline of the Imperial fortunes. No Englishman could have lived in France in the years 1859 and 1860 without being aware that the Emperor of the French was then popularly regarded as a man who could somehow command fortune. His run of luck had been so brilliant, that any disappointment or discomfiture was sure to be as much over-estimated as his good fortune had been exaggerated by public repute. The first blow dealt to the Imperial prestige was due to the formation of Italy into an united kingdom, in spite of the avowed wish of the Emperor to limit the aggrandizement of Piedmont to the north of the Apennines ; the second blow was the rebuff which France received at the hands of Russia at the time of the Polish insurrection ; the third was the collapse of the Congress scheme ; the fourth was the ill-fated Mexican expedition, and the enforced withdrawal of the French troops from across the Atlantic at the peremptory bidding of the United States ; the fifth, and greatest, was the sudden consolidation of Germany into a powerful kingdom, in defiance of all the hereditary traditions of French policy. Whether the irritation felt throughout France at these various occurrences was reasonable or otherwise is immaterial to the present issue. It is enough to say that the course of events during the last few years has brought home a conviction to the ordinary French intellect that, under the Third Napoleon, France is no longer able to dictate her will to the Continent ; and that the luck ascribed to the Emperor can no longer be trusted.

Simultaneously with the growth of this conviction, the public mind was agitated by the excessive expenditure of the Government, by the scandals which became current concerning the highest dignitaries of the Empire, and by the stories of failing health and impaired faculties

which, whether with or without reason, gained credence concerning the Emperor himself. The tide, in fact, of public opinion turned against the system of Imperialism, and such tides ebb very rapidly in France. It is needless to retrace the steps by which the interest in public life revived, or the concessions by which that revival was sought to be satisfied. The conflict between the principles of Personal and Representative Government, which commenced from the day when the five Opposition candidates were returned to the Chambers, notwithstanding all the efforts of the Administration, came to a crisis at the late elections. No official ingenuity or courtly flattery could explain away the significance of the recent appeal to universal suffrage. The question virtually submitted to France in June last was whether the country was or was not contented with the Empire as it existed ; and the answer to that appeal was an unmistakable negative, whose importance the Government was in a position to estimate at its full value.

When the appeal had been answered in this fashion, the Emperor had but two courses to follow. He must either suppress by force the modified liberties which had given the opportunity for the utterance of this popular protest, or he must yield to the demands of the nation. He chose the latter course, and it is only fair to admit that the choice was made frankly and gracefully. The events of the last few months are so fresh in men's minds that we need only recall how the elections were followed by a demand on behalf of the Opposition for the re-establishment of ministerial responsibility ; how the ranks of the Opposition were suddenly swollen by a wholesale defection from the Ministerial majority ; how the Emperor forestalled the threatened discussion by the famous letter of the 12th of July, promising that the reforms demanded should be introduced into the Constitution by means of a *Senatus Consultum* ; how the Chambers were then suddenly prorogued ; how the Senate, though with ill-concealed reluctance, accepted the draft scheme of reform submitted to it by the Emperor ; and how the seal was placed upon the sincerity of the Imperial acceptance of a liberal *réforme* by the resignation of M. Rouher,



the ablest and most determined of the champions of French conservatism.

At the time in which we now write there is a lull in the political contest,—a lull due partly to the Emperor's illness, partly to the season of the year, but, above all, to the uncertainty in which French public men still are, both as to the exact nature of the concessions obtained, and still more as to the manner in which those concessions will be accepted by the nation. This lull will probably continue till the meeting of the Chambers,—that is, till after these lines appear in print; and therefore much of what we have further to say must necessarily be of a speculative character.

Taken by themselves, the liberties accorded to the Chambers by the new *Senatus Consultum* are not of a very advanced character. Thenceforward the House of Representatives has power to introduce bills of its own free action, to express its opinion on any subject by what are called "*Ordres des jours motivés*," to elect its own officers, to settle its own rules of debate, to demand explanations from the ministers, to propose and—subject to certain conditions—to pass amendments to Government bills, and to vote the Budget, not as a whole, but item by item. In other words, the Chambers are to have restored to them the great attributes of a representative assembly,—the power of criticism and the power of the purse. To what extent legislative faculties are also placed within their grasp is not equally evident. A certain class of Imperialist panegyrists are fond of drawing comparisons between the constitutions of France and England, and thereby showing that in the latter the power of the popular branch of the legislature is surrounded with as many restrictions as is the German. In theory, no doubt, the comparison holds water. By constitutional law the Lower House with us can enact no law without the full and free consent of the Sovereign and the Lords. And in our present stage of civilization the old-fashioned weapon of stopping the supplies is hardly available. Under these conditions our Parliamentary system could never work unless there was a tacit understanding that in the event of conflict between the estates of the nation, both Lords and King must ultimately give way to the

Commons. There is no reason, but the contrary, to imagine that a similar understanding exists in France; and yet without it the Legislature has no such independence of action. It does not therefore follow, as Imperialists are fond of asserting, that because the French Chambers will henceforward enjoy analogous theoretical privileges to those enjoyed by the House of Commons, that they will therefore be equally independent. Whatever constitutional theorems may prove, the real power of our own Parliament resides in the fact that no Ministry can remain in office which does not command the support of the majority in the Lower House. This is what is meant by ministerial responsibility; and the plain meaning of the interpellation of the 116 deputies was, that in future any administration should either govern in accordance with the wishes of the Chambers, or should resign office. In other words, Ministers were to hold power, subject to the good pleasure of an elective assembly, not of an irresponsible monarch. Acquiescence in this demand is fatal to the principle of Personal Government,—fatal, that is, to the principle on which the Second Empire was founded. It is possible that Napoleon III. may consent to this transformation from the character of an independent sovereign to that of a constitutional monarch; but he has not yet consented. The vague phrases about ministerial responsibility, which were introduced into the letter of July, and from that transferred to the *Senatus Consultum*, may mean anything or nothing. In one sense, every official is, and always was, responsible to the country; but no distinct declaration has yet been made to the effect that if the policy of an administration should displease the Chambers, though it may please the monarch, the Ministers shall abandon their policy or vacate their seats. Supreme power, in this sublunary sphere, cannot reside in two coequal and independent bodies; and in the end it must either be the Parliament or the Sovereign who is invested with supremacy. If the interpellation be acted upon logically, the Emperor, from this time forth, abdicates his sovereignty in favor of a representative assembly. It is commonly assumed abroad that he has already done so; but if he has ac-

cepted the fact of ministerial responsibility, Napoleon III. shrinks strangely from its name, and its acceptance is so hostile to all the instincts of Cæsarism, that Frenchmen may be pardoned if, till proof positive be given, they doubt whether the author of the *coup d'état* can be prepared to make so great a sacrifice. The French, like other nations, perhaps even more than other nations, are influenced by names; but the demand for ministerial responsibility, which is repeated daily in every French newspaper and by every leader of public opinion in France, is not a mere idle cry: In a country so centralized and so bureaucratized, the Ministers possess a personal power of which we in England can form no conception; and as long as the Emperor appoints and dismisses his Ministers, he rules France by civil even more than by military organization. However lenient a view you may take of the 2d of December, the fact remains that Louis Napoleon betrayed the Government he had sworn to maintain; and this being so, it is only the just Nemesis of fate that the nation, having recovered its liberties, should shrink from again committing them to hands which have once betrayed their trust.

Still, it may be argued, and, as we deem, rightly, that with the institutions established under the *Senatus Consultum*, the acquisition of ministerial responsibility, and indeed of all other political freedom, is a mere question of time. The same pressure which has forced the Emperor to concede so much, must inevitably compel him to concede more; and thus, if Frenchmen will only be content to act with moderation, they may secure complete self-government. This is true enough; but then if the French had been gifted with the virtue of moderation, there never would have been a Second Empire at all—or a First, for that matter; and there has assuredly been nothing in the training of Imperialism to inspire the nation with that aversion to extremes which is the first requisite for successful Parliamentary institutions. It may be that long and cruel experience has taught France the wholesome truth that in politics half a loaf is better than no bread; we see, indeed, some faint indications which lead us to hope that this is so; but if it

be, the credit of the privilege thus acquired is not due to the teaching of Cæsarism. In fact, the whole question as to the fortunes of the Empire turns upon the issue whether the Opposition, under which the principle of Personal Government has given way, is of the kind with which France is only too familiar, or of a new and more moderate description.

At the late elections France had to decide whether she would have the Empire without liberty. During the coming Parliamentary struggle she will have to decide whether she will have the Empire with liberty; and if the answer to that sound question had to be given only by the representatives of the recognized parties, which still make up the great ranks of the Opposition, there could be little doubt as to the negative character of the reply. "*Les anciens partis*," as Napoleon III. not long ago called his opponents, consist of three great sections, though with many subdivisions,—Legitimists, Orleanists, and Republicans,—and between each one of these sections and the Empire there is a gulf not easily to be bridged over. With respect to the first, there is not much that need be said. The days of La Vendée are past, never to return; and there is about as much chance of a popular rising in Brittany in favor of the White Cockade, as there is of a gathering of the clans in the Highlands against the House of Hanover. The idea of Divine Right is opposed to every instinct of modern French nature; the *noblesse* of France, amidst whom alone Legitimacy still flourishes as a creed, have little or none of the social influence possessed by the aristocracy of England; and even in the Faubourg St. Germain, fidelity to the cause of Henry V. is rather a fashion than a living faith. The one sole hold upon the country possessed by the elder branch of the Bourbons lies in the fact that they undoubtedly represent a principle of stability. To men weary of change and turmoil and revolution, there is a great attraction about a settled dynasty, under which there is no solution of continuity when the crown passes from one head to another, under which the cry of "*Le Roi est mort*" is succeeded as a matter of course by the cry of "*Vive le Roi*." And this regularity of succession can be guaranteed without

possibility of dispute by the restoration of the princes who alone can claim to be kings of France on any other plea than that of the popular will. It is possible, and even probable, that if the Empire should be overthrown, and if its overthrow should be followed by a period of convulsive struggle, there would ensue a reaction in favor of settled order, which might cause France to look favorably on the pretensions of Henry V.; and, therefore, for the Legitimist party, the contingency most propitious to their interests is the downfall of the Napoleon dynasty.

If this is true of the partisans of the elder branch, it is still more true of the adherents of the "branche cadette." The Orleanists, pure and simple, hardly seem to be more formidable than the Legitimists. The "illustrations" of the party, to use a French word, are a set of eminently worthy and respectable elderly gentlemen, who were great personages under the monarchy of July, and are by no means equally great personages under the Empire. There never yet was a revolution made by professors, and the fact that the Academy is the headquarters of Orleanism, shows unmistakably the true character of the party. There is, of course, a party influential in character rather than in numbers, which is attached to the House of Orleans by conviction as well as by personal considerations. Among the thinkers of France there are many who are convinced that the best chance for liberty lies in the rule of a constitutional monarchy, and who believe, rightly or wrongly, that a constitutional monarch can only be found amidst the descendants of Louis Philippe. But thinkers are seldom men of action, and the very moderation of mind which leads the class of men to whom we allude to espouse the cause of Orleanism, renders them averse to violent change of any kind. The true strength of the party lies neither in the active sympathies of the Academicians, nor in the impartial support of moderate politicians, but in the passive good-will of the trading classes. A score of years ago, on the eve of 1848, it was the custom to say that the monarchy of July was firmly established because it was identified with the interests of all persons who had

money to lose. How worthless this support of the moneyed class is, as an active agency, was shown in the February of 1848. Men who are afraid above all things of depreciating the value of their investments will assuredly not raise barricades; but when barricades are raised, they will not attempt to storm them; and, to our mind, one of the most ominous indications for the future of the Empire is, that the Imperialists are now beginning to assert that the Government is secure because it has the moneyed interest upon its side. But though we utterly disbelieve that the shopkeepers and traders and small shareholders of France will ever take an active part in overthrowing the Empire in favor of the House of Orleans, we believe, that if the Empire should be overthrown, the might of property might very likely be thrown into the side of the Orleanist cause. After a revolution has spent its first force, the influence of the moneyed interest is always very powerful; and apart from all considerations of self-interest, the descendants of the Citizen King have strong claims upon the favor of the *bourgeoisie* of France. It is true that they do not represent the principle of stability to the same extent as the elder branch, but then they are less connected with the clerical influences so distasteful to the ordinary Frenchman; and their restoration to power—unlike that of the elder Bourbons—would not require a complete repudiation of those "principles of 1789" which all Frenchmen, even of the bourgeois class, regard with more or less of respect. Given a revolution, and the Comte de Paris, or the Duc d'Aumale, or whoever might be the chosen representative of the Orleanist party, would have a very fair prospect of succeeding to the throne; and therefore the first interests of Orleanists, as of Legitimists, is to bring about the downfall of the Empire.

But the most formidable opponent to the Empire,—as the late elections proved beyond question,—the only formidable one for the present, is the republican party. We once heard a Frenchman in a *café* discoursing on politics, who finished his discourse by stirring up a cup of chocolate and saying, "You see that, whenever I stir this chocolate, the

grits come to the top; so, whenever you stir up France, the Republic will come to the surface." This we think to be the truth. The Republic has a hold upon the French mind of a far stronger kind than that perceived by either the Bourbons or the Orleanists, or even by the Napoleons. In so saying we may seem to contradict our previous conviction about the popular dread of and aversion to the Republic having been the main cause of the triumph of the *coup d'état*. The contradiction, however, is rather nominal than real. The French nation seems to us to be distracted by two conflicting tendencies,—a morbid terror of the Republic, in the concrete, and an intense admiration for the Republic in the abstract,—and each force predominates in turn according to the course of events. There has been now a long interval of tranquillity. The "Spectre Rouge" has not appeared for so many years, that its name has lost much of the terror it inspired after 1848; and the republican proclivities of France are again in the ascendant. Personal loyalty, in the monarchical sense of the word, cannot exist in France; what little there is, is associated with the dynasty of the great Napoleon; and the great majority of Frenchmen, who take any interest in politics at all, are Republicans by conviction. They may not all act upon their convictions; many of them are Orleanists by profession, because they assume that France, not being ripe for a republic, a constitutional monarchy affords the best substitute for the rule of the many; but in their hearts the French Liberals are Republicans with scarcely an exception. Amidst the working classes, the classes which have always made revolutions in France, the preference for a republican form of government is very general; and in the city constituencies, wherever artisans are in the majority, no candidate has any prospect of success under the reign of universal suffrage who is not believed to be a Republican in politics. The "Irreconcilables" is the common appellation of the republican deputies; and the time does not seem far distant when the Irreconcilables may be in a majority in the Chambers.

Thus, as a matter of fact, each one of the three sections into which the Oppo-

sition is divided contemplates a revolution as the first step to the accomplishment of its policy. That this should be so is intelligible enough. There is ingrained in the French nature an impatience of compromise, a passion for following out a principle to its extreme logical development, which is almost incompatible with the acceptance of the Empire by the partisans of any other form of government. And also it is only fair to admit that, for French Liberals of any shade, it is no light or easy matter to accept the Empire, even after its recent conversion to Liberalism. There are few, if any, among the older members of the Opposition, who, in their own persons, or in that of those nearest to them, have not suffered much personal wrong at the hands of the present Government of France. The way in which the law of public safety was worked in the early days of the Empire is a thing not to be forgotten in a day by those who were the victims of the Emperor's triumph. Even the generation which has grown up to political life since the 2d of December has injuries of its own scarcely less grievous than of their predecessors. To have suffered from youth to manhood beneath a system in which free speech, free writing, free action, were forbidden under pain of imprisonment or exile, or, to say the least, of ostracism from all the prizes of public life, is not a course of training calculated to make men moderate when the wheel of fortune has placed power in their grasp; and if the French Liberals were prepared at once to say, "Let bygones be bygones," and to rally to the support of a liberal Empire, they would, as we deem, be giving proof perhaps of patriotism, and they would also be showing an example of self-restraint, rare in the political annals of any country,—unknown in those of France. Moreover, even supposing that the Irreconcilables should become sincerely and honestly desirous of reconciliation, can they feel any confidence in the duration of the sudden alliance between Cæsarism and Liberalism? It is a common opinion in England that Napoleon III. really intends to reign henceforward as a constitutional monarch; but if we are asked to give proofs for the faith that is in us, we

should find it extremely hard to produce them. The whole traditions of the Napoleons are hostile to popular liberty; all the antecedents of the present Emperor point to an ineradicable preference for personal over representative government; and the professions of the ruler who used his power as President of the Republic to place himself upon the throne cannot inspire any great degree of confidence. It may be better for France to try the experiment of a representative government under the Bonaparte dynasty; but we can find little to answer to any French Liberal who tells us that the experiment is too hopeless to be worth the trying.

The best chance for the Emperor is to be found in the circumstance that each section of the Opposition dislikes the others, as much as, if not more than, it dislikes the Empire; and that no section commands the support of anything more than a comparatively small minority of the French nation. The formation, for the first time in the history of the Empire, of a liberal party, whose opposition is political and not dynastic, affords more ground to hope that this is so; and though the "Tiers parti" has not yet achieved any good popular success, it is still in its infancy. It is encouraging, too, to observe that since the Press has recovered the power of free utterance, some of the leading French Liberal journals advocate a loyal acceptance of the Empire under its reconstituted form. But, as yet, the serious conflict has not commenced; and, judging by the experience of the past, one could say that when the struggle has begun in earnest,—when the Chambers attempt, as they will assuredly, to make use of the powers entrusted to them, the battle will

probably be reduced to one between the supporters and the opponents of the existing dynasty.

What the outcome of such a battle may be, it is impossible to foretell. The Emperor has immense resources on his side; and it remains to be seen whether the nation is sufficiently earnest in its desire for self-government to support the Opposition at the risk of bringing about a revolution. The name of Napoleon is still dear to France,—dear, above all, to the classes from which the army is levied; and, moreover, there is a democratic aspect to Imperialism, which has made the rank and file of the Republicans less hostile to the Empire than to any other form of monarchical government. If the Emperor can hold his own against any direct assault upon his dynasty; if, having once more proved his power, he should make no use of such power to withdraw the liberties he has granted; and if he should live in health and vigor for another ten years, he may succeed in transmitting the Imperial crown in safety to his son. But these suppositions are all highly problematical. The common opinion throughout France is that a change is at hand, and such opinions are very apt to justify themselves by the result. Meanwhile, whatever may be the effect of the impending crisis on the fortunes of the Empire, all sincere Liberals must rejoice at the revival of political agitation in France. It is good that Personal Government, however able, should be shown to be a failure,—good, that material prosperity and foreign prestige should be shown to be insufficient to satisfy a nation which has once enjoyed political freedom,—good, we may add, not only for France, but for the world.

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Macmillan's Magazine.

## THE SUEZ CANAL.

BY F. A. EATON.

THIS work, the most costly and magnificent enterprise of modern times, is now completed, and one may speak of it as *de facto* accomplished. The formal opening, as our readers are aware, took place on the 17th of November in the presence of the Emperor of Austria,

the Empress of the French, the Crown Prince of Prussia, and a host of other exalted personages.

It will be unnecessary here to enumerate the attempts which have at various periods of Egypt's history been made to establish a water-communication between

the Mediterranean and Red Sea ; but it is worth while to note a difference between the present canal and all the other projected and accomplished ones, viz., that their Mediterranean point of departure was the Nile, and they were consequently part fresh water and part salt, while the present one goes direct from sea to sea—the seas themselves furnishing its waters. Hence the appropriateness of the name, “Maritime Canal,” serving to distinguish it from the small Fresh-water Canal which the Company made a few years ago from near Zagazig, the then limit of cultivation at that part of the east of Egypt, to Suez, following the course, and in many places actually employing the bed, of the old Pharaonic canal. The history of this company, “La Compagnie Universelle du Canal Maritime de Suez,”\* is now pretty well known. It owes its existence to M. Ferdinand de Lesseps. In 1854 he obtained a concession for the making of a canal across the Isthmus of Suez from the then Viceroy of Egypt, Said Pasha. As the Sultan, however, withheld his assent, and various other hindrances occurred, nothing further was done till 1858, when subscriptions were first opened, and the company started with a paid-up capital of £8,000,000. In 1859 the work was first begun, and was carried on until 1863 under the terms of the original concession, chiefly by means

of the fellaheen,—Egyptian peasants,—whom Said Pasha had agreed to furnish as laborers at the rate of 20,000 monthly. On the accession of Ismail Pasha, in the spring of 1863, the work suddenly came to a stand-still, as that prince refused to continue to supply the laborers; and, indeed, referred to the Sultan for revision all the terms of the concession granted by his predecessor. By the consent of all parties the Emperor of the French was named arbitrator, and he decided that the Company should give up some important clauses, and that the Viceroy should pay them for so doing. Accordingly 78,000,000 francs, more than £3,000,000, were awarded to them for the withdrawal of the fellaheen, and the resumption of the lands originally granted; the Company retaining only two hundred metres\* on each side of the line of the canal, for the erection of workshops, deposit of soil excavated, &c. A further sum of 16,000,000 francs was to be paid for the purchase of the Fresh-water Canal mentioned above, and of the tolls levied on it; making in all a sum of nearly £4,000,000. At the beginning of these difficulties the Company were disposed to consider themselves badly treated, but in the end they had every reason to be satisfied with the result. They got what they stood most in need of—money; and they were forced into replacing the manual labor of the fellaheen, who, notwithstanding their numbers, made comparatively slow progress, by a system of machinery which, when one looks at the ingenuity displayed in its invention, and the enormous scale on which it has been applied, must certainly be considered as one of the chief glories of the enterprise. In 1867, £4,000,000 more were raised, partly by means of a lottery. Since 1864 the work has been going on rapidly and without interruption.

The present short account of the history and actual state of the canal is the result of two fortnights spent along its banks in 1867 and 1869. From the mouth of the Damietta branch of the Nile to the Gulf of Pelusium, there stretches a low belt of sand varying in width from 200 to 300 yards, and serv-

\* The following table will show the proportion in which its shares were taken up in different countries:—

	Shares.
France.....	207,111
Egypt.....	96,517
Austria.....	51,246
Russia.....	24,174
England.....	5,085
United States.....	5,000
Spain.....	4,046
Holland.....	2,615
Tunis.....	1,714
Sardinia.....	1,353
Switzerland.....	460
Belgium.....	324
Tuscany.....	176
Naples.....	97
Roman States.....	54
Prussia.....	15
Denmark.....	7
Portugal.....	5
Sweden.....	1

TOTAL ..... 400,000

\* The metre is 39·371 inches, and 100 metres are 109 yards very nearly.

ing to separate the Mediterranean from the waters of the Lake Menzaleh; though often when the lake is full, and the waves of the Mediterranean are high, the two meet across this slight boundary-line. In the month of April, 1859, a small body of men, who might well be called the pioneers of the Suez Canal, headed by M. Laroche, landed at that spot of this narrow sandy slip which had been chosen as the starting-point of the canal from the Mediterranean, and the site of the city and port intended ultimately to rival Alexandria. It owed its selection not to its being the spot from which the shortest line across the Isthmus could be drawn—that would have been from the Gulf of Pelusium—but to its being that point of the coast to which deep water approached the nearest. Here eight metres of water, equal to about 26 feet, the contemplated depth of the canal, were found at a distance of less than two miles; at the Gulf of Pelusium that depth only existed at more than five miles from the coast. The spot was called Port Said in honor of the Viceroy, and a few wooden shanties soon took the place of the tents first put up. Hard indeed must have been the life of the first workers on this desolate strip of sand. The nearest place from which fresh water could be procured was Damietta, a distance of thirty miles. It was brought thence across the Lake Menzaleh in Arab boats, but calms or storms often delayed the arrival of the looked-for store; sometimes indeed it was altogether lost, and the powers of endurance of the little band were sadly tried. After a time distilling machines were put up, and in 1863 water was received through a pipe from the Fresh-water Canal, which had been completed to the centre of the Isthmus.

The first thing to be done at Port Said was to make the ground on which to build the future town. This was done by dredging in the shallows of the lake close to the belt of sand; the same operation serving at once to form an inner port, and to extend the area, and raise the height of the dry land. When the fellaheen were withdrawn, and recourse was had to machinery for supplying their place, a great impetus was given to Port Said. It soon became

perhaps the largest workshop in the world. The huge machines, which were to do the work hitherto done by hands and baskets, were brought piece by piece from France, and put together in long ranges of sheds erected along the inner port. In another part sprang up the works where Messrs. Dussaud were to make the huge concrete blocks for the construction of the piers of the outer harbor. At the same time the dredging of this harbor was commenced, and the sand taken up near the shore was utilized for making these blocks, which are composed entirely of this sand and of lime brought from Theil, in France. The first block of the piers was laid in August, 1865, and both were completed in January, 1869, the western to a length of more than two miles, and the eastern of more than a mile and a half.\* At their commencement from the shore they are nearly a mile distant from one another, but they gradually converge till at the mouth of the harbor there is not more than a quarter of a mile between them. It is more than probable that it will be necessary to lengthen these piers, so as to render the entrance to the harbor narrower and less exposed. Great fears were justly entertained that the sand which is continually drifting eastward from the mouths of the Nile would gradually silt up the harbor, notwithstanding the shelter afforded by the west pier. The piers were thus constructed: three blocks were placed side by side, then above them two more, and on this substratum others were dropped irregularly till the requisite height was reached. Between these irregularly-laid blocks there are of course large interstices, but it was supposed that these would be quickly closed up by different marine substances, which, adhering to the blocks, would, in conjunction with the drifting sand, form a sort of mortar sufficient to stop effectually every aperture. This has not proved to be the case, and in the spring of this year a sloping bank of sand extended some 150 feet into the harbor. One remedy proposed for this most serious evil, which, if it does not threaten the existence of the harbor, will much increase the expense of its

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\* The exact lengths are 3,500 and 2,500 metres.

maintenance, is to build up the apertures with small stones, but there can be no doubt that it will tax all the energies of the conductors of the enterprise.

Port Said now numbers more than 10,000 inhabitants. The piers being finished, and the dredges and other machines all put together and despatched to different parts of the canal, it lost for a time its busy aspect, but its increasing capabilities as a port soon brought fresh life and animation. Three inner basins have been dredged out, and the sandy mud raised forms the basis for quays and warehouses. Fresh water is still supplied from Ismailia, but another larger pipe has been added, and a big reservoir, called the Château d'Eau, holding sufficient for three days' consumption, provides against the improbable accident of both pipes being out of order at the same time. The dredging of the vast area of the outer harbor is carried on unceasingly, the method being the same as that employed so successfully, to take one among many instances, in the port of Glasgow.

Let us leave now this "Rendezvous maritime de l'Occident et de l'Orient," to use the words of its enthusiastic founder, and passing through the harbor, with the town and principal docks on the right hand, reach the point at which the canal proper may be said to begin. It commences with a wide sweep southwards—the town and harbor facing nearly north-east—and runs in a straight line due north and south for forty-five kilometres,\* through the Lake Menzaleh to Kantara, passing by the stations of Ras el-Ech† and the Cape. As far as Ras el-Ech there are always a few feet of water in the lake; but beyond this point, excepting for a short time after the inundation of the Nile, it is little better than a morass, the upper surface consisting of a thin coating of clay, and the bottom of sand or mud, or a mixture of both. Great fears were entertained as to the possibility of ever cutting a permanent channel through this unstable material, more especially at that point where the old Pelusiac branch of the Nile had to be crossed,

and the mud was even more liquid than elsewhere. And for some time it certainly did seem as if the attempt would only furnish a converse parallel to the story of the Danaïdes and their tub. As fast as the mud was taken up by the dredges, and put out on either side to form banks, it sunk again by its own weight. The engineers were in despair, and the work threatened to come to a standstill; when a Dalmatian peasant, a second Brindley, employed on one of the dredging machines, came forward and offered, if they would give him the use of all the *matériel*, to solve the difficulty. His offer was accepted, and a sort of contract for a few hundred yards was given him. He set the dredging machines again to work; but as soon as they had put out on the line of the bank just so much mud as would stay above the surface of the water, he stopped them to allow this small nucleus to harden, which it quickly did under an Egyptian sun. He then put on a little more mud, and let it harden again; and so on, bit by bit, till a good hard bank was made. The success of his simple expedient was complete, and the whole line of bank in this part was made in the same way. It is now being strengthened with loose stones, brought from quarries near Ismailia. Kantara is one of the principal stations on the canal, numbering about 2,000 inhabitants. It is situated on a chain of low sandhills, which divide Lake Menzaleh from Lake Ballah, and lies in the direct route between Egypt and Syria: that route which was once one of the greatest highways of the Old World, and served as the causeway to succeeding armies of Egyptians, Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Arabs, and French, all bent on war and plunder. The new highway that traverses it will, it is hoped, be devoted to peace and money-making.

Soon after leaving Kantara, the canal quits the straight line it has hitherto pursued, and, with a few gradual turns, passes through several shallow lakes, the principal of which is Lake Ballah, dotted here and there with tamarisk-tufted islets, to El Ferdane: and a short distance farther on enters the heights of El-Guisr. Up to this point the whole of the country traversed, with the exception of the slight clay elevation of

\* The kilometre is five-eighths of a mile.

† The Canal Company's method of spelling the Arabic names has been followed in this paper.



Ras el-Ech, and the three sandy knolls of the Cape, Kantara, and El Ferdane, lies either at, or below, the level of the Mediterranean; consequently, these slight eminences removed, and the difficulty of making the banks overcome, the channel was easily excavated by dredging, and there would be nothing particular to mention about it, were it not for the ingenious apparatus invented by M. Lavalley for enabling the dredges to discharge their material at once upon the banks, and so to help to form them. This consists in a long iron spout of semi-elliptical form, 230 feet long, 5½ feet wide from edge to edge, and 2 feet deep. It is supported by an iron framework, resting partly on the dredge and partly on a floating lighter. The dredge-buckets discharge their contents into this spout at a height of thirty-five feet above the water, and the stuff flows easily down the slight incline at which the spout rests, and is deposited at a sufficient distance from the edge of the water to prevent all chance of its falling back into the canal. It is aided in this process by a constant flow of water pumped into the spout by a rotary engine, and by an endless chain with large pieces of wood attached to it, working along the whole length of the spout, and pushing on stones or heavy lumps of clay that might cause obstruction. The amount of soil excavated and deposited on the banks by one of these long-spouted dredges is enormous—80,000 cubic metres a month is the average in soft soil; but the dredge which in the month of April this year had the blue flag flying, indicative of its having obtained the prize for the most work done the month previous, had gained that distinction by no less a figure than 120,000 cubic metres. When the banks are too high to admit of the employment of the spouts, another method, hardly less ingenious, is used for disposing of the stuff. It is shot into a barge fitted with huge boxes. The barge as soon as filled is towed off, and placed underneath what is called an *élévateur*. This is an inclined tramway supported on an open iron framework, resting partly on a lighter and partly on a platform moving on rails along the bank. Up and down this tramway runs a wagon worked by an engine placed on the

lighter. Hooks hanging from the wagon are fixed to one of the boxes, and the engine being set going, the box is hoisted up, and carried swinging below the wagon to the top of the tramway, where it tilts over, and having discharged itself, is run down again and dropped into the barge.

On entering the heights of El-Guisr, the scenery of the canal changes. The eye no longer rests on an almost unbroken expanse of lake and morass, studded here and there with islets, and at times rendered gay and brilliant by innumerable flocks—regiments one might almost call them, in such perfect and almost unbroken order are they drawn up—of rosy pelicans, scarlet flamingoes, and snow-white spoonbills. The view, if monotonous, has been at least extensive; but now it is bounded on either side by a high wall of sand. The *seuil*, as the French call it, of El-Guisr is rather less than ten miles in length, with a maximum height of about 65 feet above the level of the sea, and is composed chiefly of loose sand interspersed with beds of hard sand and clay. The work here was commenced by the fellahen, who, with the primitive tools common to the Egyptian laborer, viz., hands for grubbing up the soil, and baskets for carrying it away, excavated a channel from 25 to 30 feet wide, and about five feet below the level of the sea. When they were withdrawn in 1863, the work was entrusted to M. Couvreux, who took a contract for completing the cutting to the full width, and to a depth of about ten feet below the sea-level. For doing this he employed a machine of his own invention called an *excavateur*—a sort of locomotive engine working behind it a chain of dredge-buckets on an inclined plane; on reaching the top of the plane, the buckets open at the bottom, and discharge their contents into wagons; these were drawn by locomotives to the top of the embankment, along a well-arranged network of tramways. M. Couvreux finished his contract in 1868, and then the deep dredging was continued by Messrs. Borel\* and Lavalley,

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\* While these pages are passing through the press, the death of this able and eminent engineer, to whom the enterprise probably owes more than to any one else, is announced. It is indeed hard

screw-lighters carrying away the stuff and discharging it into Lake Timsah. Soon after passing the encampment of El-Guisr, and just before entering Lake Timsah, the canal makes a most awkward double bend. This was done by the engineers who traced the line in order to take advantage of a slight depression in the ground, and lessen the amount of excavation; but it is a fatal mistake, and must be rectified, as the width of the canal at that point will hardly admit of a long vessel getting safely round such turns. The width, it should be stated, varies, at least at the water-line. In those parts where the soil is either below the surface of the sea, or not more than about seven feet above it, the width is nearly 330 feet; in those where the soil is higher it is not much over 190 feet. The width at the bottom, however, is throughout 72 feet. The depth is 28 feet.

On a prominent point at the end of the El-Guisr heights stands the *chalet* of the Viceroy, occupied by the Prince and Princess of Wales on the occasion of their late visit to the canal. It commands a good view of a part of the deep cutting, and the distant prospect from it across Lake Timsah is very fine.

Lake Timsah was formerly a fresh-water lake receiving the overflow of the Nile, and to judge by its name a great resort of crocodiles, *timsah* being the Arabic word for that animal. It had long, however, been merely a lake in name, and nothing remained to mark its site but a deep depression in the desert till the 12th of December, 1866, when, through the channel already cut from Port Said, the waters of the Mediterranean, regulated in their fall by a sluice 66 feet in width, began to pour into its bed; and on the 12th of May, 1867, a regatta was held on its waters to celebrate its inauguration as an inland salt-water lake. It took 80,000,000 cubic metres of water to fill it. The canal passes along its eastern shore, cutting through two or three projecting promontories. On the northern shore is the town of Ismailia, about a mile and a half from the canal.

Ismailia, though inferior in size to

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that he should thus have been removed when on the very eve of his triumph.

either Port Said or Suez, may be said to have become from its central position the principal town on the Isthmus. It was not until the Fresh-water Canal had been extended from Tel-el-Wadee that Ismailia began to spring up on the desert sand, and now it is one of the prettiest and most charming spots imaginable. Its trim houses, well-kept streets, and beautiful little gardens form a characteristic picture of French taste and neatness; and it is difficult, looking at this delightful oasis, and feeling the fresh, cool breeze from the lake on which it stands, to believe that only a very few years ago the whole was one glaring waste of barren desert sand. It seems only necessary to pour the waters of the Nile on the desert to produce a soil which will grow to perfection flowers, fruit, vegetables—in fact, anything. And, thanks to the Fresh-water Canal, Ismailia has a plentiful supply of Nile water. Not far from the town are the fine pumping engines on which Port Said and the whole line of the canal between it and Ismailia are dependent for water. It is conveyed, as has been said, through two pipes, and at every kilometre there is an open tank accessible to man and beast. From 1,500 to 2,000 cubic metres of water are daily pumped along these pipes. The contractor, M. Lasseron, is paid one franc for every cubic metre. The rest of the line of the canal is more readily supplied with water, as the Fresh-water Canal continued from Ismailia to Suez runs alongside it, at a distance varying from a few hundred yards to three miles. When this Fresh-water Canal was finished, in 1864, it was determined that, in conjunction with the channel which already existed from Port Said to the borders of Lake Timsah, it should serve as an anticipatory means of communication between the two seas. Accordingly, a small branch salt-water channel was dug from the main channel up to Ismailia, a distance of about a mile and a half, and joined to the Fresh-water Canal by two locks. Other locks brought the Fresh-water Canal to the level of the Red Sea at Suez, and since 1865 a continually increasing traffic has passed along this means of communication between the two seas. During the Abyssinian war it was very largely made use

of. It is time, however, to return to the canal.

It passes, as has been said, along the eastern shore of Lake Timsah; and as the maximum depth of the lake does not exceed twenty-two feet, the bottom of the channel had to be dredged. A large space of the lake will also be dredged out to the depth of the canal, for the purpose of forming a harbor, with landing quays running along the northern side between the canal and Ismailia. Leaving the lake, and pursuing for a short distance a south-easterly direction, among tamarisk-tufted sand-hills, the cutting of Toussoum is entered, with rather a sharp curve. This curve will, like that at El-Guisr, have to be done away with. The heights of Toussoum, varying from fifteen to twenty feet, are composed chiefly of loose sand. The first channel to a few feet below the sea-level was, as at El-Guisr, excavated by the fellaheen. Dredges have completed it, the stuff being taken and discharged close to the shores of Lake Timsah in lighters which, in order to admit of their getting rid of their contents in very shallow water, open at the side instead of at the bottom. Immediately after Toussoum comes the *seuil* of Serapeum, about three miles long, and from fifteen to twenty-five feet high, composed of sand with layers of clay and lime, and here and there a sort of half-formed rock, of shells embedded in lime. The withdrawal of the fellaheen took place before anything had been done here, and there being at that time little hope of free manual labor, it became a difficult problem to know how to get rid of the superficial soil. The difficulty was eventually met by a scheme which rivals any of the numerous ingenious and skilful contrivances brought out in connection with this canal. It was remarked that considerable depressions existed in the configuration of the soil, which might easily be turned into, as it were, closed basins communicating with the line of the canal. Then, as the surface of Serapeum was about the same level with the Fresh-water Canal, distant only three miles, it appeared possible to introduce its waters by a branch channel into these depressions, and convert them into lakes. This was accordingly done; and dredges, brought

up from Port Said by the connected communication of the Maritime and Fresh-water Canals spoken of before, were floated into the artificial lakes, from which they made their own way into the line of the canal, and began clearing it out. Flat-bottomed, twin-screw lighters, opening at the side, carried the stuff away, and deposited it in the lakes. At the commencement of this enterprise a great cause of apprehension presented itself, which deserves mention, if only on account of the way in which it was proved groundless. It was feared that the light sand composing the upper surface of the soil would never hold water sufficiently, and that the loss by permeation and absorption would be greater than the flow from the Fresh-water Canal could supply. Nile water, however, contains an immense quantity of mud in solution, and this sandy soil is full of very fine calcareous particles; the two soon mixed, and formed a coating which rendered the sand *quasi*-impermeable, and reduced the absorption to a minimum. While this work was going on, transverse embankments kept the fresh water from running on the north side into the channel already cut from Lake Timsah, and on the south side into the low land between Serapeum and the Bitter Lakes. This latter portion, about a mile and a half in length, was excavated to the full depth by manual labor, chiefly European.

The so-called Bitter Lakes were an extensive depression in the desert soil, about twenty-five miles long, from a quarter of a mile to six miles wide, and of an average depth in the centre of from eight to thirty feet below the sea-level. The bottom in the deepest parts was covered with a very thick deposit of salt, and the whole was in fact a sort of salt-water marsh. The high ground on the eastern side is dotted with tamarisk shrubs, forming, with the earth and sand at their roots, high mounds, which at a distance have so much the appearance of trees that the French have given it the name of the "Forêt." The sandy, gravelly surface all about is strewn with shells, presenting almost the appearance of a sea-beach. Some people consider this depression of the Bitter Lakes to have at one time formed the head of the Red Sea; and M. de Lesseps is of

opinion that here must be placed the point of crossing of the Israelites. The narrowest and shallowest point in this depression serves to divide it into two unequal parts, that on the north being called the "Grand Bassin," and that on the south the "Petit Bassin," "des Lacs Amers." The former is about fifteen miles long, from five to six miles broad, and of an average depth of from twenty-five to thirty feet, the deepest part being covered with the salt-pan already mentioned; the latter is about ten miles long, two miles broad, and with an average depth of fifteen feet. The narrow neck that divided the two lakes was first cut through, and it then remained to fill them as Lake Timsah had been filled. For this purpose a weir was constructed obliquely across the line of the canal at the commencement of the depression, similar in principle to that which had regulated the flow of water into Lake Timsah, but far larger and stronger, it being over 300 feet in length—the largest sluice, probably, ever constructed. The flow of water could be regulated to a nicety by the gates. It had been intended that the inauguration of this stupendous undertaking should take place in the presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales on their return from the Nile, but they had not arrived at the time that all was ready, and the sluices were first opened in the presence of the Viceroy, who, it is worthy of remark, had never before visited any part of the canal, political reasons having kept him from showing any public personal interest in the undertaking up to this time. On the 17th of March, 1869, the two dams which, as the reader will remember, confined the fresh water in which the dredges were working through the heights of Serapeum, were cut, some of the sluices were raised, and the filling of the Bitter Lakes commenced. It was a moment which had been looked forward to with great anxiety, nothing of the same kind ever having been before attempted on such a large scale. All, however, went well; the wooden *bar-rage* successfully withstood the rush and pressure of the water, and the only mishap was the upsetting of one of the dredges at Serapeum. There certainly were some other sufferers. The salt water killed all the fish which had come in

with the fresh water from the Nile, and for some days afterwards the canal was covered with their dead bodies. It has been calculated that it will take nineteen hundred millions of cubic metres of water to fill the Bitter Lakes. In this estimate is included an allowance for evaporation and absorption, based upon minute and careful experiments. Of this enormous quantity of water the Mediterranean will supply the largest share, the Red Sea also contributing its quota.\*

The course of the canal follows a straight line from the cutting of Tous-soum to the centre of the "Grand Bassin;" it then makes a bend eastward, to near the commencement of the channel leading into the "Petit Bassin." Through this channel it passes in a direction almost due east and west, and then, shortly before leaving the Bitter Lakes, resumes a direct southerly course. Its line through the lakes is carefully buoyed out, but a considerable portion of their area will be dredged out to the full depth of twenty-six feet, to serve, like Lake Timsah, as an inland harbor.

On leaving the Bitter Lakes, the canal passes for a mile or two through a gradually rising ground to the *seuil* of Chalouf el-Terraba. The plateau is here from twenty to twenty-five feet above the sea-level, and about six miles in length. A part of the surface soil was excavated by the fellaheen. After their removal nothing was done till 1866, and then the work was recommenced upon a different system to any hitherto employed. It was let out by the piece to gangs of workmen, got together from all countries. They were provided with tools; and a system of tramways and inclined planes served for the conveyance and discharge of the material excavated. The soil consisted chiefly of gypseous clay and pure clay, but an obstacle hitherto unmet with was encountered in the shape of a layer of rock several feet deep, and extending for about 400 yards along the cutting. It was composed principally of sandstone, with varieties of limestone and conglomerate, the latter in some places very hard, in others soft, as

\* A telegram of the 1st of October states that the barriers which regulated the flow from either sea have been removed, and that the water in the Bitter Lakes is already within a few feet of the sea-level.

though recently formed. A few Italian miners soon removed it by blasting. The work here was considerably impeded by the great quantity of water found at a certain depth, and which was increased by the infiltration from the Fresh-water Canal, not a quarter of a mile distant. This water was kept under by engines, which pumped it over the west embankment into a part of the plain where a portion of the bed of the old Pharaonic canal offered a natural reservoir. Traces of this old canal may be seen in many places.

After Chalouf the canal enters with a gentle turn eastward what is called the Plain of Suez. This plain is a low marsh, with a thin coating of sand and a substratum of clay and mud. It is hardly more than a foot or two above the level of the sea, and, indeed, at the period of high tides the waters of the Red Sea completely cover it. A first channel was cut by hand labor, and it was intended to complete the depth by dredges working in the water, which rapidly accumulated. But after the dredges, brought down the Fresh-water Canal, and floated thence by an ingenious contrivance into this channel, had begun their work, it was found that the nature of the soil in some parts was so solid as, if not to preclude the possibility of the dredges working in it, at any rate to render their progress excessively slow, and the expense in repairing the damage to them by the great strain enormous. Another system of procedure, presently to be explained, was accordingly adopted. It should here be stated that in 1868 the contract for the completion of the whole work yet remaining to be done was taken by Messrs. Borel and Lavelley, who had been already so successfully engaged upon the greater portion of it. These gentlemen, by the terms of their contract, undertook to deliver up the canal in a completed and navigable state to the Company on the 1st of October, 1869, under a penalty of 500,000 francs (£20,000) for each month of delay. The slow progress made by the dredges in the Plain of Suez gave them little hope of completing this part of the canal in time; and, inverting the course hitherto pursued, they determined, if possible, to substitute hand-labor for machinery. The dredges were removed, the water

pumped out, and all the hands available concentrated on this point.

With the withdrawal of the fellaheen it had seemed as though manual labor would never again figure conspicuously in the accomplishment of any great part of the canal. European laborers, even if they could have been imported in sufficient numbers, would never have been able to support the climate, and the privations which the absence of water and of easy communication at that time rendered inevitable; and the natives who offered themselves voluntarily were very few in number—nor, indeed, were their services considered of much use. By dint of numbers during the continuance of the *corvée* they had accomplished a good deal, and moreover they cost but little; but their individual labor, though worth two or three piastres a day, was certainly not worth as many francs, the least that they could be had for as free agents. Gradually, as the means of providing them with food and water increased, laborers became attracted from Europe, and in 1867 the Company found itself able to command some 3,000 or 4,000 men, exclusive of those employed on the dredges and other machine-work. They were a motley crew, from all parts of the south of Europe. At the same time the number of native candidates for work had also considerably increased; Syrians too, and Bedouin of the desert came flocking in. An increased want of hands made it necessary to accept everybody; though, as has been said, Oriental labor was not rated very highly, and involved certain disadvantages. For instance, these Arabs at first steadily refused to work by the piece. They wanted to be paid for each day's labor, with the power of going away whenever they liked. And as unremitting exertion is contrary to Arab habits, it was necessary to place overseers to see that they earned a day's wages. A certain time, too, was lost in teaching them to handle pickaxe and spade, and guide a wheelbarrow over a suspended plank, the first attempts generally ending in an ignominious upset and redeposit of the contents whence they came. Another peculiarity they had, which made them at first rather expensive workers. It was noticed that the shovels served out to them were used up with curious

rapidity. At last it happened to an inspector to discover evident marks of fire on one of the worn out tools. On inquiry it was found that the Arabs had concluded that shovels, though they might be perverted to the purpose of digging, were evidently, by their shape, intended in the first instance for the roasting of coffee and corn, and they had accordingly so employed them. The difficulty of managing the tools their natural aptitude for imitation soon overcame. An appeal to their cupidity, unfailing means for convincing an Arab, removed their objections to working by the piece. For instance, when a gang working by the day had earned altogether a certain sum, say forty napoleons, the inspector would show them a similar amount of work done by the piece in the same time by the same number of men for which fifty napoleons had been received. This argument usually proved irresistible, and as a general result both contractors and workmen benefited. But though, as they improved in handling their tools, the natives managed to do good work, they seldom or never could earn as much as Europeans, and while a worker in a European gang would earn from five to six francs a day, three or four were the native's average gain, and gangs fresh to the work got perhaps only two. But these are large daily earnings for an Egyptian, a Syrian, or a Bedawee, and continually increasing numbers came to supply the place of those who returned home to spread the story of the profitable work to be done, and tell their listeners of the wonderful "Goobaneyieh" which, though it made them work hard, did not bastinado them, and, wonder of wonders, actually paid them what it had promised. Many a "*Mushallah!*" must this last statement have elicited. Thus it was that the contractors found themselves able to command a supply of free manual labor beyond anything ever supposed possible, and they resolved to take advantage of it for executing the remaining six or seven miles of the canal from Chalouf to the commencement of the Suez lagoons. Nor did the result belie their expectations. In the month of April of the present year there were some 15,000 men at work.

The whole scene along these six or

seven miles was truly wonderful. Such a number and variety of men and animals were probably never before collected together in the prosecution of one work. Here were to be seen European gangs—Greeks, Albanians, Montenegrins, Germans, Italians, &c., generally working at the lower levels, and where the tramways and inclined planes carried away the *débâis*. Their only animal helpers were mules to draw the wagons. Then would come groups of native gangs, the produce of their pickaxes and spades borne away in wheelbarrows or on the backs of camels, horses, donkeys, and even children. Of these animals the donkeys were the most numerous, as well as the most intelligent. It was curious to watch them. Seldom did the boy whose post it was to drive them think of accompanying them; he generally stood at the top of the embankment, and emptied the contents of their baskets as they arrived. Below, as soon as the basket was loaded, one of the fillers would give the animal a smack with the spade, and an emphatic "*Empshee, ya kelb*" ("Get along, O dog"), and it would quietly move off, and gradually make its way to the top; when, the basket emptied, it would be dismissed with another "*empshee*," and proceed down again. These donkeys would preserve an unbroken line in mounting and descending the tortuous and steep incline, and if a stoppage took place, a shout from the men was sufficient to send them on again. Their only trappings were the open-mouthed sacks made of shreds of palm-leaf, flung across their bare backs, forming a double pannier. The camels had a more scientifically constructed burden, consisting of a pair of open wooden boxes closed at the bottom by doors fastened with a bolt; on the bolt being withdrawn the doors opened, and the boxes discharged their contents. In many places blasting was going on; the half-formed rock, composed of shells embedded in lime and sand, offering as stubborn a resistance to the pick as it had to the dredge buckets; at any rate blasting was the quicker process. Steam pumping-engines at intervals of a few hundred yards kept down the water which filtered in freely, and at the same time conveyed fresh water to cisterns placed at a short distance from one another on both sides of

the canal. The Fresh-water Canal is about a quarter of a mile distant. The head-quarters of this busy scene was called the "Campement de la Plaine," and consisted of an agglomeration of wooden huts lying in the swamp between the two canals. A short distance beyond commence what are called the Suez lagoons, and there a dam marked the end of this animated dry-work section. On the farther side of the dam was water, and dredges were again to be seen at work. A first shallow channel through these lagoons had been dug by hand. This soon filled, partly with salt water from the surrounding marshes, partly with fresh water brought through a narrow cutting from the Fresh-water Canal. The dredges with long spouts were then introduced, and carried on the work; a dam just opposite what is called the Quarantine station stopping the flow of the tide of the Red Sea.

Shortly before reaching the lagoons the canal takes a slight turn eastwards, leaving the town of Suez about a mile and a half to the west; and then, tending westwards again, enters the head of the Gulf opposite the roadstead, and rather more than a mile below the town. Its entire length from the harbor of Port Said to the roadstead of Suez is 160 kilometres, just 100 miles. The last few hundred yards of the canal follow in the narrow channel that runs up from the roadstead to the town, and are bounded on the west by a breakwater, which also serves as a protection to the new harbor at the head of the roads. The marshy ground behind the breakwater has been raised with the stuff excavated from the bed of the canal, and a dock and landing quays constructed on it. To the north are the arsenal and dry dock, and a railway station, destined to be the terminus of the Alexandria, Cairo, and Suez Railway. A branch line for goods already comes down to the dock, and the town will no doubt soon extend in this direction. Suez has increased wonderfully within the last few years, and from a few hundred inhabitants, in sheds scattered here and there on the sand, has become a flourishing town with a population of 17,000. It cannot be said to owe its birth to the canal, as Port Said and Ismailia do; but its recent rapid

increase and development is due to that work, and to its humble though most indispensable *ancilla*, the Fresh-water Canal, before the making of which all the water came to Suez by train from Cairo, as it did in more early days still on camels' backs from a distance of several miles.

A few words remain to be said on the tolls to be levied, the method of transport, means of lighting, &c., to be employed on the canal. The tariff has been fixed at ten francs per ton measurement and ten francs per passenger. There were at one time various plans as to the means of locomotion to be employed for getting vessels through. At first the idea was against their using their own propelling powers; they were to be towed either by tugs, paddle or screw, or working along an endless chain, or by locomotives running along a railway on the bank. Last year, however, a commission specially appointed of French engineers, contractors, ship-owners, naval and merchant ship officers recommended that ships should employ their own means of propulsion, and that the mean rate of speed should be fixed at ten kilometres ( $6\frac{1}{4}$  miles) an hour. It is intended to try some electric system of lighting for marking the course through the Bitter Lakes at night; and should this prove successful, it will probably be applied along the whole length of the canal. Every ship will be obliged to take a certificated pilot on board. Besides Lake Timsah and the Bitter Lakes, there will be certain points at which ships can pass one another, the present width at the bottom, only seventy-two feet, being insufficient to allow ships of large tonnage to pass wherever they may happen to meet.

We have now gone over the whole of this great work. But, even though the accomplishment of the canal be no longer a possibility, or a probability, but a certainty, the grave question still remains, Will anything come of it? Will the result be at all proportionate to the energy, and ingenuity, and, above all, the capital expended? Though these are problems which time and experience alone can solve, it may not be amiss to examine a little some of the points connected with them. With regard to the maintenance of the canal as a serviceable

and navigable channel between the two seas, the means and appliances which served to create will surely suffice for keeping in a state of efficiency. Great stress has been justly laid on the filling up with sand both at Port Said and along the canal, the falling in of the banks, &c.; and no doubt all this will to a certain extent take place: still the providing against it presents no difficulty except that of expense. And thus the real question is, whether the traffic will be sufficient to meet this undoubtedly heavy expense. On this there are two points to be considered. What was the object for which the canal was constructed? Is that object likely to be attained? The practical object of the canal is to reduce the navigable distance between the West and the East by nearly 8,000 miles. From England to India, for example, the distance by the Cape of Good Hope is 15,000 miles; by the Suez Canal it will be 7,500. From this closer approximation of East and West will result, it is expected, an industrial and commercial revolution of which the effects are incalculable. The two hundred millions of Europeans who send their manufactured products to the East, and the seven hundred millions of Orientals who consume those products, and send in exchange their raw materials to the West, will be brought into closer, less costly, and more intimate relations. In considering whether this result is likely to be attained, it may not be out of place to recollect that up to the beginning of the sixteenth century the commerce between East and West had all passed by one or other of the two branches of the Red Sea. The general insecurity of life and property which began to prevail when Syria and Egypt fell under the dominion of the Turks, and the consequently increased difficulties of transshipment from sea to sea, necessitated the employment of some other route; and Vasco de Gama having just at that time doubled the Cape of Good Hope and reached Calicut, this circuitous sea-route became the highway between East and West. A few years ago a partial return was made to the old route; but though there was security, still the expense and trouble of transshipment and conveyance across Egypt was an effectual

barrier to its being employed for heavy goods. The case between the two routes stood thus: by the Cape, cheapness, but with length of time; by Egypt, shortness of time, but with expense and trouble. The canal secures shortness of time combined with cheapness and avoidance of trouble. As compared with the Cape route, the saving of time will considerably more than compensate for the expense of the tolls; and as compared with the land route through Egypt, while the time is nearly the same, the trouble is *nil*, and the expense considerably less—the railway charge for conveying goods between Alexandria and Suez being more than double the ten francs per ton\* proposed as the rate for the canal. It must be borne in mind, however, that it is only by steamers that the canal route can be used. The difficult navigation of the Red Sea, and the continued prevalence in it of the same wind,† preclude the possibility of sailing ships being employed with any punctuality. Steamers will have to be employed, and commanded by a class of captains superior to the general run of small merchant-commanders. The recent misfortunes of the P. & O. Company show how tremendous are the risks which the Red Sea presents even to the experienced commanders of their boats. Much time, therefore, must inevitably elapse before anything like a full development of the anticipated traffic can be realized; and this will be a crucial period for the canal. For while its expenses will probably exceed its revenue, it must still be kept in a state of perfect efficiency in order to induce confidence in its safety and capabilities, and prove beyond question the reality of the advantages which it offers. Many modifications and changes, all involving great outlay, will also have to be made during

\* The rates by rail from Alexandria to Suez are:—Unaccelerated, 20s. per ton, with 8s. port dues; accelerated, 90s. per ton. Passengers and mails will no doubt always go by railway across Egypt, Port Said being at least ten hours further than Alexandria from either Marseilles or Brindisi; and this, with the fifteen or twenty hours required for going through the canal, gives an advantage in time to the railway of nearly twenty-four hours.

† For six months in the year the north wind blows down the Red Sea; for four months there are almost constant calms; and for the remaining two months there is south wind.



this time. The sharp turns must be done away, and the breadth and depth considerably increased before it can really be serviceable for large ships. No doubt the energy which has hitherto so successfully overcome every obstacle will be equal to these emergencies. M. de Lesseps looks upon this canal as a sacred work which has been given him to accomplish; and the faith which he has in his mission—a faith with which he has inspired all those who have so ably seconded him in his task—has never yet faltered, nor failed to justify itself by success. We in England should at any rate wish him God-speed; for if he succeeds, we shall be, or we ought to be, the greatest gainers by his success; though possibly Italy will be the country which will proportionately profit the most.

With regard to the question of the neutrality of the canal, that will no doubt solve itself when occasion requires. Of

course, though the company calls itself an Egyptian company, and flies the Egyptian flag, it is practically a French company, and France must necessarily have a preponderating influence in its affairs. *Palmarum qui meruit ferat*—it would be rather too much to expect that it should give up what it has justly earned. Complications may arise, perhaps unpleasantly for England, but there is reassurance in the thought that every new path and opening for commercial intercourse is a fresh guarantee of peace; and as the greatest consumers always command the market, England should eventually have the practical control of this highway. She must recollect, however, that the success of the canal will aim a much greater blow at the monopoly she has enjoyed of the trade between the East and the West than any hitherto experienced, and that consequently she ought to be prepared for the struggle, should it come.

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#### MARY GRESLEY.—AN EDITOR'S TALE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

WE have known many prettier girls than Mary Gresley, and many handsomer women,—but we never knew girl or woman gifted with a face which in supplication was more suasive, in grief more sad, in mirth more merry. It was a face that compelled sympathy, and it did so with the conviction on the mind of the sympathizer that the girl was altogether unconscious of her own power. In her intercourse with us there was, alas! much more of sorrow than of mirth, and we may truly say that in her sufferings we suffered; but still there came to us from our intercourse with her much of delight mingled with the sorrow; and that delight arose, partly no doubt from her woman's charms, from the bright eye, the beseeching mouth, the soft little hand, and the feminine grace of her unpretending garments; but chiefly, we think, from the extreme humanity of the girl. She had little, indeed none, of that which the world calls society, but yet she was pre-eminently social. Her troubles were very heavy, but she was making ever an unconscious effort to throw them aside, and to be jocund in spite of their weight. She would

even laugh at them, and at herself as bearing them. She was a little, fair-haired creature, with broad brow and small nose and dimpled chin, with no brightness of complexion, no luxuriance of hair, no swelling glory of bust and shoulders; but with a pair of eyes which, as they looked at you, would be gemmed always either with a tear or with some spark of laughter, and with a mouth in the corners of which was ever lurking some little spark of humor, unless when some unspoken prayer seemed to be hanging on her lips. Of woman's vanity she had absolutely none. Of her corporeal self, as having charms to rivet man's love, she thought no more than does a dog. It was a fault with her that she lacked that quality of womanhood. To be loved was to her all the world; unconscious desire for the admiration of men was as strong in her as in other women; and her instinct taught her, as such instincts do teach all women, that such love and admiration was to be the fruit of what feminine gifts she possessed; but the gifts on which she depended—depending on them without thinking on the matter—were her soft-

ness, her trust; her woman's weakness, and that power of supplicating by her eye without putting her petition into words which was absolutely irresistible. Where is the man of fifty, who in the course of his life has not learned to love some woman simply because it has come in his way to help her, and to be good to her in her struggles? And if added to that source of affection there be brightness, some spark of humor, social gifts, and a strong flavor of that which we have ventured to call humanity, such love may become almost a passion without the addition of much real beauty.

But in thus talking of love we must guard ourselves somewhat from miscomprehension. In love with Mary Gresley, after the common sense of the word, we never were, nor would have it become us to be so. Had such a state of being unfortunately befallen us, we certainly should be silent on the subject. We were married and old; she was very young, and engaged to be married, always talking to us of her engagement as a thing fixed as the stars. She looked upon us, no doubt,—after she had ceased to regard us simply in our editorial capacity,—as a subsidiary old uncle whom Providence had supplied to her, in order, that if it were possible, the troubles of her life might be somewhat eased by assistance to her from that special quarter. We regarded her first almost as a child, and then as a young woman to whom we owed that sort of protecting care which a graybeard should ever be ready to give to the weakness of feminine adolescence. Nevertheless we were in love with her, and we think such a state of love to be a wholesome and natural condition. We might, indeed, have loved her grandmother,—but the love would have been very different. Had circumstances brought us into connection with her grandmother, we hope we should have done our duty, and had that old lady been our friend we should, we trust, have done it with alacrity. But in our intercourse with Mary Gresley there was more than that. She charmed us. We learned to love the hue of that dark-grey stuff frock which she seemed always to wear. When she would sit in the low arm-chair opposite to us, looking up into our eyes as we spoke to her words which must often

have stabbed her little heart, we were wont to caress her with that inward undemonstrative embrace that one spirit is able to confer upon another. We thought of her constantly, perplexing our mind for her succor. We forgave all her faults. We exaggerated her virtues. We exerted ourselves for her with a zeal that was perhaps fatuous. Though we attempted sometimes to look black at her, telling her that our time was too precious to be wasted in conversation with her, she soon learned to know how welcome she was to us. Her glove,—which, by the by, was never tattered, though she was very poor,—was an object of regard to us. Her grandmother's gloves would have been as unacceptable to us as any other morsel of old kid or cotton. Our heart bled for her. Now the heart may suffer much for the sorrows of a male friend, but it may hardly for such be said to bleed. We loved her, in short, as we should not have loved her, but that she was young and gentle, and could smile,—and, above all, but that she looked at us with those bright, beseeching, tear-laden eyes.

Sterne, in his latter days, when very near his end, wrote passionate love-letters to various women, and has been called hard names by Thackeray,—not for writing them, but because he thus showed himself to be incapable of that sincerity which should have bound him to one love. We do not ourselves much admire the sentimentalism of Sterne, finding the expression of it to be mawkish, and thinking that too often he misses the pathos for which he strives from a want of appreciation on his own part of that which is really vigorous in language and touching in sentiment. But we think that Thackeray has been somewhat wrong in throwing that blame on Sterne's heart which should have been attributed to his taste. The love which he declared when he was old and sick and dying—a worn-out wreck of a man—disgusts us, not because it was felt, or not felt, but because it was told;—and told as though the teller meant to offer more than that warmth of sympathy which woman's strength and woman's weakness combined will ever produce in the hearts of certain men. This is a sympathy with which neither age, nor crutches, nor matrimony, nor

position of any sort need consider itself to be incompatible. It is unreasoning, and perhaps irrational. It gives to outward form and grace that which only inward merit can deserve. It is very dangerous because, unless watched, it leads to words which express that which is not intended. But, though it may be controlled, it cannot be killed. He, who is of his nature open to such impression, will feel it while breath remains to him. It was that which destroyed the character and happiness of Swift, and which made Sterne contemptible. We do not doubt that such unreasoning sympathy, exacted by feminine attraction, was always strong in Johnson's heart;—but Johnson was strong all over, and could guard himself equally from misconduct and ridicule. Such sympathy with women, such incapability of withstanding the feminine magnet, was very strong with Goethe,—who could guard himself from ridicule, but not from misconduct. To us the child of whom we are speaking—for she was so then—was ever a child. But she bore in her hand the power of that magnet, and we admit that the needle within our bosom was swayed by it. Her story—such as we have to tell it—was as follows.

Mary Gresley, at the time when we first knew her, was eighteen years old, and was the daughter of a medical practitioner, who had lived and died in a small town in one of the northern counties. For facility in telling our story we will call that town Cornboro. Dr. Gresley, as he seemed to have been called, though without proper claim to the title, had been a diligent man, and fairly successful,—except in this, that he died before he had been able to provide for those whom he left behind him. The widow still had her own modest fortune, amounting to some eighty pounds a year; and that, with the furniture of her house, was her whole wealth, when she found herself thus left with the weight of the world upon her shoulders. There was one other daughter older than Mary, whom we never saw, but who was always mentioned as poor Fanny. There had been no sons, and the family consisted of the mother and the two girls. Mary had been only fifteen when her father died, and up to that time had been regarded quite as a child by all who had

known her. Mrs. Gresley, in the hour of her need, did as widows do in such cases. She sought advice from her clergyman and neighbors, and was counselled to take a lodger into her house. No lodger could be found so fitting as the curate, and when Mary was seventeen years old, she and the curate were engaged to be married. The curate paid thirty pounds a year for his lodgings, and on this, with their own little income, the widow and her two daughters had managed to live. The engagement was known to them all as soon as it had been known to Mary. The love-making, indeed, had gone on beneath the eyes of the mother. There had been not only no deceit, no privacy, no separate interests, but, as far as we ever knew, no question as to prudence in the making of the engagement. The two young people had been brought together, had loved each other, as was so natural, and had become engaged as a matter of course. It was an event as easy to be foretold, or at least as easy to be believed, as the pairing of two birds. From what we heard of this curate, the Rev. Arthur Donne,—for we never saw him,—we fancy that he was a simple, pious, commonplace young man, imbued with a strong idea that in being made a priest he had been invested with a nobility and with some special capacity beyond that of other men, slight in body, weak in health, but honest, true, and warm-hearted. Then, the engagement having been completed, there arose the question of matrimony. The salary of the curate was a hundred a year. The whole income of the vicar, an old man, was, after payment made to his curate, two hundred a year. Could the curate, in such circumstances, afford to take to himself a penniless wife of seventeen. Mrs. Gresley was willing that the marriage should take place, and they should all do as best they might on their joint income. The vicar's wife, who seems to have been a strong-minded, sage, though somewhat hard woman, took Mary aside, and told her that such a thing must not be. There would come, she said, children, and destitution and ruin. She knew perhaps more than Mary knew when Mary told us her story, sitting opposite to us in the low arm-chair. It was the advice of the vicar's wife that the engagement should be

broken off; but that, if the breaking of the engagement were impossible, there should be an indefinite period of waiting. Such engagements cannot be broken off. Young hearts will not consent to be thus torn asunder. The vicar's wife was too strong for them to get themselves married in her teeth, and the period of indefinite waiting was commenced.

And now for a moment we will go further back among Mary's youthful days. Child as she seemed to be, she had in very early years taken a pen in her hand. The reader need hardly be told that had not such been the case there would not have arisen any cause for friendship between her and me. We are telling an Editor's tale, and it was in our editorial capacity that Mary first came to us. Well—in her earliest attempts, in her very young days, she wrote—Heaven knows what; poetry first, no doubt; then, God help her, a tragedy; after that, when the curate-influence first commenced, tales for the conversion of the ungodly,—and at last, before her engagement was a fact, having tried her wing at fiction, in the form of those false little dialogues between Tom the Saint and Bob the Sinner, she had completed a novel in one volume. She was then seventeen, was engaged to be married, and had completed her novel! Passing her in the street you would almost have taken her for a child to whom you might give an orange.

Hitherto her work had come from ambition,—or from a feeling of somewhat restless piety inspired by the curate. Now there arose in her young mind the question whether such talent as she possessed might not be turned to account for ways and means, and used to shorten, perhaps absolutely to annihilate, that uncertain period of waiting. The first novel was seen by "a man of letters" in her neighborhood, who pronounced it to be very clever—not indeed fit as yet for publication, faulty in grammar, faulty even in spelling,—how I loved the tear that shone in her eye as she confessed this delinquency!—faulty, of course, in construction, and faulty in character,—but still clever. The man of letters had told her that she must begin again.

Unfortunate man of letters, in having

thrust upon him so terrible a task! In such circumstances, what is the candid, honest, soft-hearted man of letters to do? "Go, girl, and mend your stockings. Learn to make a pie. If you work hard, it may be that some day your intellect will suffice to you to read a book and understand it. For the writing of a book that shall either interest or instruct a brother human being many gifts are required. Have you just reason to believe that they have been given to you?" That is what the candid, honest man of letters says who is not soft-hearted;—and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it will probably be the truth. The soft-hearted man of letters remembers that this case may be the hundredth; and, unless the blotted manuscript submitted to him is conclusive against such possibility, he reconciles it to his conscience to tune his counsel to that hope. Who can say that he is wrong? Unless such evidence be conclusive, who can venture to declare that this aspirant may not be the one who shall succeed? Who in such emergency does not remember the day in which he also was one of the hundred of whom the ninety-and-nine must fail?—and will not remember also the many convictions on his own mind that he certainly would not be the one appointed? The man of letters in the neighborhood of Cornboro to whom poor Mary's manuscript was shown was not sufficiently hard-hearted to make any strong attempt to deter her. He made no reference to the easy stockings, or the wholesome pie,—pointed out the manifest faults which he saw, and added—we do not doubt with much more energy than he threw into his words of censure—his comfortable assurance that there was great promise in the work. Mary Gresley that evening burned the manuscript, and began another, with the dictionary close at her elbow.

Then, during her work, there occurred two circumstances which brought upon her—and, indeed, upon the household to which she belonged—intense sorrow and greatly increased trouble. The first of these applied more especially to herself. The Rev. Arthur Donne did not approve of novels,—of other novels than those dialogues between Tom and Bob, of the falsehood of which he was uncon-

scious,—and expressed a desire that the writing of them should be abandoned. How far the lover went in his attempt to enforce obedience we, of course, could not know; but he pronounced the edict, and the edict, though not obeyed, created tribulation. Then there came forth another edict which had to be obeyed,—an edict from the probable successor of the late Dr. Gresley,—ordering the poor curate to seek employment in some clime more congenial to his state of health than that in which he was then living. He was told that his throat and lungs and general apparatus for living and preaching were not strong enough for those hyperborean springs, and that he must seek a southern climate. He did do so, and, before I became acquainted with Mary, had transferred his services to a small town in Dorsetshire. The engagement, of course, was to be as valid as ever, though matrimony must be postponed, more indefinitely even than heretofore. But if Mary could write novels and sell them, then how glorious would it be to follow her lover into Dorsetshire! The Rev. Arthur Donne went, and the curate who came in his place was a married man, wanting a house, and not lodgings. So Mary Gresley persevered with her second novel, and completed it before she was eighteen.

The literary friend in the neighborhood—to the chance of whose acquaintance I was indebted for my subsequent friendship with Mary Gresley—found this work to be a great improvement on the first. He was an elderly man, who had been engaged nearly all his life in the conduct of a scientific and agricultural periodical, and was the last man whom I should have taken as a sound critic on works of fiction,—but with spelling, grammatical construction, and the composition of sentences he was acquainted; and he assured Mary that her progress had been great. Should she burn that second story? she asked him. She would, if he so recommended, and begin another the next day. Such was not his advice. “I have a friend in London,” said he, “who has to do with such things, and you shall go to him. I will give you a letter.” He gave her the fatal letter, and she came to us.

She came up to town with her novel; but not only with her novel, for she

brought her mother with her. So great was her eloquence, so excellent her suasive power either with her tongue or by that look of supplication in her face, that she induced her mother to abandon her home in Cornboro, and trust herself to London lodgings. The house was let furnished to the new curate, and when I first heard of the Gresleys they were living on the second floor in a small street near to the Euston Square station. Poor Fanny, as she was called, was left in some humble home at Cornboro, and Mary travelled up to try her fortune in the great city. When we came to know her well, we expressed our doubts as to the wisdom of such a step. Yes; the vicar’s wife had been strong against the move. Mary confessed as much. That lady had spoken most forcible words, had uttered terrible predictions, had told sundry truths. But Mary had prevailed, and the journey was made, and the lodgings were taken.

We can now come to the day on which we first saw her. She did not write, but came direct to us with her manuscript in her hand. “A young woman, sir, wants to see you,” said the clerk, in that tone to which we were so well accustomed, and which indicated the dislike which he had learned from us to the reception of unknown visitors.

“Young woman! What young woman?”

“Well, sir; she is a very young woman,—quite a girl like.”

“I suppose she has got a name. Who sent her? I cannot see any young woman without knowing why. What does she want?”

“Got a manuscript in her hand, sir.”

“I’ve no doubt she has, and a ton of manuscript in drawers and cupboards. Tell her to write. I won’t see any woman, young or old, without knowing who she is.” The man retired, and soon returned with an envelope belonging to the office, on which was written, “Miss Mary Gresley, late of Cornboro.” He also brought me a note from “the man of letters” down in Dorsetshire. “Of what sort is she?” I asked, looking at the introduction.

“She ain’t amiss as to looks,” said the clerk; “and she’s modest-like.” Now certainly it is the fact that all female literary aspirants are not “modest-like.”

We read our friend's letter through, while poor Mary was standing at the counter below. How eagerly should we have run to greet her, to save her from the gaze of the public, to welcome her at least with a chair and the warmth of our editorial fire, had we guessed then what were her qualities! It was not long before she knew the way up to our sanctum without any clerk to show her, and not long before we knew well the sound of that low but not timid knock at our door, made always with the handle of the parasol, with which her advent was heralded. We will confess that there was always music to our ears in that light tap from the little round wooden knob. The man of letters in Dorsetshire, whom we had known well for many years, had been never known to us with intimacy. We had bought with him and sold with him, had talked with him and, perhaps, walked with him; but he was not one with whom we had eaten, or drunk, or prayed. A dull, well-instructed, honest man he was, fond of his money, and, as we had thought, as unlikely as any man to be waked to enthusiasm by the ambitious dreams of a young girl. But Mary had been potent even over him, and he had written to me, saying that Miss Gresley was a young lady of exceeding promise, in respect of whom he had a strong presentiment that she would rise, if not to eminence, at least to a good position as a writer. "But she is very young," he added. Having read this letter, we at last desired our clerk to send the lady up.

We remember her step as she came to the door, timid enough then,—hesitating, but yet with an assumed lightness as though she was determined to show us that she was not ashamed of what she was doing. She had on her head a light straw hat, such as then was very unusual in London, and is not now, we believe, commonly worn in the streets of the metropolis by ladies who believe themselves to know what they are about. But it was a hat, worn upon her head, and not a straw plate done up with ribbons, and reaching down the incline of the forehead as far as the top of the nose. And she was dressed in a grey stuff frock, with a little black band round her waist. As far as our memory goes, we

never saw her in any other dress, or with other hat or bonnet on her head. "And what can we do for you,—Miss Gresley?" we said, standing up and holding the literary gentleman's letter in our hand. We had almost said, "my dear," seeing her youth and remembering our own age. We were afterwards glad that we had not so addressed her; though it came before long that we did call her "my dear,"—in quite another spirit.

She recoiled a little from the tone of our voice, but recovered herself at once. "Mr. — thinks that you can do some thing for me. I have written a novel, and I have brought it to you."

"You are very young, are you not, to have written a novel?"

"I am young," she said, "but perhaps older than you think. I am eighteen." Then for the first time there came into her eye that gleam of a merry humor which never was allowed to dwell there long, but which was so alluring when it showed itself.

"That is a ripe age," we said laughing, and then we bade her seat herself. At once we began to pour forth that long and dull and ugly lesson which is so common to our life, in which we tried to explain to our unwilling pupil that of all respectable professions for young women literature is the most uncertain, the most heart-breaking, and the most dangerous. "You hear of the few who are remunerated," we said; "but you hear nothing of the thousands that fail."

"It is so noble!" she replied.

"But so hopeless."

"There are those who succeed."

"Yes, indeed. Even in a lottery one must gain the prize; but they who trust to lotteries break their hearts."

"But literature is not a lottery. If I am fit, I shall succeed. Mr. — thinks I may succeed." Many more words of wisdom we spoke to her, and well do we remember her reply when we had run all our line off the reel, and had completed our sermon. "I shall go on all the same," she said. "I shall try, and try again—and again."

Her power over us, to a certain extent, was soon established. Of course we promised to read the MS., and turned it over, no doubt with an anxious countenance, to see of what nature was the

writing. There is a feminine scrawl of a nature so terrible that the task of reading becomes worse than the treadmill. "I know I can write well,—though I am not quite sure about the spelling," said Mary, as she observed the glance of our eyes. She spoke truly. The writing was good, though the erasures and alterations were very numerous. And then the story was intended to fill only one volume. "I will copy it for you if you wish it," said Mary. "Though there are so many scratchings out, it has been copied once." We would not for worlds have given her such labor, and then we promised to read the tale. We forget how it was brought about, but she told us at that interview that her mother had obtained leave from the pastry-cook round the corner to sit there waiting till Mary should rejoin her. "I thought it would be trouble enough for you to have one of us here," she said with her little laugh, when I asked her why she had not brought her mother on with her. I own that I felt that she had been wise; and when I told her that if she would call on me again that day week I would then have read at any rate so much of her work as would enable me to give her my opinion, I did not invite her to bring her mother with her. I knew that I could talk more freely to the girl without the mother's presence. Even when you are past fifty, and intend only to preach a sermon, you do not wish to have a mother present.

When she was gone we took up the roll of paper and examined it. We looked at the division into chapters, at the various mottoes the poor child had chosen, pronounced to ourselves the name of the story,—it was simply the name of the heroine, an easy-going, unaffected, well-chosen name—and read the last page of it. On such occasions the reader of the work begins his task almost with a conviction that the labor which he is about to undertake will be utterly thrown away. He feels all but sure that the matter will be bad, that it will be better for all parties, writer, intended readers, and intended publisher, that the written words should not be conveyed into type—that it will be his duty after some fashion to convey that unwelcome opinion to the writer, and that the writer will go away incredulous,

and accusing mentally the Mentor of the moment of all manner of literary sins, among which ignorance, jealousy and falsehood will, in the poor author's imagination, be most prominent. And yet when the writer was asking for that opinion, declaring his especial desire that the opinion should be candid, protesting that his present wish is to have some gauge of his own capability, and that he has come to you believing you to be above others able to give him that gauge,—while his petition to you was being made, he was in every respect sincere. He had come desirous to measure himself, and had believed that you could measure him. When coming he did not think that you would declare him to be an Apollo. He had told himself, no doubt, how probable it was that you would point out to him that he was a dwarf. You find him to be an ordinary man, measuring perhaps five feet seven, and unable to reach the standard of the particular regiment in which he is ambitious of serving. You tell him so in what civillest words you know, and you are at once convicted in his mind of jealousy, ignorance, and falsehood! And yet he is perhaps a most excellent fellow,—and capable of performing the best of service, only in some other regiment! As we looked at Miss Gresley's manuscript, tumbling it through our hands, we expected even from her some such result. She had gained two things from us already by her outward and inward gifts, such as they were,—first that we would read her story, and secondly that we would read it quickly; but she had not as yet gained from us any belief that by reading it we could serve it.

We did read it,—the most of it before we left our editorial chair on that afternoon, so that we lost altogether the daily walk so essential to our editorial health, and were put to the expense of a cab on our return home. And we incurred some minimum of domestic discomfort from the fact that we did not reach our own door till twenty minutes after our appointed dinner hour. "I have this moment come from the office as hard as a cab could bring me," we said in answer to the mildest of reproaches, explaining nothing as to the nature of the cause which had kept us so long at our work.

We must not allow our readers to suppose that the intensity of our application had arisen from the overwhelming interest of the story. It was not that the story entranced us, but that our feeling for the writer grew as we read the story. It was simple, unaffected, and almost painfully unsensational. It contained, as I came to perceive afterwards, little more than a recital of what her imagination told her might too probably be the result of her own engagement. It was the story of two young people who become engaged and cannot be married. After a course of years the man, with many true arguments, asks to be absolved. The woman yields with an expressed conviction that her lover is right, settles herself down for maiden life, then breaks her heart and dies. The character of the man was utterly untrue to Nature. That of the woman was true, but commonplace. Other interest, or other character there was none. The dialogues between the lovers were many and tedious, and hardly a word was spoken between them which two lovers really would have uttered. It was clearly not a work as to which I could tell my little friend that she might depend upon it for fame or fortune. When I had finished it I was obliged to tell myself that I could not advise her even to publish it. But yet I could not say that she had mistaken her own powers or applied herself to a profession beyond her reach. There was a grace and delicacy in her work which were charming. Occasionally she escaped from the trammels of grammar, but only so far that it would be a pleasure to point out to her her errors. There was not a word that a young lady should not have written; and there was throughout the whole evident signs of honest work. We had six days to think it over between our completion of the task and her second visit.

She came exactly at the hour appointed, and seated herself at once in the arm-chair before us as soon as the young man had closed the door behind him. There had been no great occasion for nervousness at her first visit, and she had then, by an evident effort, overcome the diffidence incidental to a meeting with a stranger. But now she did not attempt to conceal her anxiety. "Well," she said,

leaning forward, and looking up into our face, with her two hands folded together.

Even though Truth, standing full panoplied at our elbow, had positively demanded it, we could not have told her then to mend her stockings and bake her pies and desert the calling that she had chosen. She was simply irresistible, and would, we fear, have constrained us into falsehood had the question been between falsehood and absolute reprobation of her work. To have spoken hard, heart-breaking words to her, would have been like striking a child when it comes to kiss you. We fear that we were not absolutely true at first, and that by that absence of truth we made subsequent pain more painful. "Well," she said, looking up into our face. "Have you read it?" We told her that we had read every word of it. "And it is no good?"

We fear that we began by telling her that it certainly was good,—after a fashion, very good,—considering her youth and necessary inexperience, very good indeed. As we said this she shook her head, and sent out a spark or two from her eyes, intimating her conviction that excuses or *quasi* praise founded on her youth would avail her nothing. "Would anybody buy it from me?" she asked. No; we did not think that any publisher would pay her money for it. "Would they print it for me without costing me anything?" Then we told her the truth as nearly as we could. She lacked experience; and if, as she had declared to us before, she was determined to persevere, she must try again, and must learn more of that lesson of the world's ways which was so necessary to those who attempted to teach that lesson to others. "But I shall try again at once," she said. We shook our head, endeavoring to shake it kindly. "Currer Bell was only a young girl when she succeeded," she added. The injury which Currer Bell did after this fashion was almost equal to that perpetrated by Jack Sheppard.

She remained with us then for above an hour; for more than two probably, though the time was not specially marked by us; and before her visit was brought to a close she had told us of her engagement with the curate. Indeed, we be-



lieve that the greater part of her little history as hitherto narrated was made known to us on that occasion. We asked after her mother early in the interview, and learned that she was not on this occasion kept waiting at the pastrycook's shop. Mary had come alone, making use of some friendly omnibus, of which she had learned the route. When she told us that she and her mother had come up to London solely with the view of forwarding her views in her intended profession, we ventured to ask whether it would not be wiser for them to return to Cornboro, seeing how improbable it was that she would have matter fit for the press within any short period. Then she explained that they had calculated that they would be able to live in London for twelve months, if they spent nothing except on absolute necessities. The poor girl seemed to keep back nothing from us. "We have clothes that will carry us through, and we shall be very careful. I came in an omnibus,—but I shall walk if you will let me come again." Then she asked me for advice. How was she to set about further work with the best chance of turning it to account?

It had been altogether the fault of that retired literary gentleman down in the North, who had obtained what standing he had in the world of letters by writing about guano and the cattle plague. Divested of all responsibility, and fearing no further trouble to himself, he had ventured to tell this girl that her work was full of promise. Promise means probability, and in this case there was nothing beyond a most remote chance. That she and her mother should have left their little household gods, and come up to London on such a chance, was a thing terrible to the mind. But we felt before these two hours were over that we could not throw her off now. We had become old friends, and there had been that between us which gave her a positive claim upon our time. She had sat in our arm-chair, leaning forward with her elbows on her knees and her hands stretched out, till we, caught by the charm of her unstudied intimacy, had wheeled around our chair, and had placed ourselves, as nearly as the circumstances would admit, in the same position. The magnetism had already begun

to act upon us. We soon found ourselves taking it for granted that she was to remain in London and begin another book. It was impossible to resist her. Before the interview was over, we, who had been conversant with all these matters before she was born; we, who had latterly come to regard our own editorial fault as being chiefly that of personal harshness; we, who had repulsed aspirant novelists by the score,—we had consented to be a party to the creation, if not to the actual writing, of this new book!

It was to be done after this fashion. She was to fabricate a plot, and to bring it to us, written on two sides of a sheet of letter paper. On the reverse sides we were to criticise this plot, and prepare emendations. Then she was to make out skeletons of the men and women who were afterwards to be clothed with flesh and made alive with blood, and covered with cuticles. After that she was to arrange her proportions; and at last, before she began to write the story, she was to describe in detail such part of it as was to be told in each chapter. On every advancing wavelet of the work, we were to give her our written remarks. All this we promised to do because of the quiver in her lip, and the alternate tear and sparkle in her eye. "Now that I have found a friend, I feel sure that I can do it," she said, as she held our hand tightly before she left us.

In about a month, during which she had twice written to us, and twice been answered, she came with her plot. It was the old story, with some additions and some change. There was matrimony instead of death at the end, and an old aunt was brought in for the purpose of relenting and producing an income. We added a few details, feeling as we did so that we were the very worst of botchers. We doubt now whether the old, sad, simple story was not the better of the two. Then, after another lengthened interview, we sent our pupil back to create her skeletons. When she came with the skeletons we were dear friends, and we had learned to call her Mary. Then it was that she first sat at our editorial table, and wrote a love-letter to the curate. It was then mid-winter, wanting but a few days to Christmas, and Arthur, as she called him, did not like the cold weather.

"He does not say so," she said, "but I fear he is ill. Don't you think there are some people with whom everything is unfortunate?" She wrote her letter, and had recovered her spirits before she took her leave.

We then proposed to her to bring her mother to dine with us on Christmas Day. We had made a clean breast of it at home in regard to our heart-flutterings, and had been met with a suggestion that some kindness might with propriety be shown to the old lady as well as to the young one. We had felt grateful to the old lady for not coming to our office with her daughter, and had at once assented. When we made the suggestion to Mary there came first a blush over all her face, and then there followed the well-known smile before the blush was gone. "You'll all be dressed fine," she said. We protested that not a garment would be changed by any of the family after the decent church-going in the morning. "Just as I am?" she asked. "Just as you are," we said, looking at the dear gray frock, adding some mocking assertion that no possible combination of millinery could improve her. "And mamma will be just the same? Then we will come," she said. We told her an absolute falsehood, as to some necessity which would take us in a cab to Euston Square on the afternoon of that Christmas Day, so that we could call and bring them both to our house without trouble or expense. "You shan't do anything of the kind," she said. However, we swore to our falsehood,—perceiving, as we did so, that she did not believe a word of it; but in the matter of the cab we had our own way.

We found the mother to be what we had expected,—a weak, lady-like, lachrymose old lady, endowed with a profound admiration for her daughter, and so bashful that she could not at all enjoy her plum-pudding. We think that Mary did enjoy hers thoroughly. She made a little speech to the mistress of the house, praising ourselves with warm words and tearful eyes, and immediately won the heart of a new friend. She allied herself warmly to our daughters, put up with the schoolboy pleasantries of our sons, and before the evening was over was dressed up as a ghost for the amusement of some neighboring children who

were brought in to play snapdragon. Mrs. Gresley, as she drank her tea and crumbled her bit of cake, seated on a distant sofa, was not so happy, partly because she remembered her old gown, and partly because our wife was a stranger to her. Mary had forgotten both circumstances before the dinner was half over. She was the sweetest ghost that ever was seen. How pleasant would be our ideas of departed spirits if such ghosts would visit us frequently!

They repeated their visits to us not unfrequently during the twelve months; but as the whole interest attaching to our intercourse had reference to circumstances which took place in that editorial room of ours, it will not be necessary to refer further to the hours, very pleasant to ourselves, which she spent with us in our domestic life. She was ever made welcome when she came, and was known by us as a dear, well-bred, modest, clever little girl. The novel went on. That catalogue of the skeletons gave us more trouble than all the rest, and many were the tears which she shed over it, and sad were the misgivings by which she was afflicted, though never vanquished! How was it to be expected that a girl of eighteen should portray characters such as she had never known? In her intercourse with the curate all the intellect had been on her side. She had loved him because it was requisite to her to love some one; and now, as she had loved him, she was as true as steel to him. But there had been almost nothing for her to learn from him. The plan of the novel went on, and as it did so we became more and more despondent as to its success. And through it all we knew how contrary it was to our own judgment to expect, even to dream of, anything but failure. Though we went on working with her, finding it to be quite impossible to resist her entreaties, we did tell her from day to day that, even presuming she were entitled to hope for ultimate success, she must go through an apprenticeship of ten years before she could reach it. Then she would sit silent, repressing her tears, and searching for arguments with which to support her cause.

"Working hard is apprenticeship," she said to us once.

"Yes, Mary; but the work will be

more useful, and the apprenticeship more wholesome, if you will take them for what they are worth."

"I shall be dead in ten years," she said.

"If you thought so you would not intend to marry Mr. Donne. But even, were it certain that such would be your fate, how can that alter the state of things? The world will know nothing of that; and if it did, would the world buy your book out of pity?"

"I want no one to pity me," she said; "but I want you to help me." So we went on helping her. At the end of four months she had not put pen to paper on the absolute body of her projected novel; and yet she had worked daily at it, arranging its future construction.

During the next month, when we were in the middle of March, a gleam of real success came to her. We had told her frankly that we would publish nothing of hers in the periodical which we were ourselves conducting. She had become too dear to us for us not to feel that were we to do so, we should be doing it rather for her sake than for that of our readers. But we did procure for her the publication of two short stories elsewhere. For these she received twelve guineas, and it seemed to her that she had found an El Dorado of literary wealth. I shall never forget her ecstasy when she knew that her work would be printed, or her renewed triumph when the first humble check was given into her hands. There are those who will think that such a triumph, as connected with literature, must be sordid. For ourselves, we are ready to acknowledge that money payment for work done is the best and most honest test of success. We are sure that it is so felt by young barristers and young doctors, and we do not see why rejoicing on such realization of long-cherished hope should be more vile with the literary aspirant than with them. "What do you think I'll do first with it?" she said. We thought she meant to send something to her lover, and we told her so. "I'll buy mamma a bonnet to go to church in. I didn't tell you before, but she hasn't been these three Sundays because she hasn't one fit to be seen." I changed the check for her, and she went off and bought the bonnet.

Though I was successful for her in regard to the two stories, I could not go beyond that. We could have filled pages of periodicals with her writing had we been willing that she should work without remuneration. She herself was anxious for such work, thinking that it would lead to something better. But we opposed it, and, indeed, would not permit it, believing that work so done can be serviceable to none but those who accept it that pages may be filled without cost.

During the whole winter, while she was thus working, she was in a state of alarm about her lover. Her hope was ever that when warm weather came he would again be well and strong. We know nothing sadder than such hope founded on such source. For does not the winter follow the summer, and then again comes the killing spring? At this time she used to read us passages from his letters, in which he seemed to speak of little but his own health. In her literary ambition he never seemed to have taken part since she had declared her intention of writing profane novels. As regarded him, his sole merit to us seemed to be in his truth to her. He told her that in his opinion they two were as much joined together as though the service of the Church had bound them; but even in saying that he spoke ever of himself and not of her. Well—May came, dangerous, doubtful, deceitful May, and he was worse. Then, for the first time, the dread word, Consumption, passed her lips. It had already passed ours, mentally, a score of times. We asked her what she herself would wish to do. Would she desire to go down to Dorsetshire and see him? She thought awhile, and said that she would wait a little longer.

The novel went on, and at length, in June, she was writing the actual words on which, as she thought, so much depended. She had really brought the story into some shape in the arrangement of her chapters; and sometimes even I began to hope. There were moments in which with her hope was almost certainty. Towards the end of June Mr. Donne declared himself to be better. He was to have a holiday in August, and then he intended to run up

to London and see his betrothed. He still gave details, which were distressing to us, of his own symptoms; but it was manifest that he himself was not desponding, and she was governed in her trust or in her despair altogether by him. But when August came the period of his visit was postponed. The heat had made him weak, and he was to come in September.

Early in August we ourselves went away for our annual recreation,—not that we shoot grouse, or that we have any strong opinion that August and September are the best months in the year for holiday making,—but that everybody does go in August. We ourselves are not specially fond of August. In many places to which one goes a-touring mosquitoes bite in that month. The heat, too, prevents one from walking. The inns are all full, and the railways crowded. April and May are twice pleasanter months in which to see the world and the country. But fashion is everything, and no man or woman will stay in town in August for whom there exists any practicability of leaving it. We went on the 10th,—just as though we had a moor, and one of the last things we did before our departure was to read and revise the last-written chapter of Mary's story.

About the end of September we returned, and up to that time the lover had not come to London. Immediately on our return we wrote to Mary, and the next morning she was with us. She had seated herself on her usual chair before she spoke, and we had taken her hand and asked after herself and her mother. Then, with something of mirth in our tone, we demanded the work which she had done since our departure. "He is dying," she replied.

She did not weep as she spoke. It was not on such occasions as this that the tears filled her eyes. But there was in her face a look of fixed and settled misery which convinced us that she at least did not doubt the truth of her own assertion. We muttered something as to our hope that she was mistaken. "The Doctor, there, has written to tell mamma that it is so. Here is his letter." The doctor's letter was a good letter, written with more of assurance than doctors can generally allow themselves

to express. "I fear that I am justified in telling you," said the doctor, "that it can only be a question of weeks." We got up and took her hand. There was not a word to be uttered.

"I must go to him," she said, after a pause.

"Well—yes. It will be better."

"But we have no money." It must be explained now that offers of slight, very slight, pecuniary aid had been made by us both to Mary and to her mother on more than one occasion. These had been refused with adamant firmness, but always with something of mirth, or at least of humor, attached to the refusal. The mother would simply refer to the daughter, and Mary would declare that they could manage to see the twelve-month through, and go back to Cornboro, without becoming absolute beggars. She would allude to their joint wardrobe, and would confess that there would not have been a pair of boots between them but for that twelve guineas; and indeed she seemed to have stretched that modest income so as to cover a legion of purchases. And of these things she was never ashamed to speak. We think there must have been at least two gray frocks, because the frock was always clean, and never absolutely shabby. Our girls at home declared that they had seen three. Of her frock, as it happened, she never spoke to us, but the new boots and the new gloves, "and ever so many things that I can't tell you about, which we really couldn't have gone without," all came out of the twelve guineas. That she had taken, not only with delight, but with triumph. But pecuniary assistance from ourselves she had always refused. "It would be a gift," she would say.

"Have it as you like."

"But people don't give other people money."

"Don't they? That's all you know about the world."

"Yes; to beggars. We hope we needn't come to that." It was thus that she always answered us,—but always with something of laughter in her eye, as though their poverty was a joke. Now, when the demand upon her was for that which did not concern her personal comfort, which referred to a matter felt by her to be vitally important, she declared, without a minute's hesitation,

that she had not money for the journey.

"Of course you can have money," we said. "I suppose you will go at once?"

"Oh yes;—at once. That is in a day or two,—after he shall have received my letter. Why should I wait?" We sat down to write a check, and she, seeing what we were doing, asked how much it was to be. "No,—half that will do," she said. "Mamma will not go. We have talked it over and decided it. Yes; I know all about that. I am going to see my lover,—my dying lover; and I have to beg for the money to take me to him. Of course I am a young girl; but in such a condition am I to stand upon the ceremony of being taken care of? A housemaid wouldn't want to be taken care of at eighteen." We did exactly as she bade us, and then attempted to comfort her while the young man went to get money for the check. What consolation was possible? It was simply necessary to admit with frankness that sorrow had come from which there could be no present release. "Yes," she said. "Time will cure it,—in a way. One dies in time, and then of course it is all cured." "One hears of this kind of thing often," she said afterwards, still leaning forward in her chair, still with something of the old expression in her eyes,—something almost of humor in spite of her grief; "but it is the girl who dies. When it is the girl, there isn't, after all, so much harm done. A man goes about the world and can shake it off; and then, there are plenty of girls." We could not tell her how infinitely more important, to our thinking, was her life than that of him whom she was going to see now for the last time; but there did spring up within our mind a feeling, greatly opposed to that conviction which formerly we had endeavored to impress upon herself,—that she was destined to make for herself a successful career.

She went, and remained by her lover's bed-side for three weeks. She wrote constantly to her mother, and once or twice to ourselves. She never again allowed herself to entertain a gleam of hope, and she spoke of her sorrow as a thing accomplished. In her last interview with us she had hardly alluded to her novel, and

in her letters she never mentioned it. But she did say one word which made us guess what was coming. "You will find me greatly changed in one thing," she said; "so much changed that I need never have troubled you." The day for her return to London was twice postponed, but at last she was brought to leave him. Stern necessity was too strong for her. Let her pinch herself as she might, she must live down in Dorsetshire,—and could not live on his means, which were as narrow as her own. She left him; and on the day after her arrival in London she walked across from Euston Square to our office.

"Yes," she said, "it is all over. I shall never see him again on this side of heaven's gates." I do not know that we ever saw a tear in her eyes produced by her own sorrow. She was possessed of some wonderful strength which seemed to suffice for the bearing of any burden. Then she paused, and we could only sit silent, with our eyes fixed upon the rug. "I have made him a promise," she said at last. Of course we asked her what was the promise, though at the moment we thought that we knew. "I will make no more attempt at novel writing."

"Such a promise should not have been asked,—or given," we said vehemently.

"It should have been asked,—because he thought it right," she answered. "And of course it was given. Must he not know better than I do? Is he not one of God's ordained priests? In all the world is there one so bound to obey him as I?" There was nothing to be said for it at such a moment as that. There is no enthusiasm equal to that produced by a death-bed parting. "I grieve greatly," she said, "that you should have had so much vain labor with a poor girl who can never profit by it."

"I don't believe the labor will have been vain," we answered, having altogether changed those views of ours as to the futility of the pursuit which she had adopted.

"I have destroyed it all," she said.

"What;—burned the novel?"

"Every scrap of it. I told him that I would do so, and that he should know that I had done it. Every page was burned after I got home last night, and then I wrote to him before I went to bed."

"Do you mean that you think it wicked that people should write novels?" we asked.

"He thinks it to be a misapplication of God's gifts, and that has been enough for me. He shall judge for me, but I will not judge for others. And what does it matter? I do not want to write a novel now."

They remained in London till the end of the year for which the married curate had taken their house, and then they returned to Cornboro. We saw them frequently while they were still in town, and despatched them by the train to the north just when the winter was beginning. At that time the young clergyman was still living down in Dorsetshire, but he was lying in his grave when Christmas came. Mary never saw him again, nor did she attend his funeral. She wrote to us frequently then, as she did for years afterwards. "I should have liked to have stood at his grave," she said; "but it was a luxury of sorrow that I wished to enjoy, and they who cannot earn luxuries should not have them. They were going to manage it for me here, but I knew I was right to refuse it." Right, indeed! As far as we knew her, she never moved a single point from what was right.

All these things happened many years ago. Mary Gresley, on her return to Cornboro, apprenticed herself, as it were, to the married curate there, and called herself, I think, a female Scripture read-

er. I know that she spent her days in working hard for the religious aid of the poor around her. From time to time we endeavored to instigate her to literary work; and she answered our letters by sending us wonderful little dialogues between Tom the Saint and Bob the Sinner. We are in no humor to criticise them now; but we can assert, that though that mode of religious teaching is most distasteful to us, the literary merit shown even in such works as these was very manifest. And there came to be apparent in them a gleam of humor which would sometimes make us think that she was sitting opposite to us and looking at us, and that she was Tom the Saint, and that we were Bob the Sinner. We said what we could to turn her from her chosen path, throwing into our letters all the eloquence and all the thought of which we were masters; but our eloquence and our thought were equally in vain.

At last, when eight years had passed over her head after the death of Mr. Donne, she married a missionary who was going out to some foreign country on the confines of African colonization; and there she died. We saw her on board the ship in which she sailed, and before we parted there had come that tear into her eyes, the old look of supplication on her lips, and the gleam of mirth across her face. We kissed her once,—for the first and only time,—as we bade God bless her!

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Fraser's Magazine.

#### PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S THEORY OF COMETS.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.A.S.

ASTRONOMERS have not hitherto been fortunate in their theories respecting comets. These mysterious objects present so many perplexing appearances, and seem regulated by laws apparently so incongruous, that it has not been found possible to form an hypothesis which shall account even for the most important cometic characteristics. Although some comets are the largest objects in the solar system, surpassing even the sun himself in volume, yet the most brilliant comets are outweighed (perhaps many million-fold) by the tiniest asteroid, or even by the least of those

minute satellites which make up the ring of Saturn. Obeying the attractive influence of the sun as submissively as the most orderly of the planets, comets yet seem subject to other influences, repelling a portion of their substance with a force which seems a thousand-fold more intense than the attractive influence of gravitation. Lastly, while we have the clearest evidence that a portion of the light we receive from comets is reflected solar light, exactly like that which we receive from the planets, we yet have equally decisive proof that comets are also self-luminous objects. So contra-

dictory and perplexing are the peculiarities of these mysterious entities.

It is clear that the problem presented by comets is one which requires for its solution a rare combination of powers and a widely extended range of research. The most profound acquaintance with physical laws is as necessary as a thorough grasp of the astronomical significance of cometic peculiarities. The ablest astronomer cannot hope to solve the problem by the unaided resources of his own science; nor can the physicist alone, however sound his knowledge, however clear his perceptions of the bearings of physical facts, or however eminent his skill in co-ordinating those facts into systematic hypotheses, hope to be more successful than the astronomer. The two, by working together, may at length succeed in mastering the problem which has, above all others, excited the curiosity of men of science, and more than any other has foiled their skill and ingenuity.

It is pleasing, therefore, to find one of the most eminent physicists of our day turning his thoughts to the solution of this interesting problem. As Sir John Herschel remarked when Professor Tyndall first began to investigate another well-known scientific *crux*, so may we say with reference to Tyndall's researches about comets:—"the subject is one eminently calculated to set one thinking, and it seems to have had that effect upon Professor Tyndall to an excellent purpose." We must rejoice that "he has been brought into contact with" comets, "and still more so if he should be led to any satisfactory explanation" of their phenomena.

It will be gathered that I am not disposed to recognize in the theory which I am about to describe the complete or even a satisfactory solution of the problem which has so long perplexed men of science. It was scarcely, indeed, to be expected that the class of researches which guided Professor Tyndall to the views he has put forward, should lead at once to a solution of a problem of so much difficulty. Yet I believe that he has set us on the track of a useful and promising process of research, which, for anything that appears to the contrary, may eventually lead to the long-desired solution of that problem.

Let it be premised that the fundamental idea running through all the noble series of researches carried out by Professor Tyndall, is, if I understand his words and works aright, the analysis of the ultimate particles of matter by subjecting them to the action of æthereal waves. Professor Tyndall has grasped, perhaps more fully than any living physicist, the fact that the undulations of the æther—that subtle medium whose existence is only known through its effects—afford the best if not the only available means of analyzing what Newton called "the more secret and noble works of nature within the corpuscles." What science is waiting for is the Newton of the minute, and Professor Tyndall will one day perhaps be recognized as the Kepler of the great system of science, which is only awaiting the fulness of time to reveal itself to us in all its grandeur. However this may be, it is certain that his researches are gradually unfolding before us highly important laws of molecular and atomic action.

Now amongst the most important considerations associated with this branch of inquiry, is that which assigns their various qualities to the three forms of undulation to which the æther is subject, viz., light-waves, heat-waves, and actinic waves.

We commonly speak of light as if it were a simple emanation from certain bodies. But in reality the light emitted from the sun (to take an example) is intimately associated with the heat received from that luminary, and also with that particular form of force which is termed actinism. We may look upon the sun, in fact, as a centre whence waves of disturbance are propagated in every direction through the æther. And these waves are of every degree of length between limits as yet undetermined. Speaking generally, the longest waves are the heat-waves, the medium waves are the light-waves, and the shortest are the actinic or chemical waves. But waves between certain limits of length combine all the three properties.

Now, to illustrate these waves, which are altogether too minute to be recognized by the senses (otherwise than through their effects), let us imagine a wide sea traversed by waves of various length, from

the long mile-wide roller, to the tossing billow, and thence to the ripple which courses swiftly along the heaving surface of billow and roller. Consider how various the effects of these various forms of disturbance. A *Great Eastern* on such a sea would remain uninfluenced by the billows, which would simply break against her sides as against a rock. But to the slow heave of the rollers the monster ship would sway responsive, and that with a force and energy of movement which would seem surprising, to those who had watched her behavior in a billow-tossed sea. A smaller ship would act differently. The long rollers would scarcely affect such a vessel. She would of course rise and sink as the crest and the valley of the roller successively passed under her, but she would not be *swayed* by the movement. It is to the rush of the billow that such a ship would respond. Wave after wave would add to or maintain the swaying motion, and the time of oscillation would indicate the particular length of wave corresponding to the swing of the ship. A chip or a cork floating on the same sea would be swayed neither by the roller nor by the billow, but would respond only to the ripples which suited its small oscillations.

Just so it is with the waves which traverse æther. Let light-waves or actinic waves be poured in ever such enormous quantity upon a piece of ice, and it will remain unaffected by their action. Its molecules will not respond to the waves which produce luminous or actinic impressions. But the moment we suffer heat-waves to stream upon our piece of ice, its molecules begin to respond to the comparatively slow swing of the heat-waves, and when the energy of this molecular vibration has become sufficiently great, the ice melts. So also would it be with a mass of cloud or vapor. Mere light would not disperse the cloud, but to heat the cloud-molecules respond at once, and after a while the liquid particles assume the state of invisible vapor.

Consider again the effect of light upon the eye. The molecular structure of the retina of the eye refuses to vibrate responsively to the longer forms of heat-wave, or again to the shorter forms of the chemical wave. "I have often

permitted waves to enter my own eye," says Professor Tyndall, "of a power which, if differently distributed, would have instantly and utterly ruined the optic nerve, but which failed to produce any impression whatever upon consciousness, because their periods were not those demanded by the retina."

Lastly, there are forms of matter, and it is with such forms that we have principally to deal, in considering Tyndall's theory of comets, which respond neither to the heat-waves nor to the light-waves, but are influenced immediately by the action of the smaller actinic waves. We know, indeed, that the photographer owes entirely to this peculiarity his power of obtaining sun-pictures of objects, since it is the actinic or chemical rays alone which can produce those changes on which photographic action depends.

I may note also, in passing, the relation between æthereal wave-lengths and *color*. The heat-waves belong to the red end of the prismatic spectrum, but extend considerably beyond it; the light-waves occupy the whole of the spectrum, as is proved by the fact that we can *see* every part of the spectrum, but they are most intense in the middle or yellow part of the rainbow-colored streak of light; the chemical waves belong to the violet end of the spectrum and extend considerably beyond it.

Now the discovery on which Professor Tyndall has based his theory of comets is this:

Having charged tubes of glass with certain gases and vapors, which he wished to submit to the action of radiant heat, he thought it desirable, in order to render visible what took place within the tubes, to illuminate their interior with an intensely brilliant light. He made use, for this purpose, of the electric light. Now he found that as a general rule the vapors remained perfectly transparent. In some cases, however, a faint cloudiness showed itself within the tube. At first this appearance perplexed him; and it was some time before he was able to convince himself that the cloud *revealed* by the electric light was also *generated* by that light. Then he felt that "the observation opened a new door into that region inaccessible to sense, which embraces so much of the intellectual life of the physical investigator."



Let us read his own description of the processes by which he conceives the cloud to be rendered visible. "To all appearance," he remarks of the tube in which the vapor has been introduced, "the tube is absolutely empty. The air and the vapor are both invisible. We will permit the electric beam to play upon this vapor. The lens of the lamp is so situated as to render the beam slightly convergent, the focus being formed in the vapor at about the middle of the tube. You will notice that the tube remains dark for a moment after the turning on of the beam, but the chemical action will be so rapid that attention is requisite to mark this interval of darkness. I ignite the lamp; the tube for a moment seems empty; but suddenly the beam darts through a luminous white cloud which has banished the preceding darkness. It has, in fact, *shaken asunder the molecules of the vapor*, and brought down upon itself a shower of liquid particles which cause it to flash forth like a solid luminous spear." "It is worth while," he adds, "to mark how this experiment illustrates the fact that however intense a luminous beam may be, it remains invisible unless it has something to shine upon. *Space*, though traversed by the rays from all suns and all stars, is itself unseen. Not even the æther, which fills space, and whose motions are the light of the universe, is itself visible."

And here let us pause for a moment to inquire how far what we have hitherto seen bears upon known facts respecting comets.

The light of the sun shines upon all parts of the space which surrounds him. There might be transparent vapors in enormous masses in any part of that space, sweeping around the sun with motions of inconceivable rapidity, and yet not a trace of their existence would be revealed to us, so long as the sun's rays were unable to change those vapors into clouds. Such vapors would resemble those which remain transparent when subjected to the action of Tyndall's electric beam. But if vapors resembling those which become transmuted into cloud under the same action existed in any part of the solar domain, there can be no doubt that his rays would render them visible precisely as the beam of the electric lamp renders visible the "solid

luminous spear" of Tyndall's experiment. Here, then, the fact is suggested as at least possible that comets may resemble the clouds which make their appearance when the electric light transmutes certain transparent vapors into visible clouds.

And one peculiarity of comets accords well with this view. Tyndall found that when he had reduced the amount of transparent vapor in the tube to a quantity bearing an indefinitely minute proportion to the mass of the air in the same tube, the cloud still made its appearance under the action of the electric light, but was so exceedingly delicate that the faintest light seen through it remained altogether undimmed. Now it is well known that comets present a feature precisely corresponding to this peculiarity of Tyndall's clouds. They have been known to pass over nebulae of excessive faintness, not only without obliterating them, but without appreciably diminishing their light. This is the first of the interesting series of analogies on which Professor Tyndall's theory of comets has been founded.

According to this view, then, we are to look upon a comet as composed of a vapor which the sun's light is able to decompose: in fact, as an actinic cloud formed by the sun's decomposing power. The tail of the comet is not matter projected from the head, either by some power inherent in the comet, or by the repulsive influence of the sun, but is matter precipitated upon the solar beams which traverse the cometary atmosphere. It must be understood, according to this theory, that the comet's atmosphere extends not only to the tail, but to an equal distance on every side of the comet's head.\* The sun's rays

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\* I assume so, at least. If Professor Tyndall understands that a solar beam after passing through the head of a comet has the power of forming visible cloudy matter in the comet's atmosphere, his theory, though surrounded by very serious difficulties, has a basis of fact to rest upon. If, however, as some understand him, he considers the tail to consist of cloud formed as the comet originally passed through those regions where the tail extends, and not subsequently decomposed on account of the screen formed by the head, the theory cannot be maintained, because, after passing perihelion, a comet carries its tail in front of it, that is, in regions through which it has not yet passed. See Note at the end of the article.

after passing through the comet are assumed to have a power which they do not ordinarily possess,—the power, namely, of drawing down upon themselves from the cometary atmosphere the matter which renders them visible. Let us see how Professor Tyndall accounts for this new power.

The condensation to which the formation of the visible cloud is due he finds to depend entirely on the action of the actinic rays, and these rays are absorbed in passing through the vapor. Light-rays and heat-rays have no power to produce the effects described. Nay, the heat-rays have the power of dissipating the visible cloud when the actinic rays are weakened. A sort of contest may in general be supposed to be going on between the heat-rays and the actinic rays; and where one or other preponderates, there visible cloud is absent or present. Now Professor Tyndall assumes that the head and nucleus of a comet have the power of intercepting all or nearly all of the heat-rays. Hence, in the part of space which is screened by the head and nucleus, the actinic rays are relatively more powerful, and are thus enabled to bring down from the interplanetary spaces the matter which renders the tail visible. Elsewhere the heat-rays prevent the formation of any such visible cloudy matter.

It will be observed that this theory accounts for many facts which had seemed very perplexing. When we remember that many comets have approached the neighborhood of the sun with a tail streaming millions of miles (in one case two hundred millions of miles) behind them, and after passing perihelion (in some instances only a few hours later), have been seen with a precisely similar tail carried in front of them, so that, as Sir John Herschel remarked, the apparent motion of the tail resembles that of a stick whirled around by the handle, we cannot but look with satisfaction on a theory which promises to remove so serious a difficulty. For undoubtedly the formation of a tail in one direction, and the destruction of all vestiges of former tails which had projected in other directions, would be processes which might take place with all the rapidity with which light flashes

through space, if only Professor Tyndall's theory be true.

Unfortunately the theory is surrounded with many and grave difficulties.

In the first place there are cometic phenomena of which it wholly fails to give account. The formation of the luminous envelopes which the nucleus throws off as the comet approaches the sun, is a process which by no means takes place with the rapidity which Professor Tyndall's theory seems to require. I would not lay much stress on this point, however. The envelopes are frequently separated from the head of the comet by dark spaces. Now the cloudy matter existing under the conditions described by Professor Tyndall might, as the comet approached the sun, be in part converted by the increased heat into invisible vapor. But no sufficient reason suggests itself why this vapor, after rising towards the sun, should be reconverted into visible cloud. Still more perplexing (remembering always Professor Tyndall's assumption as to the nature of the vapor) seems the repetition of this process, often seen to result in the formation of several distinct envelopes.

Nor must we conceal from ourselves the fact that the appearance presented during the development of the tail is as though the matter of the envelope were being driven away by some powerful repulsive influence proceeding from the sun. It is impossible to look upon some of the drawings which experienced observers have made of comets, without feeling that processes of considerable violence are at work in the formation of the tail. I am aware that appearances of the sort are very apt to be deceptive, and, therefore, lay the less stress upon the evidence they afford. Still these appearances require to be considered in forming a theory of comets. There is nothing in Professor Tyndall's theory to afford any satisfactory explanation (so far as I can see) of the strange variety of forms observed in the heads, envelopes, and tails of comets.

One peculiarity which Professor Tyndall considers he has explained, seems to me to be wholly inconsistent with his theory, his explanation seeming to be founded on a misapprehension of the astronomical evidence. The "old tails,"

according to his view, are dissipated by the heat-rays, so soon as these pass clear of the head towards the space occupied by the part of the tail which is to be dissipated; and Professor Tyndall accounts for the apparent bending towards the end of the tail as arising from the finite though small period occupied by the heat-rays in travelling down to the tip of the tail. Now heat-rays travel as fast as light-rays, and would, therefore, traverse the length of a comet's tail of unusually large dimensions in less than ten minutes (in which time light, as we know, would travel more than one hundred millions of miles). Hence the utmost curvature we can allow the tail from this cause is such that the direction of the tip of the tail, instead of pointing towards the actual position of the head, would point to the position the head had occupied ten minutes before. Such a deviation would be altogether inappreciable (save in one or two exceptionable instances, in which, however, the contrary would only hold for a very brief interval of time); yet we know that comets' tails are often curved in a very perceptible manner, and that during the whole time of the comet's visibility.\*

It may be mentioned that Benedict Prévôt long ago suggested a view so closely resembling Professor Tyndall's (though inferior in the all-important respect that it was a mere speculation, not an hypothesis founded on observed relations) that the same arguments available against one may be urged with apparently equal force against the other. He considered that the head of a comet is converted by the sun's heat into invisible vapor extending to an enormous distance from the head in all directions. Behind the head this vapor is cooled, because it is sheltered from the sun's heat. It therefore condenses into cloud, which reflects light, and forms the comet's tail. This cloud he assumed to be dissipated precisely as Professor Tyndall assumes the old tails to be destroyed.

Mr. Huggins, F.R.S., whose spectroscopic researches have given us the first real facts we have obtained respecting the structure of comets, remarks that Prévôt's theory is "obviously inconsistent with the observed appearances and

forms of the tails, and especially with the rays which are frequently projected in a direction different from that of the tail, with the absence of tail immediately behind the head, and with the different degrees of brightness of the sides of the tail."

The two last peculiarities seem wholly inexplicable on Tyndall's hypothesis, and therefore it may seem unnecessary to consider the first. I may as well remark, however, that there is a possibility of explaining the existence of subsidiary tails in certain directions, as due to the refractive power which irregularities in the head may exert on rays passing through it, or we may even suppose that the brighter planets (which undoubtedly reflect actinic rays, since it has been found possible to photograph these bodies) may in certain cases have caused these smaller tails by pouring their rays through the head of the comet in the same manner as the sun is supposed to do according to the theory, though with less energy.

The existence of subsidiary tails or multiple tails generally is indeed at least as inconsistent with the idea of a repulsive force exerted by the sun, as with the "negative shadow" theory. We can understand that light should be so refracted in its passage through the head of a comet (with its envelopes within envelopes and central spherical nucleus) as to be sent off, according to the part of the head on which it fell, in the various directions actually observed in several instances; whereas a repulsive action exerted by the sun on the matter thrown off from the head seems wholly inconsistent with subsidiary tails stretching directly from the comet's head at a considerable angle with the principal tail.

That the luminous envelopes have the power of absorbing or reflecting certain rays and suffering others to pass through them is accordant with observation. It is certain, for instance, that the brilliant comet called Donati's (which appeared in 1858) did not reflect the actinic rays, since Mr. De la Rue was unable to photograph this object. He exposed a sensitized collodion plate to the action of the comet's light, in the focus of his 13-inch reflector, for three minutes, without obtaining the slightest trace of an image, though a small star which happened to be close to the comet left its

\* See Note at the end of the article.

impression twice over (the clockwork having received a slight disturbance). And again, after exposure for fifteen minutes, during which time the faint luminosity of the sky had appreciably affected the collodion plate, the comet obstinately refused to leave any trace of its figure. We see then that in this case (and doubtless in many others if not in all cases) the actinic rays passed freely through the matter which reflected the light-waves to us and so rendered the comet visible.

We must not forget the evidence which the spectroscope has afforded respecting the structure of comets. We have learned, by means of Mr. Huggins's observations with this instrument, that the nucleus of a comet consists (at least in every case yet observed) of self-luminous gas. In one case it has even been found possible to determine the exact nature of the gas, and thus we are able to pronounce that Winnecke's comet (which appeared last year) consists of the luminous vapor of *carbon*. The *coma*, that is the faint light around the nucleus, is found, on the other hand, to shine in part by reflecting solar light. Of the tails of comets we have as yet learned nothing, and we must wait for the appearance of a brilliant and long-tailed comet before hoping for definite information respecting the nature of these appendages.

Another fact which must not be left out of consideration in forming a theory of comets, is that which was discovered in 1866-67 by the united labors of Peters, Tempel, Schiaparelli, Adams, and Leverrier, but must be held to be more intimately associated with the name of Professor Adams than with that of any other astronomer. I refer to the remarkable correlation between comets and meteor-systems, according to which meteoric bodies are found to travel in the same orbits as certain comets. How it comes about that the track of vaporous bodies like the comets should be followed by numbers of minute solid bodies such as the meteors, it would be difficult to explain in the present state of our information respecting comets. But no theory of comets can be considered complete in which this relation is left unaccounted for.

It is evident that he who would form

a consistent and satisfactory theory of comets will have no easy task. In the absence of definite information on many points, it seems at present even hopeless to attack the question. Doubtless, as Mr. Huggins has remarked, "we must wait for further positive knowledge of the nature of cometary phenomena, until the searching method of analysis by the prism can be applied to the series of changes presented by a brilliant comet." Then we require further knowledge respecting the relation between meteors and comets, and between both these classes of bodies and that strange phenomenon the zodiacal light, the peculiarities of which will be found, I venture to predict, to be much more intimately associated with cometic phenomena than is at present commonly supposed. Yet, again, we must make an approach towards mastering the relations which exist between the sun's action as a centre of many forms of force, and the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism, looking upon these phenomena as indicative of processes which affect the whole solar domain. When we remember that the appearance of intensely brilliant light-patches on the sun's orb has been found to be accompanied by an instantaneous thrill of the whole magnetic frame of the earth, presently followed by the appearance of auroral lights in both hemispheres, we recognize the action of solar influences which must be capable of largely affecting such bodies as the comets.

But, again, in forming a theory of comets, account must be taken of every phenomenon of importance which these bodies have exhibited to the telescopic observer. The jets of light which the nucleus seems to throw out towards the sun, the mode in which the envelopes are formed around the head, the peculiar distribution of light and shade across the breadth of the tail, the dark space behind the head, the strange configuration of the tail, and the occurrence of multiple, and sometimes even of *abnormal* tails, must all be taken fully into account. The yet more perplexing phenomenon of the breaking up of a comet into two distinct comets, each with its own nucleus, coma, and tail, and even—if ancient records can be trusted—the formation of a multiple system of comet

out of a single comet, must also be interpreted. And many other matters, which it would be tedious to enter upon here, must be explained satisfactorily before any theory of comets can take its place in the rank of physical truths.

In conclusion, I must remark that it would be unfair to form an estimate of Professor Tyndall's views, or at any rate to decide finally on their value, until he has had time to arrange and co-ordinate them with reference to all the facts which lie at his disposal. It is not to be expected, and he doubtless would be the last to suppose, that a discovery so recently made as the one on which the theory is founded, should in a moment remove all the difficulties, and reconcile all the incongruities presented by cometary phenomena. If we were to estimate the theory as at present exhibited, we could hardly look upon it (based though it be on observed facts) as other than a highly ingenious speculation. It is because I look upon the views which Professor Tyndall has brought before the scientific world, as affording promise of further researches on the same subject, and that such researches, made by such a physicist as Professor Tyndall, cannot fail to bear useful fruit, that I have dealt at length with views which, however ingenious, must be looked upon at present as speculative. It must be remembered, also, that astronomers have not been so successful in theorizing respecting comets, that they can claim (or afford)

to reject the assistance which one of the most eminent of living physicists is offering them in the treatment of a question which they have been too much in the habit of considering as peculiarly their own.

NOTE.—Since the above pages were written, Professor Tyndall has given a detailed account of his theory. The only points necessary to be referred to are—first, the fact that the comet's atmosphere is assumed to extend all round the head to a distance exceeding the tail's length; secondly, that the rate at which the tail is rendered apparent (or formed, we may say) may be comparatively slow or practically instantaneous; thirdly, that the same is held to be true of the rate at which the old tails are destroyed. The first point involves this difficulty, that some of the long-tailed comets would, according to that view, have had atmospheres surrounding and including the sun and all the planets within the orbit of Mars. The other two points also involve serious difficulties, although obviously necessary to the theory. A little consideration will show that, instead of presenting an appearance as of streams proceeding from the head, comets' tails ought, in many instances (according to these views), to exhibit the phenomenon of transverse streaks, since the "direction of formation" of the tail's end would be different from the direction of the tail itself in that part of its length.

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Cornhill Magazine.

#### THE EXECUTION BY HARA-KIRI.

[BY ALGERNON BERTRAM MITFORD, SECRETARY TO H.M.'S LEGATION IN JAPAN.]

I WAS sent officially to witness the execution by *Hara-Kiri*\* (self-immolation by disembowelling), of Taki Zenzaburo, the officer of the Prince of Bizen. He it was who gave the order to fire on the foreign settlement at Hiogo. As the *Hara-Kiri* is one of the Japanese customs which has excited the greatest curiosity in Europe, although, owing to the fact that it had never hitherto been witnessed by foreigners, it has seemed little

better than a fable, I will relate what occurred.

The ceremony, which was ordered by the Mikado himself, took place at 10.30 at night in the Temple of Seigukuji, the head-quarters of the Satsuma troops at Hiogo. A witness was sent from each of the foreign legations. We were seven foreigners in all.

We were conducted to the temple by officers of the Princes of Satsuma and Choshu. Although the ceremony was to be conducted in the most private manner, the casual remarks which we

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\* *Hara-Kiri* from *hara*, the belly; and *kiri*, root form of *kiru*, to cut.

overheard in the streets, and a crowd lining the principal entrance to the temple, showed that it was a matter of no little interest to the public. The courtyard of the temple presented a most picturesque sight; it was crowded with soldiers standing about in knots round large fires, which threw a dim flickering light over the heavy eaves and quaint gable-ends of the sacred buildings. We were shown into an inner room where we were to wait until the preparation for the ceremony was completed: in the next room to us were the high Japanese officers. After a long interval, which seemed doubly long from the silence which prevailed, Itô Shunské, the provisional Governor of Hiogo, came and took down our names, and informed us that seven *kenshi*, sheriffs or witnesses, would attend on the part of the Japanese. He and another officer represented the Mikado; two captains of Satsuma's infantry, and two of Choshu's, with a representative of the Prince of Bizen, the clan of the condemned man, completed the number, which was probably arranged in order to tally with that of the foreigners. Itô Shunské further inquired whether we wished to put any questions to the prisoner. We replied in the negative.

A further delay then ensued, after which we were invited to follow the Japanese witnesses into the *hondo* or main hall of the temple, where the ceremony was to be performed. It was an imposing scene. A large hall with a high roof supported by dark pillars of wood. From the ceiling hung a profusion of those huge gilt lamps and ornaments peculiar to Buddhist temples. In front of the high altar, where the floor, covered with beautiful white mats, is raised some three or four inches from the ground, was laid a rug of scarlet felt. Tall candles placed at regular intervals gave out a dim mysterious light, just sufficient to let all the proceedings be seen. The seven Japanese took their places on the left of the raised floor, the seven foreigners on the right. No other person was present.

After an interval of a few minutes of anxious suspense, Taki Zenzaburo, a stalwart man thirty-two years of age, with a noble air, walked into the hall attired in his dress of ceremony, with the peculiar

hempen cloth wings which are worn on great occasions. He was accompanied by a *kaishaku* and three officers, who wore the *zimbaori* or war surcoat with gold-tissue facings. The word *kaishaku*, it should be observed, is one to which our word *executioner* is no equivalent term. The office is that of a gentleman: in many cases it is performed by a kinsman or friend of the condemned, and the relation between them is rather that of principal and second than that of victim and executioner. In this instance the *kaishaku* was a pupil of Taki Zenzaburo, and was selected by the friends of the latter from among their own number for his skill in swordsmanship.

With the *kaishaku* on his left hand, Taki Zenzaburo advanced slowly towards the Japanese witnesses, and the two bowed before them, then drawing near to the foreigners they saluted us in the same way, perhaps even with more deference: in each case the salutation was ceremoniously returned. Slowly, and with great dignity, the condemned man mounted on the raised floor, prostrated himself before the high altar twice, and seated\* himself on the felt carpet with his back to the high altar, the *kaishaku* crouching on his left-hand side. One of the three attendant officers then came forward bearing a stand of the kind used in temples for offerings, on which, wrapped in paper, lay the *wakizashi*, the short sword or dirk of the Japanese, nine inches and a half in length, with a point and an edge as sharp as a razor's. This he handed, prostrating himself, to the condemned man, who received it reverently, raising it to his head with both hands, and placed it in front of himself.

After another profound obeisance, Taki Zenzaburo, in a voice which betrayed just so much emotion and hesitation as might be expected from a man who is making a painful confession, but with no sign of fear either in his face or manner, spoke as follows:—

"I, and I alone, unwarrantably gave the order to fire on the foreigners at

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\* Seated himself—that is, in the Japanese fashion, his knees and toes touching the ground, and his body resting on his heels. In this position, which is one of respect, he remained until his death.

Kôbé, and again as they tried to escape. For this crime I disembowel myself, and I beg you who are present to do me the honor of witnessing the act."

Bowing once more, the speaker allowed his upper garments to slip down to his girdle, and remained naked to the waist. Carefully, according to custom, he tucked his sleeves under his knees to prevent himself from falling backwards, for a noble Japanese gentleman should die falling forwards. Deliberately, with a steady hand, he took the dirk that lay before him; he looked at it wistfully, almost affectionately; for a moment he seemed to collect his thoughts for the last time, and then, stabbing himself deeply below the waist on the left-hand side, he drew it slowly across to the right side, and turning the dirk in the wound, gave a slight cut upwards. During this sickeningly painful operation he never moved a muscle of his face. When he drew out the dirk he leaned forward and stretched out his neck; an expression of pain for the first time crossed his face, but he uttered no sound. At that moment the *kaishaku*, who, still crouching by his side, had been keenly watching his every movement, sprang to his feet, poised his sword for a second in the air; there was a flash, a heavy, ugly thud, a crashing fall; with one blow the head had been severed from the body.

A dead silence followed, broken only by the hideous noise of the blood gushing out of the inert heap before us, which but a moment before had been a brave and chivalrous man. It was horrible.

The *kaishaku* made a low bow, wiped his sword, and retired from the raised floor; and the stained dirk was solemnly borne away, a bloody proof of the execution.

The two representatives of the Mikado then left their places, and crossing over to where the foreign witnesses sat, called us to witness that the sentence of death upon Taki Zenzaburo had been faithfully carried out. The ceremony being at an end, we left the temple.

The ceremony, to which the place and the hour gave an additional solemnity, was characterized throughout by that extreme dignity and punctiliousness which are the distinctive marks of the proceedings of Japanese gentlemen of

rank; and it is important to note this fact, because it carries with it the conviction that the dead man was indeed the officer who had committed the crime, and no substitute. While profoundly impressed by the terrible scene, it was impossible at the same time not to be filled with admiration of the firm and manly bearing of the sufferer, and of the nerve with which the *kaishaku* performed his last duty to his master. Nothing could more strongly show the force of education. The *samurai*, or gentleman of the military class, from his earliest years learns to look upon the *Hara-Kiri* as a ceremony in which some day he may be called upon to play a part as principal or second. In old-fashioned families, which hold to the traditions of ancient chivalry, the child is instructed in the rite and familiarized with the idea as an honorable expiation of crime or blotting-out of disgrace. If the hour comes, he is prepared for it, and bravely faces an ordeal which early training has robbed of half its horrors. In what other country in the world does a man learn that the last tribute of affection which he may have to pay to his best friend may be to act as his executioner?

Since I wrote the above, we have heard that, before his entry into the fatal hall, Taki Zenzaburo called round him all those of his own clan who were present, many of whom had carried out his order to fire, and addressing them in a short speech, acknowledged the heinousness of his crime and the justice of his sentence, and warned them solemnly to avoid any repetition of attacks upon foreigners. They were also addressed by the officers of the Mikado, who urged them to bear no ill-will against us on account of the fate of their fellow-clansman. They declared that they entertained no such feeling.

The opinion has been expressed that it would have been politic for the foreign representatives at the last moment to have interceded for the life of Taki Zenzaburo. The question is believed to have been debated among the representatives themselves. My own belief is that mercy, although it might have produced the desired effect among the more civilized clans, would have been mistaken for weakness and fear by those wilder people who have not yet a personal know-

ledge of foreigners. The offence—an attack upon the flags and subjects of all the Treaty Powers, which lack of skill, not of will, alone prevented from ending in an universal massacre—was the gravest that has been committed upon foreigners since their residence in Japan. Death was undoubtedly deserved, and the form chosen was in Japanese eyes merciful and yet judicial. The crime might have involved a war, and cost hundreds of lives; it was wiped out by one death. I believe that, in the interest of Japan as well as in our own, the course pursued was wise, and it was very satisfactory to me to find that one of the ablest Japanese ministers, Gotô Shojirô, with whom I had a discussion upon the subject, was quite of my opinion.

The ceremonies observed at the *Hara-Kiri* appear to vary slightly in detail in different parts of Japan; but the following memorandum upon the subject of the rite, as it is practised at Yeddo, clearly establishes its judicial character. I translated it from a paper drawn up for me by a Japanese who was able to speak of what he had seen himself. Three different ceremonies are described:—

1st. Ceremonies observed at the *Hara-Kiri* of a *Hiatomoto* (petty noble of the Tycoon's court) in prison. This is conducted with great secrecy. Six mats are spread in a large courtyard of the prison; an *ometsuké* (officer whose duties appear to consist in the surveillance of other officers), assisted by two other *ometsukés* of the second and third class, acts as *kenshi* or sheriff, and sits in front of the mats. The condemned man, attired in his dress of ceremony, and wearing his wings of hempen cloth, sits in the centre of the mats. At each of the four corners of the mats sits a prison official. Two officers of the Governor of the city act as *kaishaku* (executioners or seconds), and take their place, one on the right hand, and the other on the left hand of the condemned. The *kaishaku* on the left side, announcing his name and surname, says, bowing, "I have the honor to act as a *kaishaku* to you; have you any last wishes to confide to me?" The condemned man thanks him, and accepts the offer or not, as the case may be. He then bows to the sheriff, and a wooden dirk nine and

a half inches long is placed before him at a distance of three feet, wrapped in paper and lying on a stand such as is used for offerings in temples. As he reaches forward to take the wooden sword and stretches out his neck, the *kaishaku* on his left-hand side draws his sword and strikes off his head. The *kaishaku* on the right-hand side takes up the head and shows it to the sheriff. The body is given to the relations of the deceased for burial. His property is confiscated.

2d. The ceremonies observed at the *Hara-Kiri* of a *daimio's* retainer. When the retainer of a *daimio* is condemned to perform the *Hara-Kiri*, four mats are placed in the yard of the *yashiki* or palace. The condemned man, dressed in his robes of ceremony, and wearing his wings of hempen cloth, sits in the centre. An officer acts as sheriff, with a sub-sheriff under him. Two officers, who act as *kaishaku*, are on the right and left of the condemned man; four officers are placed at the corners of the mats. The *kaishaku*, as in the former case, offers to execute the last wishes of the condemned. A dirk nine and a half inches long is placed before him on a stand. In this case the dirk is a real dirk, which the man takes and stabs himself with on the left side, below the navel, drawing it across to the right side. At this moment, when he leans forward in pain, the *kaishaku* on the left-hand side cuts off his head. The *kaishaku* on the right-hand side takes up the head, and shows it to the sheriff. The body is given to the relations for burial. In most cases the property of the deceased is confiscated.

3d. Self-immolation of a *daimio* on account of disgrace. When a *daimio* has been guilty of treason or offended against the Tycoon,\* inasmuch as the family is disgraced, and an apology could neither be offered nor accepted, the offending *daimio* disembowels himself. Calling his councillors around him, he confides to them his last will and testament for transmission to the Tycoon. Then, clothing himself in his court dress, he disembowels himself, and cuts his own

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\* The events of the last three months have rendered treason against the Tycoon a thing of the past.



throat. His councillors then report the matter to the Government, and a coroner is sent to investigate it. To him the retainers hand the last will and testament of their lord, and he takes it to the Gorōjii (1st Council), who transmit it to the Tycoon. If the offence has been heinous, such as would involve the ruin of the whole family, by the clemency of the Tycoon, half the property may be confiscated, and half returned to the heir; if the offence is trivial, the property is inherited intact by the heir, and the family do not suffer.

In all cases where the criminal disembowels himself of his own accord without condemnation and without investigation, inasmuch as he is no longer able to defend himself, the offence is considered as non-proven, and the property is not confiscated.

There are many stories on record of extraordinary heroism being displayed in the *Hara-Kiri*. The case of a young fellow, only twenty years old, of the Choshiu clan, which was told me the other day by an eye-witness, deserves mention as a marvellous instance of de-

termination. Not content with giving himself the one necessary cut, he slashed himself thrice horizontally and twice vertically. Then he stabbed himself in the throat until the dirk protruded on the other side, with its sharp edge to the front; setting his teeth in one supreme effort, he drove the knife forward with both hands through his throat, and fell dead.

One more story and I have done. The Tycoon, beaten on every side, and having fled ignominiously to Yeddo, is said to have determined to fight no more, but to yield everything. A member of his second council went to him and said, "Sir, the only way for you now to retrieve the honor of the family of Tokugawa is to disembowel yourself; and to prove to you that I am sincere and disinterested in what I say, I am here ready to disembowel myself with you." The Tycoon flew into a great rage, saying that he would listen to no such nonsense, and left the room. His faithful retainer, to prove his honesty, retired to another part of the castle, and solemnly performed the *Hara-Kiri*.

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Macmillan's Magazine.

## LAMBETH AND THE ARCHBISHOPS.

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### PART I.

A LITTLE higher up the river, but almost opposite to the huge mass of the Houses of Parliament, lies a broken, irregular pile of buildings, at whose angle, looking out over Thames, is one gray weatherbeaten tower. The broken pile is the archiepiscopal Palace of Lambeth; the gray weatherbeaten building is its Lollards' Tower. From this tower the mansion itself stretches in a varied line to the east, chapel and guard-room and gallery and the stately buildings of the new house looking out on the terrace and the garden, while the Great Hall, in which the library has now found a home, is the low picturesque building which reaches southward along the river to the gate.

The story of each of these spots will interweave itself with the thread of our narrative as we proceed; but I would

warn my readers at the outset that my aim is strictly indicated by the title of these papers, and that I do not purpose to trace the history of Lambeth in itself, or to attempt any architectural or picturesque description of the place. What I attempt is simply to mark, in incident after incident which has occurred within its walls, the relation of the House to the Primates whom it has sheltered for seven hundred years, and through them to the literary, the ecclesiastical, the political history of the realm.

Nothing illustrates the last of these relations better than the site itself.

In the new course of national history which opened with the Conquest, the Church was in truth called to play a part greater than she had ever known before. Hitherto, the Archbishop had been simply the head of the ecclesiastical order—representative of the moral and spiritual

forces on which government was based. The Conquest, the cessation of the great Witenagemots in which the nation had found a voice, turned him into the Tribune of the People. Foreigner though he might be, it was the Primate's part to speak for the conquered race the words it could no longer utter. He was, in fact, the permanent leader (to borrow modern phrase) of a Constitutional Opposition; and, in addition to the older religious forces which he wielded, he wielded a popular and democratic force which held the new King and the new Baronage in check. It was he who received from the sovereign whom he crowned the solemn oath that he would rule not by his own will, but according to the customs of the realm. It was his to call on the people to declare whether they chose him for their king, to receive the thundered "Ay, ay," to place the priestly unction on shoulder and breast, the royal crown on brow. To watch over the observance of the covenant of that solemn day, to raise obedience and order into religious duties, to uphold the custom and law of the realm against personal tyranny, to guard amid the darkness and brutality of the age those interests of religion, of morality, of intellectual life which as yet lay peacefully together beneath the wing of the Church,—this was the political office of the Primate in the new order which the Conquest created, and it was this office which expressed itself in the site of the house that fronted the King's house over Thames.

From the days of Anselm to the days of Stephen Langton, Lambeth fronted Westminster as the Archbishop fronted the King. Synod met over against Council; the clerical court of the one ruler rivalled in splendor, in actual influence, the baronial court of the other. There was a constitutional significance in the choice of such a spot as the residence of the Primate, as there was a significance in the date at which the choice was made. So long as the political head of the English people, as Alfred or Athelstan or Eadgar, ruled from Winchester, the spiritual head of the English people was content to rule from Canterbury. It was when the piety of the Confessor and the political prescience of his Norman successors brought the

Kings finally to Westminster that the Archbishops were permanently drawn to their suffragan's manor-house at Lambeth.

For more than a century of our history the great powers which together were to make up the England of the future lay marshalled thus over against each other on either side the water. The first event in the annals of their new abode illustrates the nobleness of the part which during this interval the Primates were called upon to play. From the moment of his accession it had been the aim of the last Norman king to complete the work of the Conquest by the fusion of conquerors and conquered. Of this fusion Henry, in the outset of his reign, resolved himself to be the type; and, in the teeth of the taunting Baronage, the King chose a girl of English blood for his wife. He had defied the hatred of caste, but a power yet stronger than caste-hatred interfered to forbid the bauns. The age was at heart a religious one, and political party-spirit veiled itself, not for the first time or the last, under religious forms. The girl, it was whispered, was a nun of Wilton; from childhood men had seen her veiled among the sisterhood. The very thought of such a marriage was sacrilege of the deepest dye, and even Henry was forced to wait the coming of the one man, the wisdom and purity of whose judgment none could question. Anselm was hardly back in England before Matilda stood in his presence at Lambeth, telling her tale in words whose passionate earnestness still breathes through the formal page of Secretary Eadmer. It was a tale that painted vividly the wreck of morals and of law during the actual progress of the Conquest. Daughter as she was of the Scottish king, and sheltered as it seemed by her childish years and the sanctities of the cloister, her aunt Christiana, to whose care she had been committed, could find no safeguard for her niece against the outrage of the Norman soldiery but in the monastic veil. Again and again the child flung it from her; she only yielded at last to the unwomanly taunts, to the actual blows of her aunt. "As often as I stood in her presence," the girl pleaded passionately to the saintly Primate, "I wore the veil,

trembling as I wore it with indignation and grief. But as soon as I could get out of her sight I used to snatch it from my head, fling it on the ground, and trample it in my rage under foot. That was the way, and none other, witness my conscience, in which I was veiled."

This tale carried conviction with it to Anselm's ear, as it still does to ours. In formal court, with his suffragans gathered round him, the Primate cited the case publicly before him at Lambeth, and listened to the confirmatory witness of the sisterhood. Then the girl herself stood forward in the midst of her judges, and offered to make oath of the truth of her tale. But Anselm would hear no more. Those, he said with unwonted heat, who remained unconvinced, no oath, even the most solemn, would convince; and with the full assent of the Bishops he declared her free from conventual bonds. The approving shout of the great multitude, when a few days after the Archbishop set the crown on Matilda's brow, drowned the murmurs of the few whose party spirit he had so sharply rebuked. The brave, large-hearted act was indeed of good omen for the future of his see. To us it has a special interest as the first of the long series of ecclesiastical judgments which Lambeth has witnessed, and as the one above all others in which the Church by the mouth of her Primate gave its voice on the side, not of the interests of party, but of the common welfare of the realm. But for the Church of all times the day was a memorable one, when the saintliest prelate that ever filled the chair of Augustine preferred the plea of natural justice to the narrow refinements of theological prejudice.

With the union of the English people, and the sudden arising of English freedom which followed the Great Charter, this peculiar attitude of the Archbishops passed necessarily away. When the people itself spoke again, its voice was heard, not in the hall of Lambeth, but in the Chapter-house of Westminster. From the day of Stephen Langton, the nation has towered higher and higher above its mere ecclesiastical organization, till the one stands dwarfed beside the other, as Lambeth stands dwarfed before the mass of the Houses of Parliament. Through the centuries that fol-

lowed, the Church sank politically into non-existence, or survived merely as a vast landowner; its primates, after a short effort to resume their older position as mere heads of their order, dwindled into ministers and tools of the Crown. The Gate-tower of the house, the grand mass of brickwork, whose dark red tones are so exquisitely brought out by the gray stone of its angles and the mullions of its broad arch-window, recalls an age—that of its builder, Morton—when Lambeth, though the residence of the first statesman of the day, had really lost all hold on the nobler elements of political life. Cranmer was soon to reveal a yet lower depth in the degradation of the solemn influences which the primacy embodied to the sanction of political infamy. This is not the place for discussing the Primate's character, and the first incident of his life at Lambeth may remind us what a terrible suffering went along with the baseness of his career. If there was one person upon earth whom Cranmer loved it was Anne Boleyn. When the royal summons called him to Lambeth to wait till the time arrived when his part was to be played in the murder of the Queen, his affection found vent in words of a strange pathos. "I loved her not a little," he wrote to Henry in fruitless intercession, "for the love which I judged her to bear towards God and His Gospel. I was most bound to her of all creatures living." So he wrote, knowing there was wrong to be done towards the woman he loved which he alone could do, and that he would stoop to do it. The large garden stretched away northward from his house then as now, but then thick, no doubt, with elm rows that have vanished as the great city's smoke drifted over them, and here in the early morning (it was but four o'clock) a passionate adherent of the Queen, who had found sleep impossible, and had crossed the river in a boat to seek calm in the fresh air and stillness of the place, met Cranmer walking. On the preceding day Anne had in fact gone through the mockery of her trial, but to the world outside the little circle of the court nothing was known, and it was in utter unconsciousness of this that Ales told the Archbishop he had been roused by a dream of her beheading. Cranmer

was startled out of his usual calm. "Don't you know, then," he asked, after a moment's silence, "what is to happen to-day?" Then, raising his eyes to heaven, he added with a wild burst of tears, "She who has been Queen of England on earth will this day become a queen in heaven!" Five hours afterwards the Queen stood before him as her judge. The Archbishop was seated in full episcopal robes in the vaulted crypt beneath the chapel, with his assessors beside him. The time had come for Cranmer to play his part, and Henry had reserved for him the basest part of all. The possible guilt of Anne may acquit her secular judges, but not even the guilt of Anne could alleviate the infamy of the Primate. He was called on to declare her marriage no marriage on the ground of a pre-contract; and if the marriage had been no marriage, her sin could be no matter of treason or death. But it was no Anselm that sat now in Anselm's judgment-seat. The marriage, on Anne's confession, was declared null and void, and the barge swept back with its victim to the Tower and the block. It is hard to stand in that gloomy vault and judge Cranmer aright, but it is fair to remember the bitterness of his suffering. Impassive as he seemed, with the face that never changed, and sleep seldom known to be broken, men saw little of the inner anguish with which the tool of Henry's injustice bent before that overmastering will. But seldom as it was that the silent lips broke into complaint, the pitiless pillage of his see wrung fruitless protests even from Cranmer. It had begun on the very eve of his consecration, and till his death Henry played sturdy beggar, sometimes with his own royal mouth, for the archiepiscopal manors. Concession followed concession, and yet none sufficed to purchase security. The Archbishop lived in the very shadow of death. At one time he hears the music of the royal barge as it passes the palace, and hurries to the waterside to greet the King. "I have news for you, my chaplain," Henry jests in his brutal fashion, as he draws Cranmer on board; "I know now who is the greatest heretic in Kent!" and pulling a paper from his sleeve, he shows him his denunciation by the prebendaries of his own cathedral. At another time he

is summoned from his bed to find Henry pacing the gallery at Whitehall, and to hear that on the petition of the Council the King has consented to his committal to the Tower. Then the law of the Six Articles parts him from wife and child. "Happy man that you are!" Cranmer groans to Ales, whom, with his usual consideration for others, he had summoned to Lambeth to warn him of his danger as a married priest; "happy man that you are that you can escape! I would I could do the same! Truly my see would be no hindrance to me."

Cranmer was freed by his master's death from this helplessness of terror only to lend himself to the injustice of the meaner masters who followed Henry. Their enemies were at least his own, and kindly as from many instances we know his nature to have been, its very weakness made him spring eagerly, in such an hour of deliverance, at the opportunity of showing his power over those who so long held him down. On charges of the most frivolous nature Gardiner and Bonner were summoned before the Archbishop at Lambeth, deposed from their sees, and flung into prison. It is only the record of their trials, as it still stands in the pages of Foxe, that can enable us to understand the violence of the reaction under Mary. Gardiner, with characteristic dignity, confined himself to simply refuting the charges brought against him, and protesting against the injustice of the court. But the coarser, bull-dog nature of Bonner turned to bay. By gestures, by scoff, by plain English speech, he declared again and again his sense of the wrong that was being done. A temper naturally fearless was stung to bravado by the sense of oppression. As he entered the hall at Lambeth he passed straight by the Archbishop and his fellow-commissioners, still keeping his cap on his head, as though in unconsciousness of his presence. One who stood by plucked his sleeve, and bade him do reverence. Bonner turned laughingly round, and addressed the Archbishop, "What, my Lord, are you here? By my troth I saw you not."—"It was because you would not see," Cranmer sternly rejoined. "Well," replied Bonner, "you sent for me: have you anything to say to me?" The commissioner read the charge. The Bishop had been

commanded in his sermon to acknowledge that the acts of the king during his minority were as valid as if he were of full age. The command was flatly in contradiction with existing statutes, and the Bishop had, no doubt, disobeyed it. But Bonner was too adroit to make a direct answer to the charge. He gained time by turning suddenly on the question of the Sacrament; he cited the appearance of Hooper as a witness in proof that it was really on this point that he was brought to trial, and he at last succeeded in arousing Cranmer's love of controversy. A reply of almost incredible profanity from the Archbishop rewarded Bonner's perseverance in demanding a statement of his belief. The Bishop was not slow to accept the advantage he had gained. "I am right sorry to hear your Grace speak these words," he said, with a grave shake of his head, and Cranmer was warned by the silence and earnest looks of his fellow-commissioners to break up the session. Three days after, the addition of Sir Thomas Smith, the bitterest of Reformers, to the number of his assessors, emboldened Cranmer to summon Bonner again. The court met in the chapel, and the Bishop was a second time commanded to reply to the charge. He objected now to the admission of the evidence of either Hooper or Latimer on the ground of their notorious heresy. "If that be the law," Cranmer replied hastily, "it is no godly law." "It is the King's law used in the realm," Bonner bluntly rejoined. Again Cranmer's temper gave his opponent the advantage. "Ye be too full of your law," replied the angry Primate; "I would wish you had less knowledge in that law and more knowledge in God's law and of your duty!" "Well," answered the Bishop, with admirable self-command, "seeing your Grace falleth to wishing, I can also wish many things to be in your person." It was in vain that Smith strove to brush away his objections with a contemptuous "You do use us thus to be seen a common lawyer." "Indeed," the veteran canonist coolly retorted; "I knew the law ere you could read it!" There was nothing for it but a second adjournment of the court. At its next session all parties met in hotter mood. The Bishop pulled Hooper's books on the Sacrament from his sleeve, and began reading them

aloud. Latimer lifted up his head, as he alleged, to still the excitement of the people who crowded the chapel, as Bonner believed, to arouse a tumult. Cries of "Yea, yea," "Nay, nay," interrupted Bonner's reading. The Bishop turned round and faced the throng, crying out in humorous defiance, "Ah! Woodcocks! Woodcocks!" The taunt was met with universal laughter, but the scene had roused Cranmer's temper as well as his own. The Primate addressed himself to the people, protesting that Bonner was called in question for no such matter as he would persuade them. Again Bonner turned to the people with "Well now, hear what the Bishop of London saith for his part," but the commissioners forbade him to speak more. The court was at last recalled to a quieter tone, but contests of this sort still varied the proceedings as they dragged their slow length along in chapel and hall. At last Cranmer resolved to make an end. Had he been sitting simply as Archbishop, he reminded Bonner sharply, he might have expected more reverence and obedience from his suffragan. As it was, "at every time that we have sitten in commission you have used such unseemly fashions, without all reverence or obedience, giving taunts and checks as well unto us, with divers of the servants and chaplains, as also unto certain of the ancientest that be here, calling them fools and daws, with such like, that you have given to the multitude an intolerable example of disobedience." "You show yourself to be a meet judge!" was Bonner's scornful reply. It was clear he had no purpose to yield. The real matter at issue, he contended, was the doctrine of the Sacrament, and from the very court-room he sent his orders to the Lord Mayor to see that no heretical opinions were preached before him. At the close of the trial he once more made his way to the commissioners, and addressed Cranmer in solemn protest against his breach of the law. "I am sorry that I, being a bishop, am thus handled at your Grace's hand, but more sorry that you suffer abominable heretics to practise as they do in London and elsewhere—answer it as you can!" and bandying taunts with the throng, the indomitable Bishop followed the officers to the Marshalsea.

From the degradation of scenes such

as this Lambeth was raised to new dignity and self-respect by the primacy of Parker. The first Protestant Archbishop was not the man to stoop to servility like Cranmer, nor was Elizabeth the queen to ask such stooping. But the concordat which the two tacitly arranged, the policy so resolutely clung to in spite of Burleigh and Walsingham, by which the steady support given by the Crown to the new ecclesiastical organization which Parker moulded into shape was repaid by the conversion of every clergyman into the advocate of irresponsible government, was perhaps a greater curse both to nation and to Church than the meanness of Cranmer. It was as if publicly to ratify this concordat that the Queen came in person to Lambeth in the spring of 1573. On either side the chapel in that day stood a greater and lesser cloister; the last, on the garden side, swept away by the demolitions of the eighteenth century, the first still filling the space between chapel and hall, but converted into domestic offices by the "restoration" of our own.

Even Mr. Blore might have spared the cloisters from whose gallery, on the side towards Thames, Elizabeth looked down on the gay line of nobles and courtiers that leaned from the barred windows beneath, and on the crowd of meaner subjects who filled the court, while she listened to Dr. Pearce as he preached from a pulpit set by the well in the midst. At its close the Queen passed to dinner, in the Archbishop's chamber of presence, while the noble throng beneath followed Burleigh and Lord Howard to the hall, whose oaken roof told freshly of Parker's hand. At four the passing visit was over, and Elizabeth again on her way to Greenwich. But, passing as it was, it marked the conclusion of the new alliance between Church and State, out of which the Ecclesiastical Commission was to spring: the alliance for protesting against whose tyranny blind old Archbishop Grindal was soon to be suspended and threatened with deposition. But Grindal's protest stood alone. In this matter—we shall see in an after notice—Whitgift and Bancroft, Abbot and Laud, Juxon and Sheldon were at one. It required an event more memorable than any in the political history of

Lambeth to break these bonds and let Church and State go free.

With Puritanism—with nine-tenths, that is, of the religious earnestness of the nation—the Elizabethan policy had doomed the Establishment to wage unremitting war. For sixty years the Primates at their council-board at Lambeth had smitten Puritanism hip and thigh. Then, in the triumph of its great rebellion, Puritanism had swept the Primates from Lambeth, and wreaked its hoarded vengeance on the chapel and hall where the commission had commonly held its sittings. The chapel was desecrated, the hall levelled to the ground. Again the Archbishops returned, like the Bourbons, forgetting nothing, having learnt hardly anything. If any man could have learnt the lesson of history, it was the keen, sceptical Sheldon, and a visit of Pepys shows us what sort of a lesson he had learnt. Pepys had gone down the river at noon to dinner with the Archbishop, in company with Christopher Wren:—"The first time I was ever there, and I have long longed for it." Only a few days before he had had a memorable disappointment, for "Mr. Wren and I took boat thinking to dine with my lord of Canterbury, but when we came to Lambeth the gate was shut, which is strictly done at twelve o'clock, and nobody comes in afterwards, so we lost our labor." On this occasion Pepys was more fortunate. He found "a noble house and well furnished with good pictures and furniture, and noble attendance in good order, and a great deal of company, though an ordinary day, and exceeding good cheer, nowhere better or so much that ever I think I saw." Sheldon, with his usual courtesy, gave his visitors kindly welcome, and Pepys was preparing to withdraw at the close of dinner when he heard news which induced him to remain. The almost incredible scene that followed must be told in his own words:—"Most of the company gone, and I going, I heard by a gentleman of a sermon that was to be there; and so I stayed to hear it, thinking it to be serious, till by and by the gentleman told me it was a mockery, by one Cornet Bolton, a very gentlemanlike man, that behind a chair did pray and preach like a Presbyter Scot, with all the possible imitation in grimaces and

voice. And his text about the hanging up their harps upon the willows; and a serious, good sermon too, exclaiming against bishops, and crying up of my good Lord Eglington, till it made us all burst. But I did not wonder to hear the Bishop at this time to make himself sport with things of this kind; but I perceive it was shown to him as a rarity, and he took care to have the room door shut; but there were about twenty gentlemen there, infinitely pleased with the 'novelty.'"

It was "novelties" like these that led the last of the Stuarts to his fatal belief that he could safely defy a Church that had so severed itself from English religion in doing the work of the Crown. The pen of a great historian has told for all time the story of the Seven Bishops, and it is only as it bears on Lambeth that I venture to tell it here. Sancroft had long been secluded in his house when the Declaration of Indulgence was sent to him. He was sick in body and in mind. The silent opposition he had already ventured to display by withdrawal from the Ecclesiastical Commission had put a stress on the old man's loyalty which he could ill bear. But servile as his loyalty was, he had given significant proofs that it would yield to his fidelity to the Church, and at this last outrage a spirit worthy of the history he represented kindled within him. Again, as in the days of Anselm or of Langton, Lambeth fronted Westminster. Again in the silence of Parliament its voice became the mouthpiece of the realm. Late in the evening of the eighteenth of May, Ken, with five other of his suffragans, were gathered around Sancroft—no doubt in the archiepiscopal

closet which lay between the gallery and the chapel. With them stood a group of men yet more illustrious than themselves—Grove and Sherlock, Patrick and Stillingfleet, and to whom that day's work was to lift into the chair of Augustine, Tillotson, dean of Canterbury, and Tenison, vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. In cumbrous sentences the Archbishop drew up the famous petition which, while it asserted the loyalty of the Church and the readiness of the prelates to meet in Parliament the scruples of the Dissenters, avowed the impossibility of publishing a declaration so plainly in violation of the law. With the petition that they had signed the six Bishops crossed late in the evening to Whitehall. Sancroft remained at his house. In framing the petition he seemed to have done all that his nature suffered him to do. He remained silent at Lambeth till the royal warrant hurried him from the council-board to the Tower. Released upon bail, he found the foot-guards drawn up before his gate, and craving his benediction as he passed through their ranks. Again at the close of June his barge shot across the river to Whitehall, and the Primate of all England stood in the midst of his suffragans a culprit at the bar. Lambeth heard the great cheer that rang from the court to Thames and far down the river to the bridge at the news of their acquittal. And in that cheer it heard the lesson not of that day only, but of its whole political history, the voice that still bids the Church of England break with the dead traditions of the past, and fling herself boldly on the living sympathies of a free people.

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Gentleman's Magazine.

#### A PEEP AT A NEAPOLITAN NUNNERY.

THE sayings and doings of religious sisters have not long since filled numberless columns of the daily press, and attracted a considerable amount of public attention. Their speech and their silence, their thoughts and their deeds, their hopes and their fears, their punishments and their rewards, their joys and their sorrows, their loves and their ha-

treds, in fine, their lives and their deaths, have formed the subjects of the discussion, the comment, the abuse, and the praise of thousands of Englishmen and women. Every petty detail of their uninteresting existence—how they slept, and how they awoke; what they ate, drank, and avoided; whether beef or mutton was their staple viand; whether

they placed their shoes on their heads, or where mere ordinary beings wore them; whether they washed their soiled linen in private or *coram populo*; whether they required the permission of the Superior before using their nail brushes or dressing combs; how often were they allowed to touch soap and water; whether they might sneeze or cough without previous sanction from the authorities; how troublesome chilblains and rebellious sisters were treated—all these things, and many more, have been eagerly scanned, canvassed, and criticised. It may, therefore, not be out of place to cast a glance at a foreign nunnery, and to raise the veil from a daily life differing from that referred to as much as the ice fields of Greenland differ from the sandy desert of Sahara.

It was in 1864 that Naples was surprised by the astonishing revelations of conventual secrets, of a lady of noble lineage, an energetic, passionate, intellectual, vindictive woman, who had for twenty years suffered from priestcraft, and who wove her adventures into a narrative, possessing the charms of romance, and yet bearing the impress of unvarnished truth. The statements made by Enrichetta Caracciolo obtained numerous confirmations, and as her memoirs—though we believe translated into English—are singularly little known, we propose briefly dipping into them, and culling a few of the remarkable facts therein recorded.

Enrichetta Caracciolo was the fifth daughter of a cadet of the princely house of Forino, Marshal Caracciolo, who at forty espoused a maiden of the ripe age of fourteen. He was blessed with six dowerless girls, and at his decease the sole inheritance he bequeathed his family was his sword. Enrichetta, whose elder three sisters had already secured husbands, seems to have been a fine, lively young creature, with considerable powers of, and still greater desires for, enjoyment, and she had already been noticed at court by the gallant Bomba, who had actually whirled her in his arms in the giddy waltz. Nothing could well have been further from her mind than perpetual reclusion. Indeed, she had already expressed her readiness to encounter the trials of wedded life, and had even carried on two flirtations, the second of

which appeared likely to lead to the consummation devoutly wished for by her. But as both Romeo's father and Juliet's mother agreed in opposing the match, and as Romeo and Juliet themselves were as perverse and unjust as lovers usually are, they eventually parted, and, as it proved, for ever.

Our heroine laughed, when, one afternoon, the waiting-woman of a relative, the abbess of a convent, after depositing a tray of sweetmeats, triumphantly informed her that the chapter had unanimously voted for her admission. But it was not a joke. The pale, shivering, and then passionately sobbing maiden, was gravely told by her mother that their poverty had constrained her to seek for her child a provisional asylum, under the protection of their kinswoman, for a period fixed at two months, when it was anticipated the pension due by the king might be granted. In vain poor Enrichetta wept and implored. In vain various friends offered her a home. She had no fortune, and her only guardian, her parent, was inexorable.

St. Gregory the Armenian was one of the oldest religious establishments in Naples. It had been founded by an immigration of Greek virgins from Constantinople at the time of the Byzantine empire, and the rule of St. Basilus soon was replaced by that of St. Benedict. The holy sisters worshipped in a handsome church of the composite order, and richly decorated with frescoes, and dwelt in an extensive building, round the temple of God, of vast and princely magnificence. At this period the nuns dreamt and dined in spacious and commodious dormitories and refectories—meditated in wide cloisters, ornamented with a fountain and statues—and contemplated the beauties of nature from lofty terraces decorated with flowers and paintings, whence splendid views of Vesuvius and the bay of Naples could be leisurely enjoyed. But high walls hid the recluses from the gaze of the profane, and when Enrichetta Caracciolo heard the gloomy portals of St. Gregory close behind her, when she listened to their heavy clanging, and to the sinister rattling of the massive bolts and bars, when she felt the bright sun and the glowing light, and smiling Nature, and the gay world, and her fond sisters, suddenly shut out



from her—her heart sank and her frame shuddered.

Our heroine became the object of the curiosity, if not the antipathy, of the numerous and wealthy sisterhood, and sneers, annoyances, and discontent worried a hot, excitable nature into a nervous fever. On recovery she assumed the educational garb, consisting of a long black tunic with tight sleeves, apron, and collar of white muslin, and a small scapulary. Two, three, and four weary months dragged their slow length, and the truant mother redeemed not her promise. The sinfulness of longing to mix again with the wicked world was strongly reproved by Enrichetta's confessor, who urged upon her to exchange the history of Italy for the legends of the Saints, and to study especially the Acts of St. Benedict, whose statue in the church had recently administered a material rebuff, with one of its wooden legs, to the shoulders of a scoffer. Indeed, our heroine herself became the subject of a miracle. She was, it seems, liable to dreams and nightmares, and one night she awoke with the tingling of a bell in her ear. Her waiting-maid roused the whole establishment with shouts of "A miracle!" and abbess, nuns, novices, pupils, and serving-women, declared at once in a chorus, that St. Benedict had summoned Enrichetta to join his rule.

Nevertheless, in spite of this supernatural event, when the day of release which had been repeatedly deferred at length arrived, Enrichetta rejoicingly quitted her cage. But alas, it was only to be hurled from the heights of Olympus to the depths of Hades. Her mother had sought solace in matrimony, and her Romeo had found another Juliet. A Sicilian nunnery or a step-father were the only alternatives before her. A brother-in-law, who was disposed to afford her shelter, was peremptorily forbidden by a paternal police from committing so unjustifiable an act. Destitute, friendless, unprotected, she was advised to return to the convent. In despair, she entreated the abbess to receive her back for a short time. The sisters consented, provided she elected to become a nun. She hesitated, she trembled, the cold dew fell from her brow. To be thrust homeless into the world, or to be immured into a living

tomb—away from the joys, the affections of this life—to follow, in a word, an existence abhorrent to her soul. Her young sister whispered to her to assent, and to trust to the chapter of accidents for release.

The fatal monosyllable issued from Enrichetta's pale lips, and she was a slave for life. Then the convent bells pealed merrily, and on the morrow she was welcomed by festive shouts, by joyous chimes, by the firing of guns, and by the acclamations of the community, and during the evening the Abbess regaled the company, including visitors, to ices and cakes.

In the dead of night the poor girl threw herself at her kinswoman's feet, and in tears unbosomed herself. But the Rubicon had been crossed, and retreat was impossible. The wailings of the weak-minded Abbess, who deplored the disgrace that would befall a Caracciolo, who feared the discredit the convent and the bell of St. Benedict would suffer, and who dreaded the observations of the Vicar, the Cardinal, and the Press, subdued Enrichetta, and she resigned herself to her fate.

A year and a half afterwards, when the required age of twenty was attained, the bride, attired in a magnificent white dress and veil, and bedecked with a wreath of jewelled flowers, was escorted by a princess and a duchess from her mother's residence, where she had been permitted to pay a farewell visit, to the nunnery.

The gates of St. Gregory the Armenian were thrown open with the customary festivities, and a procession led by a priest with uplifted crucifix and a military band loudly if not harmoniously celebrated her arrival. The church had been decorated with white and red hangings, which formed a brilliant contrast to the gay costume of the ladies invited to the ceremony, who occupied one side of the aisle, and to the sombre black of the gentlemen standing on the other. The lights, and the masses of color, and the numerous familiar faces, swam round and round the half fainting maiden, when on her knees she received a small silver cross with her left hand, and a lighted taper with her right.

"Do not become a nun. Do not go into a cloister. Do not leave me!" implored, in tender accents, an infantine

voice from the crowd. It was her youngest sister, whose cries had been stifled by a handkerchief pressed over her loving lips, and whose little figure was lost behind clouds of incense. The bride, quite unnerved by this affecting incident, and her four noble bridesmaids, knelt once more, and this time near the great altar. A gorgeously clad priest handed a silver basin and a pair of scissors to the vicar, who cut off a lock of her hair. A walk through the church, preceded by the clamorous strains of the band, with eyes blinded by tears, confused entreaties by the nuns to cease weeping, lest it be thought her inclinations had been forced, a passage through assembled crowds, and Enrichetta was hustled into a corner of the visitors' room and stripped of her finery, even to the smallest article. Her despairing countenance caused murmurs of compassion among the spectators, when she appeared in the black habit, her new costume. The vicar then blessed the scapulary he placed upon her, and she bowed to the Abbess—no longer her kinswoman, yet still a Caracciolo—who uplifted a huge pair of scissors and seized her hair, braided into one heavy tress.

"Barbarians, spare her locks," shouted a powerful voice among the guests. "A madman!" it was whispered. The stranger was an English member of parliament. The priests ordered silence, and the nuns exclaimed, "He is a heretic—proceed."

The tress fell.

The year of novitiate expired. The dowry required from the bride of Him who said—"It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God," was provided by a kind relative, and the cupidity of priests, acolytes, and nuns was satisfied by ample gifts and fees.

Sister Enrichetta had punctually followed the customary preparatory spiritual exercises, being assured that profession was like baptism, so that a nun dying immediately after taking the vows would proceed straightway to Paradise, without the disagreeable necessity of halting in purgatory. We may add here, that there was in the convent a magnificent marble staircase, which was ascended every Friday during March, by the whole community, from the Abbess to the lowest

scullery-maid, on their knees, a prayer being recited over each step, and an indulgence thereby obtained. Thus by cumulative indulgences would be purged any peccadilloes, any microscopic specks that may have oozed through the filters of confession and of profession, and an extra opportunity afforded to the faithful of literally stepping up to heaven.

On the 1st of October, 1842, before a numerous assemblage of distinguished guests, Enrichetta Caracciolo pronounced the vows of Chastity, Poverty, Obedience, and Perpetual Reclusion. After signing a Latin document, she was enjoined to lie upon a carpet on the floor, and a funeral pall was thrown over her, whilst from each corner a torch shed a lurid glare. The bells tolled, and lugubrious wailing from the church cast a solemn gloom on the scene around, as the officiating cardinal thrice pronounced the words "*Surge quæ dormis et exurge a mortuis et illuminabit te Christus.*" At the first invocation the nuns removed the cloth. At the second and third the victim rose gradually to the new life, to her worse than death. Communion, and a short sermon followed, and then kisses among the sisterhood, flavored with sweetmeats and ices.

When Enrichetta presented, according to custom, bouquets of artificial flowers to the cardinal and to the bishop, she offered another to a prince of the House of Denmark, who had accompanied her kinsman, General Salluzzi.

"Dead leaves from a dead woman!" exclaimed the general.

"The holocaust is completed," replied his royal highness. "The lamb is immolated. The sight is too painful. Let us depart."

Sister Enrichetta lived a life apart from the rest of the community, with whom she was as little at home as a Belgravian dandy among Neapolitan brigands, as Mr. Whalley amongst the company of Jesus, as a total abstinence preacher amid the drunken sailors of Ratcliff. Soon she was thoroughly disliked, because though with them she was not of them; their ways were not her ways, and what she valued and regarded, they feared and abhorred; what they cherished and revered, she despised and detested. However, she was a woman after the surly lexicographer's own

heart, for unquestionably she was a good hater, and she did not dip her pen in rose water. But her pictures of conventual life resemble daguerreotype portraits: they reflect Nature, though often in dark ghastly tints—Nature as seen through a pair of blue spectacles.

Now for her experiences. We will not dwell on the described relations between the brides of Christ and his ministers, an account of which would neither point a moral nor adorn a tale, unless it were one of Boccaccio. That confession is good for the soul seems to have been an established axiom at St. Gregory. Confession formed the business, the pleasure, the recreation, and the joy of the sisters' lives. Nay, the fair writer even avers that the abolition of that practice would have been a deathblow to nunneries, all inducements to taking the veil at once ceasing with it, whilst with reference to the priests, their occupation, like Othello's, would be gone. The father confessor was the object of the heartburnings, rivalries, jealousies, and quarrels of the nuns. To him they confided their thoughts, hopes, fears, wishes, and aspirations. He was their spiritual director, friend, counsellor, father, mother, brother; the representative of and mediator to heaven. He inspired passionate worship, and this feeling so identified them with the cloister, that during temporary visits to their relatives, where it naturally could not have full scope, they would pine and long to return to their sweet captivity. Those whose ordinary confessor had fallen into the sere and yellow leaf would enlist the services of a younger religious guide, with whom they would confer for hours in a roomy and comfortable confessional. Some were ill with alarming frequency, and then they had the benefit of the uninterrupted ministrations of the priest in the privacy of their chambers. One holy sister daily summoned her confessor in the mornings to relate her thoughts of the night, to the accompaniment of wine and cakes; in the afternoons he returned to confession and to luncheon; in the evenings he reappeared to hear how she spent her mornings, and to sip coffee and munch sweetmeats. Moreover, unable to bear prolonged absences, Abelard and Heloise would exchange epistles twice in the twenty-four hours. By the way, some

of the letters of the pupils to their saintly masters, accidentally intercepted, were conceived in a style more suitable to devotees to our Lady of Lorette, than to followers of the Rule of St. Benedict.

Another sister had remained faithful for sixteen years to her confessor, from whom she had been parted; when eventually he was restored to her, she offered lights and flowers to her protecting saint, entertained the whole community to refreshments, received congratulatory madrigals, and built a private confessional, so as to be enabled at all hours to listen to his teachings.

But enough instances. How the overwhelming influence of the ministers of Christ was used and abused; how artful sophistry gradually sapped innocence and purity, how superstition and vice triumphed in the place of religion and virtue, how corruption spread and devoured the vitals of the establishment, will be found fully described in the work in question.

Sister Enrichetta did not escape the persecutions of gay ecclesiastics. These merely became marks for the shafts of her keen wit, but the dogma of vicarious love that a coward Don Juan endeavored to instil into her mind. . . . Quod Deus est amor, nec colitur nisi amando. . . . was repudiated with disgust and indignation, and all the blandishments of the black-gowned serpents served only to intensify her hatred against them.

"Come, ye blessed of my father. . . . I was sick and ye visited me, I was in prison and ye came unto me. . . . Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. . . . Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." So preached the Master; so practised not those who professed to be his servants. Let us quote a few examples of how charity was understood at St. Gregory the Armenian.

It was customary there to have the dead laid out on the floor by special attendants. On a certain occasion, the she-wolf whose duty it was to officiate, unwillingly rising from her warm bed when pressed by Sister Enrichetta, rushed at the corpse like a savage bull at a banderillo, tearing it down by the leg and dragging it across the apartment, shouting, "By the Madonna, could you

not have done it yourself?" Enrichetta's blood curdled in her veins at the repeated bumps of the poor cold head against the hard stones. Complaints were useless. They all acted likewise, said the Abbess. The same woman, tired of leading on Sundays a blind sister to mass, one day precipitated the troublesome being who could not see from the height of a steep staircase, and silenced her voice for ever. No punishment followed this deed, but on the other hand, a serving woman who assisted a lady visitor who had fallen in a fit, was soundly rated for meddling with what did not concern her.

This reminds us of an anecdote related by the late Marquis d'Azeglio. A gardener in the service of Pope Gregory XVI., surprised on some occasion at the unusual silence within, gradually advanced from the Belvedere Gardens into the antechamber, and crossing several halls, all of them perfectly deserted, reached at last a vast bedchamber. On a couch lay the vicar of Christ on earth, his head drooping over the side, whilst the cadaverous hue of his countenance, his sunken eyes, and the rattle in his throat, indicated that he was on the point of being summoned to render an account of his ministration. The soft-hearted gardener rushed to assist the moribund; but a priest unexpectedly appeared, and stayed the outstretched hand of mercy, under pain of excommunication. So his Holiness perished like the sorriest cur in his capital, and in point of humanity St. Peter equalled St. Gregory.

A hasty interment in the morning seems to have been the fate of the departed at our nunnery, and woe to the cook if the macaroni were overdone. Family ties were unknown to its inmates, and domestic affection was as great a stranger to them as Greek verse to a Red Indian. Two nuns, sisters of a princely family, were repeating their orations in the choir, measuring the time with the clepsydra as of old, when the suicide of a brother, a distinguished diplomatist, was suddenly announced to them. They looked at each other: "Anna!" said the one; "Camilla," replied the other, "May the Lord preserve him in glory. The water is flowing. Let us resume our meditations."

Another recluse, on being informed of

the unexpected decease of a sister, enjoined her serving woman not to communicate the news officially until the conclusion of the repast then commencing, for "she was starving, and would not remain dinnerless for the loss of any human being." The only creature that exhibited feeling about St. Gregory—for he was not allowed to enter—was a quadruped. When his young mistress, at the age of twelve, was immured for life, the faithful mastiff remained wailing pitifully, waiting for her return. For forty-eight hours he shivered on the marble pavement of the portico, giving vent to lamentations that would have softened the heart of any but priest or nun. The neighbors fed him, until he was poisoned by orders of the community, before the living tomb of her he had so well loved.

The exalted Preceptor of lowly fishermen said, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. . . . Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. . . . Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?" But our nuns evidently differed. They resembled not St. Francis, who held the good things of this world in detestation, and who would never allow his followers to touch coin; nor like St. Philip Nerius, who would frequently pray that he might become in need of a penny and find no one to give it. If the holy sisters wore coarse wool instead of purple, they also wore the finest of embroidered linens. If they were not allowed backs to their bedsteads, they at least owned the softest of feather beds and pillows, and the most luxurious of coverlets trimmed with point lace. If they might not have objects of ornament on their dressing-tables, they were not prohibited from keeping precious vessels and valuable porcelain in cabinets. If they retained no cash in their chambers, there was in the establishment a strong room where each bride of Christ held her own money under lock and key—a most needful practice, by the way, as will be presently seen. Moreover, the cuisine was excellent, and when they did not partake of fresh fruit, as on Fridays, the rules did not prevent their indulging *ad libitum* in preserves.

Each sister was wont to feast sumptuously the day of her protecting saint. Weeks of preparations and considerable

sums were wasted for and on these occasions, debts being freely incurred, and profuse gifts distributed to priests, monks, and acolytes. As these practices were followed on birth-days, at Easter, and at Christmas, Castle Squander must have been a pattern of economy to St. Gregory. Each nunnery was famed for one description of comfit or cake, which was produced in considerable quantities, the daintiest morsels being reserved for their reverences, whilst the more imperfect saccharine compounds were good enough for their friends, and the most imperfect for the public, who paid handsomely for them. Moreover, there was a pharmacy in the convent, where several medicaments were prepared, and eagerly purchased by the Neapolitans—who had faith in their curative powers—at something like four times their cost.

Once a preacher who happened to be both honest and bold—a very Père Hyacinthe—had the temerity to pass severe comments on the mode of life led by our nuns. “Was he aware he was addressing the daughters of dukes, princes, counts, and barons, the representatives of the *sangre azul* of Parthenope, the meanest of whom could show her sixteen quarterings?” angrily sent to inquire the Abbess. The ecclesiastic’s only reply was a repetition in his next homily of the insolent communication, word for word, to the utter confusion of the haughty dame.

Those scions of proud lineages appear to have been as well informed as Hottentots, and as literate as natives of New Guinea. One day, Mad. Caracciolo, who had often been taken to task for perusing profane books, was surprised reading by the Abbess. She uneasily handed the book, anticipating a reprimand, and was infinitely relieved at hearing, “Oh, the memoirs of St. Helena, the pious mother of St. Constantine—poor girl, you have been indeed maligned.” It was the *Mémorial de St. Hélène*, and the worthy mother had never heard of the existence of the obscure individual known as Napoleon Bonaparte.

Monotonousness of existence, want of active occupation, religious exaltation, and lack of healthy exercise for mind and body, caused their natural consequences. Nervous diseases, from fits, convulsions, catalepsy, to hallucinations, aberration of mind, and acute mania, were prevalent at St. Gregory, and

cases of suicide were by no means infrequent. Moreover, many of the sisters suffered from singular idiosyncrasies. One could not bear the touch of paper, and her attendant—purposely chosen from her inability to read or write—would turn the pages of her mistress’s missal, and hold her letters before her. Another sister swooned whenever she heard mass, a third would play with dolls, and a fourth, whenever indisposed, would pin herself in her couch. Want of space prevents us from even alluding to the numerous affecting incidents recorded in the book on this subject, clearly demonstrating that the laws of nature cannot be infringed with impunity.

The eighth commandment, or, indeed, for the matter of that, most others, seems to have been as thoroughly ignored, as if it had been enjoined in the Koran, the Zend-Avesta, or the Vedas. The Cave of Trophonius; Hounslow Heath, when Claude Duval, or Gentleman Jack, politely stopped travelers; the old rookery, when the late Mr. Fagan patiently devoted several hours daily to the instruction of promising pupils—were localities in which, comparatively to St. Gregory, the rights of property were respected. Provisions, relics, wearing apparel, lace, silver spoons, and sums of money, were constantly disappearing in the clutches of the light-fingered camorrists of the convent. Once the Blessed Virgin herself was stripped of the rings, bracelets, chains, and jewels heaped upon her by the faithful. This sacrilege caused a great sensation. The vicar severely admonished the assembled community, excommunicating the culprit. Some wept, some laughed, but the thief remained undetected. Six ducats were found at the foot of the shrine one day, and it was thought that the criminal, tormented by the pangs of conscience, would make restitution by small instalments, but pursuit having slackened, the delinquent’s good intentions, if ever formed, evidently went to pave the well-known warm locality. Our heroine herself, not indulging in the favorite habit, was constrained to keep under lock and key even the most trifling articles; otherwise her worldly goods would soon have been reduced to what she could grasp in her hand, having, as it was, lost some valuable property.

Sister Enrichetta, wearied of devout Catholics, who were as moral as Negroes, as honest as Otaheitans, as high principled as Malays, and somewhat less feeling than Laplanders; tired of a paradise which resembled a pandemonium, and of saints who were worse than sinners, commenced employing the energies of a strong nature, and the influence of powerful friends, to procure her release from the hated thralldom.

Cardinal Riario Sforza, a young man of few attainments in all except profligacy, had been by special favor created Archbishop of Naples, by Gregory XVI., shortly before his death. His Eminence conceived a great interest for the community of St. Gregory in general, and for Sister Enrichetta in particular.

He opened the campaign by the present of a huge basket of strawberries to the fair recluses, and on the following day a wag brought, in his name, to the convent, a monstrous sturgeon, soon discovered, to the horror of all, to be a common seal. The cardinal's gifts ceased, but not his visits. One day Signora Caracciolo was summoned to the visitor's room. The dandified, be-scented, be-jewelled representative of the apostles was loling on an easy chair. As habitual with him, he affected witticisms, and was offensive, and in striving to be Marforio, he was only Pulcinella. He informed the kneeling Enrichetta, who was pale with expectation, that her application to His Holiness had been referred to him; he pooh-poohed her plea of ill-health,—she was only hysterical; he sneered at her disinclination to conventual life, and with sundry insulting allusions, placed his veto to her request.

Discouragement was succeeded by renewed exertions; but all her petitions had but one termination, the defendant being appointed judge in his own case. Meanwhile, the cardinal vainly endeavored to win her regard, and to reconcile her to her position, even descanting on the beauties of the establishment. Our shorn lamb, however, was quite able to hold her own against the whole sacred college, and her sharp tongue did not spare her saintly admirer, to whom she refused the very moderate favor of a dish of sweetmeats. She hated him, and all the priests—and he continued for some time her adorer and her enemy,

until tired of being the former he remained only the latter.

Dawn appeared in 1848, and for a brief period the sun of liberty beamed on fair Parthenope. But Bomba swore to the new constitution only to forswear himself, and his promises culminated in shells, cannon balls, and fire. Where he had scourged with rods he now scourged with scorpions, and a reign of terror followed, in which military executions, crowded ergastoli, a gagged press, and a licentious, all-powerful police, testified to the love of Ferdinand for his subjects. Sister Enrichetta, whose liberal tendencies and sympathies were too well known, became the object of the sarcasms, of the sorry jests of the daughters of St. Benedict, strenuous supporters of the king's paternal government, until, almost driven to distraction, the proud-spirited, patriotic woman felt at times almost tempted to commit the nunnery to the flames, and to destroy herself and the malignant drones it sheltered. Only one faithful companion she possessed, an attached serving-maid, who devoted to her the unswerving affection of a humble and yet true heart, and who ever followed her in joy and in sorrow.

At last, one day, a venerable Capuchin brought Sister Enrichetta what was more precious than manna, more coveted than the Sangrail. It was a brief from his holiness, not releasing her from her vows, it is true, but yet permitting her to quit St. Gregory the Armenian, and to reside in a retreat of her own choice, issuing from it daily, provided she returned thereto nightly. The change of cage was not affected without difficulty, for when Pontius Pilatus inquired of Caiaphas—when abbeß referred to abbeß for the postulant's *character*,—praise qualified by the terrible accusation that she read the journals of the wicked, *i. e.*, the liberals, who contemplated the atrocious design of abolishing religious orders, was the reply, and of course the application was rejected. Pressure applied upon her unforgiving enemy, Cardinal Riario Sforza, obtained the desired effect, and Sister Enrichetta, after nine years' sufferings at St. Gregory the Armenian, was admitted into the Conservatory of Constantinople.

The new establishment was a spacious, light and cheerful building, situated in

one of the busiest thoroughfares of Naples, and Enrichetta's heart at first expanded, for the air seemed purer, the sun brighter, life more smiling, and once more she mixed with the men and women of the world she loved. But joy was short-lived. She shocked the abbess by purchasing a piano, and playing an overture to *Guglielmo Tell*. She scandalized the female porter by her daily exits. The fourteen oblate sisters of the nunnery were divided into parties, hating each other, and as she did not join any of them, she gained the ill-will of all. Moreover, her persecutor was at work, and her walks were changed into drives, and these soon were interdicted altogether. Her mother's journey to Gaeta, to obtain at the feet of his holiness a dispensation from the vows, failed. Further, she heard that all the rigors of claustral reclusion were about being enforced against her, the pill to be gilded by the offer of an abbess-ship. Lastly, to give the finishing stroke to her miseries, the allowance she was entitled to from St. Gregory was first reduced, and then altogether withdrawn. Unable to remain in that bed of Procrustes, she had recourse to desperate means. She fled, with her faithful attendant.

His Eminence was aghast, and in vain sent canon and priest to entreat Signora Caracciolo to return to the fold. She was obdurate, and defied them all. Whilst consultations were taking place between the ministers of heaven and the satellites of Bomba, as to the best means of recovering the strayed sheep, she took refuge at Capua, under the protection of Cardinal Capano, in a kind of asylum principally inhabited by Magdalens, undergoing the process of reformation. To live with a few oblate sisters under the same roof as three hundred shameless, brazen trulls, was not pleasant, nevertheless safety was insured, and Riario Sforza baffled. But the benevolent Cardinal Capano died, and Sister Enrichetta returned to Naples, where she sojourned unmolested for several months, until one day her apartments were invaded by the gigantic figure of Duke Morbilli, the chief Commissary of Police, accompanied by a sallow, hypocritical-looking priest, and a posse of *sbirri* enough to have stormed a forest full of brigands, and she was hurried away she knew not whither.

After a year and a half of freedom, of

life, the imprisonment, the solitude, the silence fell heavy upon her. When she ascertained that she was in the Retreat of Santa Maria delle Crazie di Mondragone, a religious House of Correction, when she beheld her narrow cell, the only articles of furniture in which were a bedstead, a table, and a candlestick, when she heard that books and writing implements were forbidden to her, and that there was no hope of release, she fell into a deadly swoon. Fits of fury followed each other, and alarmed her clerical captors, and doubtless when she said she was ready to become a tiger, and to spring at their throats, they found small difficulty in believing her. She determined upon starving herself to death, and after remaining six days without food, the physician summoned found her suffering from a nervo-bilious fever, accompanied by symptoms of cerebral congestion. On the eleventh day of her voluntary abstinence, she was sinking, and her life was only saved by the pious fraud of the doctor, who assured her her liberation had been ordered, and by his unremitting attention for some time afterwards.

The strenuous efforts of her relatives and friends to procure a termination of her captivity failed; the king and his ministers asserting that Signora Caracciolo had been leagued with conspirators and revolutionists. The suspicions of the police were not unfounded, for she loved her country, detested its misgovernors, and silently worked to assist in its redemption.

But no proofs against her were ever found; her chattels and wearing appare were only searched, to leave undetected what she most prized, and her unsuspected correspondence was continued until the end.

How Enrichetta Caracciolo was restored to society after a duration of three years and a half, how Garibaldi rent asunder the hated fetters that had enslaved her for twenty years; how a new government closed the hot-beds of idleness, ignorance, fanaticism, and sin, where she had wasted the best portion of her existence; how, finally, she became a happy wife and fond mother, may be discovered, with many other interesting details, faithfully, simply, yet vividly and graphically depicted in her Memoirs.

JAMES PICCIOTTI.

Spectator.

## A DRIFTING STAR.

FEW of the statements made by Professor Stokes in the address with which he opened the recent meeting of the British Association attracted more attention than the assertion that Sirius is receding from the earth at the rate of nearly thirty miles in every second of time. Amazing as the fact is, it was not the fact that attracted so much attention; for even such a tremendous rate of motion is no uncommon attribute of the orbs which deck our skies. Astronomers have shown that our own sun sweeps ever onward through space with a velocity altogether inconceivable by us. Our own earth speeds around its central luminary with a velocity of more than eighteen miles per second. Even minute bodies like the meteors which flash in momentary splendor across the heavens, and then vanish forever, have a velocity of motion almost equal to that with which the stately orb of Sirius courses onwards through space. It was not, then, the enormous velocity ascribed to the fiery Dog Star that attracted men's notice. The wonder was how astronomers could measure the motion with which the star is rushing from us. Knowing that, vast as is the velocity of its motion, countless ages must pass before the star could seem to be diminished in splendor through its recession, it seemed indeed an amazing thing that any process we can apply could tell us anything respecting a motion whose primary effect is absolutely inappreciable.

As the time is approaching when the same method which has revealed to us the recession of Sirius is to be applied with increased instrumental powers under the able management of our leading spectroscopist, it may interest many to learn something of the strange mode of inquiry which can deal successfully with a problem of so much difficulty. Already the new telescope is approaching completion, and before long a series of questions which Mr. Huggins had found beyond the powers of his 8½ inch telescope will be solved by means of the increased powers now placed at his disposal.

The new mode of estimating the stellar motions is in reality sufficiently simple, though the principle on which it depends is the result of a long series of labors by the most eminent physicists of the age. We must conceive our earth as placed within a wave-tossed ocean extending on every side into infinite space. The waves which traverse this ocean are the minute light-waves, and heat-waves, and chemical waves which every celestial orb is ever generating. Transmitted through the ethereal ocean with a velocity altogether inconceivable by us, these waves not only generate a myriad forms of force and motion, but tell us all that we can learn about the habitudes of the celestial bodies. Our earth is a part of the shore of the infinite ethereal ocean, and the waves which roll upon that shore bring from beyond the ever-tossing ocean waifs and strays of knowledge, which our astronomers are busily piecing together—waif by waif, and stray by stray—until a noble structure is rising under their hands, built though it be of the mere sand and shells brought to us by the ethereal waves that lave our shores.

Like the waves of our own seas, those which traverse the ethereal ocean of space are of unequal dimensions. From the long heat-waves which Tyndall has termed the rollers of the great ether ocean, to the billows of the light-waves, and so to the tiny ripples of the actinic waves, we have every gradation of length. But there is this peculiarity in the waves that come to us from any particular star, that while the same gradations of length are observed, waves of a certain definite length are wanting. Still, comparing ethereal with sea waves, it is as though the waves which travelled to our sea-coast before some particular wind had nearly every length, from that of the roller to that of the ripple, but that waves exactly ten feet from crest to crest, and waves of exactly certain other lengths, were invariably found to be wanting.

Now, let us conceive of our earth as a ship in the vast ocean of space, and



no longer as a fixed part of that ocean's shore line. As a ship speeds over a wave-tossed ocean, there is an obvious apparent change in the length of the waves she crosses. If she is meeting a long series of rollers, for instance, she crosses them more quickly (that is, more pass her in a given time) than if she were at anchor; and if she is moving in the same direction as the rollers, fewer pass her in a given time, and if those on board of her were not aware of her motion, they would think the rollers narrower or wider than they are in reality in the respective cases mentioned.

Supposing, however, that such a crew had some exact method of measuring the apparent length of the rollers and billows which passed under them, and that they knew beforehand that waves exactly ten feet long were wanting in the sea they were traversing, then they would be able to tell whether their ship was moving or not, and in what direction. For instead of waves of ten feet in length being absent, waves of exactly nine feet in length might seem to be wanting; and then they would know that these were in reality the ten-foot waves, only that their ship's motion had reduced them to nine feet. So they would know that they were travelling one-tenth as fast as the sea-waves and meeting them. And if waves of eleven feet in length seemed to be wanting, they would know that their ship was travelling one-tenth as fast as the sea-waves and in the same direction.

One more illustration, and we shall be ready to show how certainly astronomers have become assured of the recession of Sirius. Suppose the reason why waves of all, save certain definite lengths, came from a particular direction, was that a number of buoys lying far away in that direction were tossing, each with its own rhythmic motion, only that no buoys were tossing with the motion which would supply certain definite waves. Then it is perfectly clear that if the fleet of buoys were suddenly to begin to move away from or towards the shore, a change would take place in the length of every order of waves. A tossing buoy, for example, which was generating a twenty-foot wave, would generate a longer wave when travelling quickly away. When it

was at its highest it would mark the crest of a wave, and when next at its highest that crest would be twenty feet away if the buoy had not travelled; but if the buoy had travelled a foot in the interval the crest would be twenty-one feet away, and all the waves generated by the buoy would be twenty-one feet from crest to crest. This being true (*mutatis mutandis*) for all the buoys, instead of ten-foot waves being wanting (say), there would now be no eleven-foot waves. On the other hand, if the fleet of buoys were approaching the shore at a similar rate, there would be no nine-foot waves. Thus in every case a motion of approach is indicated by the shortening of wave-lengths, a motion of recession by the reverse.

Now, the waves which Sirius sends across the ethereal ocean are of all, except certain, lengths; and our physicists have recognized the missing waves as corresponding to those which certain known gases have the power of absorbing. When we look at the spectrum of Sirius, we see the waves of different orders separately, and we see the gaps distinctly marked. These gaps ought to correspond to the places where waves of a certain length should fall. But if Sirius is not at rest there will not be this exact correspondence. Now, fortunately, we can tell whether this is the case or not. We can cause the light from the very vapor which is absorbing certain of the light-waves of Sirius to produce a bright-line spectrum side by side with the spectrum of Sirius; and the fundamental principle of spectroscopic analysis teaches that the bright lines should correspond with the dark gaps in the star's spectrum. If not, it must be because the recession or approach of the star is lengthening or shortening all its light-waves, and so displacing the dark gap.

Now, when the spectrum of Sirius is thus compared with the spectrum of hydrogen, it is found there is not that exact correspondence which was to have been looked for if the star were at rest. The dark absorption-line of hydrogen in the star's spectrum is shifted in a direction indicating that the wave-lengths have been increased. In other words, it is found that the star must be receding from us. The indication is one of extreme delicacy, however, and nothing but the enormous velocity with which the star is really

travelling away from us would have sufficed to render the motion accessible with the instrumental means applied by Mr. Huggins. Now that he is to be placed in possession of improved optical appliances, we may hope for information respecting the motions of many other stars. The knowledge thus acquired cannot but have an important bearing on the theories which we are to form respecting the sidereal spaces. Hitherto we have been forced to be content with the measurement of those apparent motions

which our telescopists have been able to detect. Ignorant of the stars' distances, we could form but the vaguest notion of the true significance of these movements. Now, however, we have a mode of measurement which tells us of the actual velocity of stellar motions, and will thus enable us to form much clearer conceptions than we have yet been able to obtain respecting the grand processes of cosmical evolution which are in progress around us.

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The Spectator.

#### DR. LIVINGSTONE AND THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

THE despatch in which Dr. Livingstone describes his discoveries as to the true sources of the Nile stamp him as one of the greatest explorers who ever lived, will probably compel us to revise all geographies of Africa except Ptolemy—fancy Ptolemy instructing Sir R. Murchison in his own subject—and will certainly modify profoundly the popular conception as to the interior of Africa, but they will hardly excite as much interest as the little postscript telling the Foreign Secretary of a race in South Central Africa called the Rua, who dwell in excavated caves, some of them thirty miles long, and fit to contain a district when besieged; who have "pictures" or "writings" of some kind, and who have eyes "whose outer angles slopes inward," a curious statement, which may mean only that the Rua have Japanese eyes, or may by possibility mean that these Troglodytes have acquired from their mode of life some physical peculiarity. The statement is far too vague for any real discussion, but it excites the imagination far more than greater discoveries, appealing as it does to an impression which has cropped out in all ages, that men might conceivably be found differing greatly in physique from the human standard; an impression as yet supported by no evidence whatever of any importance, for Mr. Gibson's man urang was in all probability a *lusus nature*.

Let us turn to the Nile. Nearly three years ago, nine Johanna men, who had accompanied Dr. Livingstone on his journey to determine the Nilotic water-

shed, appeared at Zanzibar with the news of the great explorer's death. The story which they told was so well concocted, and the evidence they adduced so very conclusive, that Dr. Kirk's sagacity was for once at fault, and Livingstone's former companion fully believed that his quondam leader had been brutally murdered in Central Africa. With the details of this mendacious story the world is now familiar. Mr. Young's search expedition relieved the public anxiety, and, subsequently, news from Dr. Livingstone himself confirmed our hopes of his safety. This intelligence came from Bemba, and was dated February, 1867; since it was received nothing has been, until within the last few days, known of the Doctor's whereabouts. Again the anxiety of the public has been aroused, the hope deferred gradually gave way to despair, and but few believed that the intrepid traveller was not dead. Sir Roderick Murchison steadily refused his countenance to this fear, and by a number of letters to the public press, suggesting from time to time certain hypotheses to account for his friend's prolonged silence, sought to dissipate the doubts and to sustain the hopes of all who felt an interest in the traveller's welfare. But as month after month rolled by, the confidence of the public visibly lessened, until the number of those who really believed in Livingstone's safety had become small indeed. Suddenly, however, a telegram was received stating that Dr. Livingstone had been heard of, and that he was not only alive and well,

but had found what he believed to be the sources of the Nile. The news thus flashed home to us from India has been verified. No wonder that Sir Roderick Murchison and the Royal Geographical Society were jubilant on Monday last; for not only had extracts from Dr. Livingstone's letters been sent from Zanzibar by Dr. Kirk, but while the meeting was in progress Lord Clarendon sent the full despatch which he had received from the Consul-explorer himself. This despatch, to say nothing of the letters, cleared up all doubts, and the wonderful sagacity of Sir Roderick Murchison again received the testimony of proof. Nothing, probably, in the history of geographical enterprise was ever regarded with more sincere satisfaction by the whole nation than this conclusive intelligence relative to the safety of the greatest of our explorers.

But our delight at the prospect of seeing Dr. Livingstone again in the flesh must not be allowed to overshadow the intense interest attaching to his discoveries. Although in July, 1868—the date of his last despatch—Dr. Livingstone had not even seen Lake Tanganyika, and of course could not positively testify that the lake drained into the Nile, he had yet found sufficient evidence, to say nothing of native information, to justify the opinion that not only Tanganyika, but a series of more southerly lakes, contribute their quota of waters to the “river of Egypt.” If this opinion should prove to be correct, he will have solved the great problem of modern geography, and established his claim to a place in the foremost rank of geographers of all ages. Ptolemy's mysterious knowledge will prove to have been something real, and Defoe's imagination will be regarded as having been strangely prophetic. In order to appreciate what Dr. Livingstone has done, or is doing, it must be clearly understood what he was sent to accomplish. The dispute between Captain Burton and Captain Speke relative to the drainage of Lake Tanganyika could not be settled except by personal investigation. Burton believed that this lake flowed into the Nile, but in such a case Speke's Victoria N'yanza would not be the ultimate source of the river. The latter therefore maintained with rather ingenious logic that the Tan-

ganyika drained southwards—probably into the Nyassa, and thence into the Zambezi. Moreover, when Burton and Speke were on the lake its altitude was fixed by them at 1,844 feet, and if this were correct, it would be impossible, supposing their observations to be correct also, for the Nile to receive the water of the Tanganyika. Baker made the elevation of the Albert N'yanza to be 2,720 feet, and as his observations were carefully tested on his return to England, their accuracy may be relied on. But Speke's thermometer—with which his observations were taken—read 214° instead of 212° when brought down to the coast again, and Mr. Findlay has always argued that 1,000 feet should be added to the altitude at which Captain Speke fixed the lake. This would give it an elevation of 2,844 feet; and as Sir Samuel Baker had shown the Albert N'yanza to be but 2,720 feet, the Tanganyika would be 124 feet higher than the Nilotic reservoir, and the physical difficulty which seemed to intervene between it and the Nile would thus be removed. Dr. Livingstone was directed to settle this question, to ascertain the altitude of the Tanganyika and the direction of its drainage, and to determine the nature of the whole watershed of this part of Africa. How much he had done towards this in July of last year, the interesting despatch to Lord Clarendon which was read before the Geographical Society on Monday evening clearly shows, that there seems to be little doubt that during the sixteen months that have elapsed since he wrote, he has completed the great work which he undertook.

At the time of writing his despatch, Dr. Livingstone had not reached the Tanganyika, but he had found a chain of lakes to the south which drained towards the north, and, as he believed, through the Tanganyika into the Nile. These lakes are fed by numerous rivers of considerable size, and should they prove to be the headwaters of the Nile, we must look for the sources of the mighty river at least 400 miles south of the most southerly point of the Victoria N'yanza. The river Chambese seems to connect these lakes with each other and with the Tanganyika, and the whole volume of water which they contain in all proba-

bility finds its way into the Nile. We must wait for further information before we can say positively that these lakes and rivers are within the basin of the Nile, but there is every probability that the opinions which have been expressed in favor of this hypothesis will soon be verified. Meanwhile we cannot but feel extremely interested in the descriptions which Dr. Livingstone gives of the places which he has visited, and which proved that in the region now opened up for the first time there are spots as beautiful and as blessed by nature as anything that we can imagine. Speaking of Lake Liemba, one of the chain which he has discovered, Dr. Livingstone tells us that "it lies in a hollow, with precipitous sides 2,000 feet down; it is extremely beautiful, sides, top, and bottom being covered with trees and other vegetation. Elephants, buffaloes and antelopes feed on the steep slopes, while hippopotami, crocodiles and fish swarm in the water. Guns being unknown, the elephants, unless sometimes deceived into a pitfall, have it all their own way. It is as perfect a natural paradise as Xenophon could have desired. On two rocky islands men till the land, rear goats, and catch fish; the villages ashore are embowered in the palm-oil palms of the West Coast of Africa." Livingstone's present journey has only confirmed what was brought to light in his previous travels, viz:—That instead of the interior of Africa being a

sandy desert, as was formerly thought, it is really rich in vegetation, and studded with lakes. But there is another fact which Dr. Livingstone has discovered in connection with Lake Liemba, and which goes far towards outweighing all others in importance. The altitude of this lake the Doctor ascertained to be 2,840 feet, thus showing that Speke's observations were incorrect, and that Mr. Findlay was probably right in saying Speke had made a mistake of about 1,000 feet in his calculations. But we must wait until Dr. Livingstone comes home for the detailed information which will enable geographers to pronounce their final judgment on the Nile question. If the great explorer traces the lake system which he has discovered into the Tanganyika, and should find, on arriving at Ujiji, the stores and medicines sent there for his use, he will proceed to the northern end of the lake, and perhaps follow its affluent. Sir Roderick Murchison thinks he will return to Zanzibar after having ascertained the direction of the drainage of the Tanganyika, but Captain Sherard Osborn considers that he will probably follow the outlet, and see for himself whether it flows into the Albert N'yanza, and thence into the Nile. In the latter case, Dr. Livingstone would, in all likelihood, meet Sir Samuel Baker, and the result of this meeting would be to clear up the great mystery which, for centuries, has shrouded the headwaters of the Nile.

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The Spectator.

#### SOLAR WONDERS.

ASTRONOMERS have been revealing so many wonders in the vast globe which rules the planetary scheme, that we cannot yet hope to see the startling results of their researches co-ordinated into a consistent whole. On every hand new marvels are being brought to light. At one time, Mr. Lockyer surprises us by exhibiting the amazing velocities with which the solar storms rage across the blazing surface of our luminary. At another, the energetic astronomer who presides over the Roman Observatory tells us of water within the fierce tumult of the solar spots. The Kew observers track the strange influences of the planets on the solar atmosphere, watching not

only the great tide of spots which sweeps in the ten-year period over the solar storm-zones, and then leaves our sun clear from speck or stain, but also the ripples of spot-formation which come in shorter periods, and seem inextricably blended to ordinary observers with the great periodic disturbances. Lastly, Lockyer, Huggins, Zöllner and Secchi describe the magic changes of form which pass over tongues of flame, projecting thousands of miles from the solar surface.

We have before us as we write a series of colored prominence-pictures taken by Dr. Zöllner, the eminent photometrician. It is impossible to contemplate these strange figures without a sense of the

magnificence of the problem which the sun presents to astronomers. Here are vast entities, flames, if we will, but flames unlike all those with which we are familiar. And these vast tongues of fire assume forms which speak to us at once of the action of forces of the utmost violence and intensity. The very aspect of these objects at once teaches this, but it is the rapid changes of place and of figure to which the spots are subjected that are most significant on this point. Here is a vast cone-shaped flame, with a mushroom-shaped head of enormous proportions, the whole object standing 16,000 or 17,000 miles from the sun's surface. In the cone figure we see the uprush of lately imprisoned gases, in the outspreading head the sudden diminution of pressure as these gases reach the rarer upper atmosphere. But turn from this object to a series of six pictures placed beside it, and we see the solar forces in action. First, there is a vast flame, some 18,000 miles high, bowed towards the right, as though some fierce wind were blowing upon it. It extends in this direction some four or five thousand miles. The next picture represents the same object ten minutes later. The figure of the prominence has wholly changed. It is now a globe-shaped mass, standing on a narrow stalk of light above a row of flame-hillocks. It is bowed towards the left, so that in those short minutes the whole mass of the flame has swept thousands of miles away from its former position. Only two minutes later, and again a complete change of appearance. The stalk and the flame-hillocks have vanished, and the globe-shaped mass has become elongated. Three minutes later, the shape of the prominence has altered so completely that one can hardly recognize it for the same. The stalk is again visible, but the upper mass is bowed down on the right so that the whole figure resembles a gigantic A, without the cross-bar, and with the down-stroke abnormally thick. This great A is some twenty thousand miles in height, and the whole mass of our earth might be bowled between its legs without touching them! Four minutes pass, and again the figure has changed. The flame-hillocks reappear, the down-stroke of the A begins to raise itself from the sun's surface. Lastly, after yet another interval of four minutes,

the figure of the prominence has lost all resemblance to an A, and may now be likened to a camel's head looking towards the right. The whole series of changes has occupied but twenty-three minutes, yet the flame exceeded our earth in volume tenfold at the least. But Mr. Lockyer has recorded an instance of a yet more marvellous nature. A vast prominence extending seventy or eighty thousand miles from the sun's surface vanished altogether in ten minutes. The very way in which Zöllner's drawings were taken savours of the marvellous. We have spoken of them as colored. They are ruby-red, and so the prominences appeared to the astronomer. The real light of the prominences is not ruby-red, however, but rose-coloured, with faint indications of pink, or even bluish tints. The fact is, that by the new method of observation the image of a prominence is formed by only a certain part of its light. We may say that out of several colored images of the same prominence the astronomer selects one only for examination.

The explanation of this is worth considering, as it involves the essence of the method by which the prominences are seen at all. When we analyze light with a simple prism as Newton did, we get instead of a round spot of white—that is, mixed light—a row of overlapping spots of different color. It was only when, instead of a round spot, a fine line of white light was analyzed, that one could detect the absence of images of this line along certain parts of the rainbow-colored streak,—in other words, it was thus only that the dark lines of the spectrum could be seen. And it was to see these lines more clearly that the slit of the spectroscope was made so narrow and the rainbow-spectrum made so long by spectroscopists. But the observers of the prominences go back to the old method. If they used a narrow slit, a narrow strip of the prominence would alone form its spectrum, which would consist of a few bright lines. But by having a wide slit the whole prominence forms its spectrum, which consists of a few bright pictures of the prominences. There is a green picture corresponding to the bright spectral line called F, a red picture corresponding to the bright spectral line called C, and so on. If the whole set of pictures were formed at

once we could see none of them, for there would be side by side with them the blazing solar spectrum which would obliterate them altogether, just as in ordinary telescopic observation the bright sunlight blots out the prominences from view.

But if the observer uses such a battery of prisms that the solar spectrum would be very long indeed, and if he admits to view only that part of the spectrum opposite which one of the prominence-images exists, he can then see that image quite distinctly, for the neighboring part of the solar spectrum is so reduced in splendor that it no longer obliterates the prominence-figure.

In this way, then, the observer selects one or other of the pictures of a prominence, either the red or the green picture, to examine. And strangely enough, it is by no means certain that the two pictures are alike. Rather it is highly probable that they are different, though we have not space here either to indicate the reasons for believing this, or to explain the significance of the circumstance should it eventually be established.

It seems to us that when we consider the real dimensions of the solar globe, we appreciate more fully the wonderful nature of those processes of action indicated by recent researches, than when

we regard these without direct reference to the sun's magnitude. How many of us really appreciate the enormous volume of the sun? We read certain figures in books of astronomy, but do we grasp their full significance? There is, however, a simple way of viewing the matter which at once opens our eyes to the vastness of the solar globe. If we remember that the earth on which we move, the scene of all those interests which we deem so important, bears so minute a proportion to the sun, that if he were represented by a two-foot globe the earth would on the same scale appear no larger than a cherrystone, we see what wonderful processes of action those must be which are at work upon the solar surface. We recognize in our hurricanes the action of nature in her fiercest moods, but the solar hurricanes would in an instant destroy the whole globe on which we live. We wonder at the volcano which lays a whole city in ashes, but our earth would be swept like a mote before the rush of a solar volcano. We see, lastly, in the earthquake which upheaves a continent the most energetic of all the forces at work upon our earth, but the least of the throes which convulse the solar surface would toss a globe like ours as the waves of ocean toss the lightest sea-drift.

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## P O E T R Y .

### THE PRAYER OF HERCULES.

HEAR me, O Zeus my father, for I am thine,  
Thy son, though mortal; whom the fates have set  
To conquer many things, and then to die,  
And see in death the face of equal gods.  
Behold, in patience I have tamed the brood  
Of Nemea and of Lerna, hallowed from fear  
The shadows of Krynmanthus, driven their bane  
From the dark waters of the haunted lake.  
Still I sweep deaths from earth, and still the price,  
My own death, is not given. The gods are strong,  
And I know well that some immortal force  
Lives in this god-sprung blood; for in the night,  
And when Alceme's star is clear in heaven,  
I have heard falling from the upper sky  
His song whose harp called Ilion from the ground,  
Who sings to gods forever; and with strange hope  
The smile of the divine night makes me glad,  
Even as that look seen long ago in dreams,  
When of two women giving toil or ease

I chose her who gave toil; then in the dream  
I thought her face grew glorious; and it passed,  
And lo, Alceme bending over me.  
But in this hour, O father, when all things droop,  
When on Cyllene or in deep-set brakes  
No louder sound than the cicada's note  
Vexes Pan's sleep at noon, in this faint hour,  
Not all for faintness, I have stayed my hand  
From helping men who blame and guard their  
lives,  
I have come in from weary, helpless men  
To ask at this thy altar for the end  
Of mortal thralldom, if now my time is full  
When I must pass among the kindred gods.  
O Zeus, strike me immortal where I stand,  
If such a death as opens deathless life  
Cannot pollute these walls; or if my fate  
Gives yet new labors, cheer me with a sign  
Of that for which I labor.

So he prayed:  
But through the spear-hung trophies on the walls

Trembled a brazen clangor, and overhead  
 The temple-gloom was cloven and in large air,  
 Like sacred Delos on the evening sea,  
 Shone out clear thrones of gods, and faces of men  
 Now gods, because they suffered : from the front  
 Of that fair place Alcmena looks on earth,  
 With such a brow as if some speechless fame,  
 Caught from quick mind to mind among the gods,  
 Had told her that her son shall conquer death,  
 And enter where the heroes speak of wars  
 Waged in old days on earth, when hillside gleams  
 Of windy sunshine in wide Thessaly  
 Glanced on the spears of gods that fought for men.  
 But at her side a maiden seems to wait  
 A tarrying footfall on the floor of heaven,  
 Nor heeds Apollo's harping, though he sing  
 Of Thetis whom a mortal won to wife.

R. C. JEBB.

## FREDERIC TEMPLE.

Is there one man in disenchanted days  
 Who yet has feet on earth and head in heaven ?  
 One viceroy yet to whom his King has given  
 The fire that kindles and the strength that sways ?  
 Is there a wisdom whose extremest ways  
 Lead upward still ? for us who most have striven,  
 Made wise too early and too late forgiven,  
 Our prudence palsies and our seeing slays.  
 We are dying ; is there one alive and whole,  
 A hammer of the Lord, a simple soul,  
 Man with the men and with the boys a boy ?  
 We are barren ; let a male and conquering voice  
 Fill us and quicken us and make rejoice,  
 Even us who have so long forgotten joy.

And as I prayed, I heard him ; harshly clear  
 Thro' the full house the loud vibration ran,  
 And in my soul responded the austere  
 And silent sympathy of man with man ;  
 For as he spake I knew that God was near  
 Perfecting still the immemorial plan,  
 And once in Jewry and for ever here  
 Loves as He loved and ends what He began.  
 Wait, therefore, friends, rejoicing as ye wait  
 That 'mid faiths fallen and priests emasculate  
 For men to follow such a man should be ;  
 To whom the waves shall witness with a roar,  
 Wild Marazion and Tintagel's shore,  
 And all the Cornish capes and Cornish sea.

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

## ALICE.

SHE sits in her home—'tis a splendid palace,  
 And in queenly state sits she ;  
 But are you happy, O, Alice, Alice—  
 Shall I answer the question for thee ?

Your small feet rest on a carpet of velvet,  
 And laughter rings through the hall ;  
 The sun gleams red on the gilded helmet  
 That hangs on the lofty wall.

But there rests on your brow a weary shadow,  
 A dim light in your eye ;  
 It was not there when we roamed the meadow  
 'Neath the gold of an Autumn sky.

It was not there when we plighted together  
 Our love on that summer day,  
 But the rich man came with his sunless treasure,  
 And tempted thee, Alice, away.

There is no loved child to fondle and cherish—  
 The ambitious lord has no heir ;  
 When he shall die his proud name will perish,—  
 Is this then your secret care ?

Or does sometimes the vow you have broken  
 Bring pain to your cold pale brow ?  
 I see the despair—I acknowledge the token,  
 I care not to learn more now.

I forgive thee now—I would bear no malice—  
 Thy love was empty and vain ;  
 But my heart is broken, Alice, Alice,  
 And I never can love again.

MAX.

## IN THE TROPICS.

THE blue waves beat upon the coral reef,  
 The palm-trees bow their coronals of green,  
 Kissed by the soft southwest wind. Myriads  
 Of gold and purple-plumaged orioles,  
 Of scarlet-crested, snowy-winged birds,  
 Dash, dazzling meteors of living fire,  
 Across the forest track.

The tiger sleeps,  
 Crafty and cruel-brooding, in his lair,  
 Waiting the veil of night, as Evil hides,  
 Shunning the bright rays of the glorious sun,  
 And battenning on darkness. Crimson flowers  
 Hang from the creepers, where the boa lurks,  
 Coiling her deadly folds, with venomous eye  
 Fixed on the path beneath. The leopards crouch,  
 Half wakeful in the jungle ; scene so fair,  
 At every onward footstep, threats—*Death !*  
 Low, the red sun declines ; within the brake  
 The stealthy jaguar begins to stir,  
 The jackal sounds the prelude of attack,  
 To warn our lingering footsteps. Safety now  
 No longer waits upon the traveller ;  
 But discord, rapine, and a thousand foes,  
 Gaunt-eyed, and crimson-robed, and ravenous,  
 Rise into being 'neath the mask of Night.

## IN THE FALL.

THE old autumnal stillness holds the wood,  
 Thin mist of autumn makes the day a dream ;  
 And country sounds fall faint, half understood  
 And half unheeded, as to sick men seem  
 The voices of their friends when death is near,  
 And earth grows vaguer to the tired ear.

At soft gray dawns and softer evening ends  
 The air is echoless and dull with dews ;  
 And leaves hang loose, and whosoever wends  
 His way through woods is 'ware of altered hues  
 And alien tints ; and oft with hollow sound  
 The chestnut husk falls rattling to the ground.

Now comes the faint, warm smell of fresh-built  
ricks,  
And empty fields look up at empty skies,  
And smoke floats sidelong from the burning quicks,  
And low across the stunted stubble flies  
The whirring covey, till its wings have grown  
A murmur—then, a memory alone.

Now, haply on some sunless afternoon  
When brooding winds are whispering to the  
leaves,  
Shrill twittered half-notes fill the air, and soon  
From farm-house thatch and cosey cottage eaves  
The circling swallows call their eager brood  
And straight fly south, by unseen summers  
wooded.

A certain sadness claims these autumn days—  
A sadness sweeter to the poet's heart  
Than all the full-fed joys and lavish rays  
Of riper suns: old wounds, old woes, depart;  
Life calls a truce, and nature seems to keep  
Herself a-hush to watch the world asleep.

#### AUTUMN EVENING.

CROSS-BARBED with coloring hedge-rows, hill and  
dals,  
All variegated with white stubble-field  
And emerald pasture turning slightly pale,  
A beauteous, if a saddening prospect yield.

Herds homeward lie; the starlings valeward push;  
And, settling in the warm heart of the wood,  
Rooks dusk the embrowning trees. An ominous  
hush,  
A deep, peculiar calm that bodes no good,  
Reigns over all; and Nature, sore distressed  
At earth's decaying glories, seems like one  
Held in suspense. A while, and up the west,  
White, jagged clouds ascend. The squall comes  
on;  
And birds and leaves from gusty trees are hurled,  
And through the evening sky together whirled.

#### THE HOLLY'S TEACHING.

RUSTED are the golden leaves,  
Gone the blossoms trooping,  
Gone the sparrows from the eaves,  
Rooks from elm-tops swooping:  
Gleamy morus bring gloomy days,  
To lurid sunsets tending;  
Snow-drifts whiten woods and ways,—  
So the year is ending.

But though winds despoil, and snows;  
Hill and hollow deaden,  
Wide the beacon Holly glows,  
Bright its berries redden;  
Clear as with outspoken word  
Hopeful cheer it giveth:  
"Though the year die, yet the Lord  
Of the dead years liveth."

WILLIAM SAWYER.

#### LITERARY NOTICES.

*History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth*, by JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M. A. Popular edition. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1870.

In his preliminary chapter on the "Social Condition of England in the Sixteenth Century," Mr. Froude thus eloquently describes the nature of the task which he has accomplished in these volumes. After discussing most thoroughly and lucidly the aspects of society under the old feudal system, and, during its decay, the relation between peasant and noble, and between capital and labor, and the old theory of the functions of Government, he says:—

"But, indeed, a change was coming upon the world, the meaning and direction of which even still is hidden from us, a change from era to era. The paths trodden by the footsteps of ages were broken up; old things were passing away, and the faith and the life of ten centuries were dissolving like a dream. Chivalry was dying; the abbey and the castle were soon together to crumble into ruins; and all the forms, desires, beliefs, convictions of the Old World were passing away, never to return. A new continent had risen up beyond the western sea. The floor of heaven, inlaid with stars, had sunk back into an infinite abyss of immeasurable space; and the firm earth itself, unfixed from its foundations, was seen to be but a

small atom in the awful vastness of the universe. In the fabric of habit which they had so laboriously built for themselves, mankind were to remain no longer.

"And now it is all gone—like an unsubstantial pageant faded; and between us and the old English there lies a gulf of mystery which the prose of the historian will never adequately bridge. They cannot come to us, and our imagination can but feebly penetrate to them. Only among the aisles of the cathedral, only as we gaze upon their silent figures sleeping on their tombs, some faint conceptions float before us of what these men were when they were alive; and perhaps in the sound of churchbells, that peculiar creation of mediæval age, which falls upon the ear like the echo of a vanished world. The transition out of this old state is what in this book I have undertaken to relate."

And the task is well worthy of the historian. Though covering but a small period of English history, the interval between Wolsey's disgrace and the death of Elizabeth included the birth of modern civilization, and saw the accomplishment of the most momentous revolution in the history of the race since the advent of Christianity. Then, too, notwithstanding its importance and the labors of those who had preceded him, before Mr. Froude entered the field there was no portion of English



history more obscure, and, according to him, more recklessly misrepresented. He has gone through all the *Rolls House MSS.*, all the *State Papers*, and the various manuscript collections scattered over the Kingdom, besides availing himself of the materials upon which other historians have depended; and he brings forward many new documents which, as used by him, throw a flood of light over the events of that most critical period. We suppose that after the laborious and final researches of Mr. Froude, we can scarcely expect any further records to be discovered which might invalidate essentially the positions he has taken, and his History, therefore, will probably be accepted as the final and complete record of all the facts which can assist us in forming a correct judgment.

That he himself is convinced of this is evident from the extreme care and thoroughness with which he has carried out his work. No question has been left uninvestigated; no point has been shunned or obscured, and the fourteen stately volumes which constitute the work are without doubt the most elaborate historical composition in our language. Whether the deductions which he draws from his facts will be in every instance, or even generally, adopted, is extremely doubtful: his conclusions concerning the historical characters with whom he has to deal are almost without exception diametrically opposed to those which have become traditions; but the facts themselves embrace everything on either side that can be claimed as authority, and no one who reads them can doubt for a moment the impartial desire for truth which animates the author's labors.

This brings us to a consideration of the mental characteristics which Mr. Froude brings to his work. In making this analysis we do not propose to attempt any subtle distinctions, but will simply sketch briefly the salient features of his genius. They are a broad catholicity of mind which, without confounding distinctions or weakening the fibre of its individual convictions, can do justice to radically antagonistic principles and actions; a vivid and dramatic imaginative faculty; the liberal culture of a thorough scholar; a severe critical judgment; the most untiring industry, and a literary art which is well-nigh perfect. Few writers in the history of literature, possessed of the brilliant abilities of Mr. Froude, have devoted themselves to a more unpromising task than the one which he has undertaken; there are fewer still who could have carried the interest of the reader so unflaggingly through the vast mass of details which he has accumulated in his pages. Through the whole field which he traverses there are no wars, no battles, none of the brilliant episodes which furnish the usual opportunities to historians. The struggles are those subtle ones which accompany a readjustment of the social forces; the changes are the gradual ones natural to a period of transition; and the few dramatic elements are of the sombre cast furnished by the stake, and grand revolutions in religious opinion. Yet there is no lack of interest in the narrative—even for impatient and superficial readers. The author's information is so general and his mastery of style so exquisite that the driest details are constantly illuminated by side-lights and the lambent flow of imaginative language.

In style Mr. Froude has been accused of imitat-

ing Carlyle, and there is one characteristic at least which they possess in common and in which every historian since Carlyle began to write may be said to imitate him—the disposition to treat every subject picturesquely and with a certain dramatic force which often verges on the artificial. This seems to us the only point of contact between them, while there are many essential differences. The style of Mr. Froude is the steady glow of solar light, rising gradually at times to a fervid intensity; that of Carlyle is the incessant gleamings and flashes of heat-lightnings on a summer evening. Carlyle is too apt to impress us with a painful sense of effort and artifice: we are almost unconscious of the force and finish of Mr. Froude's language until we compare it with the numerous citations from other writers which are introduced into the text. The extract with which we commenced this notice is a fair specimen of the author's style when painting in his warmest colors.

We have said that Mr. Froude's conclusions concerning the characters who figure largely in his history are radically opposed to those which have met with general acceptance. This is particularly the case with Henry VIII., who he believes to have been not only one of the greatest rulers that England has ever produced, but justified, on the whole, by his peculiar position, in acting as he did toward his wives and his political opponents—that he was more sinned against than sinning. He has brought forward many facts which place Henry, beyond doubt, in a very much better attitude than that in which we have been accustomed to regard him; but it is impossible, from the defective nature of the evidence, for him to make out his case to the complete satisfaction of the average reader. For ourselves we believe he is more nearly right than his predecessors, but an historical error which has become so deeply implanted will not be rooted out by any exposure short of absolute documentary contradiction.

In thus rescuing the character of Henry VIII., Mr. Froude has removed one of the blackest stains from the early history of the Reformation, but in accomplishing this he has necessarily dragged from her shrine one of the darling saints of the Protestant hagiology. If Anne Boleyn was guilty of the incest and adulteries of which she was convicted, and for which she was beheaded (and Mr. Froude makes out a fearfully strong case against her), her melancholy fate does not deserve the excessive pity which has been accorded it; on the other hand, if she was condemned on a false accusation, Henry was guilty of a most monstrous and horrible murder. As Mr. Froude says: "Antecedent to experience the former is the more probable of the two." That women in exalted positions should prove frail is not contrary to the experience of history; and besides the author's argument from the evidence left, Anne Boleyn stands self-convicted of most shameful levity; but if, as is generally assumed, she was sacrificed by Henry on a forged indictment, it not only damns Henry, but in an equal degree Cromwell, Latimer, the whole nobility and judiciary of England, poisons the very foundation of the Reformation, and impeaches human nature itself. Guilt there was somewhere, guilt most miserable, but we will probably never know, this side of the stream which they have all long since crossed, precisely where

it lay; and we are willing to let the veil drop here over that "most lamentable tragedy."

Queen Elizabeth also—"the Virgin Queen"—is cleared from the foul aspersions which have too generally been cast upon her reputation; and several other historical characters who have rested under the ban of tradition are rescued from the world's contumely, and are making Richelieu's appeal "for justice." Altogether, Mr. Froude's history is calculated to make us think better of human nature, and particularly of human nature as in past time it illustrated itself in England.

Volumes XIV. and XV., which are now ready for publication, bring Mr. Froude's work to a close; and Messrs. Scribner & Co., the publishers of the original edition, are issuing a "Popular Edition" in twelve volumes, at an extremely low price. Vols. I., II., III., and IV. are now ready, and two volumes per month will be issued until the work is completed. They are printed from the original plates, on good white paper, are well bound, and will make a valuable and inexpensive addition to the library, or to any collection which pretends to completeness in English historical literature.

*Hans Christian Andersen's Works.*—Author's Edition. New York. *Hurd & Houghton.*

A very clever writer, in a recent number of the *London Spectator*, makes a forcible protest against "The Worship of Children," which he believes to be peculiarly the characteristic of our times, and which is constantly becoming more exaggerated in its display. More particularly, he maintains, is this tendency observable in the literature designed for children. The sound and respectable old legends of Jack the Giant Killer, and the like, which were so good after their kind, together with the ineffable but at least intelligible stories in which George the Saint and Tom the Sinner figured so largely, are now relegated to the limbo of bygone barbarisms, and children's literature has taken upon itself all the refinement, subtlety, and elaboration which characterize modern life. He complains that a man of genius and liberal culture like George MacDonald devotes nearly his whole time to editing "Good Words for the Young," and that Mrs. Alfred Gatty has for years been solely occupied in producing a child's magazine which is equal, if not superior, to any of its contemporaries designed for adults; and calls upon parents to go back to the good old times of simplicity in toys and genuine downrightness (so to speak) in literature, and leave off the psychological refinements which are now supposed to supply children with mental food.

Our critic might have added the names of many other writers of the very highest abilities to those he has mentioned as furnishing the children's literature of our day, such as Jean Ingelow, Miss Yonge, Miss Mulock, Miss Alcott, and, greater than all, of him whose name stands at the head of this notice—Hans Christian Andersen. And we venture to say that, notwithstanding his quaint astuteness, and the cleverness with which he has made some of his points, our critic would heartily agree with us that the final reclamation by these and other great writers of a field of such infinite importance, which had hitherto in great part been given over to dunces, is the most beneficent, if not the most splendid, of recent achievements in literature. Who that has read the fairy and other stories

of Andersen alone (for it is as a writer for children that he is principally known to American readers), does not cherish a sense of personal gratitude—does not feel that they alone furnish a *raison d'être* for this branch of literature?

We have said that it is chiefly as a writer for the young that Hans Christian Andersen is known to American, and, for the matter of that, to English readers; and we have naturally been led into a consideration of that department of literature which his genius has so brilliantly illustrated; but we are now to have a complete edition of his works, and it was of these we intended to speak when we commenced this notice.

The edition will comprise all that Andersen has yet written, and will be printed under his special supervision, with such additions and notes as seem necessary to a final and complete revision. It will present the author under the various aspects of poet, novelist, traveller, story-teller, and autobiographer, for Andersen is verging rapidly toward old age, and should leave the world his record of a life which has added so much lustre to the literature of his native country. Of the volumes which are to compose this series "*The Improvisatore*" and "*The Two Baronesses*" are all which have yet been issued. These are the author's only novels, and are remarkable for the freshness, delicacy of imagination, and poetic sympathy with Nature in all her moods and aspects, which characterize even the simplest of Andersen's tales. Like the novels of Bjornson, they are essentially idyllic—delicious prose-poems, in which the tragedy, comedy, and commonplace of life are transmuted into a world of idealities, appealing strongly to the imagination, but seldom dramatically to our sentiments. Herein lies their weakness as novels. They lack action, and the dramatic vigor of movement so essential where a dozen or more lives are concentrated into a few hours' reading, and the possession of which has given popular fame to the works of writers who are infinitely inferior to Andersen in poetic ability, and far narrower in their range of sympathies. Notwithstanding some most excellent pieces of characterization, the author's personages, with a few exceptions, leave upon us the impression of impersonality; like his fairies, they are perfectly natural. If not human, they are wondrously like humanity, but they lack the one vital element of individuality. For this reason we think that Andersen will never rank so high as a novelist as he does as a poet and story-teller. The very merits of his novels (and they are many and eminent) are of that subtle, refined kind which, to be recognized, require a nature kindred to the author's own, or an artistic sense which only comes of high cultivation. "*The Improvisatore*," which is much the better of the two, is a story of Italian life; and while in comparison with the noble comprehensiveness and intellectual grandeur of George Eliot's "*Romola*," it seems thin, illusive, and colorless, there is no other novel in our language written at such a sustained, imaginative level, with so true an insight into Italian character on its better and more poetic side, and with such brilliant powers of scenic description. The story, though pathetic and pleasing, is but the medium for the study of national character and for recording a traveller's impressions; but to those who would make acquaintance with modern Italy and Italian life, with

Rome and the Campagna, and Venice and Naples, and all the scenery which has long become classic, in the most pleasing manner, we cannot do better than commend them to "*The Improvisatore*." For Andersen, while possessing the enthusiasm and sensibility of a genuine poet, is also a shrewd, accurate, and thoughtful observer.

For the translation, we need only say that it was done by Mary Howitt.

"*The Two Baronesses*" is scarcely so careful a story as "*The Improvisatore*," and, unless very badly written, has been unskillfully translated. It is a simple tale of life in the author's native Denmark, depicting very clearly the character, customs, and peculiarities of the people, and, as might have been expected, giving some excellent sketches of local scenery. We get a glimpse of what the land of the old Vikings has become in the nineteenth century, such as cannot be easily obtained elsewhere.

The publishers announce that the remaining volumes of the series will be issued in rapid succession, and that the works will be completed at an early day. They are brought out in very handsome library style, printed upon heavy white paper, and with the usual typographical excellence of the Riverside Press.

*Haydn's Dictionary of Dates.* New York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

It is only necessary to state the scope and comprehensiveness of a work of this character to show its immense value as a work of reference. Cyclopædias have long ago justified their claims to existence—they are to literary work what the application of steam to mechanics was to manual labor—and criticism must confine itself to the manner and thoroughness of their execution.

The "*Dictionary of Dates*" was first compiled in 1841, by JOSEPH HAYDN, an Englishman, and, notwithstanding many imperfections and deficiencies in the execution of the original plan, has since passed through thirteen editions. On the failure of Mr. Haydn's health in 1855, the editing of the work passed into the hands of Mr. Benjamin Vincent, by whom it has been thoroughly revised, remodelled, and completed, and rendered more encyclopædic in its scope. The Dictionary comprises "remarkable occurrences, ancient and modern; the foundation, laws, and governments of countries; their progress in arts, sciences, and literature; their achievements in arms; and their civil, religious, military, and philanthropic institutions"—all these things considered chronologically and, for the most part, in chronological tables. It is, in fact, history reduced to its lowest terms—a final condensation of the records of the race.

The work is doubtless already known to all who pretend to have even the elements of a library; and we should not have felt called upon to mention it but from the fact that a new edition, designed more particularly for the use of American readers, has just been published by Messrs. Harper & Bros. Much of the matter deemed superfluous by the American editor has been eliminated from the original work, and valuable additions have been made, particularly in the department relating to our own country. This edition is also fresher and more comprehensive in the events of recent years than any which has yet been published, and this material has been incor-

porated into the body of the work instead of being appended as a supplement, which is a very great improvement.

We have examined the work carefully, comparing it with a copy of our own, and think that the publishers are justified in feeling "confident that in issuing this Dictionary, they are offering the public the best and completest work of the kind ever published"—a work which will prove the means of an incalculable saving of labor to students and literary workers generally.

#### SOME HOLIDAY BOOKS.

We wonder if our readers enjoy these Holiday Books as much as we do—if daily contact with the scores of publications more or less trying to eyes and brain which are constantly issuing from the printing-presses, enables them to appreciate as we do merely turning the leaves of such a book as *The Desert World*, by ARTHUR MANGIN. New York: Thomas Nelson & Sons. If they do, we congratulate them in having the opportunity to secure a kind of perpetual holiday; if not—but where is the man, woman, or child, with tastes so dead as not to feel a kind of rapture in looking at an elegant book? Literature and Art are never so happily wedded as in these "rare and radiant" volumes which the gay season brings forth, and no one who has enjoyed the results of the union would ever again be willing to see them divorced.

We have chosen "*The Desert World*" to head our list, and it is well worthy of the "blushing honor." It is a work of Natural History, translated from the French, and while principally narrative and descriptive, so as to adapt it to the tastes of children, presents, in an easy, picturesque, and untechnical manner, the most recent discoveries in the various sciences which bear upon the subject. The theme of *The Desert World* is by no means so dreary as the title might suggest, for the author uses his descriptive term in the very extended sense which is to some extent authorized by usage. He includes under the name of "*Deserts*," not only the sandy seas of Africa and Asia, the icy wastes of the Poles, and the inaccessible crests of great mountain chains; but all the regions where man has not planted his regular communities and abodes; where earth has never been appropriated, tilled, and subjected to cultivation; where Nature has maintained her inviolability against the encroachments of human industry."

Even within these broad limits the author has not always rigidly confined himself, and the picture which he traces therefore assumes not only vast proportions, but an infinite variety of aspects. And we may say for him that he has performed his work well. His colors are laid on with the skill of a genuine artist, and his facts are comprehensive and reliable to a degree which is not often found in a book of popular science. The French writers have always been unrivalled in popularizing science, and Mr. Mangin will probably take the first rank in this field, even among Frenchmen.

The English translator has done his work skilfully, making "copious additions," which is the only thing we have to object to in connection

with the volume. He has used the Dictionary of Poetical Quotations so liberally as to make the text at times laughably incongruous, which we are certain was never justified by the original.

The work is copiously and magnificently illustrated, and the volume as a whole has the finished, artistic *ensemble* for which the best English books are famous, and which our publishers have scarcely succeeded in approaching.

"*Mysteries of the Ocean*" is by the same author, and published by the same house (*Thos. Nelson & Sons*: London and New York), and is designed for a companion volume to *The Desert World*. In this work Mr. Mangin has done for the Ocean what in the former he did for Deserts, tracing its sublime history from its birth in the vastly distant epoch of nebular incandescence, through its successive revolutions and transformations up to the present, when we see its bosom ploughed in every direction, excavated in its depths, and explored by man, and exercising a powerful influence upon the progress of science and civilization.

All that we have said of the former volume is applicable in an equal degree to this, and we may add that there are no books of the season more likely to prove satisfactory both to children and to those of a "larger growth."

In "*The Ballads of New England*," (Boston: *Fields, Osgood & Co.*), we have a book which may be fairly said to mark a long stride toward perfection in the art of book-making in America. Nothing so altogether excellent has ever been published in this country, and with the exception of some few volumes containing the work of the great English and French artists, we have never seen anything so good in the way of illustration. We might say indeed (though it would scarcely be true) that we hardly know which to admire most, the poems or the pictures; but this would only be another way of saying that the pencil of the artist has for once rivalled the pen of the poet, and that the story as told by one is not unworthy of the conception implanted in the imagination by the other.

Of WHITTIER'S *Ballads* it is not necessary for us to speak. They are among the finest lyrical productions of the American muse, and who is there that does not know them and love them? It is the work of the artists which makes the volume new, and gives a new face, or if not a new face at least a new drapery, to these old familiar friends. Several have contributed to the illustration, but the principal landscapes were drawn by Mr. Harry Fenn; and we may say, without disparaging the work of his coadjutors, that we are glad he was called upon to furnish them. They are not only all executed with the most exquisite skill, but some of them are conceived in a genuine poetic spirit not inferior to that of the poems themselves. Mr. Albert Fredericks also does some most excellent work in illustrating "Skipper Ireson's Ride;" and all who look into the volume will be pleased to recognize the spirited, vigorous figures and breezy landscapes of F. O. O. Darley.

The pictures were chiefly drawn from sketches made by Mr. Fenn, "who visited for the purpose the scenes of the poems," and their local truth is

testified to by a letter from Mr. Whittier himself, prefixed to the volume.

Almost equal in beauty to the *Ballads* is LONG-FELLOW'S "*Building of the Ship*" (Boston: *Fields, Osgood & Co.*). It is printed on heavy plate-paper on one side of the leaf only, and with a red line round the text, and forms a companion volume to "*Locksley Hall*," published last year. The illustrations, twenty in number, are furnished by Gifford and Hennessy, and the engraving is by A. H. V. Anthony and Linton, the former of whom also engraved the pictures for the *Ballads*. It forms one of the choicest volumes of the season.

"*The Gates Ajar*," by ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS, the most successful book of the year, has also been put into holiday costume by *Fields, Osgood & Co.*, and makes a very handsome volume. The text has been reset in new type, the page is surrounded by a red-line border, and there are twelve full-page illustrations by Miss Jessie Curtis. These are not remarkable for excellence, but are much above the average. Linton is the engraver.

"*Lady Geraldine's Courtship*," by MRS. BROWNING, stands first on the list of *Charles Scribner & Co.* It is singular, as the publishers remark, that a poem so exceedingly picturesque and even dramatic should never before have been selected for illustration. Like all Mrs. Browning's finest poems, "*Lady Geraldine's Courtship*" is singularly forcible, while it treats of a subject which is ever popular, and is much less obscure than her best efforts are too likely to be. The success, too, with which in the present instance the theme has been illustrated, makes the fact that it is the first all the more remarkable. The pictures are thirty-four in number, and are the work of Mr. W. J. Hennessy, who also furnished some of the choicest cuts for the "*Ballads of New England*." They are all of them good, some of them excellent, but Mr. Hennessy does not possess the subtle imaginative perception of Mr. Fenn, and, as must necessarily be the case when thirty-four pictures closely related to each other come from the same hand, they are somewhat monotonous. But for this, "*Lady Geraldine's Courtship*" would hold its own even with the *Ballads*, for the volume is in all other respects very elaborate and tasteful, approaching closely the best English models.

Several years ago "*Folk-Songs*" was issued in a very elaborate volume by *Scribner & Co.*, and has ever since been one of the standard gift-books. These "Songs" have now been divided into four parts, called respectively "Songs of Life," "Songs of the Heart," "Songs of Nature," and "Songs of Home." Of these, "*Songs of Life*," in a very handsome volume, takes its place among the Holiday Books for the present season. It contains about a hundred poems, comprising nearly all the old favorites, and the selection has in general been judiciously made. The volume is richly illustrated by all the original pictures of the "*Folk-Songs*," and many new ones have also been added, some seventeen or eighteen artists contributing. The engravings are very fine, being executed principally by Anthony. To those who are not disposed to buy a book for one special feature, but want "variety in unity," we cordially commend the "*Songs of Life*" as one of the best collections of the kind that has ever been made.

"*Bible Animals*," by J. G. WOOD (New York: Charles Scribner & Co.), can scarcely be called a Holiday Book for any other reason than that it is elaborately illustrated and happens to appear about the holiday season; but we follow the classification of the publishers. It is a very handsome and valuable book, nevertheless, and is much better worth paying for than many others whose special features are more nicely adapted to the peculiar tastes of the holidays. Commentaries on the Scriptures have been written until it would seem that at least nothing new under the sun could be said about them; but "*Bible Animals*," certainly develops a new and most interesting department,—that of Biblical natural history. It contains "a description of every living creature mentioned in the Scriptures, from the ape to the coral," with explanations of the various texts in which the mention appears. Students will at once perceive its value, but it is also a popular treatise on Natural History, and will prove of equal interest to the general reader.

"*A Midsummer Night's Dream*" (Boston: Roberts Brothers) is decidedly the most unique of the Holiday Books, and we believe is different from anything hitherto published in America. The text is Shakspeare's beautiful and fantastic fairy poem, and it is illustrated by the *silhouettes* of Konewka, which have attracted much attention in Germany. The method is as delicate, chaste, and graphic as (to us) it is novel, and will doubtless meet with great favor.

The volume is exceedingly elegant, and we must not omit to mention that it is embellished by a portrait of a Boston young lady, who does duty for Titania, the Queen of the Fairies.

Of course it would never do to forget the children in writing anything connected with the Holidays, and we must confess they are not likely to permit themselves to be forgotten even by publishers. Ample preparation has been made for the satisfaction of even their fastidious tastes, as will be seen by the following enumeration, which is by no means complete:—"*The Trotty Book*," an exquisite story by Miss ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS (Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.); "*Story of a Bad Boy*" by T. B. ALDRICH (Same); "*Nidworth and his Three Magic Wands*," by Mrs. PRENTISS (Boston: Roberts Bros.); "*Great Mysteries and Little Plagues*," by JOHN NEAL (Same); "*Rough and Ready*," one of the Ragged Dick series, by HORATIO ALGER, Jr. (Boston: Loring.); "*The Spanish Barber*" (New York: M. W. Dodd.); and what will gladden the adventurous souls of boys, "*Lost in the Jungle*," a Narrative of Adventures in the Interior of Africa, by PAUL DU CHAILLU (New York: Harper & Brothers).

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The Publisher will send any book reviewed in the ECLECTIC, or any other new publication, postage prepaid, on receipt of price.]

*Ancient States and Empires.* By JOHN LORD, LL.D. New York: Scribner & Co. 1 vol. crown 8vo, pp. 645. Maps.

*The Primeval World of Hebrew Tradition.* By FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1 vol. 16mo, pp. 283.

*Susan Fielding.* By Mrs. ANNIE EDWARDS, Author of "Archie Lovell," &c. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1 vol. 8vo, cloth, pp. 279. [Illustrated.

*Rameses the Great, or Egypt 3,300 Years Ago.* By F. de Lanoye. Illustrated Library of Wonders. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1 vol. 16mo, pp. 296. Illustrated.

*Hitherto, A Story of Yesterday.* By Mrs. A. D. T. WHITNEY. Boston: Loring. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, pp. 473.

*The Romance of Spanish History.* By JNO. S. C. ABBOTT. New York: Harper & Bros. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 462. Illustrated.

*Wrecked in Port.* By EDMUND YATES. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 8vo, paper; pp. 142.

*The Soprano. A Musical Story.* By JANE KINGSFORD. Boston: Loring. 1 vol. 12mo, paper; pp. 179.

*Zell's Encyclopædia.* Semi-monthly Parts. Nos. 14 and 15. Philadelphia: T. Elwood Zell. Large quarto, pp. 40.

*Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets.* By EDWIN PAXTON HOOD. Second Series. New York: M. W. Dodd. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, pp. 303.

*The Origin and Development of Religious Belief.* By S. BARING GOULD, M.A. Part 1: Heathenism and Mosaism. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, pp. 414.

*My Enemy's Daughter.* A Novel. By JUSTIN McCARTHY. New York: Harper & Bros. 1 vol. 8vo, paper, pp. 162. Illustrated.

#### SCIENCE.

*The Excavations at Jerusalem.*—The third quarterly statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund, just published, contains an account of discoveries as important as any that have yet been made. Having thoroughly examined the old Haram wall at the southwest and southeast angle, Lieutenant Warren has been exploring the northeast angle. Here he finds the old wall—that portion of it below the ground—continued beyond the apparent line of division above ground; the Pool of Bethesda, which he had already ascertained to be a real reservoir, concreted and plastered at bottom, has an overflow through a very remarkable chamber made of wrought stone inside the wall; the stones are cut similarly to those at the southeast angle, but not apparently so carefully; characters were found on them, copied, sent home, and examined. They are pronounced to be similar to those previously read by Mr. Deutsch, and Phœnician. But the shaft has yielded other and, perhaps, more important results. On reaching the rock, which was 110 feet below the surface of the ground, it was found to be sloping downwards at an angle of 3 in 10. A valley, therefore, previously suspected by some, the lowest point of which has not yet been reached, runs across this corner of the Haram area. And the platform of the dome of the rock is at least 165 feet above one part of the valley in the northern part of the

Haram area. Among other results which might be mentioned we may name, therefore, this: the Haram area, on one part of which once stood the Temple, may now be compared to the lid of a box, of which the walls are the sides. Its corners are respectively the S.W. about 120 ft., the S.E. about 100 ft., the N.E., about 130 feet, above the rock. At the southeast corner are substructures, long since known called "Solomon's stables." Are there none at the other angles, and if so, of what kind are they? All questions relating to the inside of the Haram area must, however, be postponed till permission can be obtained to dig there. Lieutenant Warren and all his party have been obliged to retire to the Lebanon to recruit their health. They return, it is expected, at the end of this month, when it is to be hoped that the requisite funds will be in the hands of the committee, at their office, 9, Pall-mall East, to carry out the work of excavation, which now approaches completion.

*Druidical Remains in Jersey.*—An attempt to level a piece of ground off St. Aubin's road, about a mile from St. Helier's, has resulted in an interesting discovery. The workmen came upon a stone structure, and the attention of the Rev. Mr. Porter and Captain Oliver, two archaeologists, was directed to it. It was found to be a tomb constructed of 16 or 18 huge stones roofed by three others, and closed at each end, the floor consisting of detritus and sand. Eleven urns were discovered inside, some of them broken and imperfect, but others intact. They approach each other in size, and, standing from six to eight inches high, are nine or ten inches in extreme width. Outside they are symmetrically shaped, and inside they are filled with earth and, it is believed, with bones, but they are too brittle to be handled for investigation. A flint weapon was also among the contents of the tomb.

*The Report of the Royal Agricultural Society,* just published, announces that the annual meeting for 1870 will be held at Oxford, and gives particulars of a large number of implements and machines useful in connection with farming operations. Among them we notice an earth-boring machine, which will bore rapidly even through hard rock and gravel, and clear itself of the waste in a most surprising manner. On estates deficient in water, it should be appreciated, for it will sink a large-sized well through any kind of strata in a comparatively short time; and in seasons of drought, many a thirsty country village would rejoice to see one of these machines tapping their underground water. Another is a patent automatic grain-weighing and registering machine, which by an ingenious contrivance weighs, counts or records, and discharges the grain by the sole effect of the weight thereof. There are many trades, besides farming, in which this machine would be of great utility.

*Channel Tunnel.*—The best means of improving the communication between England and France has at last begun to receive serious consideration. Visionary projects of tunnels and bridges have been succeeded by carefully-matured and well-investigated schemes put forward by competent engineers in such a form that the probabilities of success, in so vast an undertaking, may at least

be seriously discussed. Mr. Hawkshaw has made a costly and careful survey and an examination of the strata by borings, which have satisfied him that a tunnel could be carried across the Channel entirely in the lower chalk. This material is one in which tunnelling is easy and rapid, and in which the risk would be limited to one contingency, namely, the possibility that the sea would find its way into the workings through some fissure. Mr. Hawkshaw estimates the cost at ten millions, and the time required for the execution of the tunnel at nine or ten years. He proposes to test the probabilities of success by the construction of preliminary driftways. If these were safely carried across the certainty of success would be assured. If they failed the loss would not exceed two millions.

More recently Mr. Bateman and Mr. Rêvy have suggested a plan for constructing an iron tunnel on the bed of the English Channel. The most interesting point about this scheme is the proposal to put the segments of the tube together in a sort of huge diving bell, attached water-tight to the completed parts of the tunnel, and pushed forward by hydraulic presses as the work advances. This bell is to be a cylinder 80 feet long, 18 feet diameter, and would weigh in air 750 tons, in water 100 tons. The tunnel itself is proposed to be 13 feet in internal diameter and 4 inches thick, with strengthening rings and flanges. It is estimated that 100 feet of this cast-iron tunnel can be laid per day, and that with the exception of the shore ends three and a half years would serve for its completion. Ordinary railway carriages would be worked through the tunnel by pneumatic pressure. The speeds proposed are 20 and 30 miles per hour. The total outlay is estimated at eight millions, and upon this sum it is thought that the goods traffic alone (assumed at 4,000,000 tons per annum) would pay a handsome dividend. All the details of the scheme have been carefully matured.

*Curious.*—*Statistics* is a dull science at first sight, but it is wonderfully interesting when you get into it; you are always unearthing curious facts. Cutting the pages of a heavy book on the military and anthropological statistics of the United States rebellion-army the other day, I lit upon the unexpected discovery that sailors are shorter sighted than the generality of mankind. A few pages on, it was asserted, as the result of exact measurements, that after a certain age men shrink instead of growing! Those curious things would never have been credited but for the proof afforded by statistical analyses. Who would believe that copper can have health-sustaining properties? We are generally taught that the metal in any form is poisonous. Yet a French doctor has found from statistics of the last two cholera epidemics that all kinds of workers in copper enjoy a remarkable immunity from choleraic disorder. While the rate of mortality among iron-smiths and other metal artists was about 1 in 150, that among copper-smiths and copper handlers generally was only 3 in 10,000. Sorting out the various classes of work, it was evidenced that the more liable the men are to take cupreous dust into their system, the less the chances of their taking the disease. There is a

workmen's society in Paris, comprising about 300 members, all turners, mounters, and chasers of bronze articles, and during the cholera plagues of 1832, 1849, 1854, 1865, and 1866, there was but one fatal case among them, and that was a man who had left the trade two years before. These are facts to be kept in sight; they are curiosities now, and the next novelty might push them into oblivion; so let those concerned "make a note on."—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

*Automatic Writing.*—The time may come, though it may seem premature to expect it, when a man's words will be made to write themselves down automatically as fast as they come from his lips—when a speech will yield a sound-picture, or a sonogram, that we may gaze upon as we now do upon a light-picture, and translate as we do the notes of a piece of music. Nonsense, you say? It is no nonsense, no dream. Go ask a physicist if he can conceive its possibility, and, unless he be a very narrow-sighted member of his community, he will reply that he can. You who now say "nonsense" would have said the same fifty years ago if any one had told you that some day the image of your countenance would paint itself photographically. But before you repeat your derision, think of this:—Light is a wave-motion, and the chemist has found a substance which the waves, as they dash against it, can transform or transmute; and so we have got photography. Sound is a wave-motion; its waves are as breakers, light's are as ripples; the former large and slow, the latter small and rapid. Now since we have got the substance that is impressible by the little weak waves, why should we despair of finding a substance that will alter under the influence of the great, strong ones? We can make a lamp-glass ring with the voice pitched to a certain note; soon we may cause the same sound to vibrate a body that will make a mark on paper as it swings, and then we can make another working body vibrate to another sound, and so on up the gamut. Thus we shall get an apparatus which will mark the notes of a melody, each as it is sung; and after this it is not difficult to conceive a series of vibrators each attuned to one of the few separate and distinct sounds that the human voice can utter. Here will be an analogue to the photographer's camera: placed before a speaker, such an apparatus will sonograph all he has to say. Some who smile at this will live to see the thing done.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

*Scientific Summary.*—In addition to the summing up of the results of the British Association meeting at Exeter, which has for some weeks occupied natural philosophers and scientific editors, the "off season," as it is called, has been taken up with discussions about our standard of value, the pound sterling—with acknowledgment of invitations to "assist" at the opening of the Suez Canal—with talk about a tunnel under the Channel from England to France, or an iron tube which is to be laid on the sea-bottom, and so avoid the expense of excavation—about a canal across the Isthmus of Corinth, which will materially shorten the voyage between Marseilles and Constantinople; and in Paris an enterprising few are again talking about

a ship-canal which shall cross France from the Mediterranean to the English Channel. Besides all this, the Americans and Germans are again trying to reach the North Pole, or to make fresh discoveries within the arctic zone, in case they cannot achieve their main object.

According to the ANNUAL REPORT just published by the School of Mines, 1,012 ounces of gold were produced in the British Islands in 1868. In the same year, 4,970,206 tons of pig-iron were manufactured; of lead, 71,017 tons; and of silver, 835,542 ounces. The total value of the metals produced, including copper, tin, and others, was £15,736,416. The quantity of coal raised in the same year was 103,141,197 tons, the value of which at the pit's mouth was £25,785,289. Reckon unsmelted ores as worth two million pounds, and the grand total added to the wealth of the kingdom by the mining industry of 1868 amounts to more than £43,000,000 sterling.

*A New Metal.*—The quiet intimation given last spring about a new metal is now something to be talked about, for Sir Joseph Whitworth, after a long course of experiment, has succeeded in producing iron and steel, which, as he states, will resist any amount of shock or strain that may be put upon them. This "Whitworth metal," as it is called, is, while in a molten state, subjected to enormous pressure, by which all the air-bubbles—those sources of weakness—are got rid of, and the metal is rendered perfectly homogeneous. If Sir J. Whitworth is right in his conclusions, our iron trade is about to undergo another revolution, and we shall have guns of the largest size, which will send their bolt through anything and everything, and never burst; we shall have wheels for railway-carriages that will never crack, boilers that will never blow up, and wire for submarine cables that won't break in the laying. It is an encouraging prospect; and we hope that the ten young men who have just obtained the ten Whitworth scholarships of one hundred pounds each, will perpetuate the persevering skill, the ingenuity and enterprise of their benefactor. As if to be ready for the new demand that will grow out of these indestructible guns, a new kind of powder, nearly six hundred times stronger than gunpowder, has been invented and patented by an Austrian, resident in the United States.

Sir Henry James, Director-general of the Ordnance Survey, has published a thin quarto, with plates, entitled *Notes on the Great Pyramid of Egypt, and the Cubits used in its Design*, in which he explains that he has put "the simple geometrical problems involved in the question in the clearest possible light, in the hope that these Notes will be found useful for the instruction of the boys in our National and other schools." There has been a good deal of speculation published about the Pyramids of late years, which perhaps may be tested by the results obtained by English Ordnance surveyors. For eighteenth pence, any one interested in the subject may procure a statement of facts and measurements taken by authority, with determination of the Greek and Egyptian measures of length, with diagrams showing how the plans of the Pyramids were first set out by

the architects, and with a photozincograph of the Nilometer.

*Yankee Ingenuity.*—"We air an inventive people." Yankee origination is universal and ubiquitous. Fourteen thousand patents will, it is estimated, be granted by the United States office this year; and two applications are rejected for every one granted. Over forty thousand specifications lodged in a year; and this in the States only: take up the patent journals of any country in the world, and you will find a good percentage of inventions of American origin. In that country of geniuses everybody invents. Said the Patent Commissioner, the other day, "Our merchants invent, our schoolmasters invent, our soldiers and sailors invent, our professional men invent,—ay, even our women and children invent." True: and wonderful schemes some of these amateurs propound. One man claimed protection for the application of the Lord's Prayer, repeated in a loud voice, to cure stammering: another applied for the envied parchment, on behalf of a new and useful attachment of a weight to a cow's tail, to prevent her switching it during the milking operation: another proposed to cure worms by fishing for them with a delicate line and tiny hook baited with a seductive pill; while a lady patented a hair-crimping pin, which she specified might also be used as a paper cutter, as a skirt supporter, a child's pin, a bouquet holder, a shawl fastener, or as a book-mark. These were cases cited by Mr. Fisher, the Commissioner aforesaid, in a recent address to the American Institute. Since this was delivered, I have read of patents for a "horse-refresher" (a hollow bit, perforated with holes, and connected by a flexible tube with a water reservoir in the vehicle, so that the driver can give his animal a drink without stopping), and a luxurious contrivance called "The Snorer's Friend,"—a device to be attached to church pew-backs, to form a comfortable head-rest, enabling the owner to sleep through the dullest sermon in peace and quietness.

*The Varieties of Dogs.*—Dr. John Edward Gray has written a paper on the varieties of dogs in the *Annals of Natural History*. In reference to that kind of variation, which he thinks ought to be looked upon as abnormality, the author points out the following four types:—1. The short and more or less bandy legs of the turnspit and lurchers, which are common to terriers and spaniels. 2. The more or less imperfect development of the upper jaw, found in the bulldog, pug-dog and different breeds of spaniels. 3. The great development of the ball of the eyes, so as to become too large for the orbit and exceedingly prominent and liable to accident, found in some breeds of spaniels and terriers. 4. The more or less complete want of air, which is generally accompanied by a more or less complete want or great imperfection in the development and rooting of the teeth, showing the relation between these two organic productions.

*The Preparation of Artificial Ebony.*—This substance is now being manufactured on a tolerably extensive scale. It is prepared, says a contemporary, by taking sixty parts of sea-weed

charcoal, obtained by treating the sea-weed for two hours in dilute sulphuric acid; then drying and grinding it and adding to it ten parts of liquid glue, five parts gutta-percha, and two and a half parts of india-rubber, the last two dissolved in naphtha; then adding ten parts of coal-tar five parts pulverized sulphur, two parts pulverized alum, and five parts of powdered resin, and heating the mixture to about 300 deg. Fah. We thus obtain, after the mass has become cold, a material which in color, hardness, and capability of taking a polish, is equal in every respect to ebony, and much cheaper.

*The Postmaster-General* asks for £8,750,000, to buy up the electric telegraphs of the kingdom, and seems likely to get the money. In return, he not only promises cheap messages, a large increase in the number of offices, and other facilities, but, after paying interest on the sum expended, he will have, in the first year, a surplus of £77,000. This surplus will of course increase with the increase in the number of messages despatched. As regards the scientific part of the question, it is thought that the demand for improvements will be so constant that invention will be stimulated, and that we shall see a succession of methods for applying the wondrous power of electro-magnetism excelling all hitherto compassed.

*Meteor Shower.*—By accounts received from Sir T. Maclear, director of the Observatory at the Cape of Good Hope, we learn that the *meteor shower* of last November was well seen at the Cape, and we thus have evidence of the wide range over which the brilliant phenomenon was observable. It was seen in England, in the United States, and the southernmost points of Africa.

*Volcanic.*—A good deal of discussion has been carried on of late among geologists on earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and their causes, which of course involve considerations as to what the inside of the earth is composed of. Mr. Poulett Scrope argues that the interior of the globe is solid, because of the weight and pressure constantly surrounding it, but that the interior solid is highly expansible, and ready to fly off when the internal heat has generated steam enough to force a way to the surface. Mr. David Forbes, on the contrary holds that the interior of the globe is in a liquid red-hot molten condition, composed of silicates and the heavy metals, and that this molten mass at times boils up into and through the solid crust which forms the surface of the earth.

*The mean rate of discharge* of the Mississippi River into the Gulf of Mexico somewhat exceeds thirty-eight millions six hundred thousand pounds of water per second.

*The "North Pole" Expedition.*—A first letter has been received from the German expedition to the North Pole. Contrary winds and storms had detained the expedition until July in the North Sea, and forced it to keep near the coast of Norway. The first ice was encountered on the 12th of July, lat. 74° N., long. 10° W. Up to the 29th of July the expedition had not reached the coast of Greenland, which was, however, in sight. At 25 Ger-



man miles from the coast the soundings showed a depth of 7,000 feet. Captain Coldeway reports that the position of affairs is very different from that met with in 1868. The temperature is higher, the winds more constant, and the ice looser; but from the 9th to the 29th of July much foggy weather prevailed. The ship is in excellent condition, and the crew in good health.

### ART.

*The Cross of Ixtolinque.*—A very unique work of art, ranking almost among the wonders of the world as an example of patient effort, has recently been brought to this city, from a country where we rarely look for anything of æsthetic interest. It is a carved cross of wood, on which is represented the entire history of the Old Testament and the New. The history of the work is exceedingly curious. The artist was a Carmelite monk, Salvador de la Cruz, a converted Indian, and a descendant of the ancient Caciques of Corycan. He lived nearly two hundred years ago. He devoted more than twenty-two years in the solitude of his cell to this work, and for a purpose which is thus explained:

After the conquest of Mexico, there came from Spain a number of Carmelite friars, who possessed themselves of lands for the purpose of building convents upon them. That built in the "*Desierto en los Montes de Cuámalpa*" was upon land belonging to the father of Ixtolinque (or Salvador de la Cruz), the maker of the cross. This convent was five leagues from the city of Mexico.

The Ixtolinque family were finally despoiled of all their property, little by little, and in order to prevent any reclamation, the friars who had ruined them endeavored to influence the mind of one in particular, whom they induced to become a Carmelite, and enter the convent built upon his father's land.

Some years elapsed, and the father of Ixtolinque entered into a lawsuit with the friars, accusing them of spoliation; but the tribunals of that epoch, unwilling to do justice to the poor Indians, treated their complaint with the utmost contempt. Not dismayed with this, however, the father of Ixtolinque journeyed to Spain, succeeded in obtaining an interview with the king, and, finally, an order that his estates should be restored to him.

The Carmelites, hearing this, bade Salvador de la Cruz to influence the mind of his father to cause him to desist from his efforts. But, with that firmness which his work mutely reveals, that faith and energy of which it tells, Salvador held out perseveringly against them, reproached them in a tone of dignity, and declared that he would never become an instrument in his father's ruin.

From that moment began the furious persecution on the part of the friars, which left Salvador but one resource,—the mournful seclusion of his cell. There, holding no intercourse with mortals, and uplifted by holy thoughts of patient endurance and pious resignation, he spent twenty-two years and three months in carving the now celebrated cross, intending to offer it, when completed, to the King of Spain, and to entreat that sovereign for a restitution of his father's estate; for, despite the mandate of the Spanish monarch, justice had never

been done in this matter, so great was the influence, at that time, of the Carmelite brotherhood, in Mexico.

But it was not given to Ixtolinque to accomplish his filial resolve. He died at the beginning of the eighteenth century, having finished his precious work, but leaving it in the power of the Carmelite friars, who, mere theologians, ignored its beauty and its merit, worthy, indeed, of the first museums.

The cross and its pedestal are eighteen inches high, and contain five hundred figures in complete relief, which represent, in various groups, the history of the Old and New Testament, with descriptive inscriptions above them. When it is remembered that the cross and pedestal are each formed from an entire piece of hard walnut wood, the difficulty of the execution may be appreciated. In gold or silver, steel or iron, the labor would have been comparatively easy. There is no similar work in existence, and it is so full of curious detail, that it may be studied for days, without exhausting its interest. At the same time, it forms a very beautiful whole, perfect in *ensemble* as in detail.

A meeting which promises to have a very important influence upon art in this country, was held at the rooms of the Union League Club, last month. The object of the meeting was the establishment of a Metropolitan Museum of Art, "on a scale worthy of a great nation," and the movement was commenced under the most brilliant auspices. The venerable Wm. Cullen Bryant presided and addressed the meeting, and he was followed by Professor Comfort, of Princeton College, and several other prominent gentlemen, who seemed thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the enterprise.

The following resolutions were then offered and carried unanimously, closing the proceedings:—

*Resolved*, That in the opinion of this meeting it is expedient and highly desirable that efficient and judicious measures should at once be initiated, with reference to the establishment in this city of a Museum of Art on a scale worthy of this metropolis and of a great nation.

*Resolved*, That a committee of citizens, properly representing the various organizations and individuals directly or indirectly interested in the object, should at once be appointed; and to them the whole subject should be referred, with power to fill vacancies in the Committee, and to add to their numbers; to appoint sub-committees; to prepare a constitution and by-laws; to apply for a charter, and to adopt such measures as they may find expedient for the accomplishment of the above-named object.

*Resolved*, That the appointment of fifty gentlemen, as hereinafter named, to serve on such Committee, would be, in our opinion, satisfactory to the whole community; and we hereby respectfully request the gentlemen named to take the objects of this meeting into their own hands, and to carry them to successful completion by all such means as they may deem expedient.

*Resolved*, That the Secretaries of this meeting be requested to notify the gentlemen thus designated, and to call an early meeting of this provisional Committee, viz.:—

William H. Aspinwall, John Taylor Johnson,

W. L. Andrews, Robert Lenox Kennedy, S. L. M. Barlow, John Lafarge, William T. Blodgett, A. A. Low, Walter Brown, James Lenox, Charles Butler, Hy. G. Marquand, Richard Butler, Fred. Law Olmsted, Legrand B. Cannon, Joseph H. Choate, F. E. Church, James B. Colgate, Geo. F. Comfort, Geo. Wm. Curtis, Gen. John A. Dix, C. E. Detmold, Wm. E. Dodge, Jr., R. M. Olyphant, Howard Potter, W. C. Prime, Professor O. N. Rood, Marshall O. Roberts, Henry G. Stebbins, Alex. T. Stewart, D. Jackson Stewart, Robert L. Stuart, Benj. H. Field, S. R. Gifford, Robert Gordon, Andrew H. Green, George Griswold, John H. Hall, Robert Hoe, Jr., Wm. J. Hoppin, D. Huntington, Richard M. Hunt, Anson P. Stokes, Jonathan P. Sturges, Russell Sturges, Jr., Russellford Stuyvesant, Lucius Tuckerman, General F. L. Vinton, Calvert Vaux, George M. Vanderlip, Samuel Gray Ward.

The late *Henry Crabb Robinson* has been honored by a noteworthy mural picture in University Hall, Gordon Square, a college of which the late Crabb Robinson "was one of the most active founders, and which he had in his lifetime largely endowed." The work is painted in monochrome, by Ed. Armitage, and represents the subject surrounded by many of his most distinguished literary and artistic friends. The picture disposes itself into six groups. On the farther left, Mrs. Barbauld is seen in earnest talk with Mr. Wakefield; Goodwin, Hazlitt, Clarkson, and Walter Savage Landor stand by. Next is a company over which Wilhelm von Schlegel and Madame de Staël preside. The Germans have a compartment by themselves, wherein the well-marked portraits of Goethe and Schiller at once arrest the eye; "the Lake poets" also hold a conspicuous position. The next scene opens darkly with the grand, wild head of Edward Irving; beneath, Samuel Rogers has taken his seat. On a sofa near at hand Lady Byron is listening to the Rev. F. W. Robertson, neither portrait being flattered. Talfourd, Arnold, Bünsen, and others are near. The picture is fifty-six feet long, and the figures, thirty-four in number, are somewhat over life-size.

The *Winter Exhibition* at the National Academy opened on the evening of November 3d, with the usual "brilliant reception," and, according to Jenkins, "drew together a large number of distinguished and fashionable people." It is the last exhibition under the old management, and, without impeaching the intentions of any one, we may say that it is a fitting close to their administration, as well as a justification retrospective (if any were needed) of the recent revolution. There has never been a more hopelessly insignificant display even upon the walls of the National Academy. Except a few pictures by foreign artists and some of the works of Inness, Coleman, De Haas, and Vedder, there is little to attract attention. It is but just, however, to the managers to say that important additions will be made before the Exhibition closes, which will materially enhance the attractions of the collection.

*Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt*, better known as Commodore Vanderbilt, has had a bronze statue erected to him (at his own expense), and mounted upon the new brick depot of the Hudson River Railroad

in this city. The occasion called forth some severe but appropriate remarks from the *Saturday Review* and the *Nation*, on "The Apotheosis of Riches." If a man chooses to take his own money and put his own statue upon his own building, we have no right to protest; but when the public permits itself to be fathered with such an enterprise, and even gives it an easy sanction, it is time to inquire seriously whether the idolatry of the dollar has in fact so penetrated society that Americans are prepared to give to every man who can become a millionaire by unscrupulous betrayal of fiduciary trusts, that supreme monumental glory by which the great are honored by the nations.

The *Committee of the Royal Academy*, which has been entrusted with the office of forming an exhibition of works by the old masters, which will probably open in the first week in January next, at the Royal Academy galleries in Burlington Gardens, has sought the assistance and counsel of the members generally, and begged them to indicate the whereabouts of pictures of high character, such as may be desirable as loans to the Academy from various owners. With this exhibition will be included the works of Leslie and Stanfield. The notion of collecting the works of former Academicians is an excellent one, and sure to result in a highly interesting display of pictures of extraordinary merit.

The *Exhibition of Works* excluded from the Royal Academy has been a great success, no fewer than ten thousand persons having visited the gallery in the course of two months, and nearly one hundred works of art having been sold from the walls. The committee have determined not only to renew the enterprise next season, but to open, meantime, a winter exhibition. They will, hereafter, not make any distinction whatever between works refused by the Academy and those painted expressly for their exhibition.

Of the *erection of monuments in Europe* there is no end. The last are: Chopin, in Warsaw; Gustav Schwab, in Stuttgart; Frederick the Great, in Liegnitz; and Marshal Keith, in Peterhead, Aberdeenshire. The last was the gift of the King of Prussia to the birthplace of the old warrior, who fell in the battle of Hochkirchen in 1758. Geneva has also erected a monument commemorating the incorporation of the little republic with Switzerland, in the year 1815.

The *beautiful Portrait of Alexander Pope*, painted by Richardson, for the Earl of Huntington, was sold recently at the sale of the estate of the Marquis of Hastings (a spendthrift descendant of the Earl), and was purchased by a gentleman of Boston. It is now kept in that city as a rare artwork and relic of olden times. It is three-quarter length, beautifully painted, and is in a perfect state of preservation. The old oaken frame placed upon it more than a hundred years ago still encloses it.

The *Chevalier Salazaro*, director of the Picture Gallery in the Musée Borbonico, at Naples, has discovered a crypt, with very ancient Christian frescoes, under the Church of St. Michael, in Capua. The paintings, which are apparently by no ordinary artist, are in excellent preservation.

*An English gentleman at Rome*, who possesses all the Murillo series of the "Prodigal Son," with the exception of the one picture on this subject in the Vatican, has petitioned the Pope to allow him to purchase the missing scene, for which he offers a picture of Bonifazio Veneziano, and one by Beato Angelico da Fiesole, together with fifteen thousand francs in cash. The Holy Father has referred the proposal to the Academy of St. Luke.

*The work* of improving the Piræus, the harbor of Athens, has already brought up a bass-relief and a statue from the bottom of the sea. The former is considerably damaged by an incrustation of shell-fish, but the latter is in a perfect state of preservation.

*Vinnie Ream* has gone to Rome. During her stay in Paris, she modelled busts of Mrs. General Fremont and Gustave Doré. The latter took much interest in her, offering the use of his studio, and showing her many courtesies and attentions.

*The Duchess Colonna*, who has adopted the name of "Marcello" for her sculpture, sent three works to the Exhibition at Munich—a Sphinx, Bianca Capello, and a Gorgon. The latter has been purchased for the Kensington Museum.

*The resignation* of Mr. Huntington, President of the National Academy, has been accepted by the Council. Mr. H. P. Gray, the Vice-President, will serve in his place during the remainder of the term.

*The great prize* of 100,000 francs, offered by the Emperor Napoleon for the best work of art, has been awarded to the architect Duc, for his restoration of the Palace of Justice.

*Powers and Ball*, the sculptors, have won with their fame a more substantial recognition of their merit, and they both possess elegant villas in the suburbs of Florence.

*Princess Alice of England* has lately given a specimen of her work to the King of Prussia in a bust of the Crown Prince.

*M. Thiers*, the historian and orator, is said to possess a collection of rare engravings, valued at 800,000 francs.

*The death* is recorded of the sculptor, Pierre Herbert, the author of the well-known group of "The Child and the Tortoise."

*The Statue of Voltaire* is to be cast in bronze, and will cost twelve thousand francs. It will be erected in the Place de l'Institut.

*A movement* is on foot in Italy to erect monuments in honor of Dante and Tasso.

*Lady Eastlake* is editing a memoir of John Gibson, the sculptor.

Turkish bath should also be the authors of the famous aphorism that "cleanliness is next to godliness." Those who have not—but that branch of the subject is too suggestive of melancholy reflections, and we leave it for a more genial theme.

The Turkish bath has not long been known to us "northern barbarians," but it is gratifying to perceive from Mr. Trollope's last story how thoroughly its merits have become recognized in England; and even among us, though its introduction is of comparatively recent date, it is rapidly becoming one of the regular institutions of great cities.

The first to introduce it to metropolitans, on anything like an adequate scale, was Dr. Shepard, who, beginning with a single dwelling-house, has now at Nos. 63 and 65 Columbia st., Brooklyn, the largest and probably the best-appointed "Hammam" in the country. Separate departments are provided for ladies and gentlemen, and provision is also made for permanent boarders, and for the treatment of invalids. Our readers would doubtless like for us to describe more minutely the building and its mysterious processes, and we would probably be willing to attempt it, but unfortunately we have not that accurate knowledge of upholstery for which our reporters are so remarkable, and our impressions, moreover, are of the vaguest and most misty character. We have a general recollection of going into a little curtained alcove and taking off our clothes (how delicious, by the way, as Col. Higginson says, is the mere sensation of nakedness!); of going into a hot room; of going into a hotter,—until we fairly boil in our own perspiration; of lying on a marble slab and being beaten, scrubbed, rubbed, shampooed, and showered; of taking the plunge (Ay! that cold plunge; there's the rub. Our readers have doubtless heard of "seeking the bubble reputation, even at the cannon's mouth," but we can assure them it requires more courage to take that plunge than it ever did to storm the Malakoff); of coming out into the cooling-room, shrouded in a sheet, and lying down wrapped in a blanket; and then of a diffused sensation of ineffable bliss, as if we had smoked an infinite number of *chibouks*, and were revelling in the gorgeous dreams of the hasheesh smokers. But all particulars are merged in this haze of confused reminiscence.

The only objection to the bath, probably, as regards Americans, is that it is too pleasurable, takes too long, and scarcely partakes sufficiently of the aspects of a business transaction; but we, nevertheless, point out a way of enjoying a new and healthful luxury, by suggesting that all who have the opportunity make a pilgrimage to the Hammam. We have no doubt they will then agree with us that (to quote the impressive language of our street criers) "no family should be without it."

*Remarkable Concession to the Christians.*—The Sultan has taken a step which advances him to the first rank among Oriental reformers. Its significance, indeed, is more profound than that of many revolutions, for it is an abjuration on the part of a mighty religious community, and of many races, of a prejudice hitherto held to be scarcely less sacred than the creed itself. We refer to a rescript just issued from Constantinople, throwing open to Christians of every denom-

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#### VARIETIES.

*The Turkish Bath.*—Those who have enjoyed this incomparable luxury will perceive how nicely in accordance with the great doctrine of the Relativity of Knowledge it is that the inventors of the

ination the mosques, or temples of the Faithful, upon the simple condition that they shall not scoff or disturb the worshippers at prayer. In order to appreciate the importance of this measure, we must recollect what the politics of Eastern nations, and of the Turks especially, are. The principle of personal government as known to Europe is not absolute, even in the autocracy of Constantinople. The Commander of the Faithful has power of life and death over his subjects; but he must respect their sentiments, as many a palace tragedy has proved. A Viceroy of Egypt found it impossible to develop his ideas until he had destroyed the Mamelukes, and a former Sultan dared not innovate without first getting rid of the Janissaries; but Abdul Aziz feels himself strong enough, and is sufficiently confident of the progress which has been made by the Turkish mind, to break down the barrier of ages, and to remove the opprobrium of the Christian populations under his sway. This is an act of genuine wisdom, worth more than a thousand mimics of Parisian manners or copyings of English fashion. Heretofore the foot of the Christian treading the pavement of a mosque defiled it; if allowed at all it was bare; even the eye of the stranger polluted the Prophet's shrine; his presence was as that of a dog; he was not fit to hear the holy teaching; and time was when such an intruder, in spite of law and police, would have been torn limb from limb by the infuriated populace. The Sultan's resolution, however, notwithstanding the spread of enlightenment, is a bold one. It confronts all the hosts of bigotry, and everybody is aware what Mahomedan bigotry means.

*Books for Review.*—A complaint has been made of new books being exposed for sale, uncut, at about half price. These are in most cases sent for review. The immense number of books thus supplied to the second-hand booksellers, who do not always trade according to their appellation, would surprise the uninitiated. The sale of the books sent to a well-known literary periodical brings in more than £1,000 a year. Those sent to *The Times* must be more valuable still; and this on the doubtful chance of getting the book reviewed—the chances being perhaps 999 to 1 against a review. But then, if *The Times* does review a book it is sure to sell. As an instance of the value of a review in the leading journal, an authoress agreed to receive so much for the copyright of her last novel, and £100 more if it was reviewed in *The Times*. It was reviewed in that journal, and the extra £100 was cheerfully paid.—*Court Journal*.

*A Murderous Sea-Flower.*—One of the exquisite wonders of the sea is called the opelet, and is about as large as the German aster, looking, indeed, very much like one. Imagine a very large double aster, with ever so many long petals of a light green, glossy as satin, and each one tipped with rose color. These lovely petals do not lie quietly in their places, like those of the aster in your garden, but wave about in the water, while the opelet generally clings to a rock. How innocent and lovely it looks on its rocky bed! Who would suspect that it would eat anything grosser than dew or sunlight? But those beautiful, waving arms, as you call them, have

another use besides looking pretty. They have to provide food for a large, open mouth, which is hidden deep down amongst them—so well hidden that one can scarcely find it. Well do they perform their duty, for the instant a foolish little fishlet touches one of the rosy tips, he is struck with poison, as fatal to him as lightning. He immediately becomes numb, and in a moment stops struggling, and then the other beautiful arms wrap themselves around him, and he is drawn into the huge, greedy mouth, and is seen no more. Then the lovely arms uncloset and wave again in the water, looking as innocent and harmless as though they had never touched a fish.

*The Golden House of Nero.*—On that part of the ruins of Imperial Rome lying between the Palatine and the Esquiline Hills—a space which was more than a mile in breadth—Nero erected his "Golden House," as he called the new palace in which he fixed his abode. The vastness of extent, and the varied magnificence of this imperial residence and its ornamental grounds, almost surpass belief. Within its enclosures were comprised spacious fields, groves, orchards, and vineyards; artificial lakes, hills, and dense woods, after the manner of a solitude or wilderness. The palace itself consisted of magnificent buildings raised on the shores of the lake. The various wings were united by galleries each a mile in length. The house or immediate dwelling of the emperor was decorated in a style of excessive gorgeousness. It was roofed entirely with golden tiles, and with the same precious metal the marble sheathing of the walls was also profusely decked, being at the same time embellished with ornaments of mother-of-pearl—in those times valued more highly than gold—and with a profusion of precious stones. The ceilings and woodwork were inlaid with ivory and gold, and the roof of the grand banquetting-hall was constructed to resemble the firmament. It was contrived to have a rotatory motion, so as to imitate the motion of the heavenly bodies. The vaulted ceiling of ivory opened and let in on the guests a profusion of flowers, and golden pipes sprayed over them the most delicate perfumes.

*Flowers.*—The Drosidæ are divided into five great orders—lilies, asphodels, amaryllids, irids, and rushes. No tribes of flowers have had so great, so varied, or so healthy an influence on man as this great group of Drosidæ, depending, not so much on the whiteness of some of their blossoms, or the radiance of others, as on the strength and delicacy of the substance of their petals, enabling them to take forms of faultless elastic curvature, either in cups, as the crocus, or expanding bells, as the true lily, or heath-like bells, as the hyacinth, or bright and perfect stars, like the star of Bethlehem, or, when they are affected by the strange reflex of the serpent nature which forms the labiate group of all flowers, closing into forms of exquisitely fantastic symmetry in the gladiolus. Put by their side their Nereid sisters, the water-lilies, and you have in them the origin of the loveliest forms of ornamental design, and the most powerful floral myths yet recognized among human spirits, born by the streams of Ganges, Nile, Arno, and Avon.—*The Queen of the Air.* By John Ruskin, LL.D.





Engraved for the electric by Geo. H. Benson, N.Y.

JAMES T. BRADY.

of Satan . . . who wallowed in . . . and he was dealing in the Black Art, and his name it was Machumet. . . ." This work Luther made known to his countrymen, by translating and commenting, prefacing and rounding it off by an epilogue. True, his notes amount to little more but an occasional "Oh fie, for shame, you horrid Devil, you damned Mahomet!" or, "Oh Satan, Satan, you shall pay for that!" or, "That's it, Devils, Sarassins, Turks, it's all the same!" or, "Here the Devil smells a rat," or, briefly, "O pfui Dich, Teufel!"—except when he modestly, with a query, suggests whether those Assassins, who, according to his text, are regularly educated to go out into the world in order to kill and slay all Worldly Powers, may not, perchance, be the Gypsies or the "Tattern" (Tartars); or when he breaks down with a "Hic nescio quid dicat translator." His epilogue, however, is devoted to a special disquisition as to whether Mohammed or the Pope be worse. And in the twenty-second chapter of this disquisition he has arrived at the final conclusion that, after all, the Pope is worse, and that he and not Mohammed is the real "Endechrist." "*Wohlan*," he winds up, "God grant us His grace, and punish both the Pope and Mohammed, together with their Devils. I have done my part as a true prophet and teacher. Those who won't listen may leave it alone." . . .

In similar strains speaks the learned and gentle Melanchthon. In an introductory epistle to a reprint of that same Latin Koran which displeased Luther so much, he finds fault with Mohammed, or rather, to use his own words, he thinks that "Mohammed is inspired by Satan," because he "does not explain what sin is," and further, since he "showeth not the reason of human misery." He agrees with Luther about the Little Horn:—though in another treatise he is rather inclined to see in Mohammed both Gog and Magog. And "Mohammed's sect," he says, "is altogether made up (*confata*) of blasphemy, robbery, and shameful lusts." Nor does it matter in the least what the Koran is all about. "Even if there were anything less scurrilous in the book, it need not concern us any more than the portents of the Egyptians, who invoked

snakes and cats. . . . Were it not that partly this Mohammedan pest and partly the Pope's idolatry have long been leading us straight to wreck and ruin—may God have mercy upon *some* of us!" . . .

Thereupon Genebrard, on the Papal side, charged the German Reformers, chiefly Luther, with endeavoring to introduce Mohammedanism into the Christian world, and to take over the whole clergy to that faith. Maracci is of opinion that Mohammedanism and Lutheranism are not very dissimilar—witness the iconoclastic tendencies of both! More systematically\* does Martinus Alphonsus Vivaldus marshal up exactly thirteen points to prove that there is not a shadow of difference between the two. Mohammed points to that which is written down—so do these heretics. He has altered the time of the fast—they abhor all fasts. He has changed Sunday into Friday—they observe no feast at all. He rejects the worship of the Saints—so do these Lutherans. Mohammed has no baptism—nor does Calvin consider such requisite. They both allow divorce—and so forth. Whereupon Reland—only 150 years ago—turns round, not without a smile on his eloquent lips, and wants to know how about the prayers for the dead, which both Mohammed and the Pope enjoin, the intercession of angels, likewise the visiting of the graves, the pilgrimages to the Holy Places, the fixed fasts, the merit of works, and the rest of it.

If there be any true gauge of an age or a nation, it is the manner in which such age or nation deals with religious phases beyond the pale. We shall not follow here the vicissitudes of that discussion of which we have indicated a few traits, nor the gradual change which came over European opinion with regard to Islam and its founder. How the silly curses of the Prideaux, and Spanheims, and D'Herbelots; how their "wicked impostors," and "dastardly liars" and "devils incarnate," and Behemoths and beasts and Korahs and six hundred and sixty-sixes, gave room, step by step almost, to more temperate protests, more civil names, less outrageous misrepresentations of both the faith and the man: until Goethe and Carlyle, on the one hand, and that modern phalanx of investigators, the Sprenger, and Amari,

and Nöldeke, and Muir, and Dozy, on the other, have taught the world at large that Mohammedanism is a thing of vitality, fraught with a thousand fruitful germs; and that Mohammed, whatever view of his character (to use that vague word for once) be held, has earned a place in the golden book of Humanity.

There is, however, another view which, though more slowly, yet as surely, is gaining ground in the consciousness, if not of the world at large, yet of those who have looked somewhat more closely into this matter. It is this: that Mohammedanism owes more to Judaism than either to Heathenism or to Christianity. We go a step further. It is not merely parallelisms, reminiscences, allusions, technical terms, and the like, of Judaism, its lore and dogma and ceremony, its Halachah and its Haggadah (words which we have explained at large elsewhere,\* and which may most briefly be rendered by "Law" and "Legend"), which we find in the Koran;† but we think Islam neither more nor less than Judaism as adapted to Arabia—plus the apostleship of Jesus and Mohammed. Nay, we verily believe that a great deal of such Christianity as has found its way into the Koran has found it through Jewish channels.

We shall speak of these things in due season. Meantime we would turn for a moment to certain mediæval Jewish opinions both on Christianity and Islam, which will probably astonish our readers. They belong to very high authorities of the Judæo-Arabic Dispersion in Spain:—Maimuni, generally called Maimonides, and Jehuda Al-Hassan ben Halevi. The former, at the close of his great "Digest of the Jewish Law," fearlessly speaks of Christ and Mohammed as heralds of the final Messianic times. In filling the world with the message of the Messiah, with the words of Scripture and its precepts, they have, he says, caused these exalted notions and sacred words to spread to the farthest ends of the earth. The latter—sweet singer, as well as great philosopher—wrote a book, in

Arabic, called "Kusari," wherein a Jew, a Christian, and a Mohammedan, are made to defend and to explain their respective creeds before the King of the Chazars—the king of the country now called the Crimea—who, in the tenth century of our era, had, together with his whole people, embraced Judaism. The Jewish speaker compares the religion founded by Moses to a seed-corn, which, apparently dissolved into its elements, is lost to sight; while in reality it assimilates the elements around and throws off its own husk. And in the glorious end, both it and the things around will grow up together even as *one* tree, whose fruit is the Messianic time. The concise description of Islam which the author puts into the mouth of the Mohammedan interlocutor is so fair and correct that it might stand at the beginning of a religious Mohammedan compendium.

But in this they were but the exponents of the real feeling of the Synagogue from the earliest times, on this matter. For, startling as it may seem, what we are wont to consider the emphatically *modern* idea of the "three Semitic creeds"—being, by their fundamental unity on the one hand, and their varying supplementary dogmas on the other, apparently intended to bring all humanity within the pale of Monotheism—is found foreshadowed in those Talmudical oracles. They who composed them were truly called the Wise, the Disciples of the Wise. They did not prophesy: they would have shrunk with horror from a like notion; but with a heart full of poetry they often combined marvellous keenness of philosophical insight. And thus while they develop the minutest legal points with an incisive logical sharpness, while they keep our imagination spell-bound by their gorgeous lore, they at times amaze us with views apparently wide apart from their subject; but views so large, so enlightened, so "advanced," that we have to read again and again to believe:—even as the age of the Renaissance was amazed and startled when the long-buried song and wisdom of the Antique were made to open their divine lips anew.

Parallel with those transparent allegories of all mankind being addressed on Sinai; or those others of "God's

\* See Article "Talmud," *ECLECTIC*, February and March, 1868, pp. 209, 300.

† Several of these have been pointed out from Maracci, Reland, Mill, Sale, to Geiger (1833)—the *facile princeps* on this field—Muir, Nöldeke, Rodwell, &c.



name being inscribed in seventy languages on Moses' wonder-staff;" or of "Joshua engraving the Law in seventy stones on the other side of the Jordan;" there runs the clear and distinct idea of certain apostolic Monotheistic nations or phases. They are three in number. These three are our three "Semitic creeds."

We shall, out of the many Variants that in more or less poetical guise embody this thought, echoed and re-echoed by the highest authorities of the Synagogue, and as often used and misused in fierce mediæval Judæo-Mohammedan controversy, select what we consider the very oldest. It is found in the *Sifre*, a work, although of somewhat later redaction, anterior to the Mishnah, and often quoted in the Talmud as one of its own oldest sources.

A homiletic exposition of Numbers and Deuteronomy, it lovingly tarries at the last chapter—Moses' parting blessing. The Tanchuma introduces this chapter by the striking remark that while through all other blessings recorded in the Pentateuch—of Noah, of Abraham, of Isaac, of Jacob—there always rings some discord, some one harsh note, whereby the bliss foretold is concentrated upon some special heads to the exclusion of others, the dying song of Moses is one unbroken strain of harmony. Its golden blessings flow for all alike, and there is none to stand aside, weeping. And the *Sifre*, in a kind of paraphrase of the special verses themselves, literally continues as follows:—"The Lord came from *Sinai*,' that means:—the Law was given in *Hebrew*; 'and rose up from *Seir* unto them,' that means it was also given in *Greek* (*Rumi*); 'and he shined forth from Mount *Paran*,' that means in *Aramaic*."

There is a fourth language added, "He came with the thousands of Saints," and this means *Aramaic*." Even granting the typical nature of the three geographical names alluded to—and it is not to be denied that Sinai and Seir are constantly used for Israel and Esau-Edom-Rome, while Faran plainly stands for Arabia, whether or not it be the name of the mountains round Mecca, as contended—the connection of the "thousands of Saints" with Aram does

not seem quite clear at first sight—unless it mean Ezra's Puritans. What, however, is quite clear by this time is this, that "Aramaic" is typical of Judaism; that Judaism which has supplanted both Hebraism and Israelitism, and which, having passed through its most vital reformation under Aryan, notably Zoroastrian auspices, during the Exile, subsequently stood at the cradle both of Christianity and Mohammedanism. Aramaic represents that phase during and since the Babylonish captivity whose legitimate and final expression is the "Oral Law," the Talmud: that Talmud, which with one hand—like those Puritans—reared iron walls around the sacred precincts of Faith and Nationality, and with the other laid out these inmost precincts with flowery mazes, of exotic colors, of bewildering fragrance—"a sweet-smelling savor unto the Lord."

When the Talmud was completed (finally gathered in, we mean—not composed), the Koran was begun. *Post hoc—propter hoc*. We do not intend to convey the notion as if the Talmudical authors had foretold the Koran. On the contrary, had they known its nature they would scarcely have bestowed upon it the term of "Revelation." But here is the passage: a wondrous sign of their clear appreciation of the elements of culture represented by the nations and clans around them. Hellas-Rome and Arabia appeared to them the fittest preparatory mediums or preliminary stages of this great Sinaitic mission of Faith and Culture.

*Post hoc—propter hoc*. The Hebrew, the Greek, the Aramaic phases of Monotheism, the Old Testament, the New Testament, the Targum, and the Talmud, were each in their sphere fulfilling their behests. The times were ripe for the Arabic phase.

[We must protest against the construction put upon this passage by some of our contemporaries. The historical sequence of events is merely described; it was not our object to discuss the claims and authority of Judaism, Christianity, and Islamism; and it is a complete misrepresentation of our words to assert that we placed the three religions upon an equal footing.—SECOND EDITION.]

In the year 571, was born Moham-

med—or he, who, together with his mission, appears with that significant name of the “Praised,” under which he was supposed to have been foretold in the Old and New Testament.\* It was but a few years after the death of that Byzantine Louis XIV., Justinian, who had aimed at creating one State, one Law, one Church throughout the world; who had laid the first interdict upon the Talmud; who most significantly gathered building materials from all the famous “heathen” temples—of Baal of Baalbeck and Pallas of Athens, of “Isis and Osiris” of Heliopolis and the Great Diana of Ephesus, therewith to reconstruct the Hagia Sophia at Constantinople—the same Hagia Sophia wherein now the grave and learned doctors cease not to expound the Koran. In those days Arabia expected her own prophet. The Jews in Arabia are said to have watched for his appearance.

Few religions have been founded in plain day like Islam, which now counts its believers by more than a hundred millions, and which enlarges its domain from day to day, unaided. Most clearly and sharply does Mohammed stand out against the horizon of history. Those who knew him, not for hours, or days, or weeks, but from birth to death, almost during his whole life, count not by units, or dozens, but by thousands upon thousands, whose names and whose biographies have been collected; and

his witnesses were men in the fulness and ripeness of age and wisdom, some his bitterest enemies. No religious code extant bears so emphatically and clearly the marks and traces of one mind, from beginning to end, as the Koran, though, as to materials and contents, there is, as we have hinted already, a passing strange tale to tell. It will therefore behoove us, in order that we may better understand how Mohammed made these materials entirely his own, how he moulded and shaped, and added unto them, to try and realize first the man himself and the vicissitudes that influenced his mind—its workings and its strugglings, its despairs and its triumphs.

This shall be done very briefly. And, though it seems next to impossible to separate the man from his book, we shall yet attempt to separate them. True, the more than twenty years which its composition occupied are embalmed in it with all their strange changes of fortune, with their terrors and visions, their curses and their prayers, their bulletins and their field-orders. The Koran does indeed illustrate and explain its author's life so well that hitherto every biographer (and there have been many and great ones) has suggested, in accordance with his own views, a different arrangement of that book. In its present shape a sheer chaos as regards chronological or logical order of chapters and even verses, it will lend itself admirably to all and any arrangement. You may work it, as it were, backwards and forwards. Something is supposed to have happened at a certain time: here is a verse looking like a vague allusion to it: therefore the verse belongs to that period, and confirms the previously doubtful fact. Here is a verse which alludes to some event or other of which nothing is known, and the event is solemnly registered, a fitting date is given to it, and the verse finds its chronological place. But we have nothing to arrange, and therefore, though it be less easy and less picturesque to consider the author and the book as independently as may be, we do so at Mohammed's express desire, as it were, and in bare justice to him. He wishes the Koran to be judged by its own contents. “Hic Rhodus, hic salta,” he seems to cry. The Book is his sign,

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\* There exist very grave doubts as to whether this really was the Prophet's name. Originally called Kothan, he is held to have first adopted the epithet of Mohammed, either together with his mission or, perhaps, not even before the Flight. It is not easy to fix upon the exact passages, either in the Old or New Testament, to which the Prophet himself alludes, as foretelling him by name: as Mohammed in the Old, and as Ahmad, another form of the same name, in the New. Regarding the latter, probably John's Paraclete (amended by some into *παρακλητός*), which in Arabic might be Ahmad, is meant. As to the Old Testament, the Vulgate—that most faithful receptacle of Jewish tradition, as transmitted to Jerome by his Rabbis—will best help us. There is no doubt that, with that root *hamad* there is generally mixed up some kind of Messianic notion in the eyes of Targumists and Haggadists. And when in Haggai ii. 8, we find the word “Hemdah” = a precious thing, rendered, against grammar and context, by “*Desideratus—omnium gentium*,” we may be sure that the Synagogue did look upon this passage as Messianic, though there be no very direct evidence extant.

his miracle, his mission. His own story is another matter. And without preconceived opinions—either as panegyrist or as *Advocatus Diaboli*—shall we try to tell it, and then be unfettered in our story of the Book. If we make use of the “*Sunnah*” for our purpose no one will blame us. This Midrash of Mohammedanism, as we should call those traditional records of the Prophet’s doings and sayings, both in the legendary and juridical sense of the word, has, albeit in exalted tones and colors often, told us much of his outer and inner life. Used with the same patient care with which all documents are used by the impartial historian, it yields precious information.

We have reason to discard much of what has long been repeated about Mohammed’s early life. All we know, or think we know now for certain, is that he lost his father before his birth and his mother when he was six years of age. His grandfather who had adopted him died two years later, and his poor uncle Abu Tâlib then took charge of him. Though belonging to a good enough family, the Kureish, though sickly, subject to epilepsy, Mohammed had early to work for his living. He tended the flocks—even as Moses, David, and all prophets had done, he used to say. “Pick me out the blackest of these berries,” he cried once at Medina, when, prophet and king, he saw some people pass with berries of the wild shrub *Arak*. “Pick me out the blackest, for they are sweet—even such was I wont to gather when I tended the flocks of Mecca at *Ajyâd*.” But by the Meccans tending of flocks was considered a very low occupation indeed. In his twenty-fourth year, a rich widow of Mecca, *Chadija*, about thirty-eight years of age, and twice before married, engaged his services. He accompanied her caravans on several journeys, probably as a camel-driver. Of a sudden she offered him her hand, and obtained the consent of her father by intoxicating him. She bore Mohammed two sons, one of whom he called after a popular idol, and four daughters. Both boys died early.

This is the whole story of Mohammed’s outer life previous to the assumption of his mission. The ever-repeated

tale of his having accidentally been chosen, in his thirty-fifth year, as arbiter in a quarrel about the replacing of the Black Stone in the *Kaaba*, is at least very questionable, as are his repeated travels to Syria with his uncles, to which we shall return anon a certain monk who appears in many aliases, and who proves to be more or less a myth.

Mohammed’s personal appearance, a matter of some import, chiefly in a prophet, is almost feature by feature thus portrayed by the best authenticated traditionists:—

He was of middle height, rather thin, but broad of shoulders, wide of chest, strong of bone and muscle. His head was massive, strongly developed. Dark hair—slightly curled—flowed in a dense mass down almost to his shoulders. Even in advanced age it was sprinkled by only about twenty gray hairs—produced by the agonies of his “*Revelations*.” His face was oval-shaped, slightly tawny of color. Fine, long, arched eyebrows were divided by a vein which throbbed visibly in moments of passion. Great black restless eyes shone out from under long, heavy eyelashes. His nose was large, slightly aquiline. His teeth, upon which he bestowed great care, were well set, dazzling white. A full beard framed his manly face. His skin was clear and soft, his complexion “red and white,” his hands were as “silk and satin”—even as those of a woman. His step was quick and elastic, yet firm, and as that of one “who steps from a high to a low place.” In turning his face he would also turn his full body. His whole gait and presence were dignified and imposing. His countenance was mild and pensive. His laugh was rarely more than a smile. “Oh, my little son!” reads one tradition, “hadst thou seen him thou wouldst have said thou hadst seen a sun rising.” “I,” says another witness, “saw him in a moonlight night, and sometimes I looked at his beauty and sometimes I looked at the moon, and his dress was striped with red, and he was brighter and more beautiful to me than the moon.”

In his habits he was extremely simple, though he bestowed great care on his person. His eating and drinking, his dress and his furniture, retained, even

when he had reached the fulness of power, their almost primitive nature. He made a point of giving away all "superfluities." The only luxury he indulged in were, besides arms, which he highly prized, certain yellow boots, a present from the Negus of Abyssinia. Perfumes, however, he loved passionately, being most sensitive of smell. Strong drinks he abhorred.

His constitution was extremely delicate. He was nervously afraid of bodily pain—he would sob and roar under it. Eminently unpractical in all common things of life, he was gifted with mighty powers of imagination, elevation of mind, delicacy and refinement of feeling. "He is more modest than a virgin behind her curtain," it was said of him. He was most indulgent to his inferiors, and would never allow his awkward little page to be scolded, whatever he did. "Ten years," said Anas, his servant, "was I about the prophet, and he never said as much as 'Uff' to me." He was very affectionate towards his family. One of his boys died on his breast in the smoky house of the nurse, a blacksmith's wife. He was very fond of children. He would stop them in the streets and pat their little cheeks. He never struck any one in his life. The worst expression he ever made use of in conversation was, "What has come to him?—may his forehead be darkened with mud!" When asked to curse some one, he replied, "I have not been sent to curse, but to be a mercy to mankind." "He visited the sick, followed any bier he met, accepted the invitation of a slave to dinner, mended his own clothes, milked his goats, and waited upon himself," relates summarily another tradition. He never first withdrew his hand out of another man's palm, and turned not before the other had turned. His hand, we read elsewhere—and traditions like these give a good index of what the Arabs expected their prophet to be—was the most generous, his breast the most courageous, his tongue the most truthful; he was the most faithful protector of those he protected, the sweetest and most agreeable in conversation; those who saw him were suddenly filled with reverence, those who came near him loved him, they who described him would say, "I have never seen his like

either before or after." He was of great taciturnity, and when he spoke, he spoke with emphasis and deliberation, and no one could ever forget what he said. He was, however, very nervous and restless withal, often low-spirited, downcast as to heart and eyes. Yet he would at times suddenly break through those broodings, become gay, talkative, jocular, chiefly among his own. He would then delight in telling amusing little stories, fairy-tales and the like. He would romp with the children and play with their toys—as, after his first wife's death, he was wont to play with the dolls his new baby-wife had brought into his house.

The common cares of life had been taken from him by the motherly hand of Chadija; but heavier cares seemed now to darken his soul, to weigh down his whole being. As time wore on the gloom and misery of his heart became more and more terrible. He neglected his household matters, and fled all men. "Solitude became a passion to him," the traditions record. He had now passed the meridian of his life. No one seemed to heed the brooder, no one stretched out the hand of sympathy to him. He had nothing in common with the rest, and he was left to himself.

Much chronological discussion has arisen as to the date of the event of which we are going to speak. So much, however, seems certain, that Mohammed was at least forty years of age when he went, according to the custom of some of his countrymen, to spend the Rajab, the month of universal armistice among the ancient Arabs, on Mount Hirā, an hour's walk from Mecca. This mountain, now called Mount of Light, consists of a huge barren rock, torn by cleft and hollow ravine, standing out solitary in the full white glare of the desert sun, shadowless, flowerless, without well or rill. On this rock, in a small dark cave, Mohammed lived, alone, and spent his days and his nights, according to unanimous tradition, in "*Iahannoth*."

The weary guesses that have been made from the days of these very traditions to our own, as to the meaning and derivation of this word, cannot be told. It has been put on the rack by lexicographers, grammarians, commentators, translators, investigators, of all hues and ages, and, we are sorry to add, with no

satisfactory result. To the general meaning the context gave some cue, but the etymology of the word, and its technical signification, have remained a mystery, notwithstanding many various readings of its single letters suggested by sheer despair. One of the latest and greatest investigators, Sprenger, numbers it among the most "indigestible morsels" among the many strange and obsolete words that occur in connection with Mohammed and the Koran.

We do not intend to do more than throw out suggestions—though very carefully weighed—for we must, to our regret, leave all our philological scaffoldings behind. Regarding this most mysterious word, we have a notion that it might be explained, like scores of other tough morsels in the Koran, by the Jewish, Hebrew, or Aramaic parlance of the period, as it is preserved most fortunately in the Talmud, the Targum, the Midrash. The word *Tahannoth* need not be emendated into *Tahannof*, or any other weird form, to agree with its traditional meaning, because we think that it is only the Hebrew word *Tehinnoth*, which occurs bodily in the Bible, and means "Prayers, Supplications." The change of vowels is exactly the same as that from the Hebrew *Gehinnom* (New Test. *Gehenna*) to the Koranic *Jahannam*. Among the Jews the word became technical for a certain class of devotional prayers, customary, together with fastings, throughout the month preceding the New Year's Day. It is known more generally as a term for private devotions throughout the year, chiefly for pious women.—This, however, only by the way.

To devotions and asceticism, then, Mohammed gave himself up in his wild solitude. And after a time there came to him dreams "resplendent like the rosy dawn." When he left his cave to walk about on his rocky fastness, the wild herbs that grew in the clefts would bend their heads, and the stones scattered in his way would cry, "Salâm! Hail, O Prophet of God." And horrified, not daring to look about him, he fled back into his cave. That same cave has now become a station for the Holy Pilgrimage, and on it that early predecessor of our Burckhardts and Burtons, "Hajj Joseph Pitts of Exon," the runaway sailor boy,

delivered himself of the judgment that "he had been in the cave, and observed that it was not at all beautified, at which he admired."

Suddenly, in the middle of the night—the "blessed night Al Kadar," as the Koran has it—"and who will make thee understand what the night Al Kadar is? That night Al Kadar, which is better than a thousand months . . . which bringeth peace and blessings till the rosy dawn"—in the middle of that night, Mohammed woke from his sleep, and he heard a voice. Twice it called, urging, and twice he struggled and waived its call. But he was pressed sore, "as if a fearful weight had been laid upon him." He thought his last hour had come. And for the third time the voice called:—

"CRY!" . . .

And he said, "What shall I cry?"

Came the answer: "CRY—in the name of thy Lord!" . . .

And these, according to wellnigh unanimous tradition, followed by nearly every ancient and modern authority, are the first words of the Koran. Our readers will find them in the ninety-sixth chapter of that Book, to which they have been banished by the Redactors.

We hasten to add that when we said that the above sentence would be found in the ninety-sixth chapter of the Koran, we were not quite accurate. The word which we have ventured to translate *Cry* they will find rendered in as many different ways as there were translators, investigators, commentators, old and new. They will find *Recite, Preach, Read, Proclaim, Call out, Read the Scriptures*—namely, of the Jews and Christians—and a weary variety of other meanings which certainly belong to the word, though the greater part of them is of obviously later date and utterly out of the question in this case.

Our reasons for deviating from these time-honored versions were of various kinds. In the first place, the Arabic root in question is *identical* with our own, and in this primitive root lie hidden all other significations. "Cry" is one of those very few onomatopoeic words still common to both Semitic and Indo-European. Its significations are indeed manifold; from the vague sound given forth by bird or tree, as in Sanskrit, to our English usage of silent

weeping; from the Hebrew "deep *crying* unto deep" to the technical Aramaic "reading the Scriptures"—in contradistinction to "reading the Mishnah"—from the weird German *Schrei* to the Greek herald's solemn proclamation—it is always the same fundamental root: bilateral or trilateral.

Secondly, because the principal words of this tradition are startlingly identical—another fact not hitherto noticed, as far as we are aware—with a certain passage in Isaiah: "The Voice said Cry, and I said, What shall I cry?"—a passage in which no one has yet translated the leading verb by Recite, Read, Read the Scriptures, though there was never a doubt as to whether Isaiah knew the Scriptures and could read, while Mohammed distinctly denied being a "Scholar."

And, thirdly, because from this root is also derived the word *Koran*. Derived: for it was in the very special Jewish sense of *Mikra*, Scripture, that Mohammed gave that name to every single fragment of that book, until it became, even as the word Mishnah, its collective and general name.

We now resume our recital of that first revelation and its immediate consequences, as tradition has preserved it. It is of moment.

When the voice had ceased to speak, telling him how from minutest beginnings man had been called into existence and lifted up by understanding and knowledge of the Lord, who is most beneficent, and who *by the pen* had revealed that which men did not know, Mohammed woke from his trance, and felt as if "a book" had been written in his heart. A great trembling came upon him so that his whole body shook, and the perspiration ran down his body. He hastened home to his wife, and said, "Oh, Chadija! what has happened to me!" He lay down, and she watched by him. When he recovered from his paroxysm, he said, "Oh, Chadija! he, of whom one would not have believed it (meaning himself), has become either a soothsayer (Kahin \*) or one possessed

(by Djins)—mad." She replied, "God is my protection, O Abu-l-Kasim! (a name of Mohammed, derived from one of his boys), He will surely not let such a thing happen unto thee, for thou speakest the truth, dost not return evil for evil, keep-est faith, art of a good life, and kind to thy relations and friends. And neither art thou a talker abroad in the bazaars. What has befallen thee? Hast thou seen aught terrible?" Mohammed replied, "Yes." And he told her what he had seen. Whereupon she answered and said, "Rejoice, O dear husband, and be of good cheer. He, in whose hands stands Chadija's life, is my witness that thou wilt be the prophet of this people." Then she arose and went to her cousin Waraka, who was old and blind, and "knew the Scriptures of the Jews and Christians." When she told him what she had heard, he cried out, "*Koddus, Koddus!*—Holy, Holy! Verily this is the *Numus* which came to Moses. He will be the prophet of his people. Tell him this. Bid him be of brave heart."

We must here interpose for a moment. This Waraka has given rise to much and angry discussion—chiefly as to his "conversion." He was long supposed to have been first an idolater, then a Jew, finally a Christian. It has been shown, however, by recent investigations, that whatever he was at first, he certainly lived and died a Jew. To our mind this one sentence goes a long way towards settling the point. *Koddus*,—is simply the Arabicised Hebrew *Kadosh* (Holy). And while we need not prove that a Christian would scarcely have used this exclamation (any more than he would have spoken of the "Namus"), we are reminded of the story in the Midrash of the man whose heart was sore within him for that he could neither read the Scripture nor the Mishnah. And one day when he stood in the synagogue, and the precentor reached that part of the liturgy in which God's holy name is sanctified, this man lifted up his voice aloud and cried out with all his main: "*Kadosh! Kadosh! Kadosh!*" (Holy! Holy! Holy!). And when they asked him what made him cry out thus, he said, "I have not been deemed worthy to read the Scriptures, or the Mishnah, and now the moment has come when I may sanctify God,

\* The Hebrew "Cohen," priest, in a deteriorated sense like the German "Pfaffe." In the time of Mohammed it meant a low fortune-teller, an ever-ready interpreter of dreams, who had, like Daniel, to find out both the dreams and their solutions.

shall I not lift up my voice aloud ? ” “ It did not last a year, or two, or three,” the legend adds, “ but it so fell out that this man became a great and mighty general, and a founder of a colony within the Roman empire.”

As to the “ *Namus*,” it is a hermaphrodite in words. It is Arabic, but also Greek. That it is Talmudical, need we say it ? It is in the first instance νόμος, Law, that which “ by old custom and common consent ” has become so. In Talmudical phraseology it stands for the Torah or Revealed Law. In Arabic it further means one who communicates a secret message. And all these different significations were conveyed by Waraka to Mohammed. The messenger and the message, both divine, had come together, even as Moses had been instructed in the Law by a special angel—not, as former commentators, to save Waraka’s Christianity, used to explain, because to Mohammed, as to Moses, a new Law was given, while Christ came to confirm what had been given before.

Not long after this the two men met in the street of Mecca. And Waraka said, “ I swear by him in whose hand Waraka’s life is, God has chosen thee to be the prophet of this people. The greatest *Namus* has come to thee. They will call thee a liar ; they will persecute thee, they will banish thee, they will fight against thee. Oh that I could live to those days ! I would fight for thee.” And he kissed him on his forehead. The Prophet went home, and the words he had heard were a great comfort to him and diminished his anxiety.

After this Mohammed, in awe and trembling, waited for other visions and revelations. But none came ; and the old horrible doubts and suspicions crept over his soul. He went up to Mount Hirâ again—this time to commit suicide. But, as often as he approached the precipice, lo, he beheld Gabriel at the end of the horizon whithersoever he turned, who said to him, “ I am Gabriel, and thou art Mohammed, the Prophet of God.” And he stood as entranced, unable to move backwards or forwards, until anxious Chadija sent out men to seek him.

We must interrupt the course of the story for a moment respecting this “ Voice,” which is called in the Koran,

Gabriel, or the Holy Ghost. We have on a previous occasion spoken of the strange metamorphoses of Angels and Demons, as they migrated from India to Babylonia, and from Babylonia to Judæa.\* Their further migration to Mecca did not produce much change, since the process of Semitizing them and making them subservient to Monotheism had been wrought already by the Talmud. Yet this strange identification of Gabriel with the Holy Ghost which we find here is a problem not fully to be solved either by the Talmud, or the Zend Avesta.

The Holy Ghost, an expression of most common occurrence in the Haggadah, is thus summarily explained by the Talmud—as an emphatic answer probably to the popular tendency of taking transcendental terms in a concrete sense. “ With ten names,” says the Talmud, “ is the Holy Ghost named in Scripture. They are—Parable, Allegory, Enigma, Speech, Sentence, Light, Command, Vision, Prophecy.” In the Angelic Hierarchy of the Talmud it is Michael (Vohumauô), and not Gabriel, who takes first rank. He stands to the right of the Throne, Gabriel to the left ; he represents Grace ; Gabriel, stern Justice ; and though they are both intrusted with watching over God’s people, it is yet Michael who stands forth to fight for them, who brings them good tidings, and who, as heavenly High Priest, “ offers up the souls of the righteous upon God’s Altar.” Yet he is often accompanied by Gabriel, who is, be it observed, particularly active in the life of Abraham. It is he who saves Abraham from the fiery furnace into which Nimrod had cast him ; in the message of Isaac’s birth he is one of the three “ men,” and his place is to Michael’s right hand. In all other respects, he is the exact counterpart of the Persian Craôshô, and his principal office is that of revenging and punishing evil, while he acts as a merciful genius to the good and elect. Hence, probably, he became in later Persian mythology, as well as in the Talmud, the Divine Messenger. He is thus replete with all knowledge, and—alone of all angels—is versed in all human tongues. Islam has made a few transparently “ tendencious ”

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\* See Article “ Talmud.”

changes. Gabriel here stands to the right hand of the Throne, and Michael to the left, i.e., the former becomes the Angel of Mercy, and the latter that of Punishment. Omar, it is said, once went into a Jewish Academy, and asked the Jews about Gabriel's office. He, they mockingly answered, is our enemy; he betrays all our secrets to Mohammed, and he and Michael are always at war with each other—an answer which, taken seriously by Omar, so shocked him that he cried out, "Why, you are more unbelieving than the Himyarites!" But might this strange identification of Gabriel and the Holy Ghost possibly be accounted for by the fact that the mystic office with regard to the birth of Christ, ascribed to the Holy Ghost by the Church, is ascribed in Islam to Gabriel also, who, as in the New Testament, announces the message to Mary, and that thus the two have become fully identified in the minds of the traditionists?

We have left Mohammed in the terror-stricken state of a mind conscious of its mission, and vainly trying to struggle against it. The grim, lonely darkness within, the horrible dread lest it all be but mockery and self-deception, or "the Devil's prompting;" the inability of uttering, save in a few wild, rhapsodic sounds, that message which is silently and agonizingly growing into shape—and death seems the only refuge and salvation—who shall describe it? It was through these phases of a soul struggling between Heaven and Hell that Mohammed went in those days, and the thought of suicide came temptingly near. But, lo! Gabriel on the edge of the horizon crying: I am Gabriel, and thou art Mohammed, God's Messenger. . . . Fear not!

It is not easy to say how long that state of doubt and terror lasted. Tradition, wildly diverging here, is, of course, of little use. Probably he was not quite free from it to the day of his death. But, by degrees, and as he no longer had to carry that dread burden in his lonely heart, he gathered strength. His confidence in himself and in his mission rose. No Demoniac, no contemptible soothsayer, no possessed madman he—the voice within urged. And at times, a blissful exultation took the place of the former horror. His heart throbs

with grateful joy. "By the midda splendor, and by the stilly night," he cries, "the Lord does not reject him, and will not forsake him, and the future shall be better than the past. Has he not found him an orphan and given him a home, found him astray and guided him into the straight path, found him so poor and made him so rich?" "Wherefore," he adds, "do not thou oppress the orphan, neither repel thou him who asketh of thee—but declare aloud the bounties of thy Lord!" . . .

And the revelations now came one after the other without intermission during a space of more than twenty years—revelations, the central sun of which was the doctrine of God's Unity, Monotheism, of which he, Mohammed, was the bearer to his own people.

Yet these Revelations did not come in visions bright, transcendent, exalted. They came ghastly, weird, most horrible. After long, solitary broodings, a something used to move Mohammed, all of a sudden, with frightful vehemence. He "roared like a camel," his eyes rolled and glowed like red coals, and on the coldest day terrible perspirations would break out all over his body. When the terror ceased, it seemed to him as if he had heard bells ringing, "the sound whereof seemed to rend him to pieces;" as if he had heard the voice of a man—as if he had seen Gabriel—or as if words *had been written in his heart*. Such was the agony he endured, that some of the verses revealed to him wellnigh made his hair turn white.

Mohammed was epileptic, and vast ingenuity and medical knowledge have been lavished upon this point, as explanatory of Mohammed's mission and success. We, for our own part, do not think that epilepsy ever made a man appear a prophet to himself, or even to the people of the East; or, for the matter of that, inspired him with the like heart-moving words and glorious pictures. Quite the contrary. It was taken as a sign of demons within—demons, "Devs," devils, to whom all manner of diseases were ascribed throughout the antique world, in Phœnicia, in Greece, in Rome, in Persia, and among the lower classes of Judæa after the Babylonian Exile. The Talmud, which denies a concrete Satan, or rather resolves him rationally into



"passion," "remorse," and "death,"—stages corresponding to his being "Seducer," "Accuser," and "Angel of Death"—speaks of these demons as hobgoblins, or special diseases, and inveighs in terms of contempt against the "exorcisms" in vogue\* in Judæa about the period of the birth of Christianity. Those "possessed" loved solitary places, chiefly cemeteries; they tore their garments, and were altogether beyond the pale. On the special nature of the possessing demons, the "Shedim" of the Talmud, the "Devils" of the New Testament, the Jin, or Genii, of the Koran, as different from and yet alike to the Devas, and as forming the intermediate beings between men and angels, as in Plato (*Sympos.*), we may yet have to speak. That they were all "pure, holy, everlasting angels from the beginning," and only came to be degraded (as were the Devas by "Zoroastrianism," and the Gods of Hellas and Rome by Christianity) into wicked angels in the course of religious reformation or change,—is unquestionable, even if the Book of Enoch did not state it expressly. They are "fallen Angels"—fallen through pride, envy, lust. The two angels Shamchazai (Asai) and Azael (Uziel) of the Targum, the Midrash, and the Koran (Márut and Hárut), are thrown from heaven because of their desiring the daughters of man, even as Sammael himself loses his most high estate, because he seduces Adam and Eve. True, there is a peculiar something supposed to inhere in epilepsy. The Greeks called it a sacred disease. Bacchantic and chorybantic furor were God-inspired stages. The Pythia uttered her oracles under the most distressing signs. Symptoms of convulsion were even needed as a sign of the divine mania or inspiration.

\* True, Simon ben Yochai, the fabulous author of the Zohar, to whose rather badly kept shrine at Merom, a few hours from Tiberias (where also Shammai and Hillel are believed to be buried), the Faithful of Palestine, and even of Persia and India, make their annual pilgrimage to this day, did once, and apparently with the approval of the authorities, drive out a devil from the Emperor's daughter at Rome. But then this devil had good-naturedly offered his services himself, and the object of Simon's embassy, the rescinding of an oppressive decree, was considered so praiseworthy in the main that these authorities rather shut their eyes to the performance.

But Mohammed did not utter any of his sayings while the paroxysm lasted. Clearly, distinctly, most consciously, did he dictate to his scribe what had come to him—for he could not write, according to his own account. But it may well be, and it speaks for Mohammed's thorough honesty, that he himself believed, in the very first stages, to have been "inspired" during his fits by Jin. According to Zoroastro-talmudical notions, which had penetrated into Arabia, these Jin listened "behind the curtain" of Heaven and learnt the things of the future. These they were then believed to communicate to the soothsayers and diviners. But it was dangerous eavesdropping enough. When the heavenly watchers perceived these curious goblins, they hurled arrows of fire at them; in which men saw falling stars. Mohammed soon, however, rejected this notion of "demoniac" inspiration; while from the Byzantines to Luther, and from Luther to Muir, it was the devil, who prompted the prophet. Muir has indeed instituted several minute comparisons between Satan tempting Christ and Mohammed. Whereat Sprenger somewhat irreverently observes, that since there be a Devil, he must needs have something to do.

Tempted as we feel, before we proceed to describe the mental and religious atmosphere around Mohammed when he came to proclaim "the faith of Abraham," that first bearer of the emphatically Semitic mission, to enlarge upon that great question of the day, the mission of the Semitic races in general, we must confine ourselves to one or two points touching their religious development. A brilliant French *savant* has of late, in somewhat rash generalization, asserted that Monotheism is a Semitic instinct. On which another, one of the most profound scholars—since, alas! dead—observed that the assertion was perfectly correct, if you exclude all the Semitic races save the Jews: and these, it might be added, at a very late period indeed, notwithstanding all the teachings of Moses and the Prophets, not after a thousand judgments had come upon them, all the horrors of internecine war, misery, captivity, and exile. The Phœnicians were idolaters, the Assyrians were idolaters, the Babylonians were

idolaters, and the Arabs were idolaters. And yet perhaps the truth lies, as usual, in the middle. If, according to Schelling, who goes much further, a vague Monotheism is the basis of all religions, there certainly does seem to be an abstract idea of absolute power of rule and dominion hidden in the universal Semitic name of the All-Powerful Supreme God, to whom all the other natural Powers, in their personified mythic guises, are subject, and in whom they, as it were, are absorbed. Baal, El, Elohim, Allah, Eilon, denote not merely the Light, the bright Heaven, as Zeus, Jupiter (subject in his turn to Fate, or that "which had once been spoken"), but Might, Almighty—absolute, despotic, that created and destroyed, did and undid according to its own tremendous Will alone, and by the side of which nothing else existed: while Jehovah-Jahve seems to point to the other stage and side of absolute Existence, the Being from all times and for all times, the *Ens*, the First Cause. And what is especially characteristic of the Shemites is this,—that while, as Jewish and Arabic tradition has it, the sons of Japhet (Indo-Germans) are kings, and those of Ham slaves, the sons of Shem are prophets. A thousand times lulled into sweet dreams of beauty, they are aroused a thousand times by the wild cry of the Prophet in their midst, who points heavenwards, "Behold who has created all these!" But what is a Prophet?—In the Hebrew term *Nabi*, which Islam adopted, there does not indeed appear to inhere that foretelling faculty, with which from the time of the Septuagint we are wont to connect it. For it is the Septuagint which first translates it by *προφήτης*, foreteller; while others render it by "Inspired," or simply "Orator." The manifold equivalents used in the Bible, such as watchman, seer, shepherd, messenger, one and all denote emphatically the office of watching over the events, and of lifting up the voice of warning, of reproving, of encouraging, before all the people at the proper hour. Hence the Haggadah has been called "the prophetess of the Exile," though no Haggadist was ever considered "inspired." The Prophet was above all things considered as the popular preacher and teacher, gifted with religious enthusiasm, with

an intense love of his people, and with divine power of speech:—whence alone the possibility of prophetic schools. And most strikingly says the Midrash of Abraham that he was a Prophet, a *Nabi*, but not an "Astrologer," one whose calling it is not to forecast, but one who lifts men's minds heavenwards. In this sense—all transcendentalism apart—Mohammed might well be called a prophet, even by Jews and Christians.

We can but guess at the state of Arab belief and worship before Mohammed? For though the Arabs enter the world's stage as long after the first joyous revelation of humanity in Hellenism, as the Assyrians and Babylonians, not to speak of the Phœnicians, had entered it before, they have left us but little record of their doings in the period of "Ignorance,"—as with proud humility they called the time before Islam. From what broken light is shed by a few forlorn rays, we may conclude this: that they worshipped—to use that vague word—the Hosts of Heaven, and that with this worship there was combined a partial belief in resurrection among some clans. Others, however, seem to have ascribed everything to "Nature," and to have denied a guiding Creator. We further find traces of an adoration of fetishes: bodily representatives of certain influences to be avoided, feared, and conciliated, or to be loved and gratefully acknowledged. The Sun and the Moon, Jupiter and Venus, Canopus and Sirius and Mercury, had their stony mementos, their temples, their priests, and, be it well understood, the power of protecting those who fled to their altars. Herodotus speaks of the Arabs as worshipping only Dionysos (whom Strabo changes into Jupiter) and Urania, "whom they call" Orotal (probably Nur-Allah=God's light), and Alilat—a feminine form of Allah, the Phœnician Queen of Heaven, Tanith-Astarte. Of a worship of heroes in the form of statues there are vague traces, but so vague and so mythical that they cannot be counted historical material. Trees and stones are further mentioned as objects of primitive Arab worship, and on this point Maimonides has given, as is his wont, clear and transparent explanations, into which we cannot, however, enter. Among the latter the

famous Black Stone of the Kaaba, that primeval temple ascribed to Abraham, stands foremost; next we know of a White Stone (Al Lat), at Taïf, still seen by Hamilton, and one or two more immovable tokens of some great event, such as the Shemites were wont to erect, —Jacob, among others, at Bethel (the general Phœnician term for these stone erections)—mementos which the Pentateuch emphatically protests against: “For I am Jehovah, your God.” Vagner still are the records of the Oracle-Trees, one of which stood near Mecca, while the other, dedicated to Uzza, the mighty Goddess, the Queen of Heaven, seems to have spread all over the land, with its due complement of priests and sooth-sayers, male and female. That there were the usual accompaniment of Lares and Penates, more or less coarse and bodily, such as always have been necessary for the herd, need not be added. Thus, it is recorded of one tribe that they worshipped a piece of dough, which, compelled by hunger, they cheerfully ate up. Some, we said, did not believe in the resurrection. Some did; and therefore they tied a camel to a man’s sepulchre, without providing it with any food. If it ran away, that man was everlastingly damned—and, be it observed here, that the Jews alone among the Shemites protested against everlasting damnation—if not, its blackened bones would, on the Day of Judgment, form a handy and honorable conveyance to the abode of his bliss. The Phantoms of the Desert, the Fata Morgana, Angels and Demons, and the rest of embodied ideas or ideals, formed other objects of pious consideration, but only as intermediators with the great Allah. Long before Mohammed, the people were wont, in their distress, to pray at their pilgrimages to him alone, in this wise: “At thy service, O Allah! There is no Being like unto Thee, and if there be one, it is Thou and not it that reigneth;” and when asked what was the office of their other idols, they would answer that they were intermediators—much as Roman Catholics in the lower strata revere saints and their emblems. Let it not be forgotten also that the perpetuation of this pre-Islamic idolatry, if so we call it, was due to a great extent to political reasons. The manifold sanctuaries and their in-

comes belonged to certain noble families and clans.

So much for the Heathenism. We have now to consider the two other popularly assumed agents in that religious phase to which Mohammed has given its name, and which has changed the face of the world: Christianity and Judaism.

It has long been the fashion to ascribe whatever was “good” in Mohammedanism to Christianity. We fear this theory is not compatible with the results of honest investigation. For of Arabian Christianity, at the time of Mohammed, the less said, perhaps, the better. By the side of it, as seen in the Koran—and this book alone shows it to us authentically as Mohammed saw it—even modern Amharic Christianity, of which we possess such astounding accounts, appears pure and exalted. And as, moreover, the monk Bahira-Sergius-Georgius-Nestor, who is said to have instructed Mohammed, is a very intangible personage indeed, if he be not, as there is reason to believe, actually a Jew; and as the several Syrian travels, during which Mohammed is supposed to have been further inured into Christianity, have to be taken *cum grano*, nothing remains but his contact with a few freed Greek and Abyssinian slaves, who, having lived all their life among Arabians, could hardly boast of a very profound knowledge of the tenets and history of Christianity. We shall, therefore, not be surprised to see the Koran polemizing against some such extraordinary notions as that of Mary-Maryam, “the daughter of Imran, the sister of Harun,” being not only the mother of God, but forming a person in the Trinity; or, on the other hand, to meet with the extraordinary legends from the apocryphal Gospel of the Infancy, and from the “Assumption” of Mary, ascribed to John the Apostle himself. Or, again, to see it adopt the heretical view of certain early Christian sects that it was not Christ, but Judas, who was executed, and that Christ had to allow the “hallucination” as a punishment for having suffered people to call him God. But that fundamental tenet of Christianity, viz., the Sonship, Mohammed fought against with unswerving consistency; and never grew tired of repeating, in the most emphatic terms

which he, the master of speech, could find, his abhorrence against that notion, at which "the heavens might tear open, and the earth cleave asunder." There is a brief chapter in the Koran, the "Confession of God's Unity," which is considered tantamount to the third part of the whole Koran, though it only consists of these words—"Say, God is One: the Everlasting God. *He begetteth not, and He is not begotten*, and there is none like unto Him." Still more distinctly is this notion expressed in another place:—"The Christians say Christ is the Son of God. May God resist them . . . how are they infatuated." And, again:—"They are certainly infidels who say God is One of Three." . . . "Believe in God and his Apostle, but speak not of a Trinity. There is but One God. Far be it from Him that he should have a son." . . . "Christ the son of Mary is no more than an Apostle." . . . "It is not fit for Allah that He should have a son. Praise to him!" (*i.e.*, far be it from Him!)

Jesus, according to Mohammed, is only one of the six Apostles, who are specially chosen out of three hundred and thirteen, to proclaim new dispensations, in confirmation of previous ones. These are Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Jesus, and Mohammed.—But this point must come under further consideration under the tenets of Islam.

We now turn to Judaism, which, as we have hinted before, forms the kernel of Mohammedanism, both general and special. Here merely the preliminary observation that when we spoke of the Talmud as a source of Islam, we did not imply that Mohammed knew it, or, for the matter of that, had ever heard its very name; but it seems as if he had breathed from his childhood almost the air of contemporary Judaism, such Judaism as is found by us crystallized in the Talmud, the Targum, the Midrash.

Indeed, the geographical and ethnographical notices of Arabia in Scripture are to so astounding a degree in accordance with the very latest researches, that we cannot but assume the connection between Palestine and Arabia to have been close from the earliest periods. The Ishmaelites of the Arabian midland are, in the earliest documents, carefully distinguished from the Yootanites and

Kushites of Mahrah in the South: not to speak of the minute information revealed by the later documents. At what time Jews first went to Arabia is a problem which we shall not endeavor to settle. Of Abraham and Ishmael, and the halo of legends that surrounds these national heroes, hereafter. But even rejecting, as we must do, the hallucinations of two most eminent scholars regarding the immigration of an entire Simeonitic regiment in the time of Saul, who having fought a battle near Mecca—hence called Makkah Rabbah (Great Defeat)—settled as Gorchoms or Gerim (Strangers), and so forth—we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that Jews, "worshippers of the invisible God of Abraham," existed, though in small numbers, in Arabia, at a very primitive period indeed. Bokht-Nasar, as Nebuchadnezzar is called in early Arabic documents, caused many others to seek refuge in Arabia. The Hasmoneans forced a whole tribe of Northern Arabia to adopt Judaism; a Jewish king of Arabs fights against Pompey. The Talmud shows a rather unexpected familiarity with Arab manners and customs, and—to indicate one curious point—the prophet Elijah, who appears there as a kind of immortal tutelary genius, goes about in the guise of an Arab (the Khidr of Mohammedan legend). The angels that appear to Abraham "look like Arabs," not to speak of Job and his three friends, the Queen of Sheba, and other like Arab reminiscences. Centuries before Mohammed, Kheibar, five days from Medina, and Yemen, in South Arabia, were in the hands of the Jews. Dhu Nowas, the last Jewish king of Yemen, falls by the hands of the Abyssinian Nigus. The question for us remains, what phase of faith these Jews represented.

It has been supposed that, though combined among themselves for purposes of war, they held little intercommunication with their brethren either in Palestine or even in Arabia, and therefore were ignorant of the development of "the Law" that went rolling on in Judæa and Babylonia. The chief proof for this was found in the absence of Judæo-Arabic literature before Mohammed. To us, this circumstance affords absolutely no proof. None, at least, that would not perhaps rather confirm

our view to the exact contrary. We know how literatures may be and have been stamped out; or had the Phœnicians, the Chaldeans, the Etruscans, never any literature? We happen to know the contrary, though nothing, not to say worse than nothing, because more or less corrupt reminiscences, has remained of it all. And, further, we have distinct proof in the very Koran that not only did they keep *au courant* with regard to Haggadah—witness all the legends of Islam—but even Halachah. Mohammed literally quotes a passage from the Mishnah,\* and, further, gives special injunctions taken from the Gemara, such as the purification with sand in default of water, the shortening of the prayer in the moment of danger, &c.† There is an academy, or Beth-hamidrash, at Medina; and Akiba, when on his revolutionary mission, is consulted by the Arab Jews about one of the most minute and intricate points of the Oral Law.

In truth, these Jews stood not merely on the heights of contemporary culture, but far above their Arab brethren. They represented, in fact, the Culture of Arabia. They could all read and write, whilst the Arabs had occasionally to capture some foreign scholars and promise them their liberty on condition that they should teach their boys the elements of reading and writing. The Jews—nay, the Jewesses, as Mohammed had to learn to his grief—were specially gifted with the poetic vein, as we shall see further on; and poetry in Arabia was at the time of Mohammed the one great accomplishment. There was a certain fair held annually, where, as at the Olympic Games, the productions of the last twelve months were read and received prizes. The beautiful tale of the hanging up of the prize poems in the Kaaba, whence they were called Moallakat, is unfortunately a myth,

since Moallakat does not betoken suspended ones, but (pearls) loosely strung together. But, undoubtedly, to have made the best poem of the season was a great distinction, not merely for the individual poet, but for his entire clan.

These Jewish tribes, some of whom derived their genealogy from priestly families (Al-Kahinani), lived scattered all over Arabia, but chiefly in the south, in Yemen (Himyar), “the dust of which was like unto gold, and where men never died.” They lived, as did the other Arabs, either the life of roving Bedouins, or cultivated the land, or inhabited cities, such as Yathrib, the later Medina or City, by way of eminence—of the Prophet, to wit. Outwardly they had completely merged in the great Arabic family. Conversions of entire clans to Judaism, intermarriages, and the immense family-likeness, so to speak, of the two descendants of Abraham—for the derivation of the Arabs from Ishmael, whatever may be alleged to the contrary, seems unquestionably an ante-Mohammedan notion—facilitated the levelling work of Jewish cosmopolitanism. Acquainted, as we said, with both Halachah and Haggadah, they seemed, under the peculiar story-loving influence of their countrymen, to have cultivated more particularly the latter with all its gorgeous hues and colors. Valiant with the sword, which they not rarely turned against their own kinsmen, they never omitted the fulfilment of their greatest religious duty—the release of their captives, though these might be their adversaries; and further, like their fathers, from of old, they kept the Sabbath holy even in war, though the prohibition had been repealed. They waited for the Messiah, and they turned their faces towards Jerusalem.\* They fasted, they prayed, and they scattered around them

\* Notably the judge's admonition to the witnesses, that he who wantonly destroys one single human life will be considered as guilty as if he had destroyed a whole world.—See “Talmud,” p. 446.

† “Thy will be done in Heaven; grant peace to them that fear Thee on Earth; and whatever pleaseth Thee, do. Blessed art Thou, O Lord, who hearest Prayer”—is the formula suggested by the Talmud for the hours of mental distraction or peril.

\* The synagogues were generally built in the form of a theatre, the portal due west, so that the worshipper's face was turned to the east, even to the Holy of Holies of the Temple of Jerusalem, in pious allusion to the words (1 Kings viii. 29), “That their eyes may be open towards this house night and day . . . that thou mayest hearken to the prayers which thy servants shall make towards this place.” Daniel prayed towards Jerusalem, and “the tower of David, builded for an armory” of the Song of Songs, is taken allegorically as an allusion to that enduring and mighty Holiness that ever belonged to the spot,

the seeds of such high culture as was contained in their literature. And Arabia called them the People of the "Book;" even as Hegel has called them the People of the "Geist." These seeds, though some fell on stones, and some on the desert sand, had borne fruit a thousand-fold. Of generally practical, nay vital, institutions which they had introduced, long before Mohammed, into the land of their adoption, may be mentioned the Calendar; and the intercalary month was by the Arabs called, in grateful acknowledgment, *Nassi* (Prince), the title of the Babylonian head of the Jewish Diaspora. The Kaaba and the Pilgrimage, Yoctan and Ishmael, Zemzem and Hagar, received their coloring from Jewish Arabs. They were altogether looked up to with much reverence, and their superiority would also politically have stood them in very good stead, when Mohammed subsequently turned against them, had they known what united action meant.

When we said that there were distinguished poets among them, we meant poets not Jewish, but purely Arabic. Their poems are all of intensely national Arabic type. Among others we have fragments by Assamael (Samuel), "the faithful," a great chief, who dwelt in a strong castle, and who, rather than betray his friend's confidence, saw his boy cut in twain before his eyes. What has survived of his songs breathes noble pride and loftiness of soul, tempered at times by a strange sadness: joy of life and love of conviviality; as indeed one of his poems opens with the mournful question, whether the women would lament him after his death, and how? Both his son Garid, and his grandson Suba were poets; so were Arrabi, whose sons fought against Mohammed; and Aus, by whom we have a kind of characteristic, yet mild, protest against his wife's change of creed. "We live," he sings, "according to the Law (Thora) and Faith of Moses, but Mohammed's Faith is also good. Each of us thinks himself in the right path." Then there is Suraih, who "would drink from the cup of those that are of noble heart,

even if there be twofold poison therein;" and about four or five more, who sing of love and wine, the sword and faithfulness, hospitality and the horse. There were also Jewish poetesses, whose poems, as we already mentioned, were "bitterer to Mohammed than arrows," and who did not escape his vengeance.

We had to tarry somewhat on this out-of-the-way field of the circumstances and position of Arabian Jews—not a little of which would, but for Islam, never have been known. Of their tenets and ceremonies, their legends and dogmas, as transferred to Islam, we have to treat separately. And such was Arabia as to difference of creeds when Mohammed arose. We left him at the moment when he began to become aware of his "Mission." But he was not without special predecessors. These were the *Hanifs*, literally—in talmudical parlance—"hypocrites." "Four shall not see God," says the Talmud, "the scoffers, the *Hanifs* ("who are to be exposed at all hazards," while generally it is considered better "to be thrown into a fiery furnace than bring any one to public shame" \*), the liars, the slanderers." These Hanifs form a very curious and most important phase of Arabian faith before Mohammed—a phase of Jewish Christianity or Christian Judaism. They loved to style themselves also "Abrahamitic Sabians," and Mohammed, at the outset, called himself one of them. They were, to all intents and purposes, "heretics." They believed in One God. They had the Law and the Gospel, and further certain "Rolls of Abraham and Moses," called *Ashmaat*, to which Mohammed at first appeals. This word *Ashmaat*, or *Shamaata*, has likewise given rise to most hazardous conjectures. To us it appears very simply the talmudical *Shemaata*, which is identical with Halachah or legal tradition. In Arabia it seems to have assumed the signification of Midrash in general, chiefly as regards its haggadistic or legendary part.† These mysterious Rolls, about which endless discussions have arisen, thus seem, to our mind, to have been

\* See "Talmud."

† We have noticed the same process with regard to the word Midrash itself in Palestine and Babylonia. See "Talmud," p. 427.

once hallowed by the presence of the Shechinah. And the early Church followed also in this respect.

neither more nor less than certain collections of Midrash, beginning, as is its wont, with stern Halachah, ending, as is, still more its wont, with gorgeous dreams of fancy, woven round the sainted heads of the Patriarchs, with transcendental allegories,—“tales of angels, fairy legends, festal songs, and words of wisdom.” Nor does it much matter what were the original names of these rolls or collections in question (there must have been scores upon scores of them), since there is, as far as we can gather their probable contents, but little in them which has not survived in one form or the other in our extant Midrash-books.

There were some very prominent men among this sect, if sect it may be called. Foremost among them stands one Omayya, a highly-gifted and most versatile poet, who never would acknowledge Mohammed, and ceased not to write satires upon him; more especially as it had been his intention to proclaim himself prophet. Besides him there are recorded four special men (all relations of the Prophet, Waraka among them), who, disgusted with the fetishism into which their countrymen had sunk, once met at the Kaaba, during the annual feast, and thus expressed their secret opinion to each other. “Shall we encompass a stone which neither heareth nor

seeth, neither helpeth nor hurteth? Let us seek a better faith” they said. And they went abroad to seek and to find the Hanifite creed—the “religion of Abraham.”

This religion of Abraham, Mohammed came to re-establish, Mohammed the Hanifite, who succeeded where the others failed. He used the arguments, the doctrine, occasionally the very words of these his predecessors,—though we have here to be doubly on our guard against the possible coloring of later Mohammedan tradition—chiefly of Zaid, who refrained from eating blood and that which had been killed for idolatry—two things pointing emphatically to Jewish teaching.\* Zaid, it is reported, also abhorred the barbarous burying alive of children, then customary among the Arabian savages, and “worshipped the God of Abraham.” Also, did he say, “O Lord, if I knew what form of worship Thou desirest, I would adopt it. But I know it not.” And when his nephew after his death asked the Prophet to pray for him, Mohammed said, “Verily I will: he will form a Church of his own on the Day of Judgment.” Nay more, Zaid had actually taught at Mecca, and Mohammed openly declared himself his pupil.

(To be concluded.)

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Cornhill Magazine.

#### THE DEFENDERS OF OUR NORTHWEST INDIAN FRONTIER.

THE spasmodic panic of an invasion of India by Russia which periodically besets the English mind has been more fully discussed, and with a wider range of view, this year, than usual. Mr. Grant Duff's important speech on the Central Asia debate in July,—the discussions of the geographical section of the British Association at Exeter, in August, where the chairman, Sir Bartle Frere, and a Russian *savant*, M. de Tchikatchef, entered into all its bearings, have brought the difficult question more intelligibly before the British public, to whom Indian politics in general are strangely uninteresting, although the smallest details of some petty squabble nearer home are eagerly caught up.

It is this very want of detail, how-

ever, which often prevents our caring for a question. It is difficult to feel a vehement interest in masses of men—the millions of India oppress our imaginations; the story of the struggles of a single individual comes nearer to us than the miseries of whole hosts; and how few can realize the interior workings of the minds of men belonging to races who are cut off from us by such a strange gulf of nature and custom.

As was said by one who knew them well, if the Western man reverses everything which he considers proper in manners and right in habits, he will probably reach the point of view of his Indian fellow-subjects. You show courtesy in

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\* Foremost among the seven fundamental “Laws of the Sons of Noah.”

Europe by taking off your hat; to cover the head and uncover the feet is to show respect in the East. The European asks "with effusion" after his friend's wife and family; it is the greatest insult to a Hindoo or Mohammedan. You invite your acquaintance to dine with you; he would break his caste and imperil his salvation if he accepted. You dance for your own delight in Europe; you pay to have it done for you in Bengal. Type of the whole state of things—you write from left to right in the West and reverse it in Hindostan.

There appears to be still greater difficulty to any real communication or friendship between the races since the Mutiny. Even the higher morality of the present Anglo-Indians has removed one bridge to common interests and feelings; and our cold, just, stern rule seems to be even less popular among the enormous mixed population over whom we bear such an unsympathizing sway than that of the French in Algeria, who interfere far more than we have ever done with the habits of the natives.

We hold India on much the same principles as those by which the Romans seem to have ruled Britain: we bring about a reign of law and order, make material improvements, roads, bridges, and the like, but we keep apart from the conquered nation, leave them to their own devices in all matters which do not interfere with our own ways, and in fact probably change their habits of thought and life as little as our own were altered of old by that mighty mastership.

There is, however, one set of Englishmen who, to a certain degree, pass the barrier which in general divides us so utterly. Soldiers have a strong fellow-feeling with one another; and the officers of the Irregular Forces, guarding the Northwest frontier of India, seem to come into very close contact with their men, treating them a little perhaps like children, but with a discipline which, if despotic, is a fatherly one, and which gains their enthusiastic good-will and even devotion.

On examining a map of the Punjab \*

\* Punjab means, it is well known, simply the country of the "five" rivers; we have adopted into English unconsciously two other Indian uses of the word "five": "Punch," the drink, composed of "five" ingredients, water, spirits, sugar,

and its neighbors for the points where there is any possibility of outlet and inlet to Northern India, a paper by Mr. Forsyth, Indian Civil Service, read at Exeter, "on the facilities for trade with the countries lying beyond our frontiers," may be taken as excellent evidence concerning the openings in the immense chains of mountains lying north and west of us, through which alone an enemy could penetrate. He says that, at present, there are two great routes for the commerce which exists: the first threads the various Cabool passes, Bolan, Goleri, Kyber, &c. (the difficulties of which, in a military point of view, we already know something of), from the valley of the Indus into Afghanistan, Bokhara, and Western Turkistan.

Afghanistan itself is described by Mr. Grant Duff as our best barrier against invasion, since, if the fierce tribes which inhabit it are friendly to us, there would be little chance of Russia being ever able to cross that enormous belt of rugged country; and Lord Lawrence's policy has constantly been directed to strengthening the hands of its ruler, whom we are now accordingly subsidizing largely.

The other route crosses the Himalaya to Chinese Tartary. This enormous range, the greatest in the world, is still almost unknown to geographers, said Sir Bartle Frere, in his very interesting speech. Its length is still almost a matter of conjecture; its breadth, as given by Captain Montgomerie, of the Indian Trigonometrical Survey (who may be said first to have spanned it), is more than 400 miles at its narrowest—about eight times the width of the Alps—with a summit ridge, the passes over which average about 15,000 feet in height, *i. e.*, about that of Mont Blanc; with scores of peaks of far greater elevation. It consists, moreover, of a threefold rampart, the outer, mid, and trans-Himalaya, says Mr. Forsyth, which sound sufficiently deterrent. Only three of the passes are "available for traffic," and even these hardly answer our ideas of a route for trade. The one by Jhe-

lemon, and spice. "Punch," the play of "five" personages, the hero, his wife, his dog (in France, a cat, in India, a mongoose), and two others, varying greatly in different countries between a doctor, lawyer, policeman, devil, soldier, priest



lum and Ladak leads through mountains the snow from which supplies the five rivers of the Punjaub, and is much praised by Captain Montgomerie, because "none of the passes *exceed* 13,300 feet, and are open for at least seven or eight months in the year." One "very remarkable depression is *only* 11,300 feet." Glaciers, steep and stony hill-paths, sudden storms, avalanches daily, fords over rivers a mile or more broad; "only three days out of thirty without grass, fuel, or water;" "merchandise transported upon men's backs, as, till now, the Rotang Pass could not be traversed by laden animals;" "trying effects of the atmosphere at 17,000 feet elevation,"—these are a few of the observations upon the different routes, and do not certainly give an idea of great facilities. Hopes are held out of "a short-legged variety of camels in use at Yarkand," which we might import; and we are consoled by hearing that "sheep are employed to bring over borax from Thibet!"

Mr. Forsyth, it must be remembered, is, moreover, making the best of his case with a view to encourage traffic to pass that way.

M. de Tchikatchef's extremely curious paper was, on the other hand, to prove that the extreme difficulty of the country made it quite unnecessary to dread the invasion of Russia across any of these routes from Central Asia, since, although it is perfectly true that they were successfully crossed by Alexander the Great and many Mongol conquerors, neither the Macedonian nor the Asiatic soldiers were encumbered by the ponderous artillery of modern warfare. They had, besides, an overwhelming preponderance of moral and material strength over the races they were invading, which no European army could possibly now expect to secure, except over an uncivilized people (as in Abyssinia), and which, consequently, never could apply to Russia and British India.

It is an extremely agreeable theory, which may, perhaps, assist in laying the ghost of our fears; but meantime it is also pleasant to remember that we have, besides the comfort of these walls of stone thousands of feet high, a material guarantee of safety, a body of men stationed along the frontier line in question, so

alert, so brave, and so disciplined, that Sir William Mansfield in a published report once called them, to their infinite pride, "the steel head of the lance which defends India." One portion of this force may serve as a specimen of the whole. It is stationed on a long narrow strip of land from forty to sixty miles wide lying beyond the Indus, between the Suleyman range of the mountains of Afghanistan on one side, and the great muddy river which flows through a thousand miles of nearly flat plain from the Himalaya to the sea, with a fall of not more than fourteen hundred feet in the whole distance.

The country is generally desert, not from the character of the soil, which is fertile enough, but from the absence of water, and there is only a narrow green belt of cultivation where conduits from the river can reach, or where wells have been dug.

We claim possession up to the crest of the lower hills, while the inhabitants say that our territory only extends to the base, and there is thus a "debateable land" like that of the border country between England and Scotland, described in a memoir by Carey, when "warden of the Marches" in James I.'s time, and where the same sort of warfare is constantly going on as Sir Walter Scott is so fond of painting in far later days, with heroes much after the fashion of Rob Roy.

Six hundred miles of this frontier, *i. e.*, from Kohat, beyond which the Indus makes an immense bend among the mountains,—a part of its course extremely little known, and where the Afghan territory comes within two or three miles of our posts,—down to the junction with the Chenaab, is in the keeping of an irregular force of about eleven thousand men, Sikhs, Afghans, Rajpoots from the hills, Punjabees, with a handful of British officers. It is a fierce service under a fierce sun, where not above a dozen Englishmen in command of each regiment keep at bay all the heady, changeable, warlike tribes belonging to independent Afghanistan, bearing sway over a mixed company of strange men of strange beliefs, with no English supports within any available reach, save a hundred European artillerymen at Peshawur, and yet apparently feeling as safe as if they were

in Hyde Park. There is a strange pleasure in such a life to a certain class of minds, the sense of power in danger, which to some men is of itself a sort of stern delight.

The "independent tribes" are not in any degree under the sway of the ruler of Afghan proper; they inhabit a great hill district varying in width from twenty-five to eighty miles, with an inner range rising into very lofty mountains 20,000 feet high and more. One beautiful snowy peak, above 16,000 feet in height, is called the Tent of Solomon (where old maps remark incidentally that "the ark rested"), and can be seen fifty or sixty miles across the plain at our headquarters.

These wild mountaineers are strong, active men, not tall, but very broad-shouldered, with a Jewish cast of countenance, always in the face of the enemy, always ready to turn out at a moment's notice. Every man is a soldier, and some of the tribes are very numerous: one is reported as being able to bring a thousand matchlocks into the field.

Every village community governs itself; most of them are very small, sometimes not containing above two or three hundred men in each. They are Mohammedans, and although this does not exclude caste, there is scarcely any among the hillsmen. They speak Ordoo, a mixture of Persian and Sanscrit, and seem to have no common bond among them; indeed they are so often at war between themselves, that we can usually obtain the assistance of one village against another.

They seem pretty nearly in the state of the Highland clans in the last century, owing no allegiance except to their own chief,—their hand against every man, and every man's hand against them. Their narrow, sterile valleys are not able to afford them enough to subsist upon, and "cattle-lifting" in the plains is accordingly recognized an honorable profession.

For any popular cause a hundred thousand of them might, it is said, be collected for a short onset; but as there could be no real connecting link between them, they would melt away like the clans after the battle of Preston Pans, and a victory would scatter them almost as soon as a defeat.

The hillsides are so steep that although the men themselves can scramble up them like cats, the only way by which the cattle, stolen upon these raids, can be carried into the mountains, is up the different passes, small and great. Accordingly, where each debouches into the plain, we have erected a little stone tower, in which sometimes as few as four men, sometimes ten, with a sergeant, are stationed constantly on the look-out. As soon as they see the dust of a drove in the distance, they sound an alarm, which can be heard at the next fort, and a man on horseback is despatched from the nearest mounted station to headquarters,—Dera Ismael Khan, or the like,—where half a troop of cavalry are always kept ready day and night, ready to arm, and their horses saddled, "as was the custom of Branksome Hall." The description of the border fortress of the Buccleughs in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* gives an idea of a strangely similar state of things—ten knights, ten squires, and ten yeomen, "mailed men," "quitted not their harness bright, neither by day nor yet by night," and

'Thirty steeds, both fleet and wight,  
Stood saddled in stable day and night.'

Our troopers are always thus prepared in the same way to start off at full gallop, and as cattle (even stolen ones) cannot be made to travel fast, the horsemen are generally in time to stop the droves before they can reach a pass, and drive them back to the owners; while the "Caterans" escape, like the Armstrongs and the Eliots of the Scotch border, to the impenetrable fastnesses where they cannot be followed without infinite trouble, and are ready to begin again next time.

The requirements, however, of our own Frontier Force have, of themselves, opened a fresh industry which tends to put a stop to the necessity of these forays. The troops require wood for burning, and grass for their horses and cattle, for which, of course, we pay regularly; this is all brought down on the backs of mules and camels, which return laden with the taxed salt from the plains; one of the few things which the clansmen buy, and against the smuggling of which there are stringent penalties.

There is not a cart in the whole dis-

strict, or indeed a road for wheels of any kind : fifty pack camels and forty mules are accordingly allotted to each battalion for transport, and their packing is always done with the greatest care. It is a difficult art ; their backs are easily galled and very hard to cure. Each pack-saddle is made carefully to fit the back it is intended for ; while on a march the officer in charge is constantly on the watch for any symptoms of uneasiness, when the burdens are instantly shifted before serious mischief has taken place. What the want of this knowledge has cost the nation, during the Abyssinian war, will probably never be known. The number of valuable animals brought from great distances which were thus rendered useless, and which, as there was neither forage to keep them, nor time for their recovery, had then to be destroyed, was enormous, and forms one item in that disproportion between the estimate and the expenditure concerning which we are now so ruefully and uselessly troubling ourselves. If a number of men had been sent from India accustomed to the business, thousands of mules and hundreds of thousands of pounds might, it is believed, have been saved.

Such of the requirements of the English officers as cannot travel upon a saddle must come up from Kurrachee in the slow river-boats of the Indus, which are apt to get stranded on the sand-shoals, or delayed when the river has burst its banks after the rains, and is overflowing in all directions ; so that their progress is slow.

The want of water beyond reach of the river is the grand impediment to cultivation and civilization ; it is accordingly a religious duty to supply it, and a proverb declares that "Three things only make a man : to have a son born to him, to plant a tree, and to dig a well," and this duty is sometimes strangely performed. One evening a troop of the Irregular Force on march stopped at a few solitary huts ; but they could find no inhabitants, and the well was dry. Seeing a hole with a heap of earth beside it, however, the officer looked down into the darkness, and a little weak, old voice called out from the bottom, praying him, for the love of God, to draw up a basketful of soil to the surface of the earth : he

did as he was asked ; and then the old man, still out of the depths of his hole, explained how he had vowed to dig a well ; that now for many years he had spent nearly all of every day picking away the earth with his little scoop, depending upon any passer-by whom he could persuade to help him for removing the "spoil," by spoonfuls as it were, with a string and an old basket, which he was too weak to do himself ; he went up and down by some wretched bits of stick and cord, had dug forty feet and more, and was expecting to reach water quickly. No hermit was ever more solitary. And then the troop moved on to find supplies elsewhere, and no one ever heard the result of the poor little burrower's unwearied perseverance.

The blood-feuds among the clansmen are ferocious, like the Corsican vendettas, going on for generations till whole families are extirpated ; and men are to be found, as in the Morea, confined to their own houses, or rather towers, which they dare not leave for fear of assassination, and who have thus endured confinement for nearly a lifetime.

There is, however, a sort of money tariff to which we ourselves defer, and exact, when occasion demands, for our own losses. Thirty-six rupees is the price of a man when murdered, and only fourteen for a woman,—but then she is worth this money whether alive or dead ; if she is carried off, the offender is required either to pay her value or to *supply another as good* to the husband or father to whom she belonged, and who has therefore lost her services. (Query, who is to be the judge whether the new wife is or is not an equivalent to the old one?) She is a very useful chattel, meaning work and doing it ; besides which, fourteen rupees is not cheap, and does not at all imply a low money value—a cow may be bought for one or two rupees, so that she is worth a number of cows.

Many of the men who enlist have mortal enmities among themselves, but under our impartial sway all such are ignored until, during their leave of absence, they can comfortably take up the quarrel with the man they have, perhaps, been standing shoulder to shoulder with, at the point where they left it

off, and kill and stab as pleasantly as before.

Occasionally, by means of this compounding system, a peace is brought about between families, and a strange sort of debtor and creditor account comes out, as thus: "Your side have killed a couple of my cousins and a great-uncle; but, per contra, as a set-off, we have killed your grandfather and a nephew, and there was that little affair about your wife's sister never settled, so we are nearly square, and there is only a trifle to be paid."

A certain non-commissioned officer, one Jheloom Khan (or "Friday"), when at home once on leave was sent for by a family with whom his own had had a long feud, telling him that they wished to make an honorable bargain, and strike the balance between his losses and theirs, and if he would come up to their tower they would pay him the blood-money due. He went up in all good faith, accordingly, with a friend. The towers are composed of three low rooms, one above the other. He was received with much honor; but when he entered he saw that the arms, which are generally kept on the ground-floor, had been removed. "Treachery," whispered he to his friend, but he did not like to turn away. When they reached the top story, which was that upon the roof, they found the whole family ranged with the arms in their hands ready to set on him and put him to death. Jheloom had, however, kept his sword drawn in his hand: he hewed down the man in front of him, who was not prepared for such readiness, and killed him; and before the rest had recovered their wits he had turned to the parapet, sprung upon the battlements, and thrown himself over; it was better to die so than like a wild beast in a trap, he said. Luckily the ground had been lately ploughed up to the very foot of the tower on that side; he fell soft. His companion followed his example, although he received a wound in the leg as he climbed, and the two were up and far away before their pursuers could get down-stairs and follow them.

This man and his would-be murderer may meet again under the English flag any day in peace.

On another occasion when this same

Jheloom, who was a capital officer, had returned to his home in the mountains, his horse lost a shoe, and the only blacksmith within reach belonged to a hostile tribe. One of his fellow-soldiers of the same village, though rightfully an enemy, had nevertheless a comrade's feeling for Jheloom and undertook to get the horse shod for him. The ownership was, however, unfortunately discovered, and the horse kept back, much to the soldier's annoyance. Upon this Jheloom went down to the watering-place of the tribe, and retaliated by carrying away three women, whom he declared he should keep as hostages until his horse was restored. It was the time of a great feast, and a Mollah soon after came up to him with vehement entreaties that he would allow the women to return home for the ceremony, promising that the horse should be sent back. He let his captives go, but the horse never appeared. After a little time one of the women returned to him, saying that as she knew they had been suffered to go free on a condition which had been violated, she did not choose to be a party to such unjust conduct, and had come back to give herself up. Jheloom was delighted, sent for the priest to marry them instantly, and declared he would not give her up again for any horse that ever was born.

The hill-men enlist willingly in our service and there is never any lack of recruits. After one of their villages had been burnt and destroyed for some crime,\* fifteen of the inhabitants enlisted next day in the English force, one of them with a fresh wound in the thigh made by our troops. They are used to fighting, and do not much care on which side it is. The honor of the flag under which they are serving at the moment, not any feeling either political or personal, seems to be their ruling passion; but they are as wonderfully true to the salt they are eating at the time of their engagement as Dugald Dalgetty him-

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\* On this frontier each village is held responsible for the crimes of its inhabitants, but there is a great difference of opinion as to the policy of thus punishing the community for the man. On the frontier of Beloochistan, farther down the river, every offender is pursued to the uttermost, but his tribe does not bear his penalty.

self. "That standard is carried either by my father or my brother, it is the privilege of our family in the Clan," a man has more than once been heard to say in the attack on a village, after which recognition he went on to the assault as if it had been against the devil in person.

They fling stones with dreadful precision, and many of our officers have suffered in this way in the hillside warfare. It is no child's play. In one affair only, three of them were killed and wounded; the life of the third being saved by the chain of his helmet which he had taken off to drink at a well a short time before; his troop having been surprised by the enemy, he had not had the time to fasten it properly, and he threw the chain into the crown of the helmet, where it warded off the force of a large stone which would otherwise have crushed his head.

On one occasion a smart-looking young chief came up to enlist. "Such a dandy as you will not do for a common soldier. I daresay you are rich enough to have a wife?" was the answer to his proposal. "Yes, I have three," he said with much pride. "How could you afford so many?" "Why, I had three sisters, and I exchanged them all for wives." After a day or two this fine gentleman, who evidently had only come up on some whim, repented himself, and as his engagement was not complete, was allowed to go home. We want no unwilling recruits.

- Nearly half of some of the regiments consist of Afghans, sometimes as many as 340 or 350 out of 800 men. The rest are Sikhs, Rajpoots from the hills, Punjabees. The different races eat apart, are not friendly, and are kept in different companies. They are thus useful as a check upon one another; "divide et impera" as usual. The Afghans have most dash, and are put in front when there is an attack; the Sikhs have more steadiness in their bravery, and are kept as supports.

The words of command are given in English, and every new recruit must learn as much of the master-tongue as to understand these, and the non-commissioned officers a good deal more. The extreme frugality of the natives

enables the soldiers to live on a fabulously small pay, but it has not been increased with the cost of living, and is now too low. Even the non-commissioned officers receive only £3 10s. monthly, and an ordinary private has fourteen shillings a month! out of which he is expected to feed himself and provide his shoes and clothing, with the exception of one uniform suit, which is given him piecemeal, the trousers one year and the jacket the next. The boots come from England, and cost eight or nine shillings, but they are pulled off immediately after parade, and therefore last nearly as long as his engagement, which is a short one. Out of this pittance, however, he generally contrives to lay by something for his wife in the hills, as it is not considered "respectable" to have her at the English quarters; he lives chiefly on a sort of pulse, rice being a luxury. The independent way in which the force is managed gives each officer more individual responsibility than in the regular army, and increases his pride in his work and his influence with his men.

There is, apparently, much the same kind of charm as in driving a team of wild horses or fiery mules in the command of such an army, and as the Englishman looks round on his dusky followers, the prestige by which that solitary white man is enabled to rule by right of the strongest in character and will, in mind and even in body, makes him, if he does his duty, an unconscious civilizer to an extent almost incalculable. There is no place, perhaps, where the personal character of each representative of the ruling race is so important, where he can do so much good and so much harm.

Englishmen sometimes have been known to take advantage of out-of-the-way positions to throw off, not only the restraints of Christianity, but even those of the natives, when they become worse than savages; but "an officer and a gentleman," in the highest sense, has, indeed, a grand career in such a post—that he should be true, honorable, high-minded, merciful, and just, that he should hold up before the many eyes fixed upon him a Christian ideal;—and he is of far greater value than many missionaries, even in the Christianizing

part of the task which is supposed to be their mission.

The extraordinary influence of one high-minded European over whole masses of men has been shown again and again in India. For instance, Colonel Nicholson acquired such a name among his soldiers, that, to his horror, a sect arose called the Nicholonees; and he is said once to have flogged a man who prostrated himself before him, and was proceeding to do him divine honors.

Little thought of in England, where, indeed, their existence is scarcely known, the "thin red line" of our defenders stretches thus along our frontier, with their lives in their hands, ever ready at any moment for action. It is wonderful by what a number of brave, able, unassuming men, England is served in her outlying possessions, men satisfied to be on "duty," whatever it is, and wherever it happens to be, taking it simply as duty, to be done as well as it can be done, with scarcely any recognition by the nation.

That we have many such first-rate

men in character and ability among our Indian officers, civil and military, is the reason why we have held India so long. That much of the ill-blood and dislike of our rule which we hear of has been caused by the absurd, thoughtless, careless insolence of many of the younger men, has been sadly borne witness to by those best acquainted with the country. A better and wider education, showing that there are cultures besides those we are accustomed to, forcing us to recognize qualities different from our own, would be of the greatest importance to those destined to rule in India; at the lowest, teaching that the people under us are often only in those earlier stages of civilization through which we ourselves have passed; but at least every Englishman in India should be called on to remember that he is a type of his race to thousands of natives, by whose conduct our civilization and Christianity are judged, and that he has no more right to fail in this part of his duty than for a sentinel to be found off his post.

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St. Paul's.

#### THE NOVEMBER SHOOTING-STAR.

DURING the last two years Adams and Leverrier, Schiaparelli, Peters, and Tempel, besides a host of other astronomers of name, have worked in the new field of scientific research opened by the discovery that shooting-stars are not mere atmospheric phenomena. We propose to discuss some of the wonderful discoveries which they have made respecting these strange visitants from the interplanetary spaces. We can promise the reader that we have no dull and tedious disquisition to bring before him, but a series of facts as surprising and as interesting as any which have ever rewarded the labors of our men of science.

Let us first consider the views which were generally entertained respecting the November meteors before the great display of November 13th, 1866. It is almost as interesting, in the light of what is known, to read the comments which the most eminent men of science made on the subject of the meteors only three short years ago, as to read the famous "Chapter on Aer" in Burton's

"Analysis of Melancholy,"—with its quaint references to the "Borbonian stars," and the planets of the Medici, and its oddly expressed doubts "whether the eccentricity of the earth be not approaching the sun."

It was supposed three years ago that the appearance of the November meteors is due to the existence of a zone or belt of bodies travelling around the sun in an orbit not differing greatly in dimensions from that of our own earth, and this fact was looked upon as one of the most striking in the whole range of astronomical science. The circumference of the meteor-belt was calculated at some six hundred millions of miles, and men marvelled at the thought of the enormous volume of the zone, when one of its dimensions alone was so vast. We now know that the imagined meteor-zone is a minute and insignificant "quoit" of matter in comparison with the vast oval hoop along which the meteors really travel.

Then again it was held in 1866,—and

justly held, because the view was the least startling explanation of observed facts,—that the recurrence of displays of unusual splendor three times in a century was due to the existence of a rich group of meteors along one part of the zone; and that this group, losing, —or gaining, it was not known which, —one thirty-third part of a revolution in every year, was traversed by the earth only once in thirty-three years. We shall presently see that the true explanation of the peculiarity is far nobler, and more significant; and is associated, furthermore, with a feature in meteor-systems which as yet we can merely wonder at, without pretending to appreciate or understand.

Lastly, the velocity with which the meteors were supposed to travel, was very much less than that with which, in reality, they rush into our atmosphere after their vast journey through the interplanetary spaces.

We proceed to describe the processes by which these wonderful results have been rendered as trustworthy as the theory of gravitation itself, on whose evidence they depend. The story is as instructive as it is interesting. It will show us that astronomers are not merely careful in the formation of hypotheses, but that they are ever ready to suggest doubts about the justice of their own conclusions, and freely to abandon theories over which they have themselves labored.

Before the great display of 1866, directions were sent to all the astronomers who were interested in the November meteors,—and what astronomer was not?—to pay particular attention to certain points, which were held to bear importantly on the subject of the meteor-system. Astronomers knew beforehand that all the meteors which swept across our skies would seem to radiate from a point in the constellation Leo; but the exact point was not known. A well-marked group of stars, resembling a sickle, and forming part of the lion's head and shoulders, was the particular region of the heavens towards which astronomers directed their attention; and when the shower actually came, the "radiant point" whence the meteors all seemed to direct their paths, was found to lie almost exactly midway

between the handle and the point of this imaginary celestial sickle.

It can easily be shown that the determination of this radiant point was of the utmost importance, though, as we shall see presently, the most valuable information respecting the meteors was derived from an unexpected quarter, and was wholly independent of the observations which were made in November, 1866. Why the "radiant" is important may thus be explained. The November meteors as they enter our atmosphere are all travelling side by side in parallel paths; and we, placed as it were in the middle of a shower of meteors, but seeing only a short portion of the path of each, recognize in their motions an apparent radiation from a point, just as the artist sees all parallel lines in a building he is drawing, tend to a "vanishing point;" and, of course, if the astronomer can tell what is the vanishing point for a meteor-system, he can tell what is the common direction in which all these bodies are piercing our atmosphere.

So far all is clear; but here a difficulty comes in. The earth is not at rest, and so the direction in which the meteors seem to approach us is not the true direction in which they are travelling. To take a simple illustration of our meaning. We know that if we are travelling rapidly through a rain-storm the rain seems to drift in our face even though it be really falling straight down. Whatever the direction of the storm, in fact, it always seems brought in front of us when we move rapidly through it. But this, which occurs in the case of a heavy down-pour of rain, is much more obvious in the case of a snow-storm, because the snow falls more slowly, and therefore our motion is relatively more effective in changing the apparent direction of the shower. And if we conceive a shower falling yet more slowly, or all but stationary, we see at once that its apparent direction will be almost wholly due to our motion, if we are moving pretty rapidly.

The upshot of this is that we cannot judge of the true direction of a shower through which we are moving, unless we know the rate at which the shower is really falling.

But astronomers were quite uncertain

about the velocity of the November meteors. Supposing it was the case, as some astronomers thought, that the meteors took a year and a thirty-third of a year in travelling round the sun, then the velocity of the meteors was slightly greater than that of our earth. If, on the other hand, the meteors' period is a year less one thirty-third, their velocity was slightly less than that of the earth. But there were two or three other suppositions available, each giving a different velocity to the meteors; and astronomers did not see their way to determining which of all the suggested periods was the most probable one.

Here, then, science seemed at a standstill. It was hopeless to attempt to solve the problem by direct observation, because, although some of the November meteors are sufficiently brilliant to be readily distinguished from their fellows, so that two astronomers at different places might readily make quite sure that they had simultaneously observed a particular body; yet the meteors flash far too swiftly across our skies for any one to "time" them very accurately. And nothing but the most accurate timing would avail towards the determination of a meteor's velocity.

In this difficulty a mathematician came to the rescue whose special delight it has always been to attack problems which seem insoluble. Professor Adams, the first astronomer who pointed out the region of the heavens where unseen Neptune was pursuing his slow career, the astronomer who, later on, had mastered a problem which had defeated the wonderful powers of Laplace, came now to attack as interesting and as perplexing a matter as had ever engaged the attention of astronomers.

He argued thus. Grant that these bodies travel in such and such a period, and that mathematics enable us to know all that will happen to them in their career, we can calculate how near they will come to this or that planet, and how much they will be dragged from their path under its influence; and so we can tell how, in the course of years, the path will shift in space. The problem may not be particularly easy, and we may have to waste a good deal of labor in testing wrong suppositions; but the course must in the end lead us to the

knowledge we seek. For we have only to compare the old dates of the shower with those which the display now affects, to tell how much the meteor-zone really has shifted in space; and we must go on trying one orbit after another until we find one which accounts for the movement actually observed.

Going back to the year 902 we find that the remarkable shower which Condé mentions as having taken place in that year occurred on October 13th. Coming down to later times we find that in 1798 a shower was seen on the morning of November 9th; in 1833 the display took place on the morning of the 13th; in 1866,—as most of us remember,—the shower was seen on the morning of November 14th. Here, then, was a change of date, which indicated a change in the place of the meteoric orbit; and this was all that Professor Adams required. A part,—in fact the greater part of the change,—had to be left out of consideration, as due to a peculiarity in the earth's own motion. But quite enough remained for his purpose.

With enormous labor,—the problem being one of the most difficult which a mathematician could propose to himself,—Adams calculated, one after another, the disturbing effects to which the meteor-system could be subject on all the hypotheses which gave the system a comparatively small orbit. But in all cases the result failed to indicate even an approach to accordance with the observed shifting of the meteor-system.

Now there was one hypothesis,—the simplest of all in one sense, but in another the most startling that could be imagined,—which Adams had not as yet dealt with. It is to be remembered that the foundation of all the hypotheses put forward as to the period of the meteor-system, was the recurrence, once in about thirty-three years, of showers of unusual density and splendor. And every hypothesis yet dealt with by Adams had been so arranged as to account for the peculiarity without giving the meteors a period much exceeding a year.

But what if the peculiarity was to be explained by the simple supposition that the meteors revolve around the sun only once in thirty years? Perhaps the reader may be disposed to ask why this



simple explanation was not the first to suggest itself to astronomers. The reason is easily explained. If a body travels in a known period around the sun, the extent of the body's path is also known. We cannot tell the shape of the path, but we can tell the exact length of its longer diameter. Now the length corresponding to a period of thirty-three years is enormously greater than the diameter of our earth's orbit. It is greater than the diameter of Mars's orbit, than that of Jupiter's, nay, even than that of Saturn's, though Saturn is nine times farther from the sun than we are and was recognized by ancient astronomers as the most distant of all the known planets. In fact the mean distance of a body travelling round the sun in thirty-three years would be more than ten times that of our earth.

Even this, however, was not all. The planets travel in almost circular paths around the central sun. But, as astronomers justly urged, that if the November meteors were supposed to have such a period as thirty-three years, they must follow a path of an extremely eccentric figure. We know that they come at least as near to the sun as our earth. Now their mean distance being ten times as great as the earth's, and their least not greater than the earth's, their greatest must be at least nineteen times as great as our own earth's distance from the sun! This enormous range must carry them beyond the orbit of distant Uranus; and it was very justly argued that such a supposition as this was utterly incredible.

Adams, however, had no choice but to try this incredible hypothesis. He had more difficulty in dealing with the new orbit than with the others, because of its great eccentricity. But there had for a long time been lying idle, and it was thought useless, a mathematical tool of immense power, specially devised by the astronomer Gauss, for just such a problem as Adams now had to deal with; and of this instrument, which but few but he could have wielded, Adams availed himself. In travelling along the new orbit the meteors would be exposed to the disturbing influence of Jupiter, and Saturn, and Uranus,—the giants of the solar system,—and Adams presently found that disturbing effects much larger

than he had before obtained were making their appearance. At length, when the work was concluded, he found that there was the most satisfactory agreement between the result and the observed movement of the meteor-zone. No doubt remained that the vast oval orbit, which had been so long rejected by astronomers on account of its wonderful dimensions, and especially on account of the enormous disproportion between its range and the minuteness of the meteors, is the true path along which these tiny cosmical bodies travel.

Strange as this result is, it is rendered yet stranger, we may notice in passing, by the circumstances attending its discovery. We see here the singular combination of a rejected hypothesis, an almost forgotten method of calculation, and an old-world story of celestial prodigies,—recorded rather through superstition than with any serious purpose,—availing to the solution of a problem which the most careful process of observation must have failed to touch.

But now we have to describe a series of singular coincidences which give a strange interest to the story of the meteors.

Other astronomers besides Adams had been dealing with the 33-year period, though for different reasons than his, and in a different manner. A strange circumstance had come to light about the August shooting-stars,—the famous “tears of St. Lawrence,”—which had set astronomers thinking. An Italian astronomer, Schiaparelli, had been led to notice the fact that a large and brilliant comet, which had appeared in 1862, crossed the path of the earth in the very region in which we encounter the August meteor-system; and he was led to inquire whether the direction of its motion showed any agreement with that of the August meteors. There was the same difficulty here, of course, that Adams had had to encounter with the November meteors; and Schiaparelli, though a skilful mathematician, was not equal to the task of mastering the problem. Instead of attempting to do so, he contented himself by trying to find out whether, by assigning simply a very eccentric orbit to the August meteors, there would appear any such coincidence as he was in search of. The result was the discovery

of an all but exact coincidence,—in other words, the bright comet of 1862 had not only crossed the earth's path where the meteors do, but had travelled in the same direction as they do, and at the same speed,—if only Schiaparelli's opening assumption were correct.

Doubtless this was a result which would have contented any one but an astronomer. Consider for a moment what it signified. There was a simple assumption, which amounted to the supposition that the meteors travel at the same rate as the comet where they cross the earth's orbit. But they might do this in a myriad different ways, since no assumption was made about the direction of their flight. They might have come from east or west, or north or south, from above or from below the earth's path, and with any degree of inclination; but they were found to come in that precise direction in which the comet travelled! What could be clearer than the fact that they are associated in some strange way with the comet, and travel ever in the same path with it!

But astronomers were not satisfied. The term "assumption" is one to which they have a strong objection. Newton of old laid down for himself the law, "hypotheses non fingo," and astronomy has made that law the rule of her whole system of inquiry. An hypothesis must be confirmed by very strong evidence indeed before astronomers will have anything to say to it.

So Leverrier and others turned to the November meteors to see if the members of that system had any evidence to give in favor of Schiaparelli's strange hypothesis. They argued that if Schiaparelli were right, it would be reasonable enough to suppose that thirty-three years might be the true period of the November meteors, since comets are known to delight in eccentric paths. So Leverrier calculated the path of the November meteors on the supposition that they travel around the sun in a period of about thirty-three years. The work was not difficult; in fact, to the practical astronomer nothing could be more simple. There was all the difference imaginable between the work of calculating the path corresponding to such a period and the work of demonstrating, as Adams had done, that that

period, and no other, is the one in which the meteors complete their journey round the sun.

When the orbit was calculated, however, something more remained to be done. Schiaparelli had a comet to compare with the August meteors, and had calculated their path for the purpose of that comparison. Astronomers had now calculated the path of the November meteors, and had to look about them for a comet in whose track they might find some resemblance to the path of the meteors.

All the brilliant comets which have made their appearance in recent times were questioned in vain. There was not one of them with which the November meteors could claim the most distant relationship. Besides, if there really were a bright comet, having a 33-year period, we ought to have seen it many times during the 900 years which have elapsed since the first recorded display of the November meteors; and if this had happened, astronomers would long since have determined the periodic nature of the comet's motions.

Fading brilliant comets, faint ones began to be thought of; but for a long time no success attended the search. At length, just as it was about to be abandoned, the attention of Dr. Peters, an eminent German astronomer, was called to a minute telescopic comet which had been discovered early in the year 1866. Many months pass in general before astronomers satisfy themselves as to the path and period of a comet, and so it had been in this case; insomuch that when the search for a comet-companion to the November meteors was first commenced, the correct path and period of the comet we are referring to had not been made public. When Dr. Peters compared the comet's path with that which Leverrier had assigned to the meteors, he found that the agreement was absolutely perfect. No further doubt can remain that Schiaparelli's hypothesis is correct. Some sort of association undoubtedly exists between comets and meteors, though what the nature of the association may be it would perplex our best astronomers and physicists to determine at present.

It is well worth while to notice what a strange series of coincidences is ex-

hibited in the whole history of this matter. Had people in the year 902 not been frightened nearly out of their wits by a great shower of meteors, and so been led to attach historical importance to the event and hand down day and date to us, Adams would have wanted the evidence which enabled him to determine demonstratively the true period of the November meteors. In this case, the coincidence observed by Dr. Peters would have been no more demonstrative than the one Schiaparelli had detected. We may add also that the same defect in the evidence would probably have appeared had Gauss not devoted many laborious hours in long past years to elaborate what seemed a practically-useless mode of calculation. For Adams might justly have felt deterred from the double labor of making and of using the complex mathematical instrument which he actually employed to master nature's secret.

Then, again, consider how opportunely the two comets appeared upon the scene, and how admirably their respective features were adapted to the requirements of the case! Had the bright comet of 1862 appeared much earlier, Schiaparelli's hypothesis would have been formed only to be forgotten. Had it appeared much later, the notion of an association between comets and meteors would not have been put forward early enough to lead the observers of the November display of 1866 to test the view by a reference to the November meteors. Again, if the comet of 1862 had been as faint as the one of 1866, Schiaparelli would never have thought of associating it with so remarkable a meteoric system as the "tears of St. Lawrence." The comparative insignificance of the comet of 1866 was a matter of little moment, because astronomers had had their attention already directed to the search for a comet to correspond with the November meteors. Nor did its late appearance create any difficulty; it served, on the contrary, to bring the comet into more notice than it would otherwise have received. Yet how readily the comet of 1866 might have been missed altogether by astronomers! It was missed in 1833, in 1799, and in 1766, though telescopists were on the watch for comets during all those years.

If it had been missed in 1866 it could not have been detected before 1899, and by that time Schiaparelli's hypothesis would probably have been altogether forgotten.

It is strange, too, to notice that while a series of events had thus happened at the precise time when they were calculated to be of most value, there had been in 1866 a sudden awakening of the minds of astronomers and physicists to the importance of meteoric phenomena. In America, as well as in Europe, the attention of astronomers was attracted, in a manner never before noticed, to the approach of the November shower. It would be difficult, indeed, to point to any astronomical event during the last century which has been looked forward to with intenser interest, or has engaged the attention of so many first-class men of science.

To return, however, to the history of the series of discoveries which followed the labors of astronomers upon the subject of the November meteors.

It had now been shown that the zone of cosmical bodies forming the November meteor-system has an orbit extending far out into space, even beyond the path of the distant planet Uranus. Astronomers began to inquire whether the Herschelian planet had had anything to do with the introduction of this family of meteors into the neighborhood of our earth.

At first sight the question seems a strange one indeed. Is it not conceivable, one might be disposed to urge, that the meteor-system has been in its present position quite as long as Uranus has been travelling around the sun? Had the meteors not been associated with a comet it is probable that this view would have been held. But astronomers have been led by experience to look on the large planets as the principal agents in causing comets to approach our neighborhood. Jupiter, for instance, has quite a large family of comets which have been forced by his energetic attraction to travel on a path having its outer range close to Jupiter's path. And, singularly enough, when once a comet has thus been forced into subjection by a planet, it can never escape unless its new path bring it near to another planet large enough to force on the

comet a change of masters. Jupiter is the great comet-disturber, but Saturn has no insignificant family of dependent comets; and Uranus undoubtedly has the November meteor-comet under subjection. For astronomers have traced back the path of the comet, and they find that more than sixteen hundred years ago the comet was quite close to the giant mass of Uranus. Whence the comet was travelling, and whither it would have gone if undisturbed, we cannot say; but having come so close to Uranus, the enormous attractive powers of that planet bent the comet's path sharply round and then left the comet free to rush off almost straight towards the sun. But the comet must always go back once in about thirty-three years to the scene of its encounter with and subjection by the planet, and whenever the return happens to coincide with the appearance of Uranus in that neighborhood, the comet will have a new path forced upon it. With this, however, we are not concerned. What is really interesting, in relation to the November meteors, is the fact that they follow the comet's track close past the orbit of distant Uranus, and that we owe to the attraction of this invisible planet the yearly recurrence of those star-showers which not so long ago were thought to be insignificant atmospheric phenomena. Strange is it to think that the stars which flash across our skies, and in a few brief moments are dissipated into finest vapor, have swept across the whole breadth of that vast abyss which separates us from the distant path of Uranus. For seventeen years they pursue their silent course from out that far-off region, rushing onwards with a speed many times swifter than that of the rifle-bullet. They turn sharply round the sun as they pass their perihelion, and then their course brings them full tilt towards the earth as she is traversing the autumn quadrant of her orbit. One would imagine that a flight of missiles directed with such enormous velocity upon the seemingly defenceless earth would destroy every living thing upon its surface. But not so. Guarded by her shield,—

"The firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,  
Transparent elemental air, diffused  
In circuit to the uttermost convex  
Of this great round, partition firm and sure,"

the earth passes safely through the storm. In a few moments the meteors which have been speeding so many years through space close their career, consumed by their own enormous velocity as they rush through the upper regions of our atmosphere.

Let us briefly recapitulate the facts which have been revealed respecting the November meteors.

We have seen that they have a period of thirty-three years; that they travel in a long eccentric orbit, extending far out in space beyond the path of Uranus; that they are associated with a telescopic comet detected in 1866; and, lastly, that this comet was introduced into the neighborhood of the sun nearly a thousand years ago by the attraction of the planet Uranus.

These discoveries are sufficiently surprising; but others, in part dependent on these, have still to be recorded.

Now that we know the true figure of the meteoric orbit, we can tell the actual velocity with which the meteors encounter the earth. This velocity is much greater than had been supposed before the enormous dimensions of the meteor-system had been suspected. A body travelling from a distance nineteen times as great as our earth's, acquires, before reaching the earth's neighborhood, a far greater velocity than that with which we are ourselves carried round the sun. When they encounter us the meteors are travelling with the inconceivable velocity of about twenty-five miles per second. But we have said that they encounter the earth nearly full tilt, and the earth's velocity adds importantly to the swiftness with which they actually penetrate the upper regions of our atmosphere. Their actual rate, looking on them as projectiles hurled against the earth's air-shield, is no less than forty miles per second. A cannon-ball flies at the rate of about the third part of a mile per second! and it may safely be assumed that the velocity of the meteors exceeds, more than one hundred times, the highest rate of speed which men will ever be able to give to any projectile they can devise.

But we can gather yet more from our knowledge of the path traversed by the meteors. We can tell how deep the meteor-stream is at any part which the

earth may cross. To do this we must dismiss all consideration of the velocity with which the meteors travel, just as we should dismiss all thought of a river's velocity if we were gauging its depth. All we want to know is the position of the stream, and the time which the earth takes in passing through it.

Judged in this way, it appears that the part of the stream through which the earth passed in 1866 was no less than 80,000 miles deep. In 1867 the earth traversed a shallower part of the stream, the duration of the passage indicating a depth of only about 50,000 miles. Last year, however, the stream was much deeper; the display was seen on two nights in succession in America, and was also well seen in England, and even at the Cape of Good Hope,—though usually places on the southern hemisphere are not good stations for observing the shower. The meteor-stream can scarcely have been less than 500,000 miles deep.

The increase of depth thus indicated

had been in part anticipated; and this year it is likely that the earth will pass through a yet deeper portion of the stream. Thus we can hardly fail to have a display, for the earth will be probably a full day in passing through the meteor-system. It was known in 1866 that the earth would pass through a small but densely compacted part of the meteor-zone; and so a very fine display, lasting a comparatively short time, was expected. But the chance that the display would be seen in any particular locality was comparatively small. This year, on the other hand, matters are reversed. If the weather is only fine we may look with confidence for a display of shooting-stars on the morning of November 14th; and though it is not likely that the display will resemble that which was seen in 1866, yet it will doubtless be well worth watching,—especially as there will be no moon—as in 1867 and 1868—to dim the brightest meteors and to blot out the fainter ones altogether.

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Contemporary Review.

BATTLE OF THE PHILOSOPHIES—PHYSICAL AND METAPHYSICAL.

THE object of this paper is to call attention to a remarkable and critical phase, now presenting itself in that great battle of Philosophies, which has lasted ever since man began to use and systematize thought.

It is indeed true that here, as in all other cases, the very fact of conflict implies defective conception of truth as a whole, and undue assertion of its special parts. The fault lies not in the Philosophies, but in their adherents. That the two lines of thought, to which, for at least some two thousand years, the names "Physical" and "Metaphysical" have been given, must have many points of contact, must interpenetrate and materially affect each other, is obvious and inevitable, while body and soul are united in ourselves, and our world is made up of things and persons without. The main principles which are involved in them are so essentially different that they cannot be identified, or even made coincident; nor can either frame its theory of life and of the universe with-

out recognizing the existence, or asserting the non-existence, of the other. It is, therefore, clear that the first efforts of systematic thought must be to determine their natural relations and their actions one upon the other. Still, as there is in Nature a perfect union and harmonious action of the two elements of being to which they refer, so in the relations and mutual action of the two lines of thought themselves there ought to be no real antagonism. But, as a matter of fact, antagonism in various degrees there has always been. For there is a long debatable frontier, which has no unquestionable barrier marked out by the hand of Nature; and if fortresses are raised to form an artificial barrier, experience teaches us that they themselves become objects of contention, always liable to be undermined or stormed from the one side or the other.

All this is clear and obvious enough; but it is perhaps worth while to direct attention to the two chief causes which incline each party, not merely to "rec-

tify the frontier," but to pass it, and penetrate deeply into the region which lies beyond.

The first arises from the well-known fact that Physical Philosophy is at every step dependent on our mental processes, and is therefore, for its own sake, forced to contemplate, and in some degree to investigate, the philosophy of mind. Its objects are material and external to us; yet, strictly speaking, Physical Philosophy has nothing to do with these objects in themselves; but (as every discussion on space and time clearly shows) it has to consider the appearances which they present to us, the relations in which we are obliged to view them. Its favorite term "phenomena" expresses this fact; the very conception of what it calls a "law" is a thing purely relative to our own perceptions. Avowedly, then, it presses the mind into its service; but, having used that service, it is laudably eager to return the obligation. Men observe what are the processes of mind in the sphere of physical investigation, and assume that these, and these only, display its whole power of operation in every sphere—that, for example, because the primary impressions in the physical department are those of sense, therefore no primary impressions in any other department are capable of being referred to any other process—that because Induction is supposed to be the only fruitful method of procedure in Physics, therefore no other method can lead to truth and bear fruit in other spheres of experience.

I do not mean that these inferences are openly made, or consciously recognized by those who make them. If they were, their arbitrariness would be seen, and their tendency to produce error destroyed. Their very danger lies in their tacit and half-conscious acceptance. Nor do I deny that they represent a not unrighteous retaliation. In the earliest days, at least of European philosophy, the mind was the aggressor, transferring its own purely intellectual conceptions to the realm of external fact; projecting its own shadow (to use a well-known simile) till it seemed to form a gigantic figure, spanning the great physical gulf on which the mists of ignorance lay. Those, for example, who remember the old Greek argument that the heavenly bodies

must move in circles, for that all things in Nature must be perfect, and the circle is the perfect figure, will recognize in this such an invasion of the realm of matter by a purely relative conception of mind. And with such outrageous instances of proceeding *per saltum* Bacon has taught us to make merry, till we almost forget our intellectual debt to the bold generalizations of the Greek philosophers of old. But in our own days the tide of invasion has been rolled back, and the victorious legions of Physical Investigation, marshalled under the banner of Baconian induction, quietly march on as to a "seven days' war," an already foretasted victory, not denying, but calmly ignoring, any processes of mind and any truths discernible by them, except those which they themselves have pressed into their service.

Against such encroachment we are (I think) bound to protest in the interests of truth, undazzled by the brilliant achievements of Physical Philosophy in its own sphere, which beget a feeling of wonder, if not of awe, at the work of the past, and an almost infinite expectation in regard to the prospects of the future. Waiving all controversy as to the value of the impressions of the senses in the Physical sphere—granting, for the sake of argument, that the Inductive method, with its processes of observation, abstraction, and generalization, is the only true method in every path of discovery—still we must assert that the ultimate facts in the Metaphysical line of thought, on which the whole reasoning is based, may be discovered by other processes than that of sense, and refuse to limit the sphere of trustworthy experiences to the outer world.

Another cause which leads, if not to collision, at least to interference of these two kinds of thoughts, arises from a fact which no philosopher can either deny or ignore,—the fact that neither of these lines of thought is self-contained and self-sufficing. Both lead us inevitably to a deeper question—to the knowledge or the denial of a God.

It is (I think) absolutely impossible for any length of time to contemplate the material universe without seeking some answer to the question of its First Cause, whether that First Cause be a Creator, or a chaotic whirl guided by some im-

personal force. For a time indeed philosophy may rightly hesitate; it may protest, as Bacon did, against leaping to an ultimate conclusion, impatient of the slow, gradual processes, which alone give solidity and permanence to human progress. But I do not conceive that it will ever be availing to do what, if I conceive it aright, Comtism appears to do, viz., to protest against any speculation as to cause or object; to denounce any projection of the soul into the past or the future; to content ourselves with organizing the present, careless how it was first originated, or to what end it shall be brought ere it ceases to be. The true physicists must protest—in fact they do protest—against this negative result, dignified by the name of Positivism. In proportion as Physical Science is really scientific and not mechanical, aiming at true knowledge rather than production of material things, it must inevitably ask the final question which in so many forms it is asking now.

But what is true of the realm of matter is still more true of the realm of mind. It is impossible to be content with the first appearances which the study of man presents. Who can accept the semblance of countless diversities, of a thousand isolated sources of action, at best partially harmonized? Who can avoid asking for some one source of human life, and some common intellectual and moral substratum on which these individual differences are built? It seems impossible even in our view of the present; but still more impossible when that view is enlarged and deepened by the recollections of the past, and the fore-castings of the future. Nor, except for a time, can this craving be met by the mere science of averages, and the consequent discovery of the formulas of regularity, which we now call "Laws." They tell us much of method, nothing of cause; much of direction and regularity of plan, nothing of the ultimate source. Here, again, we must seek some great First Cause, which can hardly seem impersonal to one who has grasped—as the metaphysical student must at least think that he has grasped—a conception of the essential superiority of spirit to matter.

Now, this inevitable tendency existing, it is sufficiently clear *à priori* that

these two lines of thought must in some degree converge. The very existence of Religion and Theology, regarded only as phenomena of human history, proves that they do; for there is hardly a single form of Religion which does not identify, with more or less distinctness, the First Cause of the spiritual and material worlds. But since they proceed, as all convergents must proceed, from opposite quarters and by different processes, it is perhaps inevitable that there should be apparent opposition, even collision, between them—that in their reasonings upon Theology, either to support or to deny it, each line of thought may tend to ignore the individuality of the other, to assert that its rival must advance by the same path which is familiar to itself, or else that it does not and cannot advance at all. Every one is familiar with the intrusion of conceptions of Divine Action, derived from the analogy of the human mind, into the Theory of Creation, Production, Dissolution of the Universe. Doubtless much "Natural Theology" is open to the reproach of such intrusion, if it declares its results as demonstrably true and complete at every step. But it is at least equally certain that reasonings on the Divine Action, as *e.g.* in the *à priori* question of Miracles, which altogether ignore the existence of Will, and insist on limiting that action within formulas of Physical Regularity, are justly liable to the charge of encroaching on the realm of spirit, and ignoring, in fact, its independent existence altogether.

Both these causes, added to the imperious desire for logical coherence and unity, which has been called not unfairly in the intellectual sphere, "the last infirmity of noble minds," tend to produce that "Battle of the Two Philosophies" of which a new and striking phase is presented to us at the present moment, when we are in all directions, political, social, ecclesiastical, awaking to the need and fruitfulness of ideas, and resolving to be no longer content with machinery and secondary principles.

The object of this paper is to enter a protest on behalf of Metaphysical against Physical Philosophy, chiefly on a ground which appeals to the interest of all—a desire to vindicate the weak and the oppressed.

I venture to think that in England at

the present day Physical Philosophy is encroaching on a domain which is not its own, and that it is therefore becoming what we call "Materialism;" *i.e.* as I understand the word, not a study of that which is Material, but the desire to make all things Material—to ignore any distinction of kind between mind and matter, and by a natural conclusion, to obliterate the great distinction between right and necessity.

This encroachment is due partly to the extraordinary advance and vitality of Physical Science in England. The great direction given to thought by Bacon has never been reversed; it has led in many of his disciples to a narrowing of all interest to Physical objects, against which he must have vehemently protested; it has achieved results (as, for example, in the magic of the new spectrum analysis, or the older discovery of a new planet, not by the telescope, but by the keener vision of abstract reasoning) which have gone beyond the fancies of the New Atlantis. Its own domains have become too narrow for it; in the very intoxication of triumph it chafes, *infelix limite mundi*. Hitherto there has been a region denied to it, a supposed difference between spirit and matter, which barred its path. Now it seems but a question of time how soon that region shall be overrun, and that barrier undermined, by the subtle power of analysis.

The very fact that Physical Science is becoming more truly philosophic and less mechanical, tends to quicken the march of encroachment at the present time. Few adherents of Physical Science would now be content to rest its claims on the merely utilitarian ground which was taken by Lord Macaulay in his brilliant Essay on Bacon. It is felt that the extent and value of material results are no adequate or even just test of the scientific excellence of any invention or discovery. In the Inaugural Address at the last meeting of the British Association, the place of honor was given, and most justly given, to investigations which had for their object pure abstract knowledge of the system of the universe, whether by analyzing, through the spectrum, the composition of the heavenly bodies, and ascertaining their mutual approach or re-

cession; or by dredging at the bottom of the Atlantic, to trace the gradations of organic life, and test the continuance of the processes by which the old geological strata were formed. If the recognition of scientific merit by Government was claimed on the ground of the "benefit received from the labors of scientific men, even in a pecuniary point of view," it was evidently only an *argumentum ad hominem*, addressed to a Chancellor of the Exchequer. So again, the advocacy of Physical Science as a branch of public teaching is generally based more on its value as a part of liberal education, rather than on its utilitarian results; and the old fallacy that knowledge about things materially useful was exclusively or principally "useful knowledge," is banished from all argument which deserves the name.

In the interest of true philosophy in general, and of Physical Science itself, we must rejoice at the change, seeing the nobility which it gives to physical investigation, and believing that utilitarian interests will not suffer but gain by the introduction of higher aims. But it is not difficult to see that it must tend to wider generalizations, to a greater craving for abstract unity and logical coherence of system; it is almost impossible not to anticipate that these tendencies will arm Physical Science with greater boldness of self-assertion, and make her more impatient of a "sister near the throne."

But this progress of Physical Philosophy is aided in no small degree by the division of the Metaphysicians among themselves into the sensuous and ideal schools. They are at issue on the very processes of mind, on the ultimate standards of Truth and Morality. The strife seems "never ending, still beginning;" it raged in the days of Locke and Berkeley,—it rages now in the schools of Mill and Hamilton. And, meanwhile, the antagonistic power is advancing, and contrasting the fruitless strifes of Metaphysicians with the steady progress and the accumulated treasures of its own Philosophy. Not that it is quite indifferent; under the guise of serene and complacent impartiality, it aids, by a true instinct, one party in the strife, by presenting a sphere in which the sensuous school seems to have it all its own way,



and so seeming to prove that its process of investigation is fruitful, and its theory of knowledge is the true one. No one can present a bold front to the invader until he has mediated in the metaphysical strife, recognized (as I believe Coleridge did, to our incalculable benefit) the truths which lie in the assertions of each disputant, and are not truly irreconcilable with each other. I am not sure whether he might not with advantage cross the frontier, and show how, even in Physical investigation, Idealism has its place, and its unseen, unacknowledged share in many of the great triumphs of discovery. But, meanwhile, no one, I think, can doubt that this division, and the apparently barren controversies which proceed from it, tend to throw much of the intellectual strength and ardor of the age into the career of Physical Discovery.

But, perhaps, it may be well contended that this advance of Physical Science is even more effectually aided by its congeniality to the habits of the English mind. Derive them from what source we will—race, circumstances, climate, history—these intellectual peculiarities are most clearly and strongly marked. We delight to trace them in our neighbors. Every one knows and laughs at the description of the Englishman, the Frenchman, and the German, who set out by their different paths to describe a camel. We smile at the Frenchman who was content to spend two hours in the *Jardin des Plantes*, and had his thesis, clear, brilliant, and superficial, ready by the next morning, as a complete investigation to which nothing could be added. We laugh outright at the German, because he smoked many pipes, and began to evolve the camel from his own self-consciousness—a task which, it seems, is not finished yet. But the picture of the Englishman, who set sail at once for Arabia, lived there for years, and learnt all about the camel, and then produced a totally unreadable book, full of particulars in which the main idea was lost,—this is the picture we ought to take to heart. It is a masterly description, as near truth as intentional satire can be, of our delight in the visible and the particular, our dislike of the invisible and the universal. It is clear enough that such a temper, though

it be unphilosophical in all departments, is certainly more at home in Physical Science. The gradual accumulation of observations, the possibility of verifying every step by visible and tangible experiments, to say nothing of the fruits of material utility which are plucked on the way—all these suit the English mind and disguise its want of philosophy. And perhaps the facility of free and universal action, the rapid extension of commercial and political empire, the necessity of compromise which all action demands, the possibility of uniting for a time for one practical purpose principles discordant in themselves,—perhaps, I say, all these things, valuable in themselves, tend to discourage abstract thought, and to turn aside the attention from that sphere in which such abstract thought is at every point a pressing necessity. I suppose that we must accept our destiny as a whole, that we must be content with our great task of civilizing the world by action, and give up all hope of being the metaphysical leaders of European thought. Be it so; let us accept it; let us accordingly dwell on the material, and leave Physical Science her priority. But may we not introduce some clause to save the rights of a minority, and contend against her encroaching on the sphere of her weaker sister?

Now such encroachment seems to be proceeding, both positively and negatively.

Let us glance at the positive process in its three chief stages. Having entirely reconquered from Metaphysics the material world, Physical Philosophy proceeds to examine man himself through his material organization. In himself she views the physical machinery through which thought, volition, action work; she studies the brain, the nervous and muscular systems, and the like—plainly discerning that by their destruction, or even injury, the spirit is maimed in its action, and reduced apparently to dormant inaction or death. The inference is drawn, or, if not drawn, suggested, that this material action is everything—that the prominence of certain organs determines intellect, and even moral character—that what we have called mental or spiritual action is only a subtler form of molecular force, yet undiscovered, but not different in kind from

those which already have been traced and defined in the material world.

Then another step is taken. The organization of man is compared with that of existing animals; a succession is traced from the lowest type of animal life up to that which most closely approaches the human; it is studied both in its physical conformation, and that development of instinct, which in some points rivals, in some far exceeds, the penetrative power of reason. We are reminded through geological discoveries of the succession and disappearance of the links of a great series of animal life, in which our own system is but a part; and recent speculations on the origin of species tend to show that by an infinite minuteness of gradation they may melt into each other. Perhaps we are again reminded that even the human animal passes through stages in which it resembles lower organisms, and that we can fix no point of time at which what we call distinctive human faculties awake. Then, having done all this, Physical Philosophy again suggests the doubt whether any distinct separation can be established between man and other animals, between his spirit and animal life.

Possibly the process may go one step further still, and, having broken down the barrier between man and other animals, it may proceed to efface the distinction between organic and inorganic life; to include the "vital force" in the great group of physical forces, electricity, gravitation, light, and the like; to pass lightly over the characteristic fact of organic structure and dwell on similarities of organic and inorganic material; and so still more effectually to reduce all creation to one dead level, over which Material Laws shall reign supreme.

I think that no one who reads the physical speculations of the day will believe that I have drawn a fanciful or exaggerated picture. I am sure that no one will doubt that the tendency is one which must finally absorb and obliterate, as a distinct philosophy, the philosophy of mind, and of its objects.

But all this turns upon the study of man's individual nature in relation to the great universe. There is another line of thought, which is less distinctly physical,

but which fights equally against any spiritual belief. I mean the study of mankind *en masse*, which aims merely at depicting the effect of circumstances—climate, food, geographical position, and scenery—upon human history; which delights to point out that actions, however free, are capable of being tabulated into certain averages, and by these averages may be predicted as to their number and their character; or which dwells exclusively on the truth that human society, as such, appears to work its way through certain stages, in which the individual energy, even of the greatest spirits, is but, at best, a secondary disturbing force. Perhaps of all specimens of this line of thought Mr. Buckle's volumes were the best defined, based on the largest induction, announced in the clearest and most trenchant manner. But no one can be at a loss for specimens of this form of historical investigation; few will doubt that it has added greatly to our knowledge, and initiated inquiries which will increase that knowledge a hundredfold. And, if it regard its results as only a partial view of the truth—if it distinguish clearly the ascertainment of these phenomena from the study of true causation—if it allow that this causation is the ultimate fact after all, and acknowledge the human will to be still potent and inscrutable—then it does its own work in its own sphere. None can hinder it; none ought to hinder it. But this is precisely what it does not do. It either supposes that the cause of human action is discerned hereby, or that it is indiscernible and inappreciable. In either case it stimulates the study of Physical Science, or of mere historical phenomena; in either case it is fatal to any true philosophy of mind.

But besides these actions which I have called positive, there is also a negative action, into which both, and especially the latter, run up. It is impossible not to see that in much speculation all non-material action, all existence of supersensuous ideas, is not so much denied as ignored, not so much controverted as deemed to be below controversy. The physical side of any subject is fully and powerfully brought out; the principle of the impenetrability of matter is apparently extended, and it is

supposed that no room is left for any other element in a sphere so thoroughly and completely occupied. Whether men base such views on the Continuity of Material Laws, which, it is thought, leaves no gap for the intrusion of any non-material action, or whether they fall back to the older ground, limiting all knowledge to experience, restricting such experience to visible and tangible objects, or inferring that all other experiences are too vague to be worth consideration—in either case they seek the same object. In the present day, perhaps counting the power of pure metaphysics as already conquered, and instinctively feeling that this power is weak if it be divorced from a theological ground, such habits of thought make their way into the sphere of theology. If we study the late controversy as to Nature and Prayer, it has been shown most truly that the denial of the efficacy of prayer on the ground that God is bound by his own Natural Laws, is based on principles which must exclude the interfering power of will in man; it is equally clear that it denies or obscures the possibility of what we call "will" in God. If, again, we examine the assertions of the *a priori* impossibility of miracles, on the ground of which all examination of evidence is rendered needless or absurd, we see that it is based again on the second of these inferences; it excludes the idea of a superior will in the creation and government of the universe, acting upon and with a view to a world of human wills.

It is somewhat difficult to be patient of this negative process, impalpable as it is, hardly fair or even rational in theory, but most powerful in its effects. Positive and direct reasoning, while we grapple with it as best we may, yet we are bound to treat with the respect due to earnest and rational antagonism. But this system either ignores the facts of the controversy, or, by tacitly denying the existence of any power which is by hypothesis non-material, and, therefore, incapable of being "crowded out" by the massing of physical things or processes, it assumes the real point at issue. In either case it involves something of arrogance and injustice. We must protest, and it is difficult to prevent some indignation from coloring our protest,

against it in the interests of truth and of fairness.

These are some of the leading tendencies of thought at the present day. Some will consider them steps in true scientific progress, and welcome the simplicity and unity which the exploding of the "spiritual" will introduce. Others will deem them essentially unscientific, as ignoring much evidence on the one side, and drawing extensive inferences from insufficient evidence on the other, and will accordingly consider that, in these, Physical Science is encroaching on a sphere which belongs to a higher philosophy. But whatever view we take of them, it is well that we should look them fairly in the face, and estimate the importance of their results. That importance I believe to be all but infinite. They will not merely affect every department of abstract thought, but they must involve, if not the destruction, at least the reconstruction, of the whole system of Morality; and they appear, at least, to militate against every idea of Theology, and almost every practice of Religion, as these words are now understood. For it is one thing to accept modifications, either of our theological system, or of our interpretation of Holy Scripture, which the advance of science, physical or historical, may necessitate; it is another to accept conclusions which strike at the root of any possibility of Theology, and any authority, perhaps any distinctive meaning, in Scripture. In fact, when we look at the momentous consequences of these great questions, all the other controversies, which so unhappily occupy the thoughts of Christians, sink into the merest insignificance.

It may, indeed, be said that such consideration of results tends only to prejudice the cause of truth, by inducing perversion or hesitation in its progress. "*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*" may be quoted nowadays in a new and more special sense. And certainly nothing can be more idle and nothing more unpardonable, than to raise any cry or intolerance, or return even in the slightest degree to the path of persecution. It is still possible (current literature notwithstanding) to have profound belief and intense practical earnestness, and yet to feel that a spiritual warfare

can be waged with spiritual weapons ; it is possible to believe that honest doubt and even error are better than dishonest and ignorant acquiescence, and yet not to doubt that conviction is a blessing, or to suppose that truth is unimportant or undesirable. But it is right, nevertheless, to point to the importance of the issue.

It is right that in such weighty matters every step should be carefully, even jealously, scrutinized, and inference, probable or improbable, be distinguished from actual discovery. It is but common sense to bestow more time and pains to the investigation of claims which destroy the title-deeds of our whole estate, than of those which touch but a corner of our land or a fraction of our income. And such careful and jealous scrutiny is especially needed in the progress of a triumphant and aggressive science, in which bold inference and a happy audacity of theory are needful to bridge over the gulf which separates the examination of individual instances from the establishment of a general law.

It is right, moreover, for a more important reason, to point to great laws and truths, on which as yet human life and society have depended, if they are affected by the conclusions advanced in one particular line of thought. For, after all, every physical law is considered to be hardly established, till it has been submitted to "formulas of verification"—that is, till it has been tested by its accordance with actual facts, ascertained by independent observation. And it may not unfairly be considered by those who conceive the obligation of Morality as an ultimate fact, and the existence of some Religion as an essential necessity of human existence, that any theory, however plausible it may be, and by whatever array of evidences of one or two kinds it may be supported, yet must have in it some fatal error, if it fail to accord with these other classes of facts. There is such a thing as a moral "reductio ad absurdum" which must bar the most plausible system of reasoning, questioning not so much the close dependence of one link upon another, as the assumptions, supposed to be axiomatic, on which the whole chain hangs.

I cannot but quote here a passage

from the Address already referred to, delivered since the foregoing paragraph was written, and expressing the conviction here advanced, in words truly reverent, and therefore truly philosophic, which fairly enchain the attention of all who heard them :—

"Truth, we know, must be self-consistent, nor can one truth contradict another, even though the two may have been arrived at by totally different processes, in the one case, suppose, obtained by sound scientific investigation, in the other case taken on trust from duly authenticated witnesses. Misinterpretations of course there may be on the one side or on the other, causing *apparent* contradictions. Every mathematician knows that in his private work he will occasionally by two different trains of reasoning arrive at discordant conclusions. He is at once aware that there must be a slip somewhere, and sets himself to detect and correct it. When conclusions rest on probable evidence, the reconciling of apparent contradictions is not so simple and certain. It requires the exercise of a calm, unbiassed judgment, capable of looking at both sides of the question; and oftentimes we have long to suspend our decision, and seek for further evidence. None need fear the effect of scientific inquiry carried on in an honest, truth-loving, humble spirit, which makes us no less ready frankly to avow our ignorance of what we cannot explain than to accept conclusions based on sound evidence. The slow but sure path of induction is open to us. Let us frame hypotheses if we will: most useful are they when kept in their proper place, as stimulating inquiry. Let us seek to confront them with observation and experiment, thereby confirming them or upsetting them as the result may prove; but let us beware of placing them prematurely in the rank of ascertained truths, and building further conclusions on them as if they were."\*

The object of this paper will be attained, if it in any degree awakens the minds of its readers to the nature and importance of the present tendencies of thought. For if this be clearly perceived, then one important step is taken towards overcoming the ignorant dislike of abstract thought, and the temper of impatience, or of ridicule, in which the very name of Metaphysics is apt to be received. The grounds on which we assert the reality of the Metaphysical Sphere, and of its claims to influence thought and determine practice, cannot

\* Address of Prof. G. G. Stokes, M.A., D.C.L., President of the British Association, delivered at Exeter on Aug. 18th, 1869.

be discussed here at present; but the assertion itself will be seen to be no question of the schools, but of a matter of life and death.

Especially I would venture to press this point on the attention of all teachers of Christian doctrine. At present there is danger lest the course of modern thought and the system of religious teaching, the week-day investigation and the preaching of the Sunday, go on, each ignoring the other, each rearing up its own fabric on its own foundations, with-

out ever inquiring whether these foundations may not be too narrow—whether the two lines of thought ought not to interpenetrate, and so modify each other. The link between them must be found in the philosophy which deals with the spirit of man, and the objects of which that spirit is cognizant. To disregard that link is to be untrue to the interest alike of Science and of Religion—to the right conception both of the visible and invisible worlds.

ALFRED BARRY.

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Chambers's Journal.

### THE HILL-TRIBES OF CHITTAGONG.

RISING from the rice-swamps and level land of the Chittagong district, in the presidency of Bengal, a vast extent of mountainous country, inhabited by various tribes, covering an area of 6,796 miles, is known as the Chittagong Hill-tracts, and is subjected to British rule. The eastern frontier of this strange and distant country is but three hundred miles from the western boundary of China, so that our ideas are at once transported far and wide when we begin to learn what Captain Lewin has to tell us concerning our fellow-subjects there.\* It is an interesting country; and they are a strange people, separated from our general and vague notions of "Indians" by their habits, their speech, and their traditions—resembling not at all "the mild Hindu," with whom we have been considerably disenchanted of late years, and as unlike the dwellers in tropical regions of the other continents. The landscape is for the most part sombre, with its traces of volcanic action, its long reaches of still water, and its walls of dark-green verdure; but there are occasional glimpses of wonderful beauty, when "dark cliffs of a brown vitreous rock, patched and mottled with lichens and mosses of various colors, tower up on either side, while on the right or left shoots back a dark gorge of impenetrable jungle." Here is a picture of the strange and lavish handiwork of Nature in her remote recesses. "I remember,"

says Captain Lewin, "once going up the Twine Khyoung, a tributary of the Matmoree, whose stream ran briskly in a narrow pebbly bed, between banks that rose almost perpendicularly, and so high that the sun only came down to us by glints here and there. Enormous tree-ferns hung over our heads, some fifty feet up; while the straight stems of the 'gurjun' tree shot up without a branch, like white pillars in a temple; plantains, with their broad drooping fronds of transparent emerald, broke at intervals the dark-green wall of jungle that towered up in the background; and from some gnarled old forest giant here and there the long curving creepers threw across the stream a bridge of Nature's own making. Sometimes we came upon a recess in the bank of verdure which rose on either hand, and there the tinkling of a cascade would be heard behind the veil, its entry into the stream being marked by a great gray heap of rounded rocks and boulders, toppled and tossed about in a way that showed with what a sweep the water came down in the rains. Scarlet dragonflies, and butterflies of purple, gold, and azure, flitted like jewels across our path; while silvery fish, streaked with dark-blue bands, flew up the stream before us like flashes of light as we poled along."

Large and richly alluvial plains, covered with forest trees, are found in many parts of the district, which, if cleared, would be admirably adapted for plow-cultivation; and far in the jungle are tanks, fruit-trees, and the remains of masonry buildings—evidence that in

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\* *The Hill-tracts of Chittagong, and the Dwellers therein.* By Captain T. H. Lewin, Deputy-commissioner of Hill-tracts. Calcutta.

some bygone time the land was cultivated and inhabited by men of the plains. They never come there now; the climate sets an insuperable barrier between them; it is innocuous to the hill-men, but deadly to those of the plains, with its tremendous rains and dense fogs. There are no hot winds, and the hottest part of the year is tempered by cool sea breezes, so that Europeans might bear a residence in the Hill-tracts very well. It is the custom of the people to remain in their villages until the cultivation season commences in May, and then the whole country-side moves up, every man to his patch of cultivation on some lofty hill. In this custom Captain Lewin traces their comparative immunity from sickness, "for," he says, "hill-men, on abandoning their usual mode of life, and taking to other occupations not involving the periodical move to the hill-tops, are nearly as much subject to fever as the people of the plains." Theirs is a strange, self-contained, isolated life, with a periodic state of siege by the weather, as during the rainy season it is almost impossible to move about the country, which has no roads, on account of the rising of the hill-streams. Before the setting in of the rains, the hill-people lay in a stock of provisions, as at that season of the year the bazaars are abandoned by the men of the plains, and trade almost entirely ceases. The system of commerce is very primitive: its centres are four bazaars, to which the hill-people resort for salt, spices, dried fish, tobacco, and other necessities only procurable from the plains. They bring down for sale cotton and timber, the oil-bearing seeds of a certain tree which grows in the jungle, and small quantities of ivory and wax. The Hill-tracts are peculiarly well suited for the production of cotton; and measures have been taken to introduce improved varieties of the plant among the hill-tribes. Throughout the whole district, large tracts of valuable forest trees are found. The fir tree and the caoutchouc abound in the lofty hills in the east; but the "unsatisfactory relations" which exist between the hill-tribes under English rule and those more remote, prevent any use being made of these valuable forest products.

In the wilder parts of the district, a curious natural product is found, which

reminds one of the wondrous "travellers' tree" of the Malay forests. Capt. Lewin describes it thus: "The forest trees are festooned with numerous creepers (*phytocrene*), hanging in a labyrinth of coils from every tree: some are as thick as a man's arm. On cutting one of these, water is obtained; and as they grow on the loftiest hill, where water is often not obtainable, this property of theirs is most useful. The most curious thing is, that should the coil be cut in one place only, so as to leave two pendent ends, no water issues. It is necessary to cut a piece clean out of the creeper with two quick consecutive strokes before water is obtained. If, with an unskilled hand, three or four hacks are made before severing it, the only result is a dry stick. Two speedy cuts, however, and from the piece of creeper trickles out about half a tumblerful of clear cool water. The hill-men explain this by saying that when the stem is cut, the water tries to run away upward."

In every country there is some one gift of Nature of supreme value and importance, the central object of the life of the people. The Arctic seal, the African plaitain, the Arabian camel, the Icelandic reindeer, the Chinese rice-field, are balanced in Chittagong by the bamboo and the cane, which grow in profusion in the hills. Here is a lucid and animated description of the place they occupy: "The cane is the hill-man's rope; with it he weaves baskets, binds his house together, and throws bridges over the hitherto impassable hill-torrents. The bamboo is literally his staff of life. He builds his house of the bamboo; he fertilizes his fields with its ashes; of its stem he makes vessels in which to carry water; with two bits of bamboo he can produce fire; its young and succulent shoots provide a dainty dinner-dish; and he weaves his sleeping-mat of fine slips thereof. The instruments with which his women weave their cotton are of bamboo. He makes drinking-cups of it; and his head at night rests on a bamboo pillow; his forts are built of it; he catches fish, makes baskets and stools, and thatches his house with the help of the bamboo. He smokes from a pipe of bamboo, and from bamboo ashes he obtains potash. Finally, his funeral pile is lighted with bamboo. The hill-man

would die without the bamboo; and the thing he finds hardest of credence is, that in other countries the bamboo does not grow, and that men live in ignorance of it. In Central India there is a migratory tribe called Bhatos, who follow the profession of athletæ, and perform most of their feats with the aid of a bamboo; and this tribe have actually deified it. Their patron goddess is Korewa, an incarnation of Mahadeva. Her shrine is situated at Kittoor, around which dense forests of bamboo grow. One they select, and the attendants of the temple consecrate it. It is called *gunnichari*, or chief, and receives their worship annually. To it, as to a human chief, all respect is shown; and in cases of marriage, of disputes requiring arbitration, the *gunnichari* is erected in the midst of the councillors or arbitrators, and all prostrate themselves before it, before commencing their discussions." One of the tribes of the Hill-tract offers worship to the bamboo, but not in the same sense as the Bhatos; they regard it as the impersonation of the deity of the forest.

There is nothing unpleasant or degraded in the picture drawn by Captain Lewin of the Hill-people, of whom he writes with humanity, sympathy, and appreciation, which, could we but hope they would be more generally felt and manifested by the representatives of English authority in India, might gloriously change the moral history of English rule, and largely influence the destinies of the Eastern world. Before he enters upon an account of their origin and their characteristics, he describes their mode of cultivation, which is known as "joom," and contrasts their hill-life eloquently and advantageously with that of the dweller in the plains. "In the month of April, a convenient piece of forest land is fixed upon, generally on a hill-side: the luxuriant undergrowth of shrubs and creepers has to be cleared away, and the smaller trees felled, the trees of larger growth to be stripped of their branches, and left standing. Although the clearing of a patch of dense jungle is no doubt very severe labor, yet the surroundings of the laborer render his work pleasurable in comparison with the toilsome and dirty task of the cultivators of the plains. On the one hand, the hill-man works in the shade of the

jungle that he is cutting; he is on a lofty eminence, where every breeze reaches and refreshes him; his spirits are enlivened, and his labor is lightened by the beautiful prospect stretching out before him; while the rich and varied scenery of the forest stirs his mind above a monotone. He is surrounded by his comrades; the scent of the wild thyme, and the buzzing of the forest-bee are about him; the young men and maidens sing to their work; and the laugh and joke go round as they sit down to their mid-day meal, under the shade of some great mossy forest tree. On the other hand, consider the toil of the cultivator of the plains. He maunders along, with pokes and anathemas, at the tail of a pair of buffaloes, working mid-leg in mud; around him stretches an uninterrupted vista of muddy rice land—there is not a bough or a leaf to give him shelter from the blazing noonday sun. His women are shut up in some cabin, jealously surrounded by jungle; and if he is able to afford a scanty meal during the day, he will munch it *solus*, sitting beside his muddy plow. Add to this, that by his comparatively pleasurable toil the hill-man can gain two rupees for one which the wretched ryot of the plain can painfully earn, and it is not to be wondered at that the hill-people have a passion for their mode of life, and regard with absolute contempt any proposal to settle down to the tame and monotonous cultivation of the dwellers in the lowlands." The migration of the people when "jooming" begins, and the villages are quite abandoned, is a curious thing to witness, also the assembling of the various jooming parties. Men and women, boys and girls, each bind on the left hip a small basket filled with the mixed seeds of cotton, rice, melons, pumpkins, and Indian corn; each takes a "dao," or hill-knife, in hand, and every hill-side soon echoes to their hill-call (a cry like the Swiss jodel), as party answers party from the paths winding up each hill-side to their respective patches of cultivation. Arrived at the joom, the family will form a line, and steadily work their way across the field. A dig with the blunt square end of the dao makes a narrow hole about three inches deep; into this is put a small handful of the mixed seeds, and the sowing is completed. A solitary

joom is very rare; they are almost always in close propinquity, and mutual help is cheerfully given. The first thing to ripen is the Indian corn; then come the melons, to which succeed all sorts of vegetables; finally, in September, the rice and other grain, to which the monkeys and the jungle-fowl do much damage. In October, the cotton crop is gathered, completing the harvest.

The country suffers severely from the visitations of rats. "They arrive," says Captain Lewin, "in swarms, and sweep everything before them; they eat up the standing corn, and empty the granaries of the hill-people—nothing stops them. They are said to come from the south, and they disappear as suddenly as they make their appearance. The hill-folk gravely assured me that during the last visitation, which occurred in 1864, the rats were transformed into jungle-fowl: in proof of this, they point out a peculiar dragging feather in the tails of the jungle-fowl, which they assert to be a rat's tail."

Throughout the whole of the Hill-tracts, Captain Lewin has known no instance of a hill-man cultivating with the plough; in the few instances in which some acres of ploughed land may be seen near the villages of the chiefs, they are invariably tended by Bengalee servants engaged for the purpose. The deserted villages present a curious appearance, having all the evidences of occupation and recent life, but every living creature having disappeared. The migrating people leave half their property behind them: granaries containing grain, the women's weaving implements—all sorts of things to be removed at their leisure; and this they do with perfect safety, for "*there are no thieves in the hills!*"

To be a good and successful hunter is a great merit in the estimation of these people, whose country abounds in almost every species of wild animal. The elephant roams over the district in large herds, and the Assam rhinoceros is common; likewise the boa-constrictor, which is of enormous size. The domesticated animals are the cow, the buffalo, the goat, the dog, the cat, the pig, and the common fowl.

The author divides the tribes which inhabit the Hill Chittagong into two

classes: 1. The Khyongtha, or Children of the River, who are of pure Aracanese origin, speaking the ancient Aracan dialect, and conforming in every way to Buddhist customs; 2. The Toungtha, or Children of the Hills, who are of mixed origin, and who speak numerous dialects, and are more purely savages than the Children of the River. No record of their origin save that of oral tradition exists among them. The Khyongtha possess a written language, but have no history; the Toungtha have no written character, and their languages express nothing beyond the wants and sensations of uncivilized life. "The general physique of the hill-tribes," says Captain Lewin, "is strongly Mongolian. They are short in stature, not five feet six inches in height. Their faces are broad; the nose flat, with no perceptible bridge; the eyes narrow, and set obliquely in the head; high cheek-bones, and no beard or moustache. They have an honest, bright look, with a frank and merry smile; and their look does not belie them, but is a faithful index of their mental characteristics."

Certain customs are common to all the tribes; for instance, slavery, under two forms—that of the debtor-slave, in which persons borrowed money from the chief, or some other individual, and gave their children or female relatives to serve as menial servants until the debt should be paid. This custom has been put down, under our rule, with a high hand—not always, as the author shows, judiciously or with desirable results. The other form of slavery which once existed among our tributary tribes is now only carried on by independent tribes beyond our jurisdiction; that is, captivity to the bow and spear, men and women taken by force in war, and sold like cattle from master to master. Concerning this the author says: "The origin of this custom, if not indeed the origin of the chronic state of warfare in which all hill-people seem to live, was the want of women. Among all hill-people, the woman is the chief toiler, and naturally enough their incessant labor in all weathers kills the women of a tribe, or renders them more liable to disease. Hence, among some tribes, we find the strange custom of polyandry prevailing; but among others a simpler course is adopted—the law of



the strongest. Those who had few women went with arms in their hands, and took them from a weaker community."

The Khyongtha of the Hills are a fine race—manly, upright, and noble. They are firm believers in metempsychosis. There is no such thing as caste among them; all are equal, and the priesthood is not perpetual. Captain Lewin upholds the moral superiority of Buddhism over Brahminism. "No one," he says, "can go among a people professing the Buddhist faith without seeing their superiority in manliness, truth, self-denial, and all the sterner, nobler class of moral excellences. These characteristics have operated strongly in raising the social status of the weaker sex, and among our hill Buddhists women are respected, and occupy an honorable position. They enjoy great freedom of action, and are unmistakably a power among the people. They, as well as men, can work out their own salvation, and attain "Nirvan." The author's description of the religious ceremonies is very interesting and poetical, sometimes, but rarely, bordering on the grotesque. The dress of the Khyongtha is simple and graceful, and the men are tattooed: the name of God is marked upon the shoulder. Men and women alike are passionately fond of flowers, and wear many ornaments. In each village community the adults have a head, and the boys also, and the unmarried men and boys sleep in a separate house, as in Borneo. The standard of morality, according to European ideas, is low, but an unfaithful wife is seldom heard of, and family ties and duties are powerful. The ceremonies attendant on marriage and death are complicated and picturesque. Their personal habits are not objectionable, except in one respect—both sexes allow their hair to become very long, and seldom wash it; "the consequences," says Captain Lewin, "may be better imagined than described." The Khyongtha do not dance together. Their festive gatherings are enlivened by a travelling theatrical company, which comes round every cold season, and of whose performances the author gives a curious and very amusing description.

The Tougtha are different from the Khyongtha in many ways. Their villages are generally situated on lofty hills

and in places difficult of access. The men wear hardly any clothes, and the women a single scanty petticoat. Upon the women falls all the hardest work, and their position is lower. The religion of the Tougthas is simple—it is that of nature; they worship the elements, and have a vague notion of some divine controlling power. They are cruel, and attach but little value to life. Reverence and respect are emotions unknown to them; they salute neither their chiefs nor their elders; no form of greeting exists in their many tongues, neither have they any expression conveying thanks. They attach importance to an oath; it is a test in matters pertaining to crime, and by it they ratify engagements. The oath is made upon the things upon which their very existence depends—water, cotton, rice, or the dao, or hill-knife. They are monogamists, and, as a rule, good husbands and fathers. Adultery is punished with death. Slavery is a recognized institution, but a man's slaves are his children, and universally well treated. Should a man's wife die, he may marry one of his slaves; his so doing at once raises her to the position and privileges of a free woman. Each village is a small state, owing fealty to no one save its own leader. A man may leave one chief, and transfer himself and his family to the village of another; hence, the power of different chiefs, which depends upon the size of their respective villages, varies considerably from time to time, according to their success or popularity. They are a healthy and long-lived people, perhaps because they have no medicines, and very few stimulants. After he has given a general account of the hill-tribes, according to their classification as Children of the River and Children of the Hill, Captain Lewin takes them in detail, and gives us a number of interesting particulars concerning the subdivisions. All the details, especially those concerning their religious ceremonies and varying notions of the supernatural, are exceedingly curious. It is good to be instructed in the ways, and taught to understand the condition of our fellow-men, more especially when they are our fellow-subjects, and our country is responsible for the amelioration, the debasement, or the "letting alone" of these people. The author of

this book, who has lived among the hill-tribes, who likes them, and understands them, puts in a plea, as strong as it is modest, for fair dealing with them on the part of England. "They are very simple," he says, "and honest, and merry, but they have no sympathy with anything above the level of their bodily wants. There are whole tracts of mind, and thought, and feeling which are unknown to them, and which could not be made known by any explanation." We may make them better and happier, but it must be in their own way, not in ours; not by inspiring them with the thirst for wealth, the desire for the superfluities which attach to our civilization. There is no starvation among them; they know neither poverty nor riches, and they enjoy perfect social equality. This book explains the condition, mental, moral, and physical, of the inhabitants of an immense district, who are in our power, and for whom we are accountable. The

student of them, the pleader for them, is surely the best judge in their case. In these strong and simple words, he epitomises his experience, and formulates his belief: "What is wanted here is not measures, but a man: place over the hill-tribes an officer gifted with the power of rule; not a mere cog in the great wheel of government, but one tolerant of the failings of his fellow-creatures, and prompt to see and recognize in them the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin—apt to enter into new trains of thought, and to adopt and modify ideas, but cautious in offending national prejudice. Under a guidance like this, let the people by slow degrees civilize themselves. With education open to them, and yet moving under their own laws and customs, they will turn out, not debased and miniature epitomes of Englishmen, but a new and noble type of God's creatures."

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Temple Bar.

#### KING COPHETUA:—A DOCTOR'S STORY.

I HAD been in practice for some ten years, as a surgeon in a large provincial town, when one winter evening I was returning homewards from a long and fagging day's work, not a little tired, and somewhat depressed at my inability to relieve some of the cases of suffering amongst which my day had been spent. It was a cold, raw evening in November: rain had fallen heavily in the early part of the day; but towards dusk the down-pour had gradually ceased, and something in the feeling of the air, and the smell of the smoke which hung over the town, seemed to suggest that the night would be frosty. The streets were dark and miserable; and as I had wended my way homewards, I had been picturing to myself the comforts of my bachelor's den: the warm fire, and curtains snugly drawn—my slippers toasting in the fender—and my easiest armchair planted in the full warmth of the blaze. Dinner, too, was not absent from my thoughts, nor even my postprandial pipe, smoked in the indulgent society of "Fatima," my favorite cat; followed, perhaps, by a dip into the pages of a novel which I had purchased

on my homeward way, and which, in all its virgin purity of paper, nestled in the pocket of my overcoat.

As I thought of this cheap treasure in my homeward walk—treasure never so welcome as when honestly earned by a hard day's work, amidst scenes which make the delights of a novel trebly enjoyable—I could not help rejoicing in the change from those good old times, when such a book, in its triple volumes, would have cost a guinea and a half; whereas, now, I had purchased the fee-simple of it for a shilling! I remembered the heroine of one of Mrs. Gaskell's delightful stories turning over the pages of a dirty and malodorous "circulating library" novel with her scissors, to prevent their contact with her fair fingers; and again I blessed the "good old times," for having got themselves well out of the way before I began to "fret and strut my hour upon the stage" of life.

But when I got home, all my dream of enjoyment vanished at the sight of a note upon my table, requesting me to proceed instantly to Beechhurst, a baronet's seat some ten miles from L—. The note,

which was evidently written in violent haste, merely stated that Lady Rivers's son, the present baronet, had met with a severe accident after hunting, and implored me not to lose a moment in returning by the conveyance which she had sent for me. By way of postscript, my housekeeper added that the groom who brought the note had only adjourned to a neighboring hostelry, "just to wash the horse's mouth out," and would return for me almost directly. I was obliged, therefore, to snatch a hasty meal, and to postpone my novel, and the soothing society and "golden silence" of Fatima, until a more convenient season. Before I had finished dinner my messenger returned, and I sallied out again, very reluctantly, into the cold and darkness, lighted a cigar, and took my seat in the gig sent for me in a somewhat sulky frame of mind.

I had not been long seated by the side of the driver, before I became aware of the fact that the process of "washing the horse's mouth out" had produced the remarkable effect of communicating an odor of gin to the driver's breath—a phenomenon which I have before observed under similar circumstances, and which is certainly a noticeable instance of sympathy between man and beast. As, however, it had also the effect of making him drive extremely fast, I did not quarrel with the result.

From his account of the accident, I gathered that his master, Sir Lylph Rivers, who bore the reputation of a keen sportsman, had gone out hunting, as usual, in the morning on his favorite blood-mare "Brown Bess." The day, however, had proved a "blank" one, and the baronet had returned home somewhat earlier than usual. Dismounting at the hall door, he had laid his hand caressingly on the mare's quarter, and said "Good-bye, old lady." Whether the "old lady's" temper had been soured by the absence of sport, or no, I cannot say; but she took it into her head to resent her master's caress, lashed out with her near hind-leg, and struck Sir Lylph with her hoof a severe blow in the centre of the stomach, knocking him backwards with great violence. Nor was this the full extent of the misfortune—for, as ill-luck would have it, the fall brought the back of his head into smart

contact with a sharp-pointed stone, which chanced to be embedded in the gravel-sweep just in front of the Hall. Altogether, it sounded like a very pretty case; and by the time the recital of it was ended, the furious driving of my Jehu had brought me to the gates of Beechhurst.

Lady Rivers was anxiously waiting for me at the door of the Hall, and appeared in a state of pitiable distress at the accident. The baronet was her only child, and had always been her idol. She told me that he had not spoken since the fall, and that he seemed to be perfectly insensible.

I proceeded at once to the room in which my patient lay, and a careful examination only served to confirm my worst fears as to the serious nature of the injuries he had received. He bore the appearance of a robust and extremely handsome man of some thirty years of age; but although I judged that his circulation in health must have been vigorous enough, his pulse now made scarcely forty beats in the minute, and those of the feeblest and most tremulous kind. The blow from the mare's foot seemed to have fallen on the very centre of the great ganglion of nerves in the stomach, producing extreme depression of the system, which was further complicated by evident concussion of the brain from the backward fall—and still further, as I feared, by the pressure upon the brain of some splinter of bone driven inwards by contact with the stone.

My first care was to endeavor to combat the nervous shock; and having found that the patient could be made to swallow, I plied him freely with champagne, chloric ether, and ammonia, until I had the satisfaction of raising the pulse nearly ten beats in the minute. Having thus done what I could to counteract the depression, and to guard against the chance of the sick man's suddenly sinking from the shock, I despatched a groom into L— for a plentiful supply of ice, for external application to the head; and also with a telegram to Sir Henry T—, the eminent surgeon, begging him to come down as soon as possible to Beechhurst. The cerebral injury was of too severe a nature to be treated by me upon my own responsibility, and I knew that it

was of no use to send for Mr. P——, whom I should greatly have preferred, but whom I believed to be in attendance upon a very illustrious lady at a German Bath.

Having done this much, I paid a visit to the gravel-sweep in front of the Hall, to find, if I could, the stone which had caused the second injury—which, to my horror, proved to be a sharply-pointed pyramidal stone, with its base firmly imbedded in the gravel, and the apex projecting some inch and a half above the surface. I wondered greatly to find such a stone in such a spot, and marvelled that it should have resisted the rolling to which the sweep must have been exposed. But, surely enough, there it was—and most easily found by the large stain of blood surrounding it on all sides. On looking at the shape of the projecting point, I felt more than ever disposed to fear that the injury to the brain might prove to be serious.

Lady Rivers appeared to be almost distracted by the accident. She bore the character, in the country, of an exceedingly proud woman—proud especially of her long line of unspotted ancestry, and of the pure stream of *sangre azul*, which for some five hundred years had flowed in their veins, unstained by any admixture of plebeian blood—a subject of self-gratulation which was currently reported to be her special weakness. Nor was she less proud of her handsome son—a feeling which appeared to me much more pardonable, as he had the reputation and appearance of being all that a doting mother could desire. At the time of the accident, he was engaged to be married to the daughter of a neighboring peer, whose escutcheon was as free from all blemish and “bar sinister” as his own—a prospect which delighted his mother’s heart, and which promised the perpetuation of the race in a manner to satisfy her dearest hopes. No wonder that her cheek blanched at the sudden blow which had struck down her idol and dissolved her dream in an instant. She pressed me with questions as to the probable result of the case. But I preferred to wait until the eminent surgeon whom I had summoned should have seen it, before making any definite reply, which might either encourage

delusive hopes, or increase a burden of misery which was already amply sufficient. Doctors are often accused of a want of feeling for the trouble and sorrow with which they come in contact; but their accusers appear to forget that the events, which are to themselves the furnace of affliction, constitute the everyday atmosphere of a doctor’s life; and that, were he to feel his patients’ sorrows with an acuteness like their own, the continued strain upon his feelings would not only, most surely, either unsettle his reason or destroy his life, but would also, even at the critical moment, render him unfit for the exercise of his art, by depriving him of that coolness of nerve and confidence in himself which is the secret of all professional success.

But to return. The great man soon arrived, and after a patient examination of the case, determined that the only chance of preventing further cerebral injury, and of saving the patient’s life, was to resort to the operation of trepanning—an opinion in which I entirely concurred. Lady Rivers was therefore consulted upon the subject, and as she had great belief in surgical skill, she at once gave her consent, and the operation was forthwith performed. We did not think it advisable to use chloroform, or any other anæsthetic, as the nervous system was already so much depressed; but the patient did not appear to suffer sensibly under the skilful hands of Sir Henry, and having taken a heavy dose of laudanum, he seemed likely to get some repose, which we greatly desired in order to rest and refresh the brain, and to prevent all inflammatory action. At my lady’s urgent request, the great surgeon reluctantly agreed to sleep for that one night at Beechhurst, but his engagements in London rendered it impossible that he should stay longer. He promised to send me down a skilled nurse, from his own hospital, immediately on his arrival in London; and I determined, for that night, to remain upon a sofa in the sick man’s dressing-room, in order to be ready for any emergency which might suddenly arise—having first despatched a note to my assistant to explain my absence, and enclosing a list of the patients whom I desired him to see on the morrow, and

every succeeding day until my return.

My patient seemed to be sinking into a tranquil doze. I placed my finger on his pulse, and found that although the effects of the stimulants first administered had passed away, the dose of opium was beginning to be felt; and the happy, even rhythm of the heart's beat, though still very slow and weak, encouraged me to hope that his strong constitution might enable us, with God's blessing, to pull him through. It was a matter of no small moment to me that it should be so, for I was but a young and struggling surgeon, without any patients in the position of the baronet, and I foresaw that his recovery might prove to me that—

“Tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.”

Besides all which, the case was a very peculiar one, in the extreme singularity of two blows of such severity happening to fall almost at the same moment.

Somewhat relieved by these hopes, I caused a fire to be lighted in the baronet's luxurious dressing-room, and a tea-equipage to be placed upon the table, that I might indulge in my favorite sedative whenever I thought fit. I drew the sofa in comfortable proximity to the fire, and sent down the housemaid, who had been specially “told off” to attend to me, down into the library for a book to while away the watches of the night. She seemed to be an intelligent, amiable girl, and when she brought me up “David Copperfield” in the original edition, I decided that her literary tastes were sound and good. Her mere presence in arranging my room was a great comfort to me,—her fresh, cheerful face and neat, tight dress, no less than her willingness to oblige, and even her anxiety to anticipate my wants. We men are in the constant habit of ridiculing and abusing women for their care about dress, and their devotion to that shrine which contains their looking-glass; but have we ever reflected what a world it would be, peopled with Mr. Mill's emancipated women—no longer in a state of “subjection,” but with their hair unkempt, their waists unlaced, their stockings hanging in wrinkles over their pretty ankles, and their no less pretty feet slipshod? Not many days ago I

beheld one of these strong-minded ones, and shuddered to think what would be the effect of some millions like this unit?

I took care to place my sofa in such a position that, through the open door, I could command a full view of my patient's bed; and having solaced my cares with a cup of tea, I ensconced myself comfortably upon my couch, and opened my book at that marvellous episode of the storm off Yarmouth, in which Steerforth's career is brought to a close. The description in question has always appeared to me a wonderful proof of the master's power—the boding undertone of the commencement of the strain, rising in power and fury with every moment until it culminates in the tragedy of the drowned man. The word painting is so powerful, that the effect rather resembles that of an orchestral rendering than one of mere words, and the sigh of relief with which one lays down the book proves how acute has been the tension of the nerves produced by the magic of the delineation.

The dressing-room in which I lay was but a small room, and at the back of my sofa was a curtained window, through which I could hear the rising wind without. The night had changed in its character; the threatening of frost was gone, and in its stead a blustering southwest wind had arisen, which was making such music as I love amongst the leafless branches of the giant elms which grew close to the window of the room. I rose from my sofa, and drew aside the warm crimson-cloth curtains, and looked out upon the night. In one part of the sky a crescent moon was making feeble efforts to make herself seen in the overcast vault, but elsewhere the clouds were hurrying past like a retreating host, chased and dispersed by the triumphant blast. The gaunt branches of the elms loomed black and threatening against the sky, and waved themselves to and fro in the wind, like unquiet spirits, creaking and groaning with the strain upon their strength. It was the sort of night I love in late autumn. My bedroom, in childhood, was close to a group of trees of the same kind, the music from which often rocked me to repose; and even now there is no lullaby which sounds to me half so sweet as the shrill piping of a blustering southwester through

leafless trees. At such times Cowper's beautiful lines always recur to me :

"Mighty winds  
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood  
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike  
The dash of ocean on his winding shore,  
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind—  
Unnumbered branches waving in the blast,  
And all their leaves fast-fluttering, all at once."

And now, although the "leaves" were gone, the music happily remained.

Tired, at length, of my watch-tower, I turned back into the room, and amused myself with conjecturing the nature of the sick man's tastes from the contents of his room. Over the fireplace hung one of Lely's pictures of a cavalier dressed in the picturesque costume of the Second Charles's time, and this picture, my attendant had informed me, represented a certain "Black Sir Lyulph," whose story was not unknown to me from the oral tradition of the neighborhood. His youth was passed under the reign of the Martyr King, and, if report spoke truly, was indeed a *jeunesse orangeuse*. When at length his master found himself at war with the forces of the Parliament, Black Sir Lyulph had faithfully girded on his sword in his defence, and was one of the foremost of that band of fiery cavaliers whose reckless charges, under Prince Rupert, were all unable to turn the tide of fate at Worcester and Marston Moor. Beechurst itself bore ample witness, in many a scar, to the stout defence which it had made against the forces of Monk; but when it had fallen, Black Sir Lyulph had followed his new master into his exile, and after those long years of banishment he was one of the dissolute crew whom Mr. Pepys and his master, Lord Sandwich, went over to the Hague to fetch, when the King once more "had his own again." Though then past middle life, his career resumed its old complexion, and some years after he died in a duel with a neighboring gentleman whose wife he had corrupted. The tradition of his vices still survived in the county, and his name had passed into a proverb for lawlessness and violence.

The portrait amply justified the history attached to it. It was that of a strikingly handsome man, in middle life, clad in the lavish magnificence of the period, and with his coal-black hair flow-

ing down on to his velvet coat in the full luxuriance of "love-locks." No wonder at his *bonnes fortunes*. It was one of those faces which "limners love to paint, and ladies to look upon;" and the firm, proud insolence of the mouth left one little reason to hope for mercy to his frail victims when once rifled of their roses.

There was a bookcase in the room, which spoke to the catholicity of my patient's tastes in literature, and upon whose shelves the lion lay down with the lamb, and sometimes even with the donkey, in perfect peace and amity. Shakespeare and Byron, Cervantes and Paul de Kock, Dr. Newman and Colenso, Mürger and Alfred de Musset, reposed peacefully side by side, ready at any moment to unfold their richest treasures for a reader's delectation. Some good water-color drawings also had place upon the walls and refreshed the eye tired with reading, or indisposed for any harder work. And the reader whose mind was travelling along the magic paths of the Forest of Arden, could lift his eyes at will, and see the very forest-glade of his book pictured by the pencil of William Bennett, with overarching oaks gray with "hoar antiquity;" whilst underneath the "dappled foresters" wandered through brakes red with autumnal fern and purple bilberries.

But the gem of the room was a magnificent drawing by John Gilbert, which represented an episode in the career of the very Sir Lyulph whose portrait hung before me. In one of the many cavalry skirmishes which occurred between the contending forces in the wars of the Great Rebellion, he and two of his comrades had been separated from the body of the King's troops by a much larger number of Cromwell's "Ironsides," but had succeeded in cutting their way through them, and rejoining their squadron. The incident was rendered with marvellous power; and the lightning flaming from the eyes of Black Sir Lyulph, the foremost of the three cavaliers, seemed no less potent in cleaving a way through the opposing host than the reeking sword which waved above his head. The powerful iron-gray charger which he bestrode appeared to have caught the infection of his master's rage, and needed no pressure of the bloody spur-rowel to make the furious bound which was to

give such full effect to the descending blow. Nor were the accessories of the scene forgotten. The lurid stream of light in the horizon—reflected again from the iron corslets of the Puritans—and the heavy bank of storm-clouds above it, seemed the fitting accompaniments of such a strife; whilst the trampled ground, and the dense masses of smoke which loomed over the whole battlefield, suggested most forcibly the “confused noise and garments rolled in blood” which attend “every battle of the warrior.” It was a superb picture; and I could not resist a sigh of something like envy of the power which the owner of such a place as Beechhurst possessed, in having the chronicles of his house written in such a soul-stirring language—a language, too, which all can understand.

Meanwhile, I took good care not to forget my patient. From time to time I crept softly into his room upon the *souliers de silence* of my “stocking-feet,” and watched the state of affairs. The first effects of the opiate seemed passing away, and sundry twitchings of his limbs, and other restless movements, led me to fear that the brain was not so quiet as it had been. His old nurse, whose darling he had been in childhood, and who had insisted upon sitting up with him, dozed comfortably before the fireless grate. She seemed to have fortified herself against the cold of the night-season with one of those strong night-caps which Mrs. Nickleby tells us were so much in favor with the undergraduate youth of Oxford, and which appeared to have produced a blissful alcoholic repose. The sick man lay upon his left side, and in leaning over him, to replace, or rather replenish, the oil-silk cap, full of ice, which had been laid in contact with his head, I observed, projecting from his pillow, a morocco miniature case, which he seemed to have been holding in his hand, but from which the grasp had gradually relaxed. Knowing the fact of his engagement, I ventured to take up and open the case; but, to my surprise, the face it revealed was not that of Lady Diana Fitzurse, his fair *fiancée*—with whose appearance I was acquainted—but that of an extremely pretty blonde of some eighteen or nineteen years of age, with a curiously shy, startled look in her eyes, as though she had unwillingly sat for her picture.

I was not a little surprised and (I may add) grieved at this revelation. The girl's dress and whole appearance showed that she belonged to a very different class of society to the owner of Beechhurst; but I reflected that the whole affair was quite beyond my province, and so I carefully replaced the case, and returned to my sofa. At the risk of giving the old nurse a stiff neck, I opened a small part of the window in my patient's room; as it has always been my belief, that by no means the least hurtful part of confinement to a sick-bed is the absence of oxygen which it usually involves.

The night wore slowly away, without any great change in the aspect of the case. Towards morning my patient became somewhat more restless and uneasy; and from time to time I administered such liquid sustenance, in the form of milk and thick barley-water, as he was able to swallow—adding to them such an amount of stimulant as I deemed his pulse required, and his brain would bear. By the first train from L—— my colleague was obliged to leave, having first seen the baronet, and left me his directions as to the treatment of the case. He seemed to think that we might hope for a favorable termination of it, provided that nothing occurred to thwart or vex the patient, and so to provoke any excitement of the brain. The constitution he thought sound enough to overcome the nervous shock, if perfect quiet could be ensured for some time to come. Lady Rivers' gratitude and joy, upon hearing his report, were almost painful to witness. She was too much overcome to speak, and could only press Sir Henry's hand on parting from him. I agreed with her to remain at Beechhurst for a time, making it my headquarters, and being driven over from time to time into L——, to see after my own affairs—as I happened at the time to have some cases which it was impossible to leave to an assistant's care. In the course of the day, I accordingly managed to get over into the town for an hour or two, where I visited my most urgent cases; and, calling at my own house, I left directions with my factotum, and took back with me a portmanteau of such things as I might want during my stay.

On my return to Beechhurst, I found that Sir Henry's professional nurse had arrived, and that a sort of guerilla warfare was raging between her and old Nurse Potter, touching the rule of the sick-chamber. I deemed it best not to interfere, having perfect confidence in Sister Mary's tactics; and I soon had the satisfaction of observing the volunteer force in full retreat before the skilled advance of the regular—which I take it will be the fate of volunteer forces generally, should the tug of war ever arrive to put their virtue to the test. I pitched my own tent in the dressing-room, in which I induced my willing assistant to place me a small camp-bed instead of the sofa, and made sundry other arrangements for the comfort and well-being of the garrison. My quarters seemed to be used by their owner as a smoking-room, and double baize doors shut it off from the bedroom; thus ensuring me perfect privacy if I wished it, and, at the same time, enabling me at any moment of the night to watch the progress of affairs. Towards nightfall I found myself pretty well tired out with my day's work, coming as it did upon the vigil of the previous night. I therefore prevailed on my attendant (Hester) to let me have some supper in my stronghold, and soon afterwards turned in; after having again seen my patient, and left special directions with Sister Mary to call me in case anything occurred to render it necessary. I was asleep almost directly, and dreaming that Black Sir Lyulph was frowning upon me from his frame, at seeing his descendant's room occupied by an intruder, and for such an unhallowed purpose. Spite of his disapproval, however, I passed an excellent night, undisturbed by any summons from the nurse, and was only woke by the daylight pouring into my room from the uncurtained window, and the jubilant screams of sundry rooks in the high elm-trees outside it.

I found Lady Rivers waiting breakfast for me, and anxiously expecting my report. Her great apprehension about it, however, seemed a good deal allayed for the time; and she appeared chiefly solicitous, now, that the accident should not delay the marriage of her son beyond the spring of the succeeding year, at which time it had been arranged to

take place. Like most widowed mothers of an only son, she chiefly delighted in dilating upon the perfections and excellences of Sir Lyulph, whose character she portrayed entirely in superlatives, and who appeared to have added the very keystone to his career in engaging himself to a lady whose lineage rivalled his own. His mother declared that she should be well satisfied, after seeing his marriage, to sing her own "*Nunc dimittis*," and to close her eyes upon the delightful prospect which such a union displayed to her. Like so many other persons past middle life, she frequently professed her readiness to depart; but I have often observed that those good people, if they catch ever so slight a glimpse of "the shadow feared by man," seldom omit any precautions which they deem likely to retard his nearer approach, notwithstanding their protestations.

My patient seemed progressing satisfactorily, although he still continued in a somewhat lethargic state. Sister Mary entirely justified Sir Henry's predictions of her excellence; and she had so thoroughly routed poor old Nurse Potter, that her hostilities were confined to sniffings and snortings in the corridor which ran past the sick man's room—and to indignant invectives against "them conceited hussies," the professional nurses. *She* never see such ways when she larnt nursin', and she only hoped her poor boy " (for the baronet was still a boy to her) " mightn't be killed with such goins' on!"—a wish, I need hardly say, to which I breathed a fervent amen.

Sister Mary's charge gave me much time to myself, for, although I made a hurried journey into L——every day, I felt that my pledge to Lady Rivers bound me to be chiefly at the Hall. A beautiful park enclosed the house on all sides, in which I found all that undulation of surface, and those stately trees, which render our English parks such places of delight, and which are not to be found in any other part of the world with which my eyes are familiar. I never sufficiently valued the lovely carpet of green turf which clothes our own little island, until, as a young student, I made acquaintance with the much-vaunted *pleasaunces* of Versailles and the other French palaces, and saw how hideously



bare the gravelled and shelled grounds of such places look to an eye accustomed to the green velvet of England and Ireland.

Meanwhile, my patient appeared to be making satisfactory progress. No adverse symptoms showed themselves, and he gradually recovered his speech and the partial use of his limbs, though still remaining very weak and feeble. Sister Mary's power of keeping vigil was very great, but I made it a condition that she should rest every third night; and upon these occasions the care of the sick man devolved upon me in reality, although his old nurse was permitted to doze before the fire, in the comforting assurance that she was still of some use in the world.

Upon one of these occasions I had remained awake for some hours, when I took up again the book which I had laid down for a visit into the sick-room, and threw myself upon my sofa, intending, like Mr. Dowler in "Pickwick," to think—not sleep, of course. I am afraid, however, that my good resolves were imperfectly carried out, for I soon found myself waking up from a short nap, in which I had dreamt that my patient was weeping from some indefinable cause. I rubbed my eyes in surprise—for, unless my ears deceived me, it was a veritable sob which at that moment broke upon my hearing. Rising from my sofa, I gently opened the door which led into the next room, and, to my surprise, beheld a female figure, clad in white, kneeling at Sir Lyulph's bedside, with her face buried in her hands. At first I thought it must be his mother, who, in some access of pity and tenderness, had arisen to pray for her son's safety; but just at this moment she raised her face for an instant, and, to my intense astonishment, I recognized at once the features depicted in the miniature! The poor girl seemed in an agony of grief: her cheeks were stained with tears, and, as she raised her eyes for a moment to heaven in the passion of her prayer, I was irresistibly reminded of one of Guido's lovely Magdalens. Her hair was of that peculiar light-chestnut tint which accords so beautifully with the marble pallor of a colorless blonde; and, as it streamed in lavish profusion over her white robe, I thought

I had never seen a more exquisite picture.

Either her sob, or some electric sympathy between them, roused the sick man at this juncture, and, at his whispered "Alice!" she hastily rose, and pressed her lips passionately to his.

"Alice, dearest," he said, in the same low whisper, "how *could* you run this risk? If nurse should wake and find you here!—And yet I have so longed to see you, darling, since I have been lying here!"

"Oh, Sir Lyulph!" said the girl, "I have seen Dr. Vivian, and he says there is no doubt that my fears are true! Oh, what *shall* I do! It will break mother's heart when she finds it out; and I know my lady will send me home the instant she knows it. Oh, what *shall* I do!" and the poor girl writhed about like a crushed worm in the anguish of her soul.

"What can I do, dearest? You know that it is impossible for me to do what you wish! Besides, I am engaged now, as you know, to Lady Diana; and even if I were not, I should have no power to marry you. O Alice! how I wish that you had never crossed my path—dearly, dearly as I love you still!"

The poor girl could make no reply, but, sinking once more on to her knees by the bedside, she knelt there sobbing and kissing her lover's hand, which she held in both her own, as though she would never let it go. Old Nurse Potter happily stirred in her sleep at this moment, and Alice fled away through the open door like a startled fawn—her white feet gleaming in the lamplight of the chamber. The baronet turned over with his face to the wall, uttering, as he did so, a restless groan which expressed a world of remorse.

The whole drama passed before my eyes almost in a moment, and it was not until all was over that I reflected how unpardonable it was on my part to be a witness of such a scene. I returned, sadly enough, to my sofa, finding no difficulty now in keeping awake; the tragedy which I had seen had banished all wish to sleep. I was not a little perplexed what to do in the matter. It was clear that I could not allow my patient to be exposed to the chance of a recurrence of such scenes in his present

state: whilst, on the other hand, I felt so acutely for the sufferings of the poor girl, that it was with extreme reluctance I decided that some step must be taken to prevent such interviews for the future.

In the morning I found Sir Lyulph all the worse, as I expected, for the occurrence; and his heightened pulse and flushed cheek warned me loudly against remaining neutral in the matter. But how was I to move? If I sought an interview with poor Alice, it would be certain to attract suspicion in the household—besides the exquisite pain which I was sure it would inflict upon her to find that her secret had escaped into another's knowledge. After much reflection, the best plan which occurred to me was to write straight to the girl herself, if I could learn her name, and send my note through the post, which I thought least likely to excite any attention in the house.

Accordingly, when Hester brought me my hot water in the morning, I asked her if Lady Rivers' maid's name was Jackson, as I fancied I had discovered a likeness in her to a farmer's family of that name living some five or six miles from Beechhurst?

"No; her name was Carstone—Alice Carstone—but she did not come out of Loamshire at all. My lady had met with her some two years before in a distant county, where she happened to be staying, and being greatly struck with the girl's appearance and manners, had persuaded her to return to Beechhurst with her, and had placed her near her person."

My loquacious attendant—who seemed only too glad to tell me, unasked, all she knew—went on to say that the girl was an orphan, and that she believed her father had been in very different circumstances at one period of his life; but from a failure in some bank, he had left his widow so badly off that Alice was glad enough to avail herself of my lady's offer.

I continued chatting with Hester upon other topics, until I had entirely led her away from the subject of my inquiry, as I was exceedingly anxious to prevent any tittle-tattle in the servants' hall which might bring a blush into the poor girl's pale cheek.

My course was now much easier. I

sat down at once to my writing-table, and wrote these words:—

"Sir Lyulph's life and reason depend upon his avoiding a recurrence of last night's interview, of which no one knows but myself, and the secret is perfectly safe with me. I am compelled, as his medical attendant, to write this note, which I do with extreme reluctance.

J. M. W."

This I addressed to "Miss Alice Carstone, Beechhurst, near L——, Loamshire," and posted with my own hand when I paid my daily visit to the town. Not many days afterwards I, for the first time, came unexpectedly upon poor Alice wandering along the banks of a deep stream which ran through the park, looking the picture of melancholy. She gave a great start on seeing me, and her marble cheeks flamed up into a deep crimson. I longed to follow her, and try what I could do to comfort her; but what could I say? I knew Lady Rivers by this time too well to indulge any hope that she would ever receive the poor girl as her daughter-in-law; and, indeed, I was not altogether certain that Sir Lyulph himself, had his hands been free, would have done her this act of justice. Upon the whole, therefore, I deemed it better not to run the risk of opening her wounds afresh, and in a few minutes she had hurried away out of my sight. She left me sad enough. I had seen the longing glance with which she had gazed at the deep, clear stream beside which she was walking, and whose waters she seemed to think would wash away the stain which her soul had contracted—or, at least, hide it from the cold, un pitying stare of the world. The day was a lovely one in late autumn, with that strange, solemn hush and stillness which so often marks the close of the dying year. I had been wandering for some hours about the park, rejoicing in the beauty of the day and the scene, but after seeing poor Alice I could enjoy it no more. The expression of her face haunted me for hours afterwards, and the strange, frightened look in her once bright eyes, which were evidently seeking for *one* thing only—an escape from the net which she saw too surely closing around her.

When I joined Lady Rivers at dinner, I found her in blissful unconsciousness of

any cloud on the horizon of her happiness, and so sanguine of her son's recovery, that I proposed to her to leave Beechhurst before long, and pay her a daily visit, instead of staying there. To this she made no objection, and at the close of the ensuing week, I returned gladly to my own household gods, not sorry to feel that I was once more at home, and at liberty to enjoy Fatima's society after my day's work was over.

By Christmas-time my patient was able to sit up in his bed-room in some state, and keep the festival after a fashion. The reaction after great sorrow and anxiety seemed to render the Christmas a most joyful one to Lady Rivers; but when I saw her exuberant delight, my heart ached to think of the corroding care which I knew must be eating into the life of the poor girl under her roof, and who I knew must have to listen—morning, noon, and night—to the babbling affection and delight of the proud mother over her son's restoration. Christmas-tide to the sorrowful is a miserable time. The memory of the stricken one travels back to other Christmases passed in joy and merriment, and intensifies the misery of the present time:—

"It is true the poet sings,  
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering  
happier things."

And this crown of sorrow must, I knew, be burning down into poor Alice's brain in the midst of the boisterous merriment around her.

In another month's time the baronet had recovered as much as I deemed probable without change of air, and in the first fine days of February I strongly urged him to try the effects of a milder climate, where he could bask in the open air in some one of the lovely towns which fringe the shores of the Mediterranean. His lady-mother was so nervously anxious to see him married, that she made it a condition that he should take his wife with him as well as herself; and as Lady Diana made no objection to this scheme, and he seemed passive in his mother's strong hands, they were quietly married in the chapel under the roof of Beechhurst before he started. It was deemed imprudent to make the wedding a very brilliant affair; and, indeed, he himself showed so much dislike to such a proceeding, that Lady Rivers was

glad to compromise the matter by making it extremely quiet. Immediately afterwards they all three started for Mentone, as the bridegroom showed an intense anxiety to leave England at once. I made Lady Rivers promise to write to me directly they were settled, and, on my part, I engaged to run over to them in case anything occurred to require my presence.

Meanwhile, I resumed my old life at L——, and was beginning to forget the whole matter, in the presence of the daily-recurring cares and worries of a hard-worked medical man, when one day, on returning home to lunch, I found a hurried note from the housekeeper at Beechhurst, begging me to go over there without a moment's delay. On arriving at the Hall I found my forebodings verified. Poor Alice had been found in her bed that morning, sleeping the sleep which knows no waking. On stooping over her bed I detected the peculiar sickly smell of opium. On lifting her eyelids, the dilated pupil of the eye at once told the sad story, without needing the confirmation of the empty laudanum-phial under her pillow. No note was found of reproach or farewell to her betrayer. She had died and made no sign.

\* \* \* \* \*

Six years have elapsed since the occurrence of the tragedy of which I was thus a spectator. Sir Lyolph Rivers never returned to England, and strange rumors from time to time reached us at L—— of the restless, reckless life which he led. Travellers who came back from Homburg and Baden declared that his face was as well known as the croupier's over those fatal boards of green cloth; and some six months ago, I was not surprised to read in *The Times* the announcement that he had put an end to the life which he seemed unable to endure.

He left no child. Beechhurst itself, with all its broad acres, has passed into the possession of a distant relative, who represents an ancient feud in the family, and is entirely unrecognized by the proud old woman, who has retired to the dower-house belonging to the race, and who never ceases to mourn the death of her darling, and the decay of the line which she so fondly hoped to see perpetuated.

The great house itself is shut up, as the new owner does not choose to inhabit the scene of such a catastrophe. It looks desolate enough, with its closed windows and deserted gardens, whilst over the entrance-door of the great hall hangs the proud hatchment of "the last Rivers."

Alice Carstone sleeps peacefully in the village churchyard near the Hall. Her secret never became the jest of slanderous tongues. A plain stone marks her

restingplace, on which are inscribed only her name and the words, "*Quia multum amavit.*" I pray that she may have found in another world the justice which was denied to her in this!

'  
"Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starred wench,  
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,  
This look of thine will hurl his soul from heaven  
And fiends will snatch at it."

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North British Review.

## THE EARLY HISTORY OF MAN. X

(Concluded.)

III. THE METHOD OF STUDYING EARLY HISTORY.—In considering how the general course of human progress from its beginning can be ascertained, we shall reach a point from which the argument demonstrating the progress to have taken place will be seen to acquire a great accession of force.

It has been said that in the course of the life of the individual phases occur analogous to those of the development of the species. This is partially true as regards the unfolding of intelligence and morality. There is the childish stage of thoughtlessness and love of amusement; the boyish, in which speculation begins; youth, with its love-blossoms, quickened poetic and scientific imagination, faith, chivalry, self-devotion; manhood last, appreciating the situation, with experience, self-control, moderation, disappointment, and submissiveness. A fanciful person might, with a little trouble, make much out of the slight general resemblances here suggested. It would be to no purpose, however, saving the exercise and the pleasures of ingenuity. The infant has his mother's arms; the child his father's hearth; the boy, older and wiser comrades; the youth, a refuge, when discomfited, beneath the parental roof, so that, as the race had no corresponding solaces and supports, there is a radical difference between its case and that of the individual at each stage of progress. The species, whatever view is to be taken of its origin, has beyond doubt been from the beginning engaged in the struggle for existence. It may be

impossible to infer from the incidents of that struggle, as we now see it, what its character was when waged with the forces of nature, hand to hand, without science and without art; but we must believe it was in early times very sharp and terrible, seeing how hard it still is for the majority. How the fierce pull for life must have qualified, stunted, or prevented the growth of the intellect and conscience, we may learn from a study of the effects of exceptional circumstances on the nature and conduct of individuals. But beyond this, the study of the individual, always excepting the knowledge it affords of human nature, will not much avail in the elucidation of human history in general. The analogies between the evolution of the life of the specimen and the species are suggestive rather than instructive, and need not seriously occupy the student of history.

The history of a nation, on the other hand, might be expected to disclose, not analogies merely to the phases of development of the species, but many of the phases themselves. Here, however, a difficulty occurs similar to that encountered in the general inquiry: the history of most nations was to an unknown extent transacted before the age of records. The question is, How can we learn what the unrecorded part of the national progress was? Our answer is, that we can do this to a considerable extent by studying the various sections of the nation. In a progressive community all the sections do not advance

*pari passu*, so that we may see in the lower some of the phases through which the more advanced have passed. Of course the completeness of the disclosure must depend on the number and nature of the inequalities presented.

The inequality of development is determined by the nature of things. It results necessarily from the conditions under which many of the causes of progress operate, and is, in the nature of the case also, more remarkable the larger the progressive community is. While the progress of communities is determined to a great extent by causes that affect all their sections equally, it must always be in many respects promoted by a few leading spirits, acting chiefly on certain of the sections only in the first instance. The men of genius who by their inventions have from time to time added to human knowledge and power, and, by their speculations and aspirations, dignified our life; the philosophers and critics who are foremost to purify, amplify, and change ideas; and the favorites of fortune who are so circumstanced as to be immediately benefited by discoveries, and influenced by improved standards of propriety, form a class by themselves in every community. What is gained by the leaders is first appreciated, taken over, and secured by those next to them in the ranks of progress—ranks that widen backwards from the front. Its transmission to the rear, and adoption and preservation there, are manifestly dependent on the arrangements for that end existing,—the educational apparatus,—which are everywhere imperfect, and for each rank the more imperfect the wider it is, the more numerous its members. And since the force of custom is more decided in the greater masses than the less, while the means of diffusing new ideas are more imperfect for the greater than the less, the latter *must* tend to advance more rapidly than the former. In other words, owing to the inequality of gifts and opportunities, and the conditions hampering the dissemination of new ideas and methods, inequalities of development *must* be presented by the sections of every progressive society, and must be more numerous and remarkable the larger the society is. We should not look for very different modes of life in a small group, and we should be

surprised not to find them in a large group, for there, on the view we have been taking, they are normal and necessary.

Let us take the case of London to illustrate our meaning. In that centre of arts, sciences, industries, and intelligence, are predatory bands leading the life of the lowest nomads. The night street-prowlers are nearly as low in their habits as the jackals of Calcutta. The city might be made to furnish illustrations of the progress of the family in every phase, from the lowest incestuous combinations of kindred to the highest group based on solemn monogamous marriage. It contains classes that know not marriage, classes approximating to marriage through habits of settled concubinage, and classes for whom promiscuity is an open, unabashed organization. The honor of some of the people are the humane institutions; the disgrace of others are the baby-farming and infanticide,—systems as heartless as ever China or Orissa knew. Manners, customs, even language and religion, vary, as we pass from class to class. Groups as destitute as Ojibbeways of religious knowledge and emotion are within the shadow of its cathedrals: the same district containing some whose minds the idea of God never entered, and others who, in the pride of philosophy, have rejected it. Between the extremes is every conceivable form of intelligent and unintelligent faith.

Many of these facts, we are aware, may be explained on the degradation hypothesis, as well as by the hypothesis of unequal development. That the lowest strata are constantly receiving accessions through degradation there is no doubt; but these strata have always existed, and were presumably lower formerly than they now are. Can we doubt that they consist to a large extent of the direct representatives of those who formed the lowest strata in the earliest times?

What is true of the large towns generally is still truer of the nation at large. Cities are the centres of all that is denominated by civilization, as the name indicates; they are *ex facie* the birthplaces of civility, urbanity, politeness. In country districts opportunities of interchanging ideas are rarer, while the clashing of interests evolving new rules of conduct is less frequent and intense;

progress in the country therefore is naturally slow, and mainly determined by influences flowing over from the towns. We should expect accordingly to find life most primitive in the districts least exposed to city influences. And this is what we find. In Devonshire and Cornwall, at one extreme, and in the Highlands and the Hebrides, at the other, we discover remains of pre-Christian customs and superstitions, as well as modes of life of striking rudeness. Customs survived in Wales till lately that grew out of the rudest stages of society, as, for example, the mimicked cavalry engagement as a ceremony of marriage. Ideas derived from other ancient customs may still be found lingering in various districts in the north of England. The notion that one may divorce a wife by selling her is one of these. Indeed, when we go back little more than a hundred years, we find the most palpably diverse states of life within the country. Tribal and clan ties were till very lately in full force in the Highlands of Scotland, where the archaic system of relationship by milk-ties still survives—a system of which almost everywhere else the traces have long been obliterated.

Of course, for many of the inequalities special reasons may be assigned. The population is here mixed, there pure—one stock being purer here, and another there, and each having peculiarities affecting the social phases. The same thing may be said of the town populations. What we maintain is, that had the population been originally homogeneous, and its progress achieved by its internal forces uninfluenced from without, there must have been inequalities of development—the sections less affected by the causes of progress exhibiting phases of life and feeling through which those better situated had passed. A variety of stocks in a nation is merely another and independent guarantee for inequalities of development, as establishing inequalities of gifts, and probably of opportunities, in the sections of the population.

Let us see now to what account such inequalities might be put in illustrating the history of the population of the United Kingdom. We might disinter in Cornwall a great part of the Paganism of the ancient Britons; from a study of the still

lingering customs associated with the Beltane festival and Easter and May-day, we might pretty confidently conclude that the Celts and the Anglo-Saxons had equally at one time been fire-worshippers, had we no other evidence of the fact. We might conclude that the Welsh tribes had at one time been exogamous tribes, that obtained their wives usually by actually capturing them from their enemies; and that the mixed population in the north of England comprised tribes that used to get their wives by the less primitive method of sale and purchase. The milk-ties of the Hebrides, as they may to this day be studied, would throw a light on the difficulty Giraldu Cambrensis states to have been long ago felt in Ireland, among congeners of the Hebrideans, in the taking of hostages,—a light which might explain the difficulty, even if the system of Aliterage and Fosterage had not been the subject of an exposition from the pen of Sir John Davis. Further than this we need not press our illustrations. All we have desired to show at this point is that the method may undoubtedly be an aid in the investigation of the unrecorded history of a people.

The advantages of the method, we said, must be more apparent in studying the larger communities than the smaller. They may be expected therefore to appear at the fullest in the study of mankind at large. Races, nations, tribes, are the units in the composition of human society. The races differ from one another in capacities and dispositions. Some of them within the whole of historic time have been less favorably situated than others; and in the history of each, as we know it, a variety of circumstances, some of them what we call accidental, have powerfully affected their careers, sometimes rapidly accelerating their progress, sometimes retarding it, or converting it into retrogression, sometimes simply modifying its direction and rate. How the races came to be located where we find them we cannot as a rule tell, any more than we can say whether the physical and mental characters that distinguish them were primitive or induced. Most of them have been situated where they now are since the dawn of history, and all the types appear as existing from the first. Of these facts a variety of ex-

planations have been offered. One is that the types represent so many independent creations in distinct zoölogical zones. It is enough for our purpose that, numerous and striking as the differences are by which the types are distinguished, and on which such speculations are founded, the various races have so much in common that their differences may be disregarded. The *human* characters outweigh and make insignificant the distinctions of races and types.

It is a *fortiori* of inequalities of development appearing in each community that they should appear among mankind. The *rationale* of their production being the same in the one case as in the other, it will be seen that the inequalities of gifts and opportunities must have been indefinitely more numerous and striking for the totality of the races of men than for any one of them.

Our proposition, of course, is that the preface to general human history, as recorded, may be compiled from the materials presented by barbarism. Whether it can be accurately compiled must depend—assuming the method to be correct—on the sufficiency of the materials. If every conceivable phase of progress can be studied as somewhere observed and recorded, and if the phases can be shown to be interconnected, to shade into one another by gentle gradations, then a clear and decided outline of the progress may be made from the rudest phase to the highest. The method may be sound and the picture incomplete; no one could doubt the method or the real character of the history of man, if from the materials at our disposal a perfect picture could be drawn. Equal certainty as to the correctness of the method and the character of the history may be reached, however, otherwise than by attempting the picture, which could in no case here be exhibited.

The best proof of the soundness of the method, as well as of the continuity and uniform character of human progress, is that we can trace everywhere, and sometimes under striking symbolical disguises, in the higher layers of civilization, the rude modes of life, and forms of law related to grouping, with which the examination of the lower layers makes us familiar. *Of these traces and symbols no explanation can be given*

*except on the theory of development.* As to the symbolical forms, we must infer that in the past life of the people employing them there were corresponding realities; and if among primitive races we find such realities as might naturally pass into the forms on an advance taking place in civilization, then we may infer that what these now are those employing the symbols once were. That such enigmas as the symbols sometimes are should be explainable in this way, and in no other, is a confirmation of the development hypothesis.

Let us illustrate this by a single instance. There is almost no existing race of men among whom what has been called the Form of Capture in marriage ceremonies has not been found, except those who get wives by actual capture; or in one or other of the ways transitional between the practice of actual capture and the symbolizing of it. Now, of the meaning of this particular symbol there can be no doubt, because the practice of actual capture has been exhibited in numerous stages of decadence into the symbol, and in the varieties of the symbol itself we often have records which, *aliunde*, we know to be correct of the ancient modes of warfare among the people observing the symbol. But the Form of Capture has been found in use among all the nations of antiquity, so that whatever the symbol may imply must be held to be true of the early history of those nations. We must believe, therefore, that the ancient nations were composed of tribes that used at one time to capture their wives from foreign tribes, and that had been exogamous, *i.e.*, disallowed marriage within the tribe. Exogamy is a sufficient explanation of a *system* of capturing women for wives, and wherever such a practice, or the symbol of it, is found, it can as a rule be *shown* that exogamy is or was the law. Of exogamy, again, no explanation can be feigned short of hypothecating the savage state, and a system of female infanticide, which kept low the number of women in tribes. At any rate, the symbol proving that the system of actual capture had prevailed, and this system being inconsistent with certainty of male parentage in the run of cases, we have a demonstration that in the ancient nations

a system of kinship through mothers only must have existed in the prehistoric times. So that by means of this symbol alone the ancient nations are decomposed *into tribes* on a level, as regards grouping, with the native tribes of Australia. And can any one doubt that the Australians have been lower than they are,—that they are an advancing people? Even among them we find inequalities of development!

That the Chinese were anciently exogamous we may infer from evidence appearing in their law as still in force.\* Staunton informs us that “the most usual name in the Chinese language for describing the people or nation is Pe-Sing, or the hundred names.” The names are now more numerous, but they are still remarkably few. M. Abel Rémusat says there are only 400 family names for a population of 200,000,000 individuals, and the law, as laid down in the penal code, is that marriage cannot be contracted between two persons of the same family name.† On the average there are 500,000 persons of the same name between whom marriage is prohibited. There can be little doubt that these names were anciently tribal, and that the tribes they belonged to were exogamous. We have similar independent evidence of exogamy in India. The gotra of the Hindoos resembles in every respect the family of the Chinese and the *totem* of the Australians and Red Indians. And the foundation of the prohibition among the Hindoos, we learn from Manu, is that the family name indicates that the parties are of the same primitive stock. Exogamy is no more or less than the interdiction of the marriage of persons of the same stock, all of the stock being primitively comprised in the same group. In neither of these cases have we direct evidence of the system of female kinship, which is usually found accompanying exogamy, but in the case of the Hindoos we must infer it from evidence of their having anciently been polyandrous, appearing both in the laws, and in their most ancient literature. All the traditions of

the Chinese, again, declare that there was a time when marriage was unknown to the people. At such a time, if kinship was thought of at all, the only system possible would be a system of kinship through mothers.

We have proof that the Greeks had the system of female kinship, and many indications, apart from traditions, that they were anciently exogamous. The Egyptians also, we gather from Herodotus, came through the stage of female kinship. He says of them: “No necessity binds sons to keep their parents when they do not choose; whereas daughters are obliged to do so, even if against their choice.” This custom Rawlinson declares to be incredible, and we might think it incredible did we not know, on excellent authority, of such a rule among various other peoples. It was a rule proper to the stage in which, Nicolaus Damascenus informs us, the Lycians were in his time. “The Lycians,” he says, “honor their women rather than their men, and are called after the mother. They leave their inheritances to their daughters, and not to their sons.” The rule is now in force among the Kocch, with whom the women are the heads of families, and the daughters the heirs. Where daughters are the heirs of families, is it incredible they should be saddled with the obligations of heirship as well as entitled to its benefits? What explanation can, on any other view, be given of such a rule?

If the Greeks, Hindoos, Chinese, Egyptians, were all anciently exogamous, or had the system of kinship through females only, they were originally savages, and we shall be justified in studying the condition of savages, in order to ascertain what was the general course of history in prehistoric times.

The argument in favor of the method of inquiry proposed, founded on symbolical usages, is of so simple a kind that only a strong prejudice can resist it. In many cases, where the fact to be proved matters little, no one thinks of resisting it. No one will question, for instance, that the Roman marriage *per coemptionem* symbolized the ancient marriage by sale and purchase, and proves that a section of the people, at least, had had experience of that archaic manner of procuring wives. No one can doubt but that the Libripens

\* See Davis, i. 264; Purchas, iii. 367-394; Du Halde, i. 145.

† Note to chap. x., *In-Kiao-li*; or, *The Two Cousins*.



officiating with his scales at a will or act of adoption, illustrates the source whence all ideas of formal dispositions were derived—the sale of “fungibles ;” or that the formalities in the *Legis Actio Sacramenti* indicate that the Romans were anciently ignorant of legal proceedings, and dependent for a settlement of their disputes on the force of arms, or the good offices of neutral parties interfering as arbiters. To take a different case : no one will question the good sense of Captain Cook in his interpretation of a symbol he became acquainted with in Otaheite. After giving an account of the human sacrifices in use there, he observes :—“ It were much to be wished that this deluded people may learn to entertain the same horror of murdering their fellow-creatures, in order to furnish an invisible banquet to their God [the sacrificed are *buried* by the altar, and it is supposed the god feeds on their souls], as they now have of feeding corporeally on human flesh themselves. And yet we have good reason to believe there was a time when they were cannibals. We were told (and indeed partly saw it) that it is a necessary ceremony, when a poor wretch is sacrificed, for the priest to take out the left eye. This he presents to the king, holding it to his mouth, which he desires him to open ; but instead of putting it in, he immediately withdraws it. This they call ‘eating the man,’ or ‘food for the chief,’ and perhaps we may observe here some traces of former times, when the dead body was really feasted on.”\* Knowing that cannibalism *was* a practice of some of the congeners of the Otaheiteans, we cannot doubt the correctness of the inference that the practice of cannibalism was here symbolized. The selection of the left eye may

seem singular ; but so is the whole thing.

We have now given reasons for believing that the history of man upon the earth goes back to times very remote ; and that it is a history of a progress from the first. We have presented a view of the method by which the outline of that progress in prehistoric times can be drawn. We have seen that, owing to the inequalities of development occurring among the races of men, facts of to-day are in a sense the most ancient history, —many existing forms of life being structurally more archaic than any recorded, lying nearer, that is, to the beginning of human progress, considered as a development. We have shown how we may classify such forms as more or less archaic, and learn from the study of their interconnection what were the successive steps in their evolution. Almost every conceivable phase of progress being somewhere presented as existing or recorded, the materials or the sketch are abundant, and the securities against error great. We have pointed out the instructive value of the symbolism of law and ceremony. Were it not for the key a knowledge of the inequalities of development furnishes to the meaning of that symbolism, in what mystery would the history and practices of our species be enveloped ! What has been called “the poetry of law” would have to be received as made up of grotesqueries and graces of procedure introduced at random to satisfy the popular fancy. As it is, in the knowledge of the inequalities, and of the ruder forms of life, the mystery is unriddled, and the symbolism is made to tell us as certainly of the early usages of a people as the rings in the transverse section of a tree tell of its age.

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Macmillan's Magazine.

## LAMBETH AND THE ARCHBISHOPS.

BY THE HON. LAMBETH LIBRARIAN.

### PART II.

THE political history of Lambeth lies spread over the whole of its site, from

the gateway of Morton to the garden where Cranmer walked musing on the fate of Anne Boleyn. Its ecclesiastical interest, on the other hand, is concentrated in a single spot. We must ask our readers, therefore, to follow us be-

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\* *A Voyage to the Pacific Ocean* (London, 1784), vol. i. p. 44.

neath the groining of the Gate-House into the quiet little court that lies on the river-side of the hall. Passing over its trim grass-plot to a doorway at the angle of Lollards' Tower, and mounting a few steps, they will find themselves in a square antechamber, paved roughly with tiles, and with a single small window looking out upon Thames. The chamber is at the base of Lollards' Tower; in the centre stands a huge oaken pillar, to which the room owes its name of the "Post-room," and to which somewhat mythical tradition asserts Lollards to have been tied when they were "examined" by the whip. On its western side a doorway of the purest Early English work leads us directly into the palace Chapel.

It is strange to stand at a single step in the very heart of the ecclesiastical life of so many ages; within walls beneath which the men in whose hands the fortunes of English religion have been placed have from the age of the Great Charter till to-day come and gone; to see the light falling through the tall windows with their marble shafts on the spot where Wyclif witnessed before Sudbury, on the lowly tomb of Parker, on the stately screenwork of Laud, on the altar where the last sad communion of Sancreft originated the Nonjurors. It is strange to note the very characteristics of the building itself, marred as it is by modern restoration, and to feel how simply its stern, unadorned beauty, the beauty of Salisbury and of Lincoln, expressed the very tone of the Church that finds its centre there. And hardly less strange is it to recall the strange, roystering figure of the Primate to whom, if tradition be true, it owes this beauty. Boniface of Savoy was the youngest of three brothers, out of whom their niece Eleanor, the queen of Henry the Third, was striving to build up a foreign party in the realm. Her uncle Amadeus was richly enscoffed with English lands; the Savoy Palace in the Strand still recalls the settlement and the magnificence of her uncle Peter. For this third and younger uncle she grasped at the highest post in the State save the Crown itself. "The handsome Archbishop," as his knights loved to call him, was not merely a foreigner as Lanfranc and Anselm had been foreigners—strange in manner or

in speech to the flock whom they ruled—he was foreign in the worst sense: strange to their freedom, their sense of law, their reverence for piety. His first visit set everything on fire. He retreated to Lyons to hold a commission in the Pope's body-guard, but even Innocent was soon weary of his tyranny. When the threat of sequestration recalled him after four years of absence to his see, his hatred of England, his purpose soon to withdraw again to his own sunny South, were seen in his refusal to furnish Lambeth. Certainly he went the wrong way to stay here. The young Primate brought with him Savoyard fashions, strange enough to English folk. His armed retainers, foreigners to a man, plundered the City markets. His own archiepiscopal fist felled to the ground a prior who opposed his visitation. It was the Prior of St. Bartholomew's by Smithfield; and London, on the King's refusal to grant redress, took the matter into her own hands. The City bells swung out, and a noisy crowd of citizens were soon swarming beneath the walls of the palace, shouting threats of vengeance. For shouts Boniface cared little. In the midst of the tumult he caused the sentences of excommunication which he had fulminated to be legally executed in the chapel of his house. But bravado like this soon died before the universal resentment, and "the handsome Archbishop" fled again to Lyons. How helpless the successor of Augustine really was, was shown by one daring outrage, perpetrated in his absence. Master Eustace, his official, had thrown into prison the Prior of St. Thomas's Hospital for some contempt of court; and his diocesan, the Bishop of Winchester, as foreign and lawless as Boniface himself, took up the injury as his own. A party of his knights appeared before the house at Lambeth, tore the gates from their hinges, set Master Eustace on horseback, and carried him off to the Episcopal prison at Farnham. At last Boniface bowed to submission, surrendered the points at issue, recalled his excommunications, and was suffered to return. He had learnt his lesson well enough to remain from that time a quiet, inactive man, with a dash of continental frugality and wit about him. Whether he built the Chapel or no, he would

probably have said of it as he said of the Great Hall at Canterbury, "My predecessors built, and I discharge the debt for their building. It seems to me that the true builder is the man who pays the bill."

But Boniface never learnt to be an Englishman. When, under the guidance of Earl Simon of Montfort, the barons wrested the observance of their Charter from the King, the Primate of England found shelter in a fresh exile. The Church had in fact ceased to be national. The figure of the first Reformer, as it stands on the Chapel floor, is in itself the fittest comment on the age in which the Chapel was built, an age when the interests of popular liberty and of intellectual freedom had sheered off from the Church which had so long been their protector. With them the moral and spiritual life of the people had gone too. The vast ecclesiastical fabric rested in the days of Sudbury solely on its wealth, and its tradition. Suddenly a single man summed up in himself the national, the mental, the moral power it had lost, and struck at the double base on which it rested. Wyclif, the keenest intellect, the purest soul of his day, national and English to the very core, declared its tradition corrupt and its wealth antichrist. The two forces that above all had built up the system of mediæval Christianity, the subtlety of the schoolman, the enthusiasm of the penniless preacher, united to strike it down. It is curious to mark how timidly the Primate of the day dealt with such a danger as this. Sudbury was acting in virtue of a Papal writ, but he acted as though the shadow of the terrible doom that was awaiting him had already fallen over him. He summoned the popular Bishop of London to his aid ere he cited the Reformer to his judgment-seat. It was not as a prisoner that Wyclif appeared in the Chapel; from the first his tone was that of a man who knew that he was secure. He claimed to have the most favorable construction put upon his words; then, availing himself of his peculiar subtlety of interpretation, he demanded that, where they might bear two meanings, his judges should take them in an orthodox sense. It was not a noble scene—there was little in it of Luther's "Here stand I—I can none other;" but both

sides were in fact acting a part. On the one hand, the dead pressure of ecclesiastical fanaticism was driving the Primate into a position from which he sought only to escape; on the other, Wyclif was merely gaining time—"beating step," as men say—with his scholastic formulæ. What he looked for soon came. There was a rumor in the City that Papal delegates were sitting in judgment on the Reformer, and London was at once astir. Crowds of angry citizens flocked round the archiepiscopal house, and already there was talk of attacking it, when a message from the Council of Regency commanded a suspension of all proceedings in the case. Sudbury dismissed his prisoner with a formal injunction, and the day was for ever lost to the Church.

But if in Sudbury the Church had retreated peaceably before Wyclif, it was not from any doubt of the deadly earnestness of the struggle that lay before her. Chichele's accession to the primacy was the signal for the building of Lollards' Tower. Dr. Maitland has shown that the common name rests on a mere error, and that the Lollards' Tower which meets us so grimly in the pages of Foxe was really a western tower of St. Paul's. But, as in so many other instances, the popular voice showed a singular historical tact in its mistake; the tower which Chichele raised marked more than any other in the very date of its erection the new age of persecution on which England was to enter. The little gateway in the northern side of the Post-room leads up the worn stone steps to a dungeon in which many a prisoner for the faith must have lain. The massive oaken door, the iron rings bolted into the wall, the one narrow window looking out over the river, tell their tale as well as the broken sentences scratched or carved around. Some are mere names; here and there some light-pated youngster paying for his night's uproar has carved his dice or his "Jesus kep me out of all il compagne, Amen." But "Jesus est amor meus" is sacred, whether Lollard or Jesuit graved it in the lonely prison hours, and not less sacred the "Deo sit gratiarum actio" that marks perhaps the leap of a martyr's heart at the news of the near advent of his fiery deliverance. It is strange to

think, as one winds once more down the stairs that such feet have trodden, how soon England answered to the challenge that Lollards' Tower flung out over Thames. The white masonry had hardly grown gray under the buffetings of a hundred years ere Lollard was no longer a word of shame, and the reformation that Wyclif had begun sat enthroned within the walls of the chapel where he had battled for his life.

The true victory of Wyclif, the victory of the nameless sufferers of Lollards' Tower, was won in that same chapel, in the consecration of Parker. The storm alike of the Reformation and of the Catholic reaction had swept away before the accession of Elizabeth; the Church of England as it stands to-day, the quiet, illogical compromise of past and present, was to be moulded into shape by her first archbishop. Every circumstance of the service marked the strange contrasts that were to be blended in the future of that Church. The zeal of Edward's days had dashed the stained glass from the casements; the zeal of Elizabeth's day was soon to move, if it had not already moved, the holy table into the midst of the Chapel. But the reaction from the mere iconoclasm and bareness of continental Protestantism showed itself in the tapestries hung for the day along the eastern wall, in the rich carpet spread over the floor. The old legal forms, the old Ordination Service reappeared, but in their midst came the new spirit of the Reformation, the oath of submission to the royal supremacy, the solemn gift no longer of the pastoral staff, but of the Bible. The very dress of the four consecrating Bishops showed the same strange confusion. Barlow, with the Archbishop's chaplains, who assisted him in the office of the Communion, wore the silken copes of the older service; Scory and Hodgskins the fair linen surplice of the new. Yet more noteworthy was the aged figure of Coverdale, "Father Coverdale," as men used affectionately to call him, the well-known translator of the Bible, whose life had been so hardly wrung by royal intercession from Mary. Rejecting the very surplice as Popery, in his long Genevan cloak he marks the opening of the Puritan controversy over vestments which was to

rage so fiercely from Parker on to Laud.

The story of that controversy cannot be told here, though it was at Lambeth that it was really fought out. More and more it parted all who clung to liberty from the Church, and knit the episcopate in a closer alliance with the Crown. When Elizabeth set Parker at the head of the new Ecclesiastical Commission, half the work of the Reformation was undone. No primate since the days of Augustine had wielded a power so great, so utterly despotic, as that of Parker and Whitgift, of Bancroft and Abbot and Laud. Perhaps the most terrible feature of their despotism was its wholly personal character. The old symbols of doctrine were gone. The lawyers had not as yet stepped in to protect the clergy by defining the province of the new. The result was that at their Commission-board at Lambeth the primates created their own tests of doctrine,—tests utterly independent of those provided by law. In one memorable instance Parker deprived a vicar for denying verbal inspiration. Nor did they care greatly if the test was a varying or a conflicting one. Whitgift strove to force on the Church the supra-lapsarianism of his "Lambeth Articles." Bancroft, his successor, was as earnest in enforcing his dogma of the divine right of the priesthood. Abbot had no mercy for Erastians. Laud was furious against Calvinists. It is no wonder that, as the seat of the Ecclesiastical Commission, the very name of Lambeth stank in the nostrils of the English clergy.

It was reserved for the last of the primates whom we have named to make it stink in the nostrils of the English people. Under Laud, the great engine of ecclesiastical tyranny was perverted to the uses of civil tyranny of a yet viler kind. Under Laud, the clerical invectives of a Martin Marprelate deepened into the national fury of "Canterburie's Doom." With this political aspect of his life we have not now to deal; what the Chapel brings out with singular vividness is the strange audacity with which the Archbishop threw himself across the strongest religious sentiments of his time. Men noted as a fatal omen the accident that marked his first entry

into Lambeth; the overladen ferry-boat upset in the crossing, and though horses and servants were saved, the Primate's coach remained at the bottom of the Thames. But no omen brought hesitation to that bold, narrow mind. His first action, he tells us himself, was the restoration of the Chapel, and, as Laud managed it, restoration was the simple undoing of all that the Reformation had done. Edward's iconoclasm, as we saw in a previous story, had dashed the glass from the windows. The injunctions of Elizabeth had set the altar in the middle of the Chapel. The credence-table had disappeared. The copes, which we have seen used under Parker, and which still remained in use in cathedral churches, were disused here. Abbot had put the finishing stroke to all attempts at ceremonialism. Neither he nor his household would bow at the holiest of names. It was probably he who abolished the organ and the choir. Such as it was, however, the Chapel had seen the daily worship of the Elizabethan and Stuart primates, and, as Prynne says, it was still a place "whither many of the nobility, judges, clergy, and persons of all sorts, as well strangers as natives, usually resorted." But to Laud its condition seemed intolerable. "I found the windows so broken, and the Chapel lay so nastily," he wrote long after in his Defence, "that I was ashamed to behold, and could not resort unto it but with some disdain." With characteristic energy, the Archbishop aided with his own hands in the repair of the windows, and racked his wits "in making up the history of those old broken pictures by help of the fragments of them, which I compared with the story." In the east window, his glazier was scandalized at being forced by the Primate's express directions to "repair and new make the broken crucifix." The holy table was set altar-wise against the wall, and a cloth of arras hung behind it embroidered with the history of the Last Supper. The elaborate woodwork of the screen, the richly-embroidered copes of the chaplains, the silver candlesticks, the credence-table, the organ and the choir, the genuflexions to the altar, recalled the elaborate ceremonial of the Royal Chapel.

Copes, organ, choir, silver candlesticks  
NEW SERIES.—VOL. XI, No. 2.

—these were as daring a defiance of the religious sentiment of England as ever Lollards' Tower had been, and they were no empty defiance; on the contrary, they were signs of the radical change which Laud contemplated in the position as well as in the spirit of the Church. Among the archives of the see, lies a large and costly volume in vellum containing a copy of those records in the Tower which concern the clergy. It is, as Laud proudly calls it, "faire written," and the frontispiece is a triumph of Italian art. The compilation of this book was entered by the Archbishop at the end of his diary as one among the twenty-one "things which I have projected to doe if God blesse me in them;" and it is among the fifteen to which he has added his emphatic "done." Its real value in Laud's eyes was a justification of the bold step which a year before its completion he had ventured to take in what he believed to be the interest of the Church. In March, 1636, Juxon—Bishop as he was—had been made Lord High Treasurer of England. "No Churchman had it since Henry VII.'s time," Laud comments proudly: "I pray God blesse him to carry it so that the Church may have honor and the State service and contentment by it. And now if the Church will not hold up themselves, under God I can do no more." Juxon so carried him in his high office that all personal resentment was disarmed; but the daring step none the less ended in bringing about his patron's fall. Laud could indeed "do no more." Ruin was already closing round, and, high-handed as the Archbishop's course had been, he felt dimly the approaching wreck. At the close of 1639 he notes in his diary the great storm that broke even the boats of the Lambeth watermen to pieces as they lay before his gate. A curious instance of his gloomy prognostications still exists among the relics in the library—a quarry of greenish glass, once belonging to the west window of the gallery of Croydon, and removed when that palace was rebuilt. On the quarry Laud has written with his signet-ring, in his own clear, beautiful hand, "Memorand. Ecclesiæ de Micham, Cheme, et Stone cum aliis fulgure combustæ sunt. Januar. 14, 1638-9. Omen avertat

Deus." The omen was far from averted. The Scottish war, the *Bellum Episcopale*, the Bishops' War, as men called it, was soon going against the King. Laud had been the chief mover in the war, and it was against Laud that the popular indignation at once directed itself. On the 9th of May he notes in his diary: "A paper posted upon the Royal Exchange, animating 'prentices to sack my house on the Monday following." On that Monday night, the mob came surging up to the gates. "At midnight my house was beset with 500 of these rascal routers," notes the indomitable little prelate. He had received notice in time to secure the house, and after two hours of useless shouting the mob rolled away. Laud had his revenge; a drummer who had joined in the attack was racked mercilessly, and then hanged and quartered. But retaliation like this was useless. The gathering of the Long Parliament sounded the knell of the sturdy little minister who had ridden England so hard. At the close of October, he is in his upper study—it is one of the pleasant scholarly touches that redeem so much in his life—"to see some manuscripts which I was sending to Oxford. In that study hung my picture taken by the life" (it is at Lambeth still), "and coming in I found it fallen down upon the face and lying on the floor, the string being broken by which it was hanged against the wall. I am almost every day threatened with my ruin in Parliament. God grant this be no omen." On the 18th of December he is in charge of the gentleman-usher of the Lords on impeachment of high treason. In his company the Archbishop returned for a few hours to see his house for the last time, "for a book or two to read in, and such papers as pertained to my defence against the Scotts;" really to burn, says Prynne, most of his privy papers. There is the first little break in the boldness with which till now he has faced the popular ill-will, the first little break, too, of tenderness, as though the shadow of what was to come were softening him, in the words that tell us his last farewell: "I stayed at Lambeth till the evening, to avoid the gaze of the people. I went to evening prayer in my chapel. The Psalms of the day (Ps. 93 and 94) and cap. 50 of Isaiah gave me great comfort.

God make me worthy of it, and fit to receive it. As I went to my barge hundreds of my poor neighbors stood there and prayed for my safety and return to my house. For which I bless God and them."

So Laud vanishes into the dark December night never to return. The house seems to have been left unmolested for two years. Then "Captain Browne and his company entered my house at Lambeth to keep it for public service." The troopers burst open the door "and offered violence to the organ," but it was saved for the time by the intervention of their captain. In 1643 the zeal of the soldiers could no longer be restrained. Even in the solitude and terror of his prison in the Tower, Laud still feels the bitterness of the last blow at the house he held so dear. "May 1. My chapel windows defaced and the steps torn up." But the crowning bitterness was to come. If there were two men living who had personal wrongs to avenge on the Archbishop, they were Leighton and Prynne. It can only have been as a personal triumph over their humbled persecutor that the Parliament appointed the first custodian of Lambeth, and gave Prynne the charge of searching the Archbishop's house and chambers for materials in support of the impeachment. Of the spirit in which Prynne executed his task, the famous "*Canterburie's Doom*," with the Breviat of Laud's life which preceded it, still gives pungent evidence. By one of those curious coincidences that sometimes flash the fact upon us through the dust of old libraries, the copy of this violent invective preserved at Lambeth is inscribed on its fly-leaf with the clear, bold "*Dum spiro spero, C. R.*" of the King himself. It is hard to picture the thoughts that must have passed through Charles's mind as he read the bitter triumphant pages that told how the man he had twice pilloried and then flung into prison for life had come out again, as he puts it brutally, to "unkennel that fox," his foe.

Not even the Archbishop's study with its array of Missals and Breviaries and Books of Hours, not even the gallery with its "superstitious pictures," the three Italian masterpieces that he hurried as evidence to the bar of the House of Lords, so revealed to this terrible de-

tective "the rotten, idolatrous heart" of the Primate as the sight of the chapel. It was soon reduced to simplicity. We have seen how sharply even in his prison Laud felt the havoc made by the soldiery. But worse profanation was to follow. In 1648 the house passed by sale to the regicide Colonel Scott; the Great Hall was at once demolished, and the Chapel turned into the dining-room of the household. The tomb of Parker was levelled with the ground; and if we are to believe the story of the Royalists, the new owner felt so keenly the discomfort of dining over a dead man's bones, that the remains of the great Protestant primate were disinterred and buried anew in an adjoining field. When the reaction against outrages like this brought the Stuart home again, it flung Scott into the Tower and set Juxon in the ruined, desecrated walls. Of the deeper thoughts that such a scene might have suggested, few probably found their way into the simple, limited mind of the new primate; the whole pathos and dignity of Juxon's position lay in his perfect absorption in the past. We shall see in an after-story, in what a touching spirit of loyalty to the great history which he represented he restored the Great Hall that the Puritans had levelled to the ground. But while the Hall rose thus in renewed beauty, the Chapel was rescued from desecration, and the fine woodwork of screen and stalls replaced as Laud had left them. They were destined ere long to be witnesses of a scene even stranger than the revels of the Puritan colonel, of a scene which was the practical comment of time on Juxon's dream of "setting all things as they stood of old." In the Trial of the Seven Bishops, Sancroft had stood forward to vindicate the freedom of coming England. But no sooner was James driven from the throne than he fell back into the servile king-worship of the England that was passing away. Within the closed gates of Lambeth he debated endlessly with himself, with his fellow-bishops, the questions of "de jure" and "de facto" right to the crown. Every day he sheered further and further from the actual world around him. Newton was with him at Lambeth when it was announced that the Convention had declared the throne vacant. Sancroft's

thoughts were not with England or English freedom—they were concentrated on the question whether James's child were a supposititious one or no. "He wished," he said, "they had gone on a more regular method and examined into the birth of the young child. There was reason," he added, "to believe he was not the same as the first, which might easily be known, for he had a mole on his neck." The new Government bore long with the old man, and Sancroft for a time seems really to have wavered. He suffered his chaplains to take the oaths, and then scolded them bitterly for praying for William and Mary. He refused to take his seat at the Council board, and yet issued his commission for the consecration of Burnet. At last his mind was made up, and the Government had no alternative but to declare the see vacant. For six months he was still suffered to remain in his house. At last Tillotson was nominated as his successor. With a perfect courtesy, worthy of the saintly primate of the English Church, Tillotson waited long at the Archbishop's door desiring a conference. But Sancroft refused to see him. Evelyn found the old man in a dismantled house, bitter at his fall. "Say 'nolo,' and say it from the heart," he had replied passionately to Beveridge when he sought his counsel on the offer of a bishopric. Others asked whether, after refusing the oaths, they might attend worship where the new sovereigns were prayed for. "If they do," answered Sancroft, "they will need the Absolution at the end as well as at the beginning of the service." In the answer lay the schism of the Nonjurors, and to this schism Sancroft soon gave definite form. On Whitsunday the new Church was started in the archiepiscopal Chapel. The throng of visitors was kept standing at the palace gate. No one was admitted to the Chapel but some fifty who had refused the oaths. The Archbishop himself consecrated: one Nonjuror reading the prayers, another preaching. A formal action of ejectment was the answer to this open defiance, and on the evening of its decision in favor of the Crown, Sancroft withdrew quietly by boat over Thames to the Temple. He was soon followed by many who, amidst the pettiness of his public views, could still realize the grandeur of

his self-devotion. To one, the Earl of Aylesbury, the Archbishop opened the door himself. His visitor, struck with the change of all he saw from the pomp of Lambeth, burst into tears, and owned how deeply the sight affected him. "O my good lord," replied Sancroft, "rather rejoice with me, for now I live again."

With Sancroft's departure opens the new age of Lambeth's ecclesiastical history. The Revolution which flung him aside had completed the work of the great Rebellion, in sweeping away for ever the old pretensions of the primates to an autocracy within the Church of England. But it seemed to have opened a nobler prospect in placing them at the head of the whole of the Protestant Churches of the world. In their common peril before the great Catholic aggression, which found equal support at Paris and Vienna, the Reformed communities of the Continent looked for aid and sympathy to the one Reformed Church whose position was now unassailable. The congregations of the Palatinate appealed to Lambeth when they were trodden under foot beneath the horse-hoofs of Turenne. The same appeal came from the Vaudois refugees in Germany, the Silesian Protestants, the Huguenot churches that still fought for existence in France, the Calvinists of Geneva, the French refugees who had forsaken their sunny homes in the south for the Gospel and God. In the dry letter-books on the Lambeth shelves, in the records of bounty dispensed through the Archbishop to the persecuted and the stranger, in the warm and cordial correspondence with Lutheran and Calvinist, survives the memory of the golden visions which filled Protestant hearts after the accession of the great Deliverer. "The eyes of the world are upon us," was Tenison's plea for union with Protestants at home. "All the Reformed Churches are in expectation of something to be done which may make for union and peace." When a temper so cold as Tenison's could kindle in this fashion, it is no wonder that more enthusiastic minds launched into loftier expectations—that Leibnitz hoped to see the union of Calvinist and Lutheran accomplished by a common adoption of the English Liturgy; that a High Churchman like Nicholls revived the plan, which Cranmer had proposed and Calvin

had supported, of a general council of Protestants to be held in England. One by one such visions faded before the virulence of party spirit, the narrowness and timidity of Churchmen, the base and selfish politics of the time. Few men had higher or more spiritual conceptions of Christian unity than Tenison; yet the German translation of our Liturgy, stamped with the royal monogram of King Frederick, which still exists in the library, reminds us how, in mere jealousy of a Tory triumph, Tenison flung away the offer of a union with the Church of Prussia. The creeping ambition of Dubois foiled whatever dreams Archbishop Wake may have entertained of a union with the Church of France.

Dreams, failures, as such projects were, our own day has seen their fulfilment in a way that neither Wake nor Tenison could have dreamt of. A hundred Bishops gathered for conference round the Primate at Lambeth, drawn to its Chapel from isles of the far Pacific, from great colonies that hold the future of the coming world, from the prairies of an empire of the West, the records of whose infant Church lie yet among her archives hardly a century old: such a sight surely realized in no little measure the dreams of Calvin and of Cranmer. So to have gathered them together by the strong attraction of Christian brotherhood; so to have sent them home again, without one doctrinal decision, without a single new dogma, without the addition of one iota to Creed or Articles, with the formal condemnation of not a single heretic, but simply with an increase of charity and a widening of spiritual communion: this is the proof of the quiet power that Lambeth still possesses. It is not a power that has grown out of the noisy activity of theological "movement." Its strength has been to sit still and let such "movements" pass by. It is by a spirit the very opposite of theirs—a spirit of conciliation, of largeness of heart, that it has won its power over the Church. None of the great theological impulses of this age or the last, it is sometimes urged, came out of Lambeth. None of the theological bitterness, of the controversial narrowness of this age or the last, it may fairly be answered, has ever entered its gates. Of Lambeth we may say what Matthew Arnold says of Oxford, "Many



as are its faults, it has never surrendered itself to ecclesiastical Philistines." In the calm, genial silence of its courts, its library, its galleries, in the presence of its venerable past, the virulence, the petty strife, the tumult of religious fanaticism finds itself hushed. Amongst the storm of the Wesleyan revival, of the Evangelical revival, of the Puseyite revival, the voice of Lambeth has ever pleaded for a truth simpler, larger, more human than theirs. "Tillotson's sermons," bawled Whitefield, "have sent thousands of souls to hell." But the teaching of Whitefield has lost power as intelligence widens, while the progress

of a more spiritual Christianity has brought men again to the "mere morality" of Tillotson. Amid the deafening clamor of Tractarian and anti-Tractarian disputants, both sides united in condemning the silence of Lambeth. Yet the word that came from Lambeth, the word that an old man's diary has just revived for us, will still speak to men's hearts when all their noisy disputations are forgotten. "How," asked a prelate, whose nearest relative had joined the Church of Rome, of Archbishop Howley, "How shall I treat my brother?" "As a brother," was the Archbishop's reply.

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Colburn's New Monthly.

#### THE ART OF LONG LIVING.\*

THE art of attaining to extreme old age, divested of all superfluous details, consists simply in the strict observance of the natural laws. Every day ought to be so apportioned as to permit of bodily exercise, useful employment of the intellectual powers, the cultivation and gratification of the moral and religious sentiments, the taking of food and sleep, and the gratification of the animal faculties; but the gratification of the organic and moral laws should, like the gratification of the animal faculties, be in moderation; all excess or abuse as invariably entails unhappiness, pain, or disease, as moderate use insures the contrary. Every act that is conducive to health and happiness is also conducive to long life, whilst every infringement of the natural laws entails an opposite condition, and tends to shorten life. The strict observance of the natural laws is, then, the real and only secret of long life, always barring accidents, which are beyond the control of human prevision. But even here Providence, by implanting the feeling of caution in human beings, has put it in their power to greatly avoid misfortunes, by teaching them not to place themselves in situations or positions in which such are likely to occur.

There are, however, many details in the due observance of the organic and

moral laws, and hence those who do not possess the secret of the simple basis upon which unhappiness, pain, disease, and short life depend—the infringement of the natural laws—have, from the days of Galen and Hippocrates down to those of Doctor Noirod, directed their intelligences to the elimination of such acts and things as are injurious to health, or are productive of disease, according as they present themselves, rather than upon the sound and simple basis of considering man and his constitution as placed in regard to himself and to external objects.

There is no question that man does not live so long as in a normal condition of things he ought to do. God praised Solomon because he asked for wisdom instead of long life. Why so? Because wisdom—that is to say, the strict observance of the natural laws—entails of itself long life. Roger Bacon believed that man could live a thousand years, if he only knew how to economize his provision of vital force. The celebrated physiologist, Flourens, also deduced from his study of the nervous centres that man ought to live much longer than he does. It has been shown by statistical tables that married men live longer than the unmarried. The reason is simple: unmarried men do not fulfil one of the natural laws; married men also lead more steady lives; in other words, do not so often infringe the natural laws. Unfortunately many mistake idleness for economy of force. It is not

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\* *L'Art de Vivre Longtemps. Deuxième Edition. Docteur L'Noirod. Paris: E. Dentu.*

so. Economy of force lies in the moderate use of the powers, faculties, and appetites; but to disuse them is to abuse them almost as much as by excess. Others, again, are perfectly intimate with the natural laws, and yet have so little control over themselves that they frequently abuse them. This seems to be one of the pains and penalties of our fallen nature—the most grievous of them all.

Long life is so exceptional a thing, that the Greeks and Romans used to chronicle all remarkable cases of longevity. Hensler and other writers have shown that the year before Abraham consisted of only three months, that it reckoned eight after the time of the Patriarch, but that it only counted twelve after the time of Joseph, who introduced the Egyptian method among the Jews. The age of Methuselah presents, then, nothing so very extraordinary when we proceed upon this calculation. It was after the era of Joseph that the prophet sang: "The days of our years are threescore years and ten, and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away."

But it is well attested that in our days some people attain a much greater age. Samit Mungo, a Scotchman, and Peter Czarten, a Hungarian, are quoted as having attained a hundred and eighty five years of age. Below that figure the instances of longevity become much more numerous. The particular habits of persons who have lived to an extreme old age do not, however, always throw light upon the causes of longevity, and are even sometimes contradictory. Francis Mongo, who died at Smyrna at the age of a hundred and fourteen, drank nothing but scorzonera water. Jean d'Outrego, who died in Galicia at a hundred and forty seven, eat naught but flour of maize. Widow Legier, who died at a hundred and seven, always went naked footed. Maulny, who died at a hundred and nineteen, was a vegetarian, and drank water. He was never known to be angry. Favrot, who died at a hundred and four, had his pipe constantly in his mouth; and many centenarians have been well known to have practised anything but moderation in eating and drinking. Old Parr died at the age of a hundred and

fifty-two from a surfeit at the court of Charles II. According to Dr. Noiro, the average chances of life up to seventy have augmented in our own times, but beyond that epoch the chances have diminished.

There are subjects of so delicate a nature involved in inquiries connected with the artificial means of prolonging life, that we must content ourselves with the most superficial allusions. Dr. Noiro treats of the plan adopted by David in his old age for recovering his vigor, under the head of *gerocomia*, but he comes to the conclusion, after discussing reported instances, that material emanations have a very secondary influence in the prolongation of life, and he wisely attributes what has been supposed to be due to such, to the gayety and liveliness induced by the association of old age with youth. He at the same time does not deny the now well-established fact that a worn-out constitution may derive new strength from contact with youth, health, and vigor, but at the expense of the latter.

As snakes shed their skins, stags their horns, and eagles their bills, or, in the language of the mediæval searchers for the elixir of life, yearly rid themselves of the externals of old age to invest themselves with those of a brilliant youth, so was it held by those fanatics—one of whom, Artephius, declared that he was a thousand years of age—that a vital quintessence could be concocted out of gold, pearls, precious stones, bezoar stones, as also by appropriating the virtues of celestial bodies, just as in the present day we read of condensed solar heat as applied to locomotion. Gualdo, a brother of the Red-cross, and the hermit Trantmansdorf, declared that they had attained, the one four hundred years, the other a hundred and forty, by imbibing a solution of the philosophic stone. Paracelsus, whose real and more appropriate name was Bombast von Hohenheim, who declared that he had discovered the incorporation of the vital spirit, and that he could create men in an alembic, died himself in a hospital at the age of forty-eight. Louis XI. is said to have drunk the blood of children as a means of renovation, thus realizing the fabled vampire.

The absurd and happily nearly explod-

ed practice of blood-letting, was at one time superseded by an act of an opposite character—the transfusion of blood, but so many accidents attended the practice that it was forbidden in France by a decree of parliament, and in Rome by a decision of the court. Bacon, who looked upon life as a flame consumed by the external air, advocated the use of astringents externally and opium internally to retard exhaustion. Descartes, who had had relations with the Red-cross knights, considered a vegetable diet most conducive to long life. His idea was to eat little and often of substances easily digested. But an Australian, who will stuff himself like a boa-constrictor, and sleep a week upon it, lives as long as those who take only two or three meals a day.

The alchemists had this excuse for their aberrations, that they believed in them; whereas the greater portion of modern inventors of elixirs, as Cagliostro, Hirschen, Graham, and others, were mere quacks, who only sought to make a fortune at the expense of public credulity. That this is an inexhaustible resource is proved by what we see going on around us in the present day; in balms of Gilead, Jordan waters, and life pills. But if a real elixir of life has never been discovered, nature has been known, in many well-authenticated instances, to effect a partial return to youth. Hufeland relates the case of a man who died at the age of a hundred and two, and who had new teeth at ninety-eight. Sinclair relates a nearly similar case. Females have had a new crop of dark hair when over ninety years of age. Several instances of this nature are upon record.

The normal duration of life has been a problem sought for from the most remote ages. Hesiod, Solon, Esculapius, and Pliny had all their theories, mostly associated with astral influences. The most scientific opinion emitted is, perhaps, that of Buffon, that the duration of life may be approximately determined by the duration of growth. But Buffon had not the element essential to the solution of this problem—a certain sign as to when growth ceased. Flourens found this in the union of the bones to their epiphyses. This takes place in the dog at two years of age, in the lion at four, in the horse at five, and in man at about twenty years of age. Now, dogs

live from ten to twelve years, lions twenty, and horses twenty-five. This is about five times the duration of growth. Man ought, then, according to the same evidence, live for a hundred years. But Flourens argued that there was an extraordinary life as well as an ordinary life, and that man might live for two hundred years. Two other celebrated physiologists, Haller and Hufeland, lent their authority to that desire for a long life which is one of the aspirations of humanity. Both believed in a possible reinvigoration in old age, or, as Dr. Lucas expressed it, a spontaneous restoration of life, that return to the natural order of things which is opposed to the waste of the vital forces. There is no doubt that if it is possible for one man to live to a hundred and fifty or even to two hundred years of age, as in the instance of a Russian soldier, who was in active service during the thirty years' war and died in 1801, so it is possible for any other man to attain the same age under favorable circumstances. But Dr. Lucas goes even further, as he believes that the conditions essential to longevity may occur even when circumstances are not otherwise favorable to the restoration or upholding of the vital powers.

Dr. Noirot places hereditary longevity at the head of favorable conditions. The chances of long life are all the greater as we descend from a family which reckons many old people. Rush says he never knew an octogenarian who could not quote instances of longevity in his family. Jenkins, who lived a hundred and sixty-nine years, had two sons, one a hundred, the other a hundred and two, years of age; Surrington, who lived a hundred and sixty years, had a son a hundred and three years old at his death. Parr's son died a hundred and twenty-seven years old.

According to physiologists, the man destined to a long life is of the middle size, neither fat nor lean, but rather strongly built. Tall men and fat men must take much exercise to prolong life. Thin, spare, little men must be quiet, and not allow themselves to be fidgety and irritable. The brain should be capacious yet not voluminous, the neck moderate length, the shoulders rounded, the breast open and arched, the abdomen not prominent, the calves round, the feet

thick but of mean length, the senses clear, the pulse regular and slow.

Francis Bacon argued against Hufeland that fair-haired people perished before the dark-haired. According to the same observer, the lower extremities should be hairy and not the upper, and the iris of a grey greenish hue. The sanguine temperament, with a slight tinge of the lymphatic, was also stated to be most favorable to longevity. According to the same authority, the hand should be large, smooth, and without deep marks. But Aristotle and the chiromancists of modern and mediæval times have always held that one or two lines strongly marked are indications of longevity.

Some physiologists have remarked that men who by the delicacy of their constitutions approach most to women, profit by the superiority of life which is one of the attributes of the female sex.

As the regular and slow development of the human being is essential to longevity, so an early development of the intellectual faculties is no less fatal than too great a physical precocity. It is almost needless to say that good health, the result of a perfect equilibrium of all the functions, is favorable to longevity, and yet cases have been known of the delicate, the afflicted, and valetudinarians attaining a great age. A celebrated physician used to say, "To be convalescent is to become young again."

Dr. Noiroi enters at length upon the importance of a plentiful supply of pure and fresh air to health. But as it has been shown that impure air contains a vast number of microscopic plants and animals, one of the latter of which, called the *monade ovoïde échançrée*, is supposed to generate typhus, we should hope that in the present day it is unnecessary to dwell upon so simple a fact. No one can frequent often or remain long in crowded rooms or public gatherings with impunity. Birds, notwithstanding their rapidity of growth and amorous prodigalities, enjoy an existence relatively longer than that of man. This from the pure air they breathe, and the quantity they breathe, extending even to their bones and feathers. A physician of old being asked as to the best means of enjoying health, replied, "Live in the open air."

If air is the aliment of life, and its poison if impure, so is light an exciting cause of life. All living things lose color and fade away when deprived of light. "Without light," said Buchner, "there is no life." "Of all flowers," said another ingenious writer, "the human flower is that which is most in want of light;" and the Spaniards have a proverb to the effect that "where the sun does not penetrate sickness and the doctor are not long in coming in." Insufficiency of light by retarding development induces deformity. Humboldt, who looked upon light as the essential condition of all organic vitality, points out that there are no scrofulous taints and deformities among savages who live in the open air. The ancients used to take advantage of the effects of light upon the skin more than the moderns do, and both Plato and Pliny describe the old men of Greece and Rome as taking solar baths in a state of nudity.

Persius designated sobriety as a divine inclination, the friend of nature, the daughter of reason, the mother of the virtues, and the companion of chastity. Nothing, indeed, conduces more towards entertaining that happy harmony of the physical and moral being, which is essential to longevity, than sobriety. Sobriety, further, not only prolongs existence, but it leads to a natural death. A sober man ceases to live before he is ill. He perishes from exhaustion like a lamp that is dying out. Diogenes used to say that it is with a body that is overloaded with succulent food as it is with a garret in which victuals are accumulated. Diseases pullulate in the one as rats do in the other.

Condiments are in themselves no more hurtful in moderation than food. It is only when used to stimulate the appetite to eat more than can be easily digested that they become hurtful. Civilized men, Dr. Noiroi declares, all eat more, especially of animal matters, than is necessary for the support of life. Nature is content with little. Moderation in food is, indeed, one of the great principles of health, advocated in all sacred books. The practice is, indeed, as essential to every-day health and every-day enjoyment of life as it is to the prolongation of life itself. But while such a practice has been preached from the oldest times it has seldom been

practised. Yet if people were fully imbued with the knowledge of the many other far more enjoyable sources of gratification that are to be derived from sobriety, they would neither exceed moderation in eating or drinking. An English author who used to have to dine out a good deal used to fast on the Sundays with great advantage to his well-being. Temperance and abstinence are, further, not only conducive to health, but they are also the most effective means for combating illness. They constitute the sheet anchor of homœopathy, which from its inadequacy in acute complaints has justly been forbidden in Russia as a practice not to be depended upon.

Dr. Noiro, considering man as an omnivorous animal, does not advocate a vegetable diet solely, but, on the contrary, insists upon the advantages of an occasional change. The school of Salerno used even to recommend the laws of temperance being broken once a month. If a fat, bloated, gormandizing man can scarcely be a very intelligent man, so also a diet which agrees with one man may not always do so with another. The error in Mr. Banting's system was that it was not modified to suit particular cases. So it is also with regard to systems or modes of living. What is suited to one constitution may by no means be adapted to another. Many men can eat or drink more than others with impunity. It would be as absurd to attempt to lay down positive rules of sobriety, as it would be to fit all mankind with clothes after the measure of one person. Every one should know when he has eaten or drunk more than is good for him. Moderation is the secret here, as in all other things. Use, not abuse. Saint Ambrose called an exaggerated austerity a gross superstition, and Saint Basil said, "Abstain from vices, not from meat. Fast in your disputes, calumnies, and injustice."

"To chew well and to walk well," said Bosquillon, "are the two greatest secrets of longevity that I know of." One of the most pernicious habits that can be acquired is that of eating fast. The loss of teeth is not necessarily conducive to a short life, if the imperfection in chewing is remedied by a more careful and slower process. Simplicity in diet is another great point. Two, or at the most three dishes ought to suffice,

but monotony should be avoided. There should be variety in simplicity. It is also of importance to preserve a certain degree of regularity in repasts. The number of repasts may vary with age and constitution; but three repasts, a light breakfast, a good dinner in the middle of the day, and a light supper, are admittedly more favorable to health than late dinners, which leave the stomach unoccupied for a long interval, and overloaded at night. It is further of importance that the mind should be at ease during meals. That which is pleasant promotes digestion; everything that is the reverse is obnoxious. Plutarch declared laughter to be the best sauce. Exercise should precede alimentation, not follow it.

The advantages of water are sufficiently attested by the various people, sects, philosophers, and learned men, who have used such exclusively. But it is, on the other hand, admitted that wine and beer are indicated where there is exhaustion induced by hard work, mental or bodily, and in old age. Where the exhaustion is great, alcoholic stimulants mixed with water are also admittedly useful. In such cases, alcohol is to water what condiments are to food. It is temperance or moderation that should be preached, not total abstinence. Celsus laid it down as a precept "to abstain totally from no one thing; to permit oneself, occasionally, a slight infraction of the laws of temperance, but to live habitually in sobriety." Brown, an Irishman, was always drunk, and yet he lived a hundred and twenty years. He was so formidable when in a state of inebriation, that a contemporary declares that death himself was afraid of him.

Inaction weakens the body, work strengthens it. The first brings on premature old age, the second prolongs youth—that is to say, as in everything else, in moderation. The structure of man and his mental nature show that he was not created for inactivity. Almost all those who are quoted for longevity led a more or less active or laborious life. Exercise accelerates assimilation, and with an accelerated assimilation, or process of loss and restoration, the body undergoes a more prompt and complete renovation. The secret of longevity, according to Dr. Noiro, lies

in this fact. If women live to a good old age, notwithstanding their sedentary habits, Tisset says this is to be explained by the want of bodily exercise being compensated for by their talking so much. Women are, however, much more lively and cheerful than men, and the most trifling incidents abstract their attention from more serious matters—a state of mind highly conducive to longevity. The most simple, most natural, and most beneficial kind of exercise is walking on foot. Such walks should, as far as possible, be in the open air, and in the morning. Next to pedestrianism, comes equitation. No one who can enjoy the use of his legs can, however, envy those who take their so-called exercise in carriages. They obtain the benefit of fresh air and light, but they lose that reinvigoration of the organs, that stimulus to the vital forces, and that increase of warmth which is obtained by foot and horse exercise.

Sleep, which is a kind of anticipation of death, is in lifetime a death which restores vitality. It procures the happiness of being born again every day. The better the sleep, the greater the probability of longevity. Night ought to be consecrated to sleep. This is a law of nature which cannot be infringed with impunity. Troops have been marched by night in hot countries, and allowed to repose by day; but the plan has invariably been found to be attended by greater sickness, and loss of life, than by marching in the cool hours of morning and evening. Nothing is indeed more prejudicial to longevity than devoting the nights to intellectual or bodily labors. Many literary men, learned men and artists, have died young in consequence of this practice. On the other hand, early rising, after being refreshed by sleep, is as beneficial as late work is the reverse. The amount of sleep necessary for reinvigoration depends upon the age, habits, and constitution of the individual. A new-born infant would perish if kept awake for twenty-four hours. Sleep is even more necessary after mental, than after bodily labor. A man who thinks little, is always in a kind of torpor. Old age, again, requires less sleep than youth and adult age. As the body is more accessible to deleterious influences at night than by day, the

air ought also to be fresh, and the supply plentiful. The stomach should not be loaded. The bed should not be too soft, and, if possible, the head should lie to the north, the feet to the south. The head should never be covered by the clothes, but there should be more outer clothing at night than in the daytime; the temperature of the body not being so high. It is a good thing, in taking off one's day clothes, to lay aside also all thoughts of the past. It is said that an adult is always slightly taller on waking up than on going to bed. The cartilages of the vertebræ expand in the horizontal position, and contract under the weight of the body.

It is not necessary to dilate upon the importance of cleanliness and free transpiration to health. "Old age," said Sanctorius, "is an illness. We can prolong it if we only know how to restore the powers of transpiration to the body." "Without the action of the skin," said Hufeland, "we can neither hope for health nor long life." Cleanliness is not merely useful to the body, it conduces to the love of order, to self-respect, to regularity of conduct, and to decency of manners; and it even influences the intelligence. If Moses and Mohammed constituted ablutions religious duties, so the bath is in our own times one of the essentials of civilized life. So also of continence and incontinence. It is almost needless to point out that the one is as conducive to longevity as the other is opposed to it. It is a law applicable to all created things, that those which engender and multiply early enjoy but a brief existence. Marriage prolongs life by moderating the passions, and yet supplying their healthful gratification. We have examples of longevity among anchorites, as in the cases of Saint Anthony, Theodosius the Cenobite, Paul the Anchorite, and others; but Dr. Noirots says, "men who have attained a great age have almost all been married."

Passions are inherent in our nature, and have been given to us for our happiness. But it is with passions as it is with riches. They make good servants, but very bad masters. No one who does not study to restrain his passions from early life can expect to live to a very old age. Hoffmann used to say, "more men perish through the mind than by the body;" and Buffon thought that most

men died of grief. Laying aside, then, what Plato justly designated as the "fevers of the soul," there are other more moderate moral conditions which are eminently conducive to health and longevity. Such is "hope," which Pindar designated as the nurse of old age. Plutarch used also to say that nothing tended more to uphold life than hope for its prolongation. Everything that conduces to gayety and liveliness is also conducive to health and longevity. Democrites, who was always laughing, lived to one hundred and nine years of age. "Be happy, take exercise, and indulge in no excesses, and you may laugh at me," said an old physician. Laughter is sometimes a sovereign remedy. It is related that a pope was on the point of dying, when a pet monkey took up the coveted tiara and placed it on his head, suiting his actions to his newly-acquired dignity. The pope laughed so heartily that his life was saved. Erasmus wrote in praise of folly, in consequence of his life being saved by the breaking of an abscess by laughter. Habitual good temper, a contented spirit, and cheerfulness of disposition, are eminently conducive to long life. Envy, anxiety, and grief, have precisely an opposite tendency. Excessive joy or grief may, it is well known, alike entail death.

"Ennui" is enumerated by Dr. Noirod among things eminently destructive of life. We have scarcely its equivalent in the English language, but it is idleness in youth, surfeit in the adult, weariness and despair in old age. Whatever induces moral depression is as baneful to existence as that which induces physical depression. Firmness of will is, therefore, one of the most powerful sanitary means. The seven cardinal virtues were faith, hope, charity, temperance, justice, and *force*. The seven mortal sins, pride, avarice, idleness, luxury, envy, anger, and gluttony. The one are favorable to long life, the other fatal to it. The force of the will, by giving a high tone to the more noble faculties of the soul, strengthens the principle of life, and enables both mind and body to resist all that is pernicious and hurtful to it. Fear or indecision, on the other hand, delivers it up helpless to the enemy. Energy in doing good is still more sustaining than even strength of will de-

voted to mere selfish ends. It is the feeling which enables a medical man to perform his duties with cheerfulness and impunity in time of pestilence and plague. Fabrizio, afflicted by a fatal complaint, withdrew to the country to die. A family of peasants supplicated his aid in the case of a disastrous accident, and their gratitude was so lively and sincere for the cure effected, that the physician felt that if his life was not utterly useless, he had no right to abstract it from that of others. He resumed his labors, recovered his health, and lived to a good old age. Barthez, Foderé, and Hufeland, all believed that great power of will could induce prolongation of life. It is certainly powerful to relieve. Kant used to say that most nervous disorders are due to idleness and mental inertia. Many conditions of debility, discomfort, distress, and sickness arise, indeed, from mere fretful and cowardly giving way to corporeal sensations. The great French Revolution roused many poor, sickly, and languishing persons to health and activity.

With respect to the intellectual faculties, the solid quality of the mind—that is to say, good common sense—is more conducive to health and longevity than great talents or brilliant gifts. John Sinclair used to declare that out of a hundred centenarians only one, Fontenelle, was a man of lively imagination. This is scarcely correct; the immoderate use of the brain is hurtful to health, but liveliness is beneficial. So, on the other hand, is inactivity of the brain prejudicial. If a man lives longer than other animals, it is because he is a thinking animal. The useful employment of the intellectual powers is one among the golden rules of health and longevity laid down at the commencement of this article. Nothing has been given to us in vain, or otherwise than for our happiness and welfare. Common sense, therefore, should tell us that the moderate use, not the abuse, of all our faculties is conducive to health and longevity.

Above all things, the fear of death should be valiantly combated. "To love life without fearing death," said Hufeland, is the only means of living happy and dying at a good old age.

People who dread death seldom attain longevity. If death presents itself to us

under a repulsive and terrifying aspect, it is solely owing to our habits and prejudices having perverted our feelings. Montaigne justly said that it is the darkening the room, the faces full of grief and desolation, the moaning and crying, that make death terrific. Civilization, by investing death with the most lugubrious associations that it can conjure up, has also contributed to rendering it a hideous spectre. It is the reverse with the patient. In nine cases out of ten death is not only a relief, but almost a sense of voluptuousness. Sleep daily teaches us the reality of death. "Sleep and death are twins," said the poets of antiquity. Why, then, should we fear death when we daily invoke its brother as a friend and a consolation? "Life," said Buffon, "begins to fail long before it is utterly gone." Why, then, should we dread the last moment, when we are prepared for its advent by so many other moments of

a similar character? Death is as natural as life. Both come to us in the same way, without our consciousness, without our being able to determine the advent of either. No one knows the exact moment when he goes to sleep, none will know the exact moment of his death. It is certain that death is generally a pleasurable feeling. Lucan used to say that life would be unsupportable to man if the gods had not hidden from him the happiness he would experience in dying. Tullius Marcellinus, Francis Suarez, and the philosopher La Mettrie, all spoke of the voluptuousness of their last moments. Such are the consolations which philosophy presents to timid minds that dread death. We need not say what much higher and loftier consolations await the Christian who is firm and steadfast in his faith, and has before him the prospect of eternal life.

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St. Paul's.

#### ASSAMMARCO!

ABOUT three hundred and seventy years ago—1498—the strange-looking word prefixed to this paper was very frequently heard in the streets of Florence. And during the last few months the same cry has been in many mouths. The word in the Florentine cockney dialect means "To St. Mark's!" and in the old books of the time, when every Florentine man and woman spoke exactly as the lower populace speaks now, the word is found printed as it is above written. It was the shout of a furious populace in 1498, as they rushed to the old Dominican convent of St. Mark's, bent on dragging from its walls the Prior Girolamo Savonarola, in order to do him to death. In 1860 the cry has mainly been heard in the mouths of the lovers of art and of the cab-drivers responding to the frequent orders of strangers and visitors of all sorts.

But the old convent, with its memories and its art-treasures, has been there all the time, dozing away on the sunny side of the square which bears its name; and the black and white Dominicans have been all these intervening years to be seen basking in the sun at their convent door, or pacing their larger or their

smaller cloister, or occasionally sauntering through the streets of Florence. Why, therefore, should the old cry of "Assammarco!" have been heard again, especially during the last past few months?

For two reasons.

In the first place, because not only the prior, but he and all his flock have recently been harried forth from their immemorial quarters. And as a consequence of this, the sex, which has during all these years been forbidden by claustral rules to penetrate within the walls of the convent, has now, for the first time, been able to gratify its curiosity by visiting every part of the building; and, in the second place, because the same ejection of the old tenants of the historic walls has brought to light many heretofore unknown or unobserved treasures of art, and has encouraged the Italian Government to render these, as well as such as were previously known to exist, more pleasantly accessible and more available to art-students.

Therefore "all the world" has once again been crying "Assammarco!"

And the world was well justified in its curiosity.



The first care of the new masters of the convent was to cleanse it thoroughly. This has been done very efficiently. The whole of the cells, passages, cloisters, refectories, chapter-house, &c., &c., have been swept and garnished in such sort that it may well be supposed that never since the day when Cosmo, "pater patriæ," completed the building until now has the convent been so entirely clean. The odor of sanctity has altogether departed from it; and a slight odor of whitewash in certain parts of the building will by no means be mistaken for the former by any olfactories which have ever had experience of the real thing.

Then, when this had been done, when nothing remained within the walls save the priceless paintings on them, it became a question what should be done with the vast building? It has been proposed to convert it into a national picture-gallery and art-museum, to concentrate there all the treasures now housed in the galleries of the Uffizi, the vast picture-gallery of the Pitti,—the suite of rooms occupied by which the Court would be very glad to be able to use for other purposes,—the gallery of the Accademia delle Belle Arti, and some other public art-property. It is asserted that there is space in the convent to house all the enormous collection that would thus be brought together well and judiciously. It seems somewhat difficult to believe that such should be the case, vast as the buildings of the old Dominican convent are. But the assertion is made by persons who should be well-informed on such a subject.

No such plan, however, has as yet been adopted by the Government. The present notion is to make of St. Mark's a special museum of Dominican art. No one of the monastic orders has numbered so many artists in its ranks as the sons of St. Dominic. Both "Beato Angelico" and "Fra Bartolomeo" were, as is well known, monks in this convent; and the most important works of the former are still to be found in the frescoes with which he adorned its walls; and these circumstances seem to give an appearance of special propriety to the idea. But it is very difficult to imagine that all that can be gathered as memorials of Dominican art can need, or in any way occupy, the immense space at command.

A few paintings by Fra Bartolomeo

have been already transported thither; but the real attraction, which has been drawing the visitors in crowds all the past winter "Assammarco," is the wonderful series of frescoes on the walls of the convent by the matchless hand of Fra Angelico.

Those and the strange memories connected with the place!

Very strange and suggestive it is to walk through those utterly empty cells and corridors! The smaller and the larger cloister are connected by a passage, from which opens a stair leading to the cells above the former. They occupy three sides of the quadrangle; on the fourth is the southern wall of the nave of the church. The stair opens on the eastern corridor; and immediately facing the head of it, on the wall of the opposite cell, the visitor sees the first of the traces of the presence here of Beato Angelico, in a very charming painting of the Annunciation.

"*Virginis intactæ cum veneris ante figuram,  
Pretereundo cave ne sileatur Ave!*"

is inscribed in ancient Gothic letters beneath the picture, with more of piety than prosody. Every monk of those who lodged in the cells above the western cloister must needs pass by that spot every time he betook himself to the church, or the refectory, or the library. If few "Aves" are said by those who now climb that stair, there is little danger that the stranger should pass the spot unheedingly, for this representation of the Annunciation is as exquisite a specimen of his special excellence as any which "Il Beato" has left in the convent.

The special excellence of this Dominican friar was indeed the special excellence of all the greater artists among his contemporaries, and of the painters before the time of Raffaello generally. This excellence may be very briefly described as the power of speaking most impressively to the intelligence and the emotional nature by material means, which speak very imperfectly to the outward eye. The learned in such matters put forward very interesting theories, based on profound consideration of the social and religious condition of the times in which those painters lived, to explain why and how it should have come to pass that those early artists possessed that power.

That they did possess it is unquestionable. Compare a Madonna by Correggio with a Madonna by Beato. The perfection of the execution of the former will put to shame the hard lines and incorrect anatomy of the latter. But it supplies to you no luminous exposition of the thoughts and inner nature of the human being represented, such as the work of the older artist gives you.

This power of expressing a faith or a feeling was the especial faculty of the artists who wrought in the days before it became necessary,—or at least very tempting,—for art to suit itself to the liking of wealthy and powerful, but very corrupt patrons. And Fra Beato possessed it in a very eminent degree; and the painting of the Annunciation at the head of the convent stair at St. Mark's is a very notable example of it. What would be the thoughts, the emotions, of a maiden receiving such an announcement as the angel came to make to Mary? It was certainly a situation involving emotion of no ordinary character. And there, in the face, the attitude of the "Annunziata," you have the Dominican painter's conception and rendering of that incident; and it is worthy of study.

Turning to the left, as one stands in front of the above picture, the half of the eastern \* side of the corridor over the cloister is traversed; then, turning to the right, the southern limb of the quadrangle; and then, after another turn at right angles to the right, the western side; and at the further end of this are the three small closets, forming the prior's lodging. As is apparent from the above description of the locality, these cells are adjacent to the church, but they have no immediate communication with it. There was no way by which the prior could leave his cell, save by traversing three sides of the passages above the cloister.

In these three little cells,—the innermost so small as barely to allow room for a little altar, and a faldstool in front of it,—Savonarola lived; and from them he was dragged to his martyrdom in the Piazza della Signoria,—the great square in the centre of Florence.

In these three little cells various memorials of the "terrible frate" have

been gathered together. In the innermost, there is a copy of an extremely curious painting of the burning of the friar, executed at the time when it occurred. It has no artistic merit whatever, but is extremely valuable as affording a most interesting illustration and confirmation of the accounts of the contemporary historians.

In the middle cell there is a very excellent copy of a contemporary portrait of the friar, and a variety of personal memorials, such as part of the hair-shirt he wore, his rosary, his mass-book, and other such matters. The portrait is well worth attentive study. It is an easily read commentary on the friar's history,—very unmistakably the head of an enthusiast and a fanatic,—by no means that of a reasoner. The lower part of the face plainly declares the entirety of the conquest that has been achieved by the spirit over all the lower appetites and lusts of the flesh. Yet this lower part of the face is not, as is frequently the case in the portraits of other saints and ascetics, emptied of all meaning and expression by the force which has driven from it the expression of every earthward appetite. There remain the characteristic lines which tell of invincible firmness of will and desire of domination. The blazing eye is full of the same tale. It is at once the eye of the seer, the visionary, and the ruthless ruler over the wills of himself and others. But all above, the brow and the forehead, are poor, pinched, and mean to a very striking degree,—a genuinely monastic head.

In the outer cell there are two terracotta busts, which are by no means among the least noteworthy objects in the old convent. They have all the appearance of works of the sixteenth century; and to whatever epoch they may belong, they are at once seen to be the productions of no ordinary artist. One of the two is a life-size bust of Savonarola, and the other merely the terracotta mask of the features of an aged man. They are the works of Giovanni Bastianini, the son of a poor Florentine stone-mason, who died quite a young man a few months ago. The bust of Savonarola is an exceedingly striking performance. A more life-like, more characteristic portrait it would be impossible to imagine.

\* The points of the compass are given in the text, as they would be if the west front of the church faced accurately to the west. But such is not the case.

But a still more curious interest attaches to the other terra-cotta face. It is a reproduction of the face of a bust which some time since was placed among the cinque-cento treasures of the Louvre. This bust was the portrait of a workman in the tobacco manufactory at Florence, whose physiognomy had struck Bastianini as well adapted for his purpose of trying his hand at an imitation of the manner of the cinque-cento artists. When finished, he named the bust *Giro-lamo Benvieni*, who was a contemporary of Savonarola, well known in Florentine history. It is right, however, that it should be well understood that Bastianini had not the slightest intention of being a party to any fraud. He sold his bust, as the work of his hands, to a certain Florentine dealer for a few hundred francs. And the latter sold it as a genuine work,—and a very fine work,—of the sixteenth century, to the Director of the Gallery of the Louvre, for a very large sum. But, as may easily be imagined, inasmuch as Bastianini had neither worked in secret nor made any mystery about the disposal of his work when he had sold it, the fact that the bust exhibited at the Louvre as a recent acquisition of the highest importance, and a magnificent example of cinque-cento art, was in truth the work of a poor young artist at Florence, who was ready and willing to make as many more such to order as he could get orders for, and that for a very moderate sum, was well known to far too large a number of persons for it to remain long concealed. The whole history of the bust and of its author was told to the authorities at the Louvre. But the authorities at the Louvre were too much interested in their own infallibility to admit the truth of an assertion so painful to them. The story of Bastianini's handicraft was disputed by them with all the dictatorial urgency of French art-criticism; and we doubt whether, up to this moment, the merit of the bust has been conceded to its author in the catalogues of the Paris Museum.

The western side of the quadrangle, at the extremity of which are the prior's cells of which we have been speaking, contains the cells of the novices,—close under the prior's supervision, it will be observed. In each of the other cells

situated on the other sides of the quadrangles, there is a fresco by *Fra Beato*. But in these cells of the novices the paintings, which were intended to incite to devotion, are by some meaner hand. And instead of being a series of varied pictures, as are those by *Il Beato*, the same representation, — a Dominican monk kneeling at the foot of the crucifix, — is repeated in all of them.

In the southern side the range of the cells of the older monks begins, and every one of them has a fresco by *Beato Angelico*. There is also, on the outer wall of the cells in the middle of this corridor, a larger fresco,—a *Madonna and Child and Angels*.

Among the cells in the eastern corridor is that of *St. Antonine*, a Dominican saint. And here a variety of memorials, — various objects dear to the lover of relics,—have been collected. But *St. Antonine*, who was canonized by Rome, has not so much interest in heretical eyes as *Savonarola*, whom Rome burned. And save for the fresco of *Il Beato*, which adorns this as all the other cells, except those of the novices, there is little that need detain us in the cell in which the Florentine saint earned his canonization.

Nearly opposite to this cell is the entrance to the library, a fine hall divided into three naves by a double row of columns with round-headed arches. Here were once the larger part of the precious collection of manuscripts, gathered at an enormous cost by the elder *Cosmo de Medici*, at the time when Western Europe was awakening to the value of the literature of the old pagan world. This, in some respects, matchless collection now forms the world-famed *Laurentian Library*, which has found its permanent home in the library attached to the collegiate church of *St. Lorenzo*. This fine hall at *St. Mark's*, swept and garnished and repaved, has now been destined to receive the large collection of illuminated choral books, which has resulted from the suppression of the monasteries. They are conveniently exposed to view, arranged open, so as to exhibit the best page of each, under glass, at long desks extending the whole length of the library. There are some very interesting specimens of the old monastic art of illumination among

them, but nothing to compete with what may be seen at Siena, at Rouen, or at Winchester.

At the extremity of this eastern side of the quadrangular corridor there is a double cell, to which an ancient inscription on a marble table calls especial attention. It tells how Pope Eugenius IV. passed the night in this cell after having consecrated the church, then newly built by Cosmo, "*pater patriæ*;" and, further, how the same Cosmo retained this cell for his own special use at such times as he desired to escape from the world and the cares of state and of commerce, and pass a period of retirement in contemplation and devotion.

This Pope Eugenius was then at Florence, as may be remembered, for the purpose of presiding over the Œcumenical Council, which had been assembled in the hope of arriving at some such agreement upon the points of difference which separated the Eastern from the Western Church as would have rendered it possible for them to unite under one head. As might easily have been foreseen, the attempt was futile. But the gathering of all the most learned men in Christendom at Florence was by no means without a happy result on the then nascent revival of learning.

In this cell, thus honored once by having a pope for its occupant and many times by the occupation of the great Cosmo, the father of his country, there are two frescoes by Il Beato; one a remarkably fine one of the Crucifixion, with the two malefactors and many figures below. Some of the heads are very fine.

Some of the very extensive buildings of the convent have been assigned to other purposes pending a decision which might make this the permanent home of the immense national wealth of pictures, statues, gems, drawings, engravings, medals, cameos, and every imaginable form of art-representation, now divided among various great galleries. The Accademia della Crusca has been housed here; the apartment which it previously occupied in the Palazzo Ricardi,—now

the Home Office,—being needed for other purposes. But there are three other parts of the convent on the ground floor which have been opened to the curiosity of the public, and which must by no means be forgotten,—the larger and the smaller refectory and the chapter-house.

In the larger refectory,—a noble room,—there is, not a Last Supper, as usual in similar positions, but a representation of St. Dominic with a company of his disciples at supper, served by angels, by Sogliani. The two angels, who are bringing to the table aprons full of little rolls, are of exceeding beauty. In the smaller refectory there is a painting of the Last Supper, by Ghirlandajo, marked by all the nobleness of conception that so especially characterizes his works.

But the "*bonne-bouche*," the grandest thing St. Mark's has to show, is a magnificent fresco of the Crucifixion, by Fra Beato, in the capitol, or chapter-room,—chapter-house, as we more usually say. This is undoubtedly one of the noblest frescoes extant. It is very large, occupying the whole of one wall of the chamber, and consists of a great number of figures. It is in an admirable state of preservation. Till this great picture has been seen, no one can form a due estimate of the powers of Fra Beato. But it is now for the first time freely visible to all who will take the trouble to go and look at it. And it is the less necessary, therefore, to attempt any description of it. However accurately such endeavors may portray the impressions which have been made on the writer, little or no conception of the work described can be conveyed to the mind of the reader by any such means.

"Assammarco!"

Let him who would make acquaintance with the great Dominican artist,—the greatest master of the art of translating spiritual emotion into outward form that ever handled brush,—join his voice to that of the crowds who are once again crying "Assammarco!"

Macmillan's Magazine.

## STUDY AND OPINION IN OXFORD.

No theories of unexplored lands or extinct civilizations are more contradictory than the current conceptions of the University of Oxford. It is sometimes spoken of as the peaceful seat of a learned and industrious society; more often as the "earthly paradise" of the ignorant and idle. In politics it has been identified with the worst hide-bound Toryism from time immemorial; yet at the last election did not the *Times* make merry over the discomfiture of the "University Liberalism," which vainly contested Woodstock, Abingdon, Clitheroe, and half-a-dozen other places? So, again, in things religious or theological: Oxford is feared by some as the home, the birth-place, of Tractarianism; by others, as a hotbed of Rationalism, a sink to which all that is worst in German speculation has found its way. Some look to it for champions, others only for destroyers, of the Faith. The object of the present essay is to describe, with such light as the writer possesses, the actual state of the society in which so many contradictions exist; to characterize and estimate the force of the conflicting tendencies within it; and to inquire how far the University can rightly be described as a seat of secular and theological learning. We are not concerned with questions of re-organization or reform, nor with University studies in the abstract: rather with the position of Oxford in relation to its own acknowledged aims, and to currents of thought which are moving, or have lately moved, the world outside.

In each of the most contradictory accounts of the University there is much truth; no society could be formed out of more directly conflicting elements. But its motley and, at first sight, chaotic aspect appears natural enough if we go back a little way with its history. There are men still living who remember the University a homogeneous body, and who witnessed all the successive changes which, one after another, have added so many new colors that the old is now recognizable only as the dull and threadbare ground of a lively pattern. At

the end of the last century the colleges were close bodies; the boy who won or was nominated to a scholarship at fifteen succeeded a few years later to a fellowship in the same college without competition from outside; the scholarships were, with a few exceptions, attached to particular counties or schools; nothing, or next to nothing, was to be won by merit. There were no honor-lists, not more than two or three University prizes in the year; the examination for the degree was an absolute farce. The morality of the place seems to have been pretty well on a level with its studies; its political opinions could not fail, under the circumstances, to be Tory to the backbone. Here and there indeed were men of learning, as learning then was: they read the classics, they wrote Latin verses; some studied, or at any rate edited, the Fathers. But the University had long ceased to be a centre of intellectual life. It had lost the dialectical training of the Middle Ages, and had turned unsympathetically from the great philosophical movement that followed the Reformation. Nothing remained but the classics, and the classical interest had so shrivelled up that the instruction given pretended to nothing beyond mere schoolboy translation. Not till the year 1801 did reform begin. An honor-list was then instituted; classical learning reappeared; something called Logic was taught and taken into "the schools;" books began to be written on other subjects than theology. Such names as Arnold, Milman, and Newman give an interest to the class-lists of this period (1800—1825); but the University of their boyhood was not that which claimed or disclaimed them in their later years. The love of knowledge had not yet penetrated Oxford; there was learning, but not the spirit of inquiry. Greek and Roman authors were read rather in a literary than historic or philosophical interest, and though with the increasing study of ancient writings it was impossible that the subjects of which they treated should long be ignored, yet the books written by

the learned of that time give interesting evidence of the utter ignorance of both ancient and modern philosophy with which we had to make our fresh start. We owe too much to our predecessors to laugh at these early efforts; but what must have been the state of things in which Whately's *Logic* was welcomed as an epoch-making work? "So utterly had the Aristotelian tradition perished in Oxford among the tutors, that it may be questioned if in 1830 there was one tutor, if we except Dr. Hampden, who understood that philosophy as a whole."\* It is not necessary to trace the steps by which something bearing a resemblance to a philosophic habit of mind has made its way into the study of the "*Literæ Humaniores*," or to inquire how far it is due to Dr. Arnold and his Rugby pupils; how far to the general advance of knowledge in England, and the introduction of new books; how far to the genius and energy of a living professor, and the interest in German literature which he has awakened. The study of classical scholarship and logic, known by the name of "*Literæ Humaniores*," appears to have gradually expanded into speculation and rational inquiry into the past. The transformation at present contemplated by Cambridge forced it almost imperceptibly upon Oxford, where it was so much more necessary on account of the absence of mathematical studies. Knowing nothing but Latin and Greek, and yet suspecting that nouns and verbs, grammars and lexicons, were not after all the only possible objects of interest to the human mind, we found nothing so open to us as ancient history and philosophy. But before any real insight into these subjects had become common, and before the liberal and scientific movement which founded the University of London had made itself felt in Oxford, Tractarianism burst upon us with the blind force of a movement at once reform and reaction, strong in the very contrast of the spirituality of its leader and the unreasoning excitement of the bulk of his clerical and undergraduate followers. Looking back upon the last twenty years, it is not easy to say whether learning has or has not been advanced by the

extravagances of 1843;—whether the indirect good which they occasioned in stirring up men's minds and provoking controversy may not outweigh the manifold evils which the obstructive High Church party has never ceased to inflict upon the University. But as it is with the temporary influence of Tractarianism upon University studies during the years of its predominance that we are concerned, it is enough to say that it gathered up in the theological interest almost the whole intellectual force of Oxford; that everybody became a theologian; and that what was not theology, or could not be pressed into its service, was condemned. The completeness of the absorption is shown in some portentous relics of the literature of the day, especially in the early works of men who have since delivered their souls and won a name in the service of historical or philosophical truth. Tradition makes one of the most distinguished "Essayists and reviewers" a prominent follower of Newman: the mention of the tradition is justified by the mention of his name in the "*Apologia*." So, too, Mr. Freeman's "*History of Architecture*" (1849), which finds in every buttress, niche, and pediment a witness to the glories of "Anglicanism," gives a curious testimony to the infectiousness of the fever which had subdued even the masculine mind of the future historian of the Norman Conquest.

It was natural that Tractarianism should not set itself to introduce studies which it could not imbue with its own aims. It staked everything on its theology: let this fall, and there remains a void; and the energy and impulse to inquiry which might have fulfilled its mission on the neutral ground of modern history, philology, or natural science, will have to turn inwards, and occupy itself with sceptical theorizing. And thus it was. Dr. Newman severed himself from his party; men of intelligence fell away from it one after another, to be replaced by uneducated curates and undergraduates. Meanwhile foreign thought with its stirring influence was finding its way into Oxford, and we tasted of the fruit of the tree of knowledge and began to know good and evil. Had Oxford at an earlier period admitted wider studies, or had theology en-

\* Mr. Pattison in *Oxford Essays*, 1855.

couraged anything to stand beside itself, the stream might have been diverted into other channels; but in the general poverty the new movement was almost forced into an antagonism to all things theological and ecclesiastical. Clough's writings reflect in an extreme form the agitation of the time, the exaggerated importance attached to religious scepticism, the repugnance to old forms: every step in knowledge seemed to be so much taken from devotion; the harmony of truth had passed beyond the reach of man. After a while there came to be two parties established in Oxford, with definite aims and characteristics: on the one side the Church party in alliance with the Tories, including most of the older residents and a great majority of the non-residents; on the other the majority of the junior fellows, steadily increased by the adherence of all the best men who came up to the University. The younger side was in harmony with public opinion. The Commission of 1853 remodelled Oxford; most of the fellowships were thrown open, professorships established, and a constitution of things set on foot which was to so great a degree an embodiment of the idea that the *raison d'être* of the University was the advancement of learning, that whatever has obviously conflicted with, or had no relation to, that end, has now come to be regarded as an abuse, and doomed to perish. Under the new *régime* Liberalism in politics and religion has been steadily gaining ground among the comparatively small number of men whom ideas can reach, the Ecclesiastical party meanwhile sinking lower and lower in character and ability, though as preponderant as ever in Convocation, where all Masters of Arts who keep their names on the books are entitled to vote, whether resident or non-resident. Here the educated minority is swamped by a multitude of former pass-men, who gained nothing from Oxford but its prejudices, and whose aim, conscious or unconscious, in interfering with the University, is nothing more than to keep it down to their own level. It is not perhaps too much to say, if we confine our view to the resident members, that nine-tenths of the ability and industry in Oxford is to be found on the other side. Breaking from the oppressive bond of theo-

logical affinities, a cultivated society has come into existence, in which all the forces of progress—social, political, artistic—find a ready sympathy. The University is no longer alien to the higher life of the nation, and unacquainted with everything outside its own books. Now and then a great poet, or great artist, comes among us. The visit of Mr. Rossetti in 1857, with other men who have since become famous, is likely to be long remembered. Nor is Mr. Browning's face unknown in the college of which he is an honorary fellow.

We have roughly indicated the successive influences under which in the course of the last seventy years a stagnant and aimless University has been shaken out of its torpor and inspired with new hopes and a new life. But with such a society, especially when the moving forces have been intellectual, the case is just the reverse of that of the material body "moving altogether if it move at all." Tractarianism alone stirred up the mass of undergraduates, who remain almost as impenetrable as ever to any rational interest; while, furthest removed from them in years, most like in unprogressiveness and indifference, there linger men of former generations sleepily holding on to the posts which have of late gained a significance of such contrast with their unimportance in past years, a significance so patent to all but those who ought to feel it the most. But we are powerless here, and can look forward only to the gradual extinction of the unhonored tribe of veterans: it would be as unprofitable as unseemly to dwell upon their incapacity. The other stationary class consists of about two-thirds of the undergraduates, that is to say, of those who are content with a pass-degree, and whose presence in Oxford has really nothing to do with study. Derived, in a very large proportion, from the most backward classes in the country—the sons of squires, clergymen, and capitalists—they pass from three to five years in Oxford over work which might be done in as many months; as far as they can they turn the colleges into so many clubs; they make living more expensive than it need be, partly by their liberality, partly by leaving their debts unpaid, and so compelling trades-

men to recompense themselves by overcharging those who do pay. On every political and religious question they are invariably on the wrong side. Not that this is the whole of the picture. No one can be insensible to the freedom and manliness of the ordinary Oxford life, with its infinite effectiveness in producing the qualities hitherto most characteristic of, as most valued by, the English gentleman. But if it be true that the tendency of advancing civilization is to rest more and more on intelligence, we cannot but look with apprehension on a training in which the culture of the higher self is practically unregarded. No naturalness, no robust spontaneity, can redeem a life of which self-denial forms no part—a life uninfluenced by the thought of the poor, or the idea of a truth beyond that of our common intercourse.

A classification based simply on the difference between a pass and an honor degree may seem a very inadequate method of dealing with the infinite variety of character and habits which must exist among the undergraduate body. The reason why it is not quite superficial is that the one examination is compulsory, the other voluntary. There are, no doubt, pass-men who believe in intelligence, and there are honor-men who have been forced, against their will, to get through a certain amount of reading; but, on the whole, the honor-men are those who have, and the pass-men those who have not, sufficient interest in the well-being of their minds to be willing to make some sacrifice of time and pleasure for the mind's sake. If this is so, the proportion of the one class to the other is not without its significance, though it tells us nothing of the highest attainment of the few, which is the more important matter. Speaking roughly, not more than one man in three goes in for honors in any "school" at the degree examination; and it is remarkable that, after considerable fluctuation, the proportion is nearly the same as it was thirty years ago, though in 1853 the new, and as it was thought, attractive subjects of natural science and modern history were added to the curriculum.\*

\* As this point is controverted, it will be well

Writing on "study and opinion," there is nothing to detain us among the multitude of men who do not study and have no opinions. If they had to be described, the description could be drawn only from their bodily motions; and no little charm is there in their boating and athletics, their free and manly life. But as for anything beyond this, it would be like trying to write a long character of a baby. If they have been well brought up, they are pious; if ill, ungodly. Dr. Pusey tells them,\* *ore rotundo*, that unless they agree with him, it is no good believing anything at all; so, of course, they do. Why should they not? What can they know about it?

The reader will not require a critical examination of the strength and weakness of the four "schools" which comprehend between them the whole recognized labor of the University. What there should be in Oxford to make mathematics so unpopular, it is difficult to

to give the figures from which a conclusion is to be drawn. The number of class-men must be compared with the number of matriculations four years earlier, the examination taking place about four years after entrance:—

The yearly average of matriculations in	Of names in the class-lists in
1832—1836 was 374	1836—1840 was 131
1837—1841 " 411	1841—1845 " 121
1842—1846 " 408	1846—1850 " 117
1847—1851 " 406	1851—1855 " 149
1852—1856 " 420	1856—1860 " 147
1857—1861 " 408	1861—1865 " 130
1862—1864 " 470	1866—1868 " 161

The numbers in the Modern History school are steadily increasing; in the Mathematical school, diminishing; in Natural Science, well-nigh stationary; in "Literæ Humaniores," fluctuating. Of the total average of 161 from 1855 to 1868, 88 belong to Literæ Humaniores, 49 to Modern History, 14 to Mathematics, 10 to Natural Science. In the earlier lists, from 20 to 30 are in Mathematics, the remainder in Literæ Humaniores.

The midway examination called *Moderationes*, in which, on the classical side, nothing beyond the translation of a few Latin and Greek books and some indifferent composition is required, attracts an increasing number of men. In 1855, 101 gained classical honors; in 1861, 129; in 1868, 140. But the standard is that of schoolboys' work. Mathematical honors are also plentifully awarded.

\* *Undergraduates' Journal*, Oct. 25th. The *Undergraduates' Journal* is great upon the sermons; it puts them before the athletics, and in larger type. Not an insignificant phenomenon this, altogether.



divine, and at the present time more so than ever, when we have the advantage and prestige of two professors of European reputation. The neglect of natural science is easily explained. It has but of late been introduced into public schools, and it cannot be expected that there will be a large number of men willing, on coming to the University, to devote themselves to a study of which they heard nothing at school. In proportion as the public schools become familiarized with science, it will probably be cultivated at Oxford.

The Law and Modern History school, like that of natural science, dates only from 1853, and is so far from having reached its ultimate form, that a considerable difference may be traced in the character of the papers set in 1867 and those of 1868.

There remains the true Oxford school of the *Literæ Humaniores*, bearing still the name in which the awakening Middle Age recorded its perception of a truth and grace of unconstrained humanity in the shipwrecked fragments of the Pagan world, such as had never yet dawned upon its own life or its own creations. And even now antiquity seems to preserve something of its vivifying influence. It was the school of *Literæ Humaniores* to which, while yet over its spelling-book, the regeneration of Oxford was committed. It bore a principle of growth in itself, and for a while its expansion was altogether from within. Then, when the isolation of Oxford was broken down, and under the life-giving breath of Continental thought the thing of dust began to move after the fashion of a man, it was in the *Literæ Humaniores* that each fresh influence made itself felt. In the bright and teeming life of Greece it seemed as if every aspiration of the new world was reflected. "How could men have looked so long upon antiquity as a dead aggregate of books? How could they have found no meaning in the things that its prophets, its philosophers, poets, and historians had spoken?" Thus, in the examination, in the place of the bare interpretation of the letter, there has come to be the full discussion of the subjects to which the traditional books more especially relate. The range is now too wide. In the course of two

years, besides mastering eight books,\* the student has to learn to write about logic and metaphysics, moral and political philosophy, history of philosophy, and a great part of Roman and Grecian history, any one of which subjects, if adequately handled, would probably take up the whole of the time; some of them much more. The consequence is that his knowledge is mostly hearsay: he can but repeat in a better or worse form what he has heard from his lecturer, or at the most apply the spirit and method of it to whatever comes before him. It will be readily understood how, under such a system, a critical rather than an accumulative habit of mind is engendered. It is impossible for the undergraduate to read through, for example, the different moral systems which he will be expected to discuss in the examination. He gets a short account of them from his tutor, and is told the objections under which they labor, or the points in which they have been further developed. So with a fair amount of knowledge he writes as if he were omniscient, as indeed he would need to be, to do justice to the questions put before him. This unreality of the work entails two evil consequences: it breeds conceit—"I, who can write brilliantly on any subject under the sun, am surely not as other men are;" and it tends to form a habit of looking rather to what has been said, or may be said, about things, than to the things themselves. It is just the *geniemässige Freiheit*, which Kant regards as the worst enemy of the *Geist der Gründlichkeit in Deutschland*. Of its two evils the second is the more important, because the more lasting: conceit has many chances of being rubbed off, whether a man goes out into the world and finds something more substantial needed than epigrams, or, remaining in Oxford, becomes aware of the contrast between his own fluency and the hesitation of the true scholar, or in long-deferred expectation learns to possess his soul in patience. With all its drawbacks, the school of *Literæ Humaniores* is justly regarded as

\* Plato's Republic, Aristotle's Ethics, Herodotus, Thucydides, Tacitus (Histories or six books of Annals), Livy (ten books), Bacon's Novum Organon, Butler's Sermons. But the last is nearly obsolete.

the true strength of Oxford; its faults are those which are rectified by after life; its stimulus perhaps such as nothing else could give. In the extravagance of doubting and criticising all things the young man's mind is fairly shaken out of its dogmatic slumber and set inquiring for a rational point of view, where before he had never felt the need of anything beyond his nursery beliefs. It may be said that he is "digged about and dunded." He loses his balance for the time, and speaks unadvisedly with his lips; but when the foolish love of paradox has passed away, and his self-assertion has sobered down, there is found an element of reason in his mind which was not there before, which makes him look with wiser eyes upon all his life, upon religion and politics, and upon those who differ from him. The truest testimony to the enlightening influence of the school of *Literæ Humaniores* is the antipathy of that section of the clergy in Oxford which can see in the deepening moral sense of man nothing but a fen-fire that is ever beguiling him further and further from his shelter in the past.

In speaking of the examinations, we are passing from the undergraduate to his teachers, for the examination will depend, in the long run, on the nature of the teaching given. Within the last few years a change has begun to take place in the system of instruction, starting with a movement in the direction of free trade, and developing into the more dignified form of co-operation. The notorious shortcomings of the professors of certain subjects, and the feebleness of the lecturers in several colleges, suggested to a few active persons the idea of giving open lectures themselves, to which undergraduates of any college should be admitted on payment of a moderate fee. In one branch the scheme was surprisingly successful. The lecturer, who had a good, but by no means exceptional knowledge of his subject, chiefly by throwing more life into it than any one had done before, attracted crowds of men; and whatever may have been the results to those immediately concerned, it was apparently the cause which produced two subsequent amalgamations of college lectures. Under the old system, each college has its own

lecture on almost every subject, the waste of labor being enormous, to say nothing of the folly of making men lecture without regard to their qualification or interest in the subject, when there are others at a short distance doing it much better. It is true that the professors exist mainly for public lecturing; and some do labor, and have labored, with great energy and success. Others are of little or no service, having been elected by Convocation, not on account of their fitness for the post, but through the action of theological or political party-spirit. The unscrupulous disregard which Convocation has always shown for the educational interests of the University committed to its charge, its alacrity in deciding everything by unworthy party-prejudices, proves, if any proof were needed, what moral obtuseness may co-exist with the keenest repugnance to anything like religious heterodoxy.

It remains only to indicate the general tendencies of thought among those who are essentially the University, the men engaged in study and tuition, who have been formed under the influences of the last twenty years, and represent the present of Oxford. It may be conceived that at the break-up of Tractarianism two main influences began to make themselves felt; the one, English Liberalism, in more or less cordial alliance with Comte's positive philosophy; the other, German critical theology, and the pregnant speculation of Hegel. There has been no division in political principles; Liberalism has become almost co-extensive with intelligence. But, on the other hand, the antagonism between the spirit of Comte and Hegel must have been early felt, and as for many years the balance has been fluctuating, so at the present time there is an open acknowledgment of the hostility of the two systems of thought, and each side is thinking it time that the other should be converted.

In employing the names Comte and Hegel, we do not mean to say that the system of one or other of those philosophers forms the creed of every one in Oxford; but, inasmuch as in every speculative question it is always possible to range the answers given, however great the variety of their details, in two essentially opposite classes, we employ

the names of Comte and Hegel as on the whole the most convenient formula to express this general dissimilarity. There is a mode of regarding human life and history as in the main determined from outside. The spirit of physical science is applied to man; he is the subtlest of organizations, yet not so fearfully and wonderfully made, but that science will trace back his deepest thought, through link after link, in the network of association, to the simple impressions which he is ever receiving from without, to the sights and sounds, the pleasures and pains, which have gone to make up the sum of his experience from his birth onwards. From the days of Bacon to the present time, English philosophy has had but one aim,—to analyze the complex into the simple operation. All who in this country came between the founder of English philosophy and the clear-sighted man of the world, who with cold precision summed and tabulated for ever its ultimate negative consequences, worked, as it were, with their eyes shut, unconscious that their efforts were but approximations to a point where it needed only the last touch of logic to demonstrate that there was neither angel nor spirit, certainty nor morality, but only sensations and the laws of their association. Since the time of Hume, philosophy in England has been confined to a more or less conscious application of Hume's principles to fresh details, its most obvious form being utilitarianism. But in France on the ruins of the old beliefs a new creed has sprung up, which, starting from the residuum of sensation that Hume had left, builds up without the aid of supernatural influences a new life for man. Let man—it says—only look to what he is himself, and to what the world around him is, and there needs no higher motive than the well-being of humanity, as there can be no higher knowledge than that of the positive laws which have been found to hold in the different orders of existing things. The earliest thought found an explanation of every problem in the idea of a hidden divinity; later, man outgrows the child-like reflection of himself into Nature, and seeks to penetrate her mystery by abstract conceptions and shadowy hypotheses spun out of his own brain.

Not till his reason is fully formed can he realize the simple truth that the only possible knowledge is the knowledge of phenomenal laws, and that all that can be added thereto, so far from leading us to a higher truth, is but so much baseless illusion. The struggles of theology and metaphysics belong to a past order of life; let them not be continued into the present. More than any other philosophy does Positivism take up the words, "Let the dead bury their dead, and follow thou me." It bids us have done with the old endless speculations into the nature of the soul, its origin and destiny, and the vain struggle of the mind to evolve out of itself a theory of things unseen. From clouds and cobwebs it calls us to investigate and further the true substantial concrete life of man. In its classification of the sciences it lays down the direction for all future inquiry. The truth will be completed by continued examination and discovery of new facts; yet such knowledge is not to be regarded as the end in itself, but as subservient to the general well-being of man.

Is there not something unreal in all this? Is it easy to believe that what has ever been spoken of as the highest exercise of reason, the inquiry into things beyond sense, was after all only a simple trick which reflection plays upon itself? Such is the spirit in which Positivism is met by the adherents of the more theoretical philosophy which connects itself with the names of Kant and Hegel. The position taken up by the latter is this—that any method which treats human knowledge and experience as coming altogether from without is radically unsound; for if there were really nothing but impressions or sensations to start from (into which the English philosophy resolves all experience), we should never have come to have experience at all. Hume's conclusions are really a *reductio ad absurdum*; what he has proved is, that the premises with which he starts are unsound. The task of German philosophy, since Hume gave it a new direction, has been to ascertain what there is in the nature of the mind itself independent of sensations and impressions, and from this unalterable constitution of the mind to deduce what conclusions it can. It is not hard to see

how very different will be the character and the tendencies of this philosophy from those of positivism. The metaphysical and theological speculation which the latter discarded as so much moonshine now appears as not only real but of the very highest necessary truth. Those who are of this way of thinking, while paying all due honor to the sciences of observation, will maintain that the spirit of man is one thing and the natural world another; and, denying that the methods of physical science can exhaust all that there is to be known about man, will turn with interest to theology as the highest of all studies, and endeavor in the service of truth to reconcile religion and philosophy.

It is very far from being our purpose to advocate or criticise; we have merely sketched in outline two contrary systems, to one or other of which all speculative heads must incline. There are, of course, an infinite number of steps between the extreme views of both sides, and but few men will agree to go exactly the same length in a system. Yet, in spite of differences of less or more, there seem to be, in Oxford, corresponding to these two opposite tendencies of thought, two classes in the main, with the distinguishing mark that the one cares for

metaphysics and theology, and the other does not. The fact that the most significant book that has appeared in Oxford for many years—Mr. Jowett's "Epistles of St. Paul"—is a theological work, may convey a wrong impression of the comparative strength of the two interests. The truth is rather that the secular habit of mind has for some time had the predominance, and that theology is very little studied. Even the clerical fellows, whose existence can only be justified on the supposition that they are making themselves learned divines, are, with very few exceptions, not much occupied with such labors. Yet there are indications of change. Together with a very widely enlarged course of logic and the history of philosophy,—a course perhaps too wide for the ordinary honor-man,—the kindred subject of critical theology is beginning to be taught and studied. It is only beginning: but we may hope that in the place of the indifferent latitudinarianism, which is at present the prevailing habit of mind, some more serious and philosophical inquiry into the history and nature of Christianity may be aroused, some effort to exhibit it in its true conception, in harmony with the truth of nature, history, and reason.

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Macmillan's Magazine.

#### MORNING CALLS ON THE MUNICH POLICE.

WE had taken up our abode in Munich with a view to study. We were a party of single women; "unprotected," all six of us. But we had not been long in Maximilien-strasse before we found out that "unprotected" is an epithet totally inapplicable to single women living under the paternal Government of Bavaria. From the instant in which we gave up our passport at the Polizei, receiving in exchange the *Aufenthaltsskarte* (permission to reside), we were under the protection of Government. From that time till we had passed the frontier, it was the business of the Polizei Herrn to take care of us. The Polizei Herrn knew their business, and I am bound to say they did take care of us, just as if we had been born daughters of Bavaria.

The paternal Government interferes a

good deal with its children, of course,— "it is its nature to." It cannot imagine that the children may be grown up and able to dispense with leading-strings. If there is a tendency on the children's part to break certain articles of the code—and even loyal Bavarians transgress sometimes—instead of relaxing, it keeps a sharper look-out, and adds a few more articles to the sum of those which the children ought to keep inviolate, and do not. Nevertheless, with all its fussiness and interference, it does afford most substantial protection. My first morning call on the Polizei Herrn was made under the following circumstances:—We had agreed with our Hausfrau to furnish us lodging, cooking, and attendance for a certain sum, to be paid monthly. For a few days all went on smoothly. It is

true that, in spite of orders to the contrary, our beet-root salad did daily appear heavily besprinkled with caraway seed,—true also that the bread was always full of aniseed; but the comic side of these small miseries was generally uppermost. It was impossible to help laughing when we were told every day that anise and caraway were wholesome (*gesund*), that that was the reason why Germans ate them, and that unless we did as Germans did, we should very soon become *ungesund*. We were sincerely pitied,—it was considered more our misfortune than our fault that we could not thrive on food flavored with these aromatic seeds.

There was another grievance, of which the comic side was not always uppermost. Every morning, whether we liked it or not, our Hausfrau had the floors of our rooms flooded with water like a ship's deck. We were strange folk, unused to German Hausfrau ways, but that was not any matter of concern to our landlady; she had simply to carry out her system. But when, one bitterly cold morning, we rose *en masse*, and sent the maid off with her pail and mop, our Hausfrau thought herself the aggrieved party. It was clear we could not be ladies. We must be Jews. No ladies would object to having their rooms washed out daily. Being Jews it was not necessary to keep faith with us. The day after we were startled by an announcement that we must pay extra for attendance,—we were too many, we gave too much trouble. We told the Frau she must abide by the arrangement made when we took the rooms. It did not signify, she answered coolly; we were too many. It was useless to remind her that we were neither more nor less in number than on the day we entered. "Will you have your rooms washed out to-day?" she asked as she was leaving the sitting-room. This was an ultimatum. "No, we won't," was the unanimous reply.

Next morning we found to our dismay that there was not a drop of water to be had. A lymphatic young woman, Rikey by name, appeared in answer to our repeated ringing. I believe that Rikey must have been second cousin to the Fat Boy. Even when most wide-awake she looked as if she were on the verge of slumber. "Why," we inquired, in very

poetic German, for we were well acquainted with Schiller and Goethe, "why were we deprived of our beloved tubs on this frosty morning? And what did the Frau mean by leaving the jugs and water-bottles dry?"

"Ja," Rikey answered, with her slow grin; "the Frau says that if you pay not extra for attendance, you shall have neither water, nor milk, nor coffee. She has locked up the kitchen, she has forbidden me to attend on you. She says you are not ladies, but Jews. I know better, though, for I have seen you eat sausage."

Should we submit to the extortion? The question was discussed in solemn conclave by six shivering, untubbed, hungry souls, before the unlit drawing-room stove on a frosty November morning. Rikey came and made one of the circle; she had had her breakfast, and felt compassionately towards us, unwilling abstinners from coffee and hot rolls. Why did we not go to the Polizei? she suggested. We had done nothing wrong; we had our *Aufenthaltskarte*; we were already paying twice as much money for the rooms as any other foreigners, let alone Germans, would have paid. The Polizei gentlemen were very nice, they would be sure not to be rough (*groß*) with us, it was so evident that we were strangers. We could speak German, certainly, after a fashion, but we knew no word of Bairisch. In that respect we were lamentably backward, else we should never have taken it so quietly when the Frau, in her anger because we refused to have our rooms washed out daily, called us a *Judenschule*. Had she dared say such a thing to Germans, they would have complained instantly to the police. Why did we not go and complain too? "I will go with you," said Rikey; "doubtless you will not be able to explain everything as you wish, but if I am by I can speak for you; I am not afraid of the Polizei Herrn, I have always had good characters written in my service-book."

Had there been a chance of English publicity, we would have paid anything our Hausfrau pleased to ask rather than enter a police-station. But we knew well enough that the Munich *Tagesanzeiger*, a newspaper consisting of about eight sheets of good-sized note-paper, had no

room in it for police reports, unless of the kind belonging to the *causes célèbres*. So we set off, I the eldest, and S. the tallest of the party, with Rikey to back us. We entered the Polizei, a large, ugly, barrack-like building, with a wide door, a wide staircase, and many long branching corridors, up and down which crowds were hurrying: soldiers, clerks, students, work-people, maid-servants; most of them, especially the last, with little books in their hands. On the various doors along the corridors were inscribed the names of the different officers: Mr. Passport-receiver, Mr. Under-commissary of something or other, Mr. Over-commissary of the same, and so forth. From one room to another we went, each more stuffy than the last; and when for the sixth time we were turned away, after telling our story to the sixth unkempt Herr Commisär in shabby blue uniform, we began to despair. It was not his department, was the invariable answer. We suggested to Rikey, that perhaps there was no department for a grievance such as ours. "We will just go from door to door," said Rikey. "There are some dozens of them, but with patience we must hit upon the right door and the right Herr Commisär at last." At the very next attempt we lighted upon an old Herr Commisär, who not only understood French, but spoke it in the courtly accents of the old *régime*. His manner was as courtly as his speech. Our case was not in his department, but he would accompany us to the room of the Herr Commisär whose duty it was to look into cases of dispute between landlord and tenant. We went back to the room from which we had just before been turned away. My tongue was unloosed, and I stated my case fully, the French-speaking Polizei Herr translating to the three or four Polizei gentlemen who came round. Then a loud Bairisch palaver ensued. Rikey was called aside and questioned privately. The Herr Commisär whose business it was to affix the Polizei stamp to servants' character-books on their entering and quitting a service was called, and deposed to Rikey's respectability. The French-speaking Herr Commisär went away, but presently returned with a Herr Ober-commisär, whose hair and uniform bore some signs of brushing. Herr Ober-commisär glanced at us, heard

what Rikey had to say, then desired me to speak, and when I had finished, told me to take a seat on the sofa at the upper end of the room, and wait. Rikey whispered that a police-agent had been sent for the Hausfrau. In about twenty minutes she came—Justice must have had wings that morning—the police-agent walked her up in a panting state to the table behind which the Herr Ober-commisär had ensconced himself. Questions followed, sharp and quick, to which she gave almost inaudible answers. Then did the Herr Ober-commisär, leaning with both hands on the table, stigmatize her conduct as *abscheulich, schändlich*, with a dozen other qualificatives ending in *ich*. For the space of five minutes did he thunder at her in vigorous Bairish. We, sitting on our sofa in the place of honor, heard it all, though understanding little. It sounded very *bearish*, this Bairisch dialect, in the mouth of Justice. When the Hausfrau had been sufficiently admonished, she was let go, and the Herr Ober-commisär came out from behind his table and addressed himself to us. It was explained (with the assistance of the French-speaking Herr Commisär) that we were at liberty to consider our agreement cancelled, and to seek another lodging as soon as we pleased. "You are strangers; you do not know the customs of the country. When the woman asked you for earnest-money on the day you took the rooms, you gave her a napoleon instead of a six-kreutzer-piece. Thus her cupidity was excited. You were paying so much already, that she thought she might easily make you pay more."

Our next Hausfrau was a snuffy, smoky old soul, Mrs. Doorkeeper-of-the-Reading-room's widow Hinkofer, as she signed herself in receipts for rent. Twice I made a morning call with her at the Polizei, once in the character of defendant. Our student party contained two young ladies, who practised all day long by turns. From eight to nine in the evening was our recreation time. Kalkbrenner and Cramer and Czerny were thrown aside, grammars and dictionaries were shut up, and we sang glees and ballads, and told stories, till bedtime. But two old gentlemen lived in the house, a Herr Rath above, and a Herr Geheimrath below, and they resolved to stop us. So they used to knock—

the Rath who lived above knocked down, and the Geheimrath who lived below knocked up—every evening. We took no notice. We thought ourselves quiet and orderly. We never came home at one in the morning, and threw top-boots about, like the Herr Student who lived on the third flat. We worked hard all day, never going out except for church, the opera, and the daily “constitutional.” Herr Geheimrath, finding his rappings disregarded, sent us a peremptory message to stop our music. He was annoyed by the constant daily practising, and if it continued he should complain at the Polizei.

We sent for Frau Hinkofer, and represented that if the practising and singing were stopped we must find apartments elsewhere. “The Herr Geheimrath’s arrogance is not to be borne,” said she. “Let us go to the Polizei and complain of him.” And off we went. There was the usual stuffy room with a great stove in one corner, and a shabby Herr Commisär seated at a desk near the window. Frau Hinkofer was spokeswoman. We were quite well-behaved ladies, pious souls (*fromme Seele*), who knew not a creature (*kein Mensch*), but were entirely devoted to study. “They lived in the midst of their plaster casts and their books,” said she. “One spends hours at her easel; the other lives and dies for her piano. They live like a nest of doves. You never hear quarrelling, you never see them idle. What will become of me, Herr Commisär, if nice quiet ladies are forced to leave me because the Herr Geheimrath on the first floor does not like to hear scales practised? The bread will be taken out of my mouth, for the season is far advanced, and all the Kammer-Herrn have taken rooms for the term.”

Herr Commisär ruled that we were not to begin scale-practising before six in the morning, nor to continue after nine at night. The opera was always over by nine, and no musical performance need be later than the opera. “See you keep to that,” said he, “and if the Herr Geheimrath knocks up again send him to me.”

The next call I made at the Polizei was in answer to a summons. I had forgotten to renew the *Aufenthaltskarte* at the expiration of our year of residence.

Frau Hinkofer had a summons too, and we went to the Polizei together, she shaking in her shoes, fearing imprisonment. The Herrn were very strict, especially since the Poles had been making such a fuss. The Government was not going to allow any Poles to get to the frontier, for fear of offending the other Powers. In consequence, the Polizei gentlemen were smelling Poles everywhere, and would assuredly send her to prison for neglecting to tell of my neglect. The old Frau, however, did not lose her wits. She had plenty to say to the Herr Commisär. The ladies, dear, good, pious souls, had not been aware of the regulation, they had not transgressed purposely, they were orderly people, living in Munich for the sake of its educational advantages; they lived and died for their piano; and so forth. The *Aufenthaltskarte* nevertheless bore printed very plainly on its back the necessity of renewal at the expiration of the term for which it was taken, objected the Herr Commisär severely. “You have been in Munich a year, and you ought to have learnt German by this time?” I said quite meekly that I had put the *Aufenthaltskarte* away in my desk, and forgotten all about it. If there was a fine, I was quite ready to pay it. There was a fine. Herr Commisär had no doubt that my transgression was inadvertent, but he had no option: the law respecting *Aufenthaltskarten* was very strict. The fine was twenty-four kreutzers. For the second offence it would be doubled or trebled at discretion. I paid my eightpence with a grave face, and promised to mind next time.

“I am glad to be out,” said Frau Hinkofer as we walked up the street. “I made sure they would give me two days’ prison. And it is only your being English ladies that has saved me. If you had been Poles, I should now be on my way to the lock-up. But what can the Polizei gentlemen do? They have to obey the law as well as you and I.”

“Why,” I asked myself, “should my old Hausfrau be seized with such a sudden terror of these benignant Polizei Herrn who had so regretfully fined me eightpence? What had she been doing? She must have been breaking one of the hundred thousand articles of the Bavarian code.” I soon found out which.

There was a long passage to the left of our set of rooms, at the end of which was a room, sometimes vacant, sometimes let to a Kammer-Herr. But Frau Hinkofer was very particular as to her lodger. He must be *fromm* (quiet, orderly); not of the sort that throw top-boots about in the small hours of the night. The room consequently was almost always vacant. Once or twice during Carnival time we had heard sounds as of some one singing with the pillow in his mouth; but the occupant of the room, when he did occupy it, was usually past singing. After Carnival time, a deep silence settled over that end of the house. Probably the solitary Kammer-Herr found himself unable to pay his rent, and had betaken himself to a friend's room for lodging and cheerfulness. After an interval of silence, sounds again began to proceed from the farther end of the long passage. Sometimes it was a dance tune, but generally there was nothing more distinct than the mournful, long-drawn squeak of a violin. We began to speculate on the unknown violin-player. Was he in love? Was he homesick? It was beyond all precedent for a Herr Student to remain, day after day, all day long in his room, playing sadly on his violin.

Then, after many days, came a day of dead silence. Supposing the violinist to have taken his departure like the few Kammer-Herrn who had preceded him, we questioned our Hausfrau when she came in with the glass mugs of foaming beer for our supper-table, as to what manner of man this was, whom for the last fortnight and more we had heard playing snatches of tunes in his room at hours when all other Herrn Studenten were either trooping to the University for lecture, or to Wirthshaus and Gasthaus for meals.

"Gracious ladies!" said the old woman, "I don't know whether I dare tell you." And then she told us all. The violinist was neither lovesick nor homesick, but starving. More than a fortnight before he had engaged the room for two nights; he was a Pole; he had come from Naples and was hastening back to his country. Then had come an order from Government to prevent Poles crossing the frontier. Those who had reached it were turned back, those

who were at Munich were prevented from moving on. Many of these wretched creatures had passports which, it was clear, did not belong to them. In nearly every case, they possessed enough money to take them to the Polish frontier, and no more. Once across that frontier they were at home; each man's purse and house were at the service of him who lacked money and shelter.

But since the promulgation of this order, Munich had become literally swamped with Poles. Their compatriots settled in the town had done and were doing what they could, but they were mostly poor men, striving hard to keep body and soul together by the exercise of some trade. "A difficult matter this," observed Frau Hinkofer, "for we Bavarians do not like to see strangers working among us; there are quite enough native workmen for the size of the land yet, thank God!"

Poor as these Poles were, however, it was to be said to their praise that the little they had was divided freely with their countrymen. One Pole, a watch-maker, rather better off than most of them—for he had two rooms besides his shop—had taken thirty of the most destitute to lodge with him. They slept on the floor of one room on straw, and he with the help of some others poorer than himself had managed for the last fortnight to provide them with one meal daily. They were a well-behaved, respectable set of men, and merry withal, said the old Frau. They must have indeed stout hearts, warm with the love of Fatherland, to be merry on one meal a day. Why, Bavarians had a meal or a snack every four hours! And the spring of 1863 was a severe one; the mercury froze still, if we put the thermometer outside the window after nightfall, just as if it were January instead of the beginning of March. Why did not this Kammer-Herr get his daily meal like the rest? we asked.

The gracious ladies must understand that this man was not one of the common herd, but quite a lordly gentleman. You might see that by the shape of his nose and by the way he entered a room, also by the courteous way in which he addressed a *Frauenzimmer* (woman), even a poor widow woman like herself. It went doubtless to his heart to eat his



poor countrymen's bread. And there were so many to be fed besides himself,—so many, who had not even the daily meal! He had paid for the two first nights' lodging, and she had expected to see no more of him. As it was but for two nights, she had not asked for his passport. Over forty-eight hours a Münchener dares not keep friend or lodger in his house without notification at the Polizei and presentation of the passport. Frau Hinkofer had broken the law, and was breaking it daily. The Pole had come back, entreating her to take him in. He had been sent back when already half-way to the frontier. She knew the Polizei had begun to look on the Poles and those who harbored them with an evil eye, but she had not the heart to refuse him the shelter of the empty room. The Paris committee had been communicated with; he and the rest must wait and hope that something would turn up. They had waited, and nothing seemed to turn up. He had had scarcely any luggage with him, and that little had disappeared. He was of course bound to share his last kreutzer with his countrymen. There was only his violin left; she supposed that would go next. Perhaps indeed it had gone. Two nights ago he had come in to warm himself by their fire. She and Karoline were eating their supper. He only looked round once, but it was with such starving eyes that Karoline, instead of finishing up her portion of *nudeln* (a sort of spiced dumpling), put it hastily on a clean plate, and begged him to eat it. "*Ach, mein lieber Gott!* it went to my inmost heart to see that grand-mannered handsome man—Herr Capitän they call him—devour the *nudel* like a hungry wild beast."

For that night, at least, we went supperless to bed. It was impossible to eat, with the new knowledge that a starving fellow-creature had been so very close to us all these days, while we had eaten and drunk and taken no thought for the morrow, beyond ordering the morrow's dinner.

We fed our Pole by the hands of Frau Hinkofer till the time came for us to leave Munich. With some difficulty I succeeded in interesting a Munich lady so far on his behalf, that she promised me not to let him starve. Munich was

the worst place at which the poor Poles could have been brought to a standstill, for very many of them had been with Garibaldi, and, as the Pope's army is largely composed of Bavarians, it is not wonderful that the popular feeling should be dead against Garibaldi. I was once asked by a lady, with bated breath, whether it was really true that Garibaldi did not believe in Christ! "Our" Pole would have had small hold on this lady's sympathies, for he had lost two fingers while serving under Garibaldi. The one who promised me not to let him starve was a strong-minded woman, well enough off not to fear the ill-will of the Polizei, and free-thinker enough to believe that the Holy Father would not wish even Garibaldi's followers to starve. Nevertheless, it must have been a relief to her mind when the Pole, with the rest of his countrymen, was finally disposed of somewhere out of Munich.

There is another curious instance of meddlesomeness in the law which forbids a medical man to practise where he sees fit, unless the Polizei Herrn see fit also. The town is divided into districts: each district has its fixed number of medical men, according to the population, of which there are stated returns. But, granted permission to kill and cure in a certain quarter, that is not all. The physician may not take a house too near his fellow-practitioners. He may neither set up next door, nor opposite, nor in the same street; the Polizei Herrn step in and measure distances, and point out the streets in which he may choose his dwelling. If he object to the streets pointed out, they are mildly inexorable. Such is the law, they have no option: either those streets, Herr Doctor, or none.

Other stringent regulations there are: some vexatious, like the last-mentioned, others full of sound sense. Of all the sensible ones, perhaps the most sensible is that respecting the clearing away of snow. In Munich, where the snow season may begin any day in December and continue to the end of March or even later, such an event as a block-up is unknown. Every householder is bound to do his part, either personally or by proxy, towards preventing the snow from becoming an impediment. Doorways must be cleared, pavements swept. Woe to

the Hausmeister (porter) before whose door last night's snow lies after eight o'clock. Not only must the fresh snow be swept off, but that which has been trodden down by foot-passengers into muddy ice must be chipped from time to time, at least once in the twenty-four hours, to obviate the accidents which might otherwise occur. From town to country there is a clean, hard side-path on which even the aged may walk in safety. One day I was taking my walk a mile or so beyond the Ludwig's Thor, on this beaten side-path, and wondering, as I looked on at the long never-ending straight line in front of me, how the roadmakers liked their cold morning's task of keeping the ice-path in order, when up came His Majesty King Ludwig. I had watched the old man walking down Ludwigstrasse when I set out; and had purposely taken the path on the right, he having taken the other, because else I must have stepped out of the track into the snow to make my curtsy. But King Ludwig had chosen to return by the opposite side of the road to that on which he had set out, so that my curtsy was not to be avoided. I went on slowly as soon as I perceived him, looking for a spot where the snow should be less piled up. I found a favorable place, stepped aside, and made my curtsy—in white soft snow about two and a half feet deep. The beaten ice lay at least a foot and a half above the gravel of the pathway. Off came the old King's hat. "There is quite enough room for us both, Fräulein," said he with his grand bow, as he passed swiftly on.

One more instance of the paternal interference. Is there a commoner complaint than that of the imposition practised on ladies by porters and cabmen? In England it is bad enough. In most parts of Italy it is too bad. Yet it is certainly not for want of a tariff. A tariff there is—for every one to infringe, it would seem. In Munich there is a tariff, and if any man dare infringe there are the Polizei Herrn, ready with the dark closet and the twenty-four kreutzer fine. But I never met with a case of imposition. You hire a cab; if by the course, you pay twelve kreutzers (four-

pence), if by the hour forty-eight kreutzers. Cabby looks at his watch, and lets you see the hour, if you do not also pull out yours, that there may be no mistake. If it is a very cold day, and his hair and moustache are frozen, you may be sure he will not refuse a few kreutzers over and above his fare; but it is as much as his liberty is worth to ask for any.

*Packträger* (porters) have their *zettel*—slips of paper on which their number and the name of the district and company to which they belong are printed in neat characters. For each quarter of an hour employed in your service they give you one of these slips. No *packträger* would be so insane as to try to make his employer take a *zettel* too much; the first attempt at imposition would bring him under the *surveillance* of the ever-watchful police, the second would entail the loss of his character and place. Neither may the employer pay his *packträger* without receiving the *zettel*, one for every fifteen minutes. Each is bound by law, the one to give, the other to receive, the *zettel*. The first time I employed one of these men was when I had been trying to find the Marienhilfe Kirche and had lost my way. First of all he presented me with his number. Our walk finished, he pulled out these slips of printed paper and presented me with five of them. I paid him, and after a glance at the papers, let them without more ado drop on the pavement, and walked on. "Gracious madam!" cried the man, picking them up and hastening after me, "these are the *zettel*! You must keep them at least till you get home, and then you may burn them, but you must not leave them lying about in that way. Suppose they were to be picked by a false *packträger*! Or suppose a police agent saw them on the ground! There would be instant inquiry, and I might get into trouble." I took my five *zettel* and carried them home, feeling very small indeed. I kept them for a few days, for there was no knowing whether a police-agent had not seen me drop them, and whether he might not be coming to know the reason why.

Spectator.

## THE SUN'S CROWN.

A CIRCUMSTANCE has just been brought to light through the careful study of the photographs of the recent total solar eclipse which is full of interest and significance. When the sun is totally eclipsed, there springs suddenly into view a glory of white light, resembling the *nimbus* with which painters surround the head of a saint. Astronomers have agreed to call this appearance the *Corona*; but hitherto they have been perplexed by doubts whether this crown of glory belongs to the sun or the moon, or whether, in fine, it is formed by our own atmosphere.

If we briefly consider what is commonly seen, we shall be the better able to appreciate the interest and importance of the discovery which has just been made respecting the corona.

As the moon is about to hide the last narrow streak of the sun's disc, the first signs of the corona make their appearance. But only when totality has commenced does the phenomenon present itself in full splendor. It is no faint gleam, like the light of a twilight sky. "I had imagined," says Mr. Baily, speaking of the eclipse of 1842, "that the corona, as to its luminous appearance, would not be brighter than the faint crepuscular light which sometimes takes place on a summer evening. I was, however, astonished at the splendid scene which suddenly burst upon my view." All round the eclipsed sun, to a distance equal to about a tenth of his apparent diameter, there is a brilliant ring of light, which appears under favorable circumstances of vision to have a well-defined edge. But this is not the complete corona. Beyond the edge of this ring of light extends a fainter ring, sometimes spreading out into rays or streamers, which extend some eight or nine times farther from the eclipsed sun than the bright inner circle of light. The color of the corona is commonly described as white; but there can be no doubt that when seen through a pure atmosphere it presents tints of red, yellow, and blue.

Such is the corona as seen by astronomers. But the question will at once arise, what is the real position and what are the

true dimensions of this beautiful object? Of course, if we regard it as a mere optical phenomenon produced by our own atmosphere, we need not try to find an answer to these questions. The appearance of the corona, its apparent figure, and its variations of figure, would then have merely a meteorological interest, apart, of course, from the optical questions they involve. If, on the other hand, we regard the corona as a real solar appendage, we are forced to consider it as one of the most important and striking features of the solar system. The ring of brighter light around the sun is then seen to represent a globular shell about 90,000 miles in depth, and surrounding the whole mass of the central luminary of the planetary system. The fainter part of the corona becomes an even more astounding phenomenon, since, looked on as a solar appendage, it represents a shell of matter fully 800,000 miles deep in every part, and forming with the sun, which it encloses, a sphere some two-and-a-half millions of miles in diameter,—the largest sphere of matter which the science of astronomy presents with any certainty to our consideration. But if the corona belongs to the moon, its dimensions shrink into relative insignificance,—in fact, our own earth is a larger globe than the coronal sphere so understood.

The question of the corona has long been seen to rest between the two former solutions. Halley rather favored the notion that the corona is a lunar phenomenon; but he admitted that one whose judgments he "must always revere" (he referred, doubtless, to his illustrious friend Newton) held a contrary opinion. We now know very certainly that the moon has no atmosphere whose extent we can measure,—certainly no atmosphere approaching in extent the dimensions of the coronal rings.

During the great solar eclipse of 1868 very little attention was given to the corona, because astronomers were very anxious to determine the nature of the rose-colored prominences. But from the few observations which were then made, the question whether the corona belongs to the sun or is a phenomenon of our

own atmosphere was left an open one. It was hoped that the problem of the corona might be solved during the total eclipse which occurred last August in North America. At first, however, the results of the observations seemed more perplexing than any which had yet been presented to the notice of astronomers. As Mr. Lockyer remarked, they were "*bizarre and puzzling in the extreme.*" They seemed to point to the corona as a permanent solar aurora, since some of the observers found in the spectrum of the aurora the same bright lines which belong to the spectrum of the aurora borealis.

So perplexing did this result appear, that Mr. Lockyer was disposed to doubt whether some mistake had not been made. The results of his own observations had led him to the conclusion that the solar atmosphere in which the red prominences are formed is by no means so dense as the enormous dimensions of the corona would imply, if the corona really were a solar atmosphere. It will be known to many of our readers that Dr. Frankland and Mr. Lockyer have worked together in this matter, and they have found that the appearance of the bright lines belonging to the prominences can be taken as a means of estimating the pressure of the atmosphere in which those prominences appear; and the result of their observations pointed, as we have said, to a relatively rare atmosphere. But now it would seem that little further doubt can be entertained respecting the fact that the brighter coronal ring, at least, belongs to the sun. For on a careful comparison of the photographs taken during the recent total eclipse, it has been found that the disc of the moon *travelled over* the corona; and further, that the corona presented the same appearance as seen from widely separated places. It will be remembered that photography gave in the same way the first evidence of the true nature of the colored prominences. It was discovered during the eclipse of 1860 that the moon *travelled over* the prominences, and so astronomers pronounced decisively that these objects belong to the sun. It would appear quite as certain, now, that the corona is also a solar appendage.

But how are we to get over the difficulties suggested by Mr. Lockyer's ob-

servations? It seems perplexing in the extreme to regard the corona as a solar atmosphere, because, were it really of this nature, the pressure at the surface of the sun would be inconceivably great. And again, there are mechanical reasons for doubting whether an atmosphere of such a nature could exist around a body rotating so rapidly as the sun. Is it not conceivable that the corona may consist, as Mr. Baxendell recently suggested, of cosmical bodies travelling around the sun? We know that such an explanation has long been given of the zodiacal light, and that light has been found to be similar in character to the aurora borealis. May not the corona be simply the denser part of the zodiacal light? Only then there is this difficulty. A number of cosmical bodies, if shining by their own light, could only give such a spectrum as the corona if they consisted of glowing gas. Now we had no reason to believe that the aurora borealis, the zodiacal light, or the corona, consists of such a material until recent observation showed that they give a bright-line spectrum. There is, apparently, only one escape from the difficulties thus involved. We know that the aurora is in part an electric phenomenon, and we may now therefore proceed safely to the conclusion that the zodiacal light and the corona are also in part electrical phenomena. We know further that the auroral action is associated with solar action, therefore we may conclude that so also is the action which produces the appearance of the zodiacal light and the corona. Now an electric flash, when examined by the spectroscope, gives a bright-line spectrum corresponding to the nature of the substances between which the flash passes and the character of the medium through which the discharge takes place. May we not conclude with some confidence that we see in the aurora, the zodiacal light, and the solar corona, a light due simply to such electrical discharges excited by the sun's action? We know that in our own atmosphere there is a continual downfall of meteoric dust, and astronomers have long believed that in the sun's neighborhood meteoric streams are much more densely aggregated than near the earth; so that there is no want of material basis to the theory we have here ventured to propound.

Belgravia.

## FRANCE ADRIFT.

SEPTEMBER the first, 1715. A hundred years more, and the battle of Waterloo will have been fought. The Allies will be in Paris, and the Conqueror of Lodi, Arcola, Auerstadt, Austerlitz, Jena, and Marengo, the constructor of the Simplon's road, the regenerator of France, will have thrown himself upon the generosity of Lord Castlereagh and George of England. O, what a wonderful century, this century, of all others, for France the beautiful! And where is the pen that shall describe the marvels which came to pass in that little span?

September the first, and Louis XIV. is dying. The courtiers have run from the Palais Royal to Versailles, back from Versailles to the Palais Royal, and back again and once more back again, as the last flickering gleams of the lamp of life have blazed up for a moment, or sunk again into the darkness for which they are on the watch.

Madame de Maintenon, who, shining light of Catholicism as she may be, does not love death, is frightened, and flies to St. Cyr. The king asks for her, and she is brought back to him; but in the last agonies of the dying man she flies from him again, and it is by mercenary hands that those blue eyes, which once shed light and love on La Vallière, are closed for ever, and the only watchers beside the couch of the great king are servants, who take wages for the painful task.

The modern Sardanapalus has no faithful Myrrha. The widow of Paul Scarron and the wife of the King of France has no more prizes to win in the court lottery, and for that hideous blank of death her narrow, bigoted, and selfish soul has nothing but terror.

If La Vallière had been living in this sad autumn of 1715, would she not have hurried from her convent to the couch of the sick man, who, never loved but for himself by her, would have been dearer a thousand times in his hour of peril and of death? But, mighty as the most Christian king may have been, strong though he may have been to fight Dutch William, to ravage the Palatinate, and to persecute the Protes-

tants, he is powerless now, and he, as the meanest of his subjects, may vainly sigh "for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still."

The tender hands are still in death, the gentle voice is silent. His friends, his favorites, the creatures of his bounty, are at the Palais Royal. A feeble glimmer, the star rising there, perhaps; but it is better worth worship than this great sinking sun, which goes down and leaves behind only the red fading light of the long day that has been so glorious.

He has outlived La Vallière, his queen, his brother, his son, perhaps even his glory. He has abandoned his greatness to Père la Chaise, Le Tellier, and De Maintenon; he has revoked the Edict of Nantes; and he is dead. The feeble grasp releases the sceptre which he took long ago from the dying hold of Mazarin, and it falls—into what hands? We must go to the Palais Royal to answer that question.

We shall find him, this nephew of Louis le Grand, perhaps at one of those little suppers—Utopian banquets, Utopian saturnalias—where wine, wit, impiety, scandal, immorality, and weariness alike reign. His daughter, the Duchesse de Berri, perhaps at his right hand, his mistress at his left, and, for the rest of the company, ladies of the Opera, and a few gentlemen renowned alike for their brilliancy of intellect and deficiency in what modern science has taught us to call "moral religion." How much of that section of the brain would Mr. George Combe have found at the Palais Royal, I wonder?

But for all this he is a favorite, this, Duke of Orleans, pupil of "goat-faced" Dubois, the apothecary's son. He is a favorite—with his particular acquaintance, of course. Perhaps the populace dying of famine yonder in the provinces, or of fever in the garrets of St. Antoine, may not so much appreciate his princely graces and his *blasé* virtues. He is of the new school, Monseigneur, the nephew of the dying king,—and a very incredulous and eyebrow-elevating school this new school is. He does not believe in the religion of his fathers; he will hear

nothing of that reformed faith which one Martin Luther brought into fashion long ago, and which endures so much to-day out there in the desert; he does not believe in virtue; he does not believe in truth, or benevolence, or honesty, or patriotism; or loyalty, or the love of women or the friendship of men; he does not believe in anything. Or perhaps, rejecting all these things as absurd improbabilities and metaphysical chimeras, he *does* believe a little in the philosopher's stone, and employs several rather unprofitable nights in the *carrières* of Vauvres and Vaugirard, with a view to meeting his Satanic Majesty. That distinguished foreign power did not, it appears, avail himself of so good an opportunity of making the acquaintance of one of the younger sons of St. Louis. Perhaps he only deferred the pleasure. But the duke is beloved, I say, by all those who approach his person. He is brave, handsome, has a melodious voice, is witty, affable, and withal benevolent. He has no particular inclination for crime; indeed, it is, like virtue, a great deal too much trouble. But for easy-going, gentlemanly vice he is your man. Let him alone. Give him to-night his little supper, his companions, his favorite daughter, his mistresses, his coryphées, his wit and infidelity (he cannot separate these two last); let him eat, drink, laugh, be cynical, be weary; carry him away from the table if he is unable to walk; and to-morrow—let him begin again. For the rest, there is Dubois, this apothecary's insatiable and goat-faced son, who wants to hold all the reins of power in one eager grasp, and who perhaps does entangle them not a little thereby.

But the will of the Grand Monarque does not leave all the power in the hands of the Duke of Orleans. It only names him chief of a council of regency, with very limited power for good or evil; but a little clever juggling with the Parliament, a great deal of flattery, prodigal promises of future favor, a warm defence of his rights from Joly de Fleury and D'Aguesseau, and the will of the late king is set aside. The great dead lion is of very little importance now, though he was monarch of the forests yesterday. Orleans is regent, with the sole executive power; and he

makes a pretty grateful speech to the Parliament, giving them the right of remonstrance—a right which they take care to use by and by.

He has a great many partisans, this affable, used-up prince. The women are on his side. What can stand against a handsome face and a graceful manner, where they are umpires? The courtiers are on his side; they do not want Madame de Maintenon and the priests back again, with the dreary asceticism of the last days of the last Louis. The nobility, with the Duc de Saint-Simon at their head, are not sorry either to exalt him, since they can thereby humiliate the son of La Montespan, the Duc de Maine, to whom the absolute monarch had given such a preëminence. The Jansenists are on his side; for they think that, professing no religion at all, he may happen to be a little merciful about those nice distinctions for which they have undergone so much persecution. The army is with him, because he is a brave soldier.

Louis the Well-beloved (he has not earned that title yet, by the by) is but a little golden-haired boy of five years of age. They hold a bed of justice, and bring him to hear his grandfather's will broken in his name.

But before all this, there has been the funeral of the great king. A strange ceremony: the courtiers drink, sing, laugh, and chatter—impious jokes, perhaps, pass from lip to lip about this great dead man. The license of the Palais-Royal suppers, no longer having cause for restraint or shame, flaunts in the open day. The people mingle the names of Louis, De Maintenon, and Le Tellier, to cover them alike with opprobrium. All the glories this man has won for France are forgotten, and amidst the ridicule of the court and the insults of the populace they carry his remains to the tomb of his ancestors. Had he any prevision of this when he saw dark clouds shape themselves into hearses above the towers of St. Denis, he pacing the terrace of St. Germain's, before the death of his mother, Anne of Austria? Had he any prophetic foreshadowing of the day when his hearse should go upon the well-known road?

So we have seen the last of the "Lord of the Silver Lilies!" Louis the Mag-

nificent is henceforth only a memory—a gorgeous abstraction, for men to write books and act plays about—a character for a masquerade (ah, reader, call to mind the Louis you have seen—treating Buy-a-broom Girls and Maries Queens of Scots to bad champagne—dressed in the garments of Mr. Nathan, and not knowing what to do with his hands, till he finds unexpected pockets in his cotton-velvet trunks, and keeps them there for the rest of the evening, especially in *cavalier seul*)—a model for a waxwork exhibition, very good in pictures, and exceeding excellent on the stage. How many a moral will he point, how many a tale will he adorn, before his reign shall be done, or the many-colored raiment of his youth, or the sober violet velvet of his age, shall be worn quite threadbare! For the rest, he is dead, and they are coming home from his funeral, singing comic songs and telling funny stories, and behaving altogether very much as you did, gentle reader, on the evening of the last Wednesday in May, when you were returning from a certain ceremony, in which one Pretender was the principal performer. He is dead; they have returned from his grave, as in modern days we come from the Derby; and Orleans is regent and Dubois is king in his stead; not that the regent is particularly attached to Dubois—not that the link between them is esteem, or confidence, or friendship. Quite the contrary. We shall see anon what a kind speech Philip makes when his old tutor comes to be in the agonies of death. But the apothecary's son is stronger than the great-grandson of Henry Quatre. He has what this *insouciant*, agreeable, good-hearted, lazy Philip has not—and has never had—a will of his own. This valuable attribute stands him in good stead. He must above all things obtain the cardinal's hat. Rather a difficult matter, as it seems. Ecclesiastical France is strangely divided just now. This Catholic faith is sadly un-Catholic. The Bull Unigenitus has been thrown like a firebrand into the country, and Molinists and Jansenists are cutting each other's throats in a manner edifying to the world at large, and not unpleasing perhaps to that new and growing sect whose members ambitiously have christened them-

selves Philosophers. I think this man, this Voltaire, could have been born at no other time; he is the natural birth of this unnatural age—a purifying element, perhaps, in such a mass of corruption. After the Plague of London we had the Fire. What could come but contempt, mockery, and execration after this Jansenist persecution—this splitting of ecclesiastical straws and dressing-up of party malice in holy garments—after cruelties and injustices unheard of before, and almost too terrible to hear of now, have been committed upon these sincere and devoted followers of the reformed religion—whose powers of endurance no agonies can exhaust, whose rock of faith no assaults of armed troops, sent by the Parliament to destroy these wretches who dare to worship God in their own fashion, can shake? They assemble at Montauban, one day, to sing hymns and hear a sermon; the troops come down upon them before the service is over; some are hung, the greater number sent to the galleys. Good-natured Philip, however, who doesn't, for his own part, want any of this persecution, uses his right of mercy, and releases sixty-eight of them. Let us hope that his little supper that night was peculiarly successful, and that his *coryphées* and *roués* were a shade less *ennuyants* than usual. Another assembly takes place at Anduze. There are very few men present, but a great many women; perhaps this merciful parliament will spare the weaker sex, and, in consideration of their having very likely no souls, will allow them to save them their own way. No; seventy-four are arrested; twenty-two men sent to the galleys; the women and young girls condemned to perpetual imprisonment. And, O strange and marvellous blindness of this brilliant age! they do not see any danger in this growing sect—the philosophers; *they* are let alone. This wise parliament does not see that, beginning by denying God, it is just possible, slipping from bad to worse, they will in time be impious enough to deny the king; and that the same want of faith which doomed the Saviour of men to the cross may bring the son of St. Louis to the guillotine.

They are beginning to laugh at traditions, these philosophers, and the *élite* of

the court look on and laugh with them. They do not think of that greatest of all traditions—the ignorant, helpless sceptre which has just fallen into the feeble hold of a child—the supreme power which is in the guilty hands of a shameless and reprobate favorite. They do not fear that time when the people shall look behind the gaudy, transparent, painted show, and, seeing what daubing the painting is, and that, after all, the lights, so brilliant to look at from the front, are only filthy expiring tallow-candles, shall proceed ruthlessly to pull the rotten edifice down. And all this time Dubois is waiting for the cardinal's hat. He has rather a long time to wait for it. Heaven forbid that we should follow him through all the twistings and windings of the intrigue which at last obtains it for him! First, his pupil and protector gives him a bishopric. He had given one to Massillon, why not to Dubois? May you not wear your mitre with a difference? There is some difficulty in getting him installed in his high dignity. The Archbishop of Paris, De Noailles, will have nothing to do with him; he will lay his sanctifying hands on nothing so vile and degraded, and, further, forbids that he should receive orders in his diocese. The apothecary's son has been married in his youth, too, and his wife is still alive; but nobody troubles himself about *her*, and Dubois takes care that the register of his marriage shall be missing.

The Bishop of Nantes, Tressau, almoner to the regent, is more accommodating; the holy ceremonials are rattled through with amazing celerity; he is made—this ornament to the church—sub-deacon, deacon, and priest in one day, so that he may be qualified to assist at the council of the regency. A few days afterwards, the Cardinal de Rohan, the Bishop of Nantes, and (O that we should have to blush as we write it!) Massillon complete the ceremony, and Dubois is Bishop of Cambrai. The cardinal's hat does not come till afterwards: and does not come without trouble, and not a little Ultramontane hocus-pocus with the Pope, the Bull Unigenitus, and King George of England. Of course the people pay for the hat in some indirect way or other, but are sufficiently rewarded in having Dubois to govern them.

In the mean time there is little Louis to be seen to. As to that foolish report of foul play from Philip of Orleans in the death of the Duke and Duchess of Bourgogne, and danger of the life of his little royal cousin if left in his hands, surely nobody is silly enough to believe that. "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*," said Apelles to the officious cobbler; and the Regent is by no means the sort of man to put himself out of the way to commit a great crime, even for the sake of wearing the crown of St. Louis. He is constant enough to his own follies, such as they are, and they are quite bad enough and fatal enough to stand charged withal, without weighing down this poor, indolent, reckless, infidel, weary soul with the energetic and industrious wickednesses of bolster-smothering, nephew-murdering Richard of the good English days gone by. In sober earnest, the regent is very fond of his little kinsman; he, so purposeless himself, endeavors to give the young king a taste for work, and to direct his juvenile mind to the affairs of the state it is by and by to govern. From the age of ten Louis assists at the councils—says very little, but listens attentively, and, when he does speak, speaks sensibly. The regent consults his taste in all things, addresses him with as much respect as affection, and seems altogether to love this pretty boy of the long golden and hyacinthine locks so much admired by Mehemet Effendi, who tells, by and by, how he saw the little king with the pretty curls strut like a partridge at the request of his attendants, who wish the envoy to behold the beauty and graceful carriage of this young Bourbon. Yes, Philip loves him; and he, so indifferent to public opinion, he who lives in defiance of scandal, rather loving the noise and the clamor thereof, and nothing affrayed even at the hideous things which out of the sink of vile imaginations have been uttered about himself and his favorite daughter, is known to shed tears on reading the philippics of Lagrange Chancel, which cruelly wound him on this his tenderest point, his love for the king.

Little Louis is safe enough; Philip of Orleans has given him into the hands of the tutor designated by the will of the late king, Fleury, Bishop of Fréjus. He is an old man, this Fleury, already, a



very wise old man too, and a virtuous and a disinterested, as people said; yet perhaps, for all this, the little Bourbon might have a better teacher. It is pretty plainly to be seen that the preceptor is quite willing to make anything of his pupil but a great king. He looks forward to a day when he, as prime minister, shall rule in France, and with an eye to that devoutly-desired consummation Louis must be a cipher. He is born feeble and sickly, and they fear to fatigue him with over-much study. When his health comes to be firmly established, habits of indolence are found to be firmly established too. Fleury teaches him to rely upon stronger minds than his own—on the Bishop of Fréjus, for example; to see with his eyes and to hear with his ears. He has wonderful influence over him, this tutor, which he retains to the very last; and perhaps his is the hand which smooths that easy descent down which, during a reign of fifty-nine degraded years, Louis XV. dragged France and all her trampled glory.

And now comes that terrible and insatiate madness and fever with which the Scotch speculator Law inoculates France.

Princes, duchesses, bishops, lorettes, priests, and footmen are alike bitten with the speculative mania. Property which may multiply its value by thirty-six while you carry it in your pocket is not to be despised; and from six in the morning till eight at night the Rue Quincampoix is crowded to suffocation with rich and poor, high and low, noble and citizen. Great ladies think it no disgrace to wait entire days in the antechamber of the Scotch speculator, exiled from his own country for murder though he may be. Very curious are the stories told of the great ladies and Mr. Law, but perhaps better omitted here. In the mean time, fortunes are made in a day. To-day Jeames hangs on behind the gilded carriage of monseigneur, to-morrow lolls on the silken cushions of his own. It is a madness which possesses this wretched, impulsive, political-economy-ignoring people. Life is no longer safe in the Rue Quincampoix. In the crowd, in broad day, there are assassinations. A Count de Horn is broken on the wheel for having stabbed and robbed a courtier. The speculators are forbidden the Rue Quin-

campoix by the regent, on account of these outrages; but they take refuge on the Place Vendôme, and here this pleasure-loving people make a kind of carnival. Tents cover the place, jewels and precious glittering trinkets are exposed for sale, and amongst the frenzies of joy and the agonies of despair, great ladies sit all day at gaming-tables listening to bands of music, and stared at by other ladies certainly not as great, but perhaps, on the whole, as respectable. Presently there is a reaction, the money is all going to be changed into withered leaves, and every one wants to get rid of it prior to the transformation. There is more crowding, more rushing than ever; corpses of people suffocated by the pressure are carried out of the thick throng high upon men's shoulders. Expedient after expedient is had recourse to by the government; the rich speculators are persecuted, that they may disgorge. Chicanery, lying, and misery, and, to wind up the story, Mr. Law escaping in a postchaise belonging to the Duc de Bourgogne, who has made a fortune in spite of the panic. The Scotchman dies afterwards in poverty, and it is a long, long time before France recovers the shock she has endured.

Perhaps all this furious speculation, in which my lord the duke shows himself, by insensate avarice and reckless selfishness, and divers other little weaknesses, to be a thing of flesh and blood and mortal frailty, quite as much as John his footman; perhaps this temporary liberty, equality, and fraternity of money-getting does not do a little towards loosening the foundations of that throne which is to be so rudely toppled over. But it is not given to look ahead, this lansquenets-playing, champagne-drinking, execution-seeing, love-making, and regent's-shoe-licking noblesse. Indeed it is something wonderful to think how in that seventy-four years after the death of Louis the Magnificent—death, which, in loosening the bow which had been held with such marvellous tension, loosened the very foundations of things—it is strange to think how very few really saw what was coming, and how blindly each did his fraction of help to add to the great sum of that vast climax.

Taxes are pretty heavy during this golden age of *petits soupers* and *petites*

*maisons, bon-mots*, and masquerades. The regent is very generous, and throws the people's money among his favorites with full hands, as his historians say. The brothers Paris, men of undoubted probity, are intrusted with the affairs of the financial department, and some very wise measures are put in force by them, some rather unwise. There are reforms in the army and in the military household of the king. There is a reduction made in the pension list, from which even the princes of the blood are not exempt. Not a little dishonesty and speculation are discovered by these brothers Paris; and in that hideously-entangled mass of affairs, most bewildering to think of, national debts are reduced to little more than half their stated sum on being audited, so very loose has been the arithmetic of the trustworthy servants of the king. The interest on money lent to the state at divers times by rich capitalists is lowered to four per cent. Public faith broken with these gentlemen, certainly; but this is not much in the regency. A good many abuses are abolished. There comes now a dreadful time for these unhappy, dishonest, found-out officials, who have been cheating the king and the people, and riding in gilded carriages so long. The innocent are confounded with the guilty: in one year five hundred persons are accused. Terror is in many households, and all France suffers therefrom. The rich pretend to be poor, and are afraid to spend their money. So much the worse for trade. Some contractors are condemned and executed; others sent out of Aladdin palaces to the galleys. The man at whose table you dined yesterday, you may see to-day in the pillory, if you like the exhibition; as most likely, in this used-up, new sensation-seeking period, you do.

The accused are invited to denounce themselves. A sincere and candid declaration of all their misdoing is to save them from investigation. Heaven help them, if in this declaration the old loose arithmetic displays itself! No home but the galleys for evermore for them, and no hope but in death to set them free. When the declaration is undoubtedly correct, the illicit gains are confiscated, and the sinner may go in peace. Then there arises a new system of abuse in the land. The contractors determine on

sacrificing part of their wealth to preserve the rest, and either buy their judges, or failing in that, there are courtiers—ladies of high rank, ladies of another rank, perhaps quite as influential—whose influence is on sale, and who are ready for such and such sums, according to the fortune of the victim, to use it with the regent to obtain a remission of the sentence. Lacretelle informs us how a contractor, taxed at 1,200,000 livres, replied to a great lord, who offered to get him clear for 300,000, "Unhappily, my dear count, you are too late; I have made my bargain with madame for 150,000!" You see there were wheels within wheels in the complicated machinery of this golden age.

It was an age, too, in which the epigram was a more powerful weapon than the sword. Wit at the parties of the regent and his favorites was very, very unrestrained. Théroigne de Méricourt, very likely seventy years afterwards made such jokes as duchesses and marchionesses did not blush through their paint to utter then. There was nothing in France or in heaven too sacred or too dreadful for the exercise of their airy, reckless wit. An execution, a sermon, a divorce, or a funeral—all came alike to the *chansons* and *mots* of the day. It was a long time after that Horace Walpole, speaking of a very good and wise ministry, said that they would doubtless very soon be epigrammatized out of their places; but he might have said it of this time of all others. A song and an epigram were the weapons of all opposition; and in the *Memoirs of Maurepas* are to be found rules and statutes for an organized band called the Régiment de la Calotte, who fought with caricatures and lampoons, and who did very nearly as much damage as other regiments with more substantial weapons of palpably trenchant iron and steel.

So in money-getting madness, and persecution of Jansenists and Protestants; much taxing of the people; with a plague which depopulates *Marseilles*, and brings to light heroic virtues in four heroic sheriffs, and a bishop who is canonized by his deeds on earth before he goes to heaven to receive their due reward; famine here and there; little suppers and *bon-mots* without number at the glittering tables of the regent (fairy banquet-boards which sink through the

floor, as in the domestic arrangements of Aladdin, and rise with the incarnate inspirations of the *chef*, hot and hot under silver covers);—so the years pass away; and in the year 1723, Dubois the all-powerful feels upon him the touch of a more powerful hand than his own, and begins to try if curses and blasphemy cannot frighten away death. The rider of the pale horse is not so easily defied, and the cardinal finds that this is indeed death which threatens him so near. He has an internal abscess, and by insisting on presiding at a review of the king's household troops, for the purpose of enjoying honors second only to those of the monarch himself, he aggravates his disease, and an operation becomes necessary. When this is announced to him, he abandons himself to frightful execrations, and good-natured Philip has to interfere, and ultimately obtains his consent to the operation. It is performed, but without success. There is a storm that day, and the easy-going, joke-loving duke says to his companions, "*Voilà un temps qui fera partir mon drôle!*" They announce to Dubois the necessity of the immediate administration of the sacraments. His fury knows no bounds; but he presently screams out, "There is a particular ceremony for cardinals. Let them go to Paris and ascertain from Bissy!" When they return—he is gone! Heaven forbid that we should follow him,

even in thought, one step of that journey! There is no curtain too dark to be drawn over such an end as this.

The prince writes a lively letter to his exiled friends (exiled at the instigation of Dubois). "*Reviens, mon ami,*" he says to Noce; "*morte la bête, mort le venin.*"

He now has himself declared prime minister. Wasted trouble; the wretched *blasé* soul cannot hold out much longer. He is only the shadow of himself. The cup of dissipation, drained to the very dregs, has done its poisonous work. The old orgies fatigue without amusing him, and yet he has not courage to abandon the old habits. The nothingness, to which in his creed he must go, is better than this dreary, glittering, false existence which he leads. He has said "of laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, what doth it?" He invokes death, sudden and painless; and he does not call in vain. Symptoms of apoplexy appear; his physician warns him. "It is all I desire," he says. He takes no precaution, he uses no remedy; and on December the 2d, 1723, he falls dead in the arms of the Duchesse de Phalaris. He is only forty-nine years of age. Much talent, courage, and some amiability of disposition have been his; but the indolent, purposeless, dreary, weak, imbecile soul has made nothing of them but this—a life of dissipation and an impenitent death.

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Chambers's Journal.

#### THE REGALIA.

THE Regalia, or crown jewels, valued at three million pounds, form one of the most interesting features of the Tower. In former times, they were generally kept in the Treasury of the Temple, or in that of Westminster Abbey, and first in the Tower in the reign of Henry III. They were frequently pledged as security for loans from rich merchants in the city. The office of keeper of the regalia became, in the reigns of the Tudors, a post of great emolument and dignity, and "the Master of the Jewel-house" took rank as the first Knight Bachelor of England. In 1649, a complete inventory was made out of the Regalia, a copy of which may be seen

in Taylor's *Glory of Regality*, 1820. Subsequently, it is stated that the crowns, according to order of parliament, were "totallie broken and defaced." The state crown of Charles I. contained seven pounds seven ounces of gold, and in one of the *fleurs de lis* was "a picture of the Virgin Mary." At the Restoration, new insignia were made, costing £21,978, 9s. 11d., paid to the king's goldsmith, Sir Henry Vynar, in 1662. On May 9, 1671, Colonel Blood made his daring attempt to carry off the crown, globe, and sceptre. Thomas Blood was an Irishman, whose father had gained property as an iron-master in the reign of Charles I. He seems to have

been famous for daring plots, for, in 1663, he formed one for surprising Dublin Castle, and made two attempts on the life of the Duke of Ormond. An aged man named Talbot Edwards kept the Regalia, and Blood managed so to ingratiate himself with him, that he proposed a match between his nephew and Edwards' daughter; and stated that he would bring him and two friends on the 9th of May to be introduced to the daughter, and see the Regalia. The four came accordingly, went into the jewel-room, and gagged the old man, who cried out and struggled so that they stabbed him, and beat him on the head with a wooden mallet. Blood placed the crown under his cloak, and two of the others seized the globe and sceptre, but the latter was left behind as too long, for the fourth man gave an alarm, and the ruffians fled. It appears that a son of Mr. Edwards just then arrived from Flanders with his brother-in-law, Captain Beckman. The villains got past them; but old Edwards calling out, his son and Beckman pursued them to the drawbridge, where Blood fired at the warder, and got through the iron gate to St. Katherine's. They had nearly got to the place where horses were waiting for them, when Beckman, who was a fast runner, overtook them, and seized Blood, who remarked: "It was a gallant attempt, however unsuccessful, for it was for a crown!" A pearl and a large diamond fell out on the pavement, as well as other stones, but these were nearly all recovered.

Blood and Parrot were ordered to be brought to Whitehall, and examined in the presence of Charles II. Here he behaved with the greatest impudence, and avowed the part he had taken in the attempt on the life of the Duke of Ormond, and also stated that he had on another occasion hid himself in the reeds at Battersea with others to shoot the king as he passed in his barge, but that "his heart was checked by an awe of majesty, which caused him not only to spare the king's life, but to induce his associates to abandon any further attempts at his assassination." He said "he had a large number of friends bound together by the most solemn oaths to revenge each other's death, on

whoever should bring them to justice." The king actually pardoned him, and Blood became a sort of hanger-on at Whitehall, received a pension, and land in Ireland. He is said to have lived in an old mansion forming the corner of Peter and Tupton Streets, and to have been a Quaker. Evelyn speaks of meeting him in good society, but remarks his "villanous, unmerciful look; a false countenance, but very well spoken, and dangerously insinuating." He died in 1680.

Poor Edwards never entirely recovered from the injuries received in his brave defence of the Regalia, and died in 1674, and was buried under the floor of the Tower Chapel, with a small tablet over his grave. This was found in a heap of rubbish, and is now fixed against the south wall. The only rewards Edwards and his son received were grants on the Exchequer of two hundred pounds to the old man, and one hundred pounds to his son. These, through the difficulty in obtaining payment, they were obliged to sell for half their value.

At the time of Blood's attempt, the Regalia were kept in a strong vaulted chamber of the Martin Tower, hence called the Jewel Tower. They were shown behind strong bars, but a woman, in 1815, managed to force her hands through, and tore the royal crown to pieces. The present Jewel-house was built in 1842, in the late Tudor style, south of the Martin Tower.

The first kind of crown worn by kings was the diadem, which was no other than a fillet of silk, or like material. It was considered the proper ensign of a king, and therefore was not generally worn among the Romans till the time of Aurelian. Constantine the Great first used a diadem of pearls and rich stones, and soon after a hoop was added over the head, which made it more like the modern close crown. The first crown, properly so called, is that which appears upon a coin of *Ædred*, son of Edward the Elder (about 946); it has the fillet and cap, with rays and pearls on the points, like our earls' coronets; but his two successors had plain diadems. Edward the Confessor has on some of his coins the close or arched crown, and sometimes one like a high pointed helmet. Upon his great seal he

has a kind of cap with a crown to it. When the chest containing the body of Edward the Confessor was opened during the reign of James II., the skull was encircled by a band or diadem of gold one inch in breadth. At this period, the crown was kept steady on the head by an *ansula*, or clasp, fastened under the chin, of which the two ends hang down on coins like lappets.

William the Conqueror, in the manuscript by William, Abbot of Jumièges, in the library at Rouen, is represented with a combination of cap and crown. The Saxon Chronicle describes William as wearing the regal *helmet* "thrice every year when he was in England. At Easter, he wore it at Winchester; on Pentecost, at Westminster; and in mid-winter, at Gloucester." Upon his great seal it appears as a circle and three rays raised very high, their points terminating in crosses, having a pearl or pellet at each point of the cross, and two fleurs de lis between the rays. William Rufus has a radiated or eastern crown, with pearls on the points. Henry I. has the open crown fleury with three fleurs de lis. Curiously enough, Selden tells us that in some volumes written as early as the time of King Edgar, that monarch is pictured with a rude fleur-de-lis crown. Some think Stephen used the arched crown, but this is doubtful. John was first crowned Duke of Normandy at Rouen, and, Matthew Paris says, with a golden circle or coronet, adorned all round with roses curiously wrought. On his effigy at Worcester he is represented with a crown composed of leaves close together. This was, however, erected in the reign of Henry III. The last-named monarch, upon his first great seal, has the open crown and plain diadem; his effigy at Westminster has fleurs de lis. Edward III. has the coronet and cap on his first great seal, with the three leaves or flowers and lesser fleurs de lis between; but his second great seal has the open crown with three fleurs de lis. Edward II. had given the crown jewels, with the crown of his father, to his favorite Gaveston, and he carried it at his coronation—an honor that, by ancient custom, belonged to the princes of the blood only. In the Westminster portrait of Richard II., "the unhappy beautiful prince" has

a crown with two tiers of gracefully painted foliage growing naturally out of the jewelled circlet on the brow. According to Rymmer, the previous king, Edward III., frequently pawned his crown, on one occasion to the Archbishop of Treves, for 25,000 florins. Henry V., in the third year of his reign, did the same. It was an imperial or arched crown, with the orb and cross at the top, and composed of crosses pattée and fleurs de lis. The crown of Edward IV. is the first instance of an arched crown upon the great seal. Henry VIII. has the arched crown with crosses and fleurs de lis, as his father; and Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth, all had like crowns. On the first seal of Charles I. he has the triple arch. Charles II.'s crown we shall describe further on. S. M. Leake, Esq., Garter, mentions that there was, besides the royal or imperial crown, an ancient one, called St. Edward's crown, being that of Edward the Confessor. When King John was crowned, they used a plain circle or chaplet of gold, for his was lost in crossing the Well stream from Lynn into Lincolnshire, and he was not crowned with St. Edward's crown, because the royal regalia were at Westminster. The first mention of St. Edward's crown is at the coronation of King Edward II., before mentioned. Henry VI. was crowned first with that of St. Edward, and then with the imperial crown. Anne Boleyn was crowned with St. Edward's crown, and Edward VI. was crowned with three, and so was Queen Mary.

According to the *Liber Regalis*, the regalia were granted to the church of Westminster, to be "*locus institutionis et coronationis regie et repositorium regalum insignium in perpetuum.*" From this time (that of the Confessor) all our kings have been crowned at Westminster Abbey, except Henry III., and Edward V., who was never crowned. The regalia were kept in an arched room in the cloisters, in an iron chest. Henry Martyn, in 1642, broke open the chest, and sold St. Edward's crown and sceptre. After the Restoration, another crown and sceptre were made, and called St. Edward's.

Having thus introduced our subject, we have to describe the regalia now to be seen in the Tower.

St. Edward's crown was made *temp.* Charles II., to replace that said to have been worn by Edward the Confessor.\* The sovereign is crowned at the altar with this crown, and this is the one Blood attempted to steal. The arches, flowers, and fillets are covered with jewels, and the purple cap is faced with ermine. The crown of James I. had eight crosses and eight fleurs de lis, without any roses; but Charles II. reduced both crosses and fleurs de lis to four—the same numbers as the arches. The four pearl-studded arches rise from the crosses, and carry at their intersection the mound and cross.

The state crown of Her Majesty was made for her coronation. It differs from that just described rather in enrichment than in arrangement. There is, however, a decided difference in the contour of the arches, which rise almost perpendicularly from within the crosses pattée, and instead of being depressed, are elevated at their intersection. Professor Tennant, F.G.S., in a paper read before the London and Middlesex Archæological Society, states that this crown was made by Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, in the year 1838, with jewels taken from old crowns. Its gross weight is 39 ounces <sup>5</sup>/<sub>16</sub> dwts. troy. "The lower part of the band, above the ermine border, consists of a row of one hundred and twenty-nine pearls, and the upper part of the band of a row of one hundred and twelve pearls, between which, in front of the crown, is a large sapphire (partly drilled), purchased for the crown by His Majesty King George IV.† At the back

are a sapphire of smaller size and six other sapphires, between which are eight emeralds. Above and below the seven sapphires are fourteen diamonds, and around the eight emeralds, one hundred and twenty-eight diamonds. Between the emeralds and the sapphires are sixteen trefoil ornaments, containing one hundred and sixty diamonds. Above the band are eight sapphires, surmounted by eight diamonds, between which are eight festoons, consisting of one hundred and forty-eight diamonds." In the centre of a diamond Maltese cross is the famous ruby said to have been given to Edward Prince of Wales, son of Edward III., called the Black Prince, by Don Pedro, King of Castile, after the battle of Najera, near Vitoria, in 1367. It was worn by Henry V. in his helmet at the battle of Agincourt in 1415. According to the eastern custom, it is pierced quite through, the upper part of the piercing being filled with a small ruby. The fleurs de lis between the crosses contain rose diamonds, each flower having a ruby in the centre. The four arches are composed of oak leaves and acorns, with leaves of rose, table, and brilliant diamonds; the arches, &c. containing nearly eight hundred diamonds. Four large pear-shaped pearls are suspended from the upper part of the arches.

The jewels in the crown are thus summed up by Professor Tennant: "1 large ruby, irregularly polished, 1 large broad-spread sapphire, 16 sapphires, 11 emeralds, 4 rubies, 1363 brilliant diamonds, 1273 rose diamonds, 147 table diamonds, 4 drop-shaped pearls, 273 pearls." Barbot estimates the total value of the stones at 3,000,000 francs, or £120,000. Correct woodcuts of the crown will be found in Britton's *Dictionary of Architecture* and Sharp's *Peerage*.

*The Prince of Wales's Crown* is of pure gold, plain, without jewels, is placed upon a velvet cushion in the House of Lords, before his seat, when Her Majesty opens or prorogues parliament.

*The Queen-consort's Crown* is of gold, set with diamonds, pearls, and other

\* This crown was probably made after the fashion of the old one. Stephen Martin Leake, Garter, remarks, that as the fashion of the present crown of St. Edward differs not in form from the imperial crown of state, therefore that ancient crown before the Rebellion could not be the fashion of it be older than Edward IV. Edward II. was crowned with the Confessor's own crown, but of its fashion we have no memorial, unless it is like that on his great seal. It must have disappeared long before the time of Edward IV., because the crown made to supply the place of it bore no resemblance to the ancient one, which it certainly would have done had the particular form been remembered.

† Mr. King says there is a tradition that this sapphire came out of the famous ring of Edward the Confessor, so long treasured up on his shrine, and the heritage of which gave his successors the miraculous power of blessing the *cramp-rings*. If so, the stone must have been re-cut for Charles II. In the list of Henry III.'s gems, collected for the

shrine, is entered a sapphire of 52 dwts. = 313 carats. Henry collected more than eighty camei for this shrine—one "in a gold setting, with a chain to it," is valued at two hundred pounds—an immense sum in those days.

jewels, and was made for the queen of William III. The queen-consort is always crowned by the Archbishop of York.

*The Queen's Diadem, or Circlet of Gold*, made for the coronation of Maria d'Este, consort of James II., at a cost of £110,000.

Before describing the sceptres, we will take the Koh-i-noor diamond, exhibited with the Regalia, set as a bracelet. As Professor Maskeleyne observes, its history "is one long romance; but it is well authenticated at every step, as history seems never to have lost sight of this stone of fate from the days when Ala-ud-deen took it from the rajahs of Malwah, five centuries and a half ago, to the day when it became a crown jewel of England." Baber says it came into the Delhi treasury from the conquest of Malwah by Ala-ud-deen in 1304. It was seen by Tavernier among the jewels of Aurungzebe, but had been reduced by the unskillfulness of Hortensio Borgis from 793 carats to 186 carats—the weight it possessed at the Exhibition of 1851. Nadir Shah obtained possession of this celebrated diamond by an artful trick. He gave back the prostrate empire of India to his Tartar "kinsman," and exchanged turbans with him, according to oriental custom, in token of amity; but unfortunately for his vassal, the *Mountain of Light* was in his cap, and so was gained by his suzerain. At last it came into the hands of Runjeet Singh; and after the capture of Lahore, at the time of the Sikh mutiny, it was presented by Lord Dalhousie, in the name of the East India Company, to the Queen in 1850. In 1862, at a cost of £8000, it was recut as a brilliant, and reduced from 186 to 106 $\frac{1}{8}$  carats. In place of the most ancient gem in the history of the world, we get a modern brilliant, a mere lady's bauble, of but second water, for it has a grayish tinge, and besides this, inferior in weight to several. It was re-cut in about thirty-eight days, as a small steam-engine had been erected for the purpose; but the Pitt Diamond, by the old hand process, occupied two years. The Brahmin sages have an hereditary superstition touching the malign powers of this stone, and the Russian war and the sepoy mutiny will not dispossess them of it.

*St. Edward's Staff* (weight nine pounds) is of beaten gold, four feet sev-

en inches in length, surmounted by an orb (said to contain a fragment of the true cross) and cross, and shod with a steel spike. St. Edward's staff is mentioned as used at the coronation of Edward VI., and at that of Mary. At the latter, the paten of St. Edward's chalice was used; it is likewise mentioned under Henry VI. and VIII., being a holy relic of great antiquity. In the account of the coronation of Queen Elinor, wife of Henry III. (about 1236), it is called a jewel of the king's treasury of great antiquity.

At the coronation of Charles II., this was borne by the Earl of Sandwich.

*The Royal Sceptre,\* or Sceptre with the Cross*, is of gold, set with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds; the rose, shamrock, and thistle have taken the place of the fleurs de lis.

*The Rod of Equity, or Sceptre with the Dove*, is of gold, three feet seven inches long, surmounted with an orb, cross, and dove, ornamented with diamonds. The Duke of Albemarle bore it at the coronation of Charles II.; and the archbishop, when delivering it to the king, charged him to "learn to make much of the godly, and to terrify the wicked; shew the way to those that go astray, offer thy hand to those that fall, repress the proud, lift up the lowly."

Besides the above, we have an ancient sceptre found in the wainscot of the old Jewel-house in 1814, and supposed to have belonged to Mary, queen of William III.; also one of gold, ornamented with large diamonds, and made for the coronation of the last-named queen; and a third of ivory, mounted in gold, with gold cross and dove of white onyx, made for Maria d'Este, though often called Queen Anne Boleyn's.

*The Orb* is of gold, six inches in diameter, with bands set with diamonds

\* The sceptre was originally a mere walking staff. Achilles swears by his staff or sceptre (*Iliad*, i. 246), 1193 B. C. Cyrus, according to Xenophon, was always attended by three hundred sceptre-bearers, 401 B. C. It was first assumed by the elder Tarquin (621 B. C.), among the Romans. The sceptre of the Merovingian kings of France, in 448, was a golden rod of the same height as the monarch himself. The chanter's baton of St. Denis, now in the Louvre, was carried by Napoleon I., and the French kings before him, at their coronation, as "the golden sceptre of Charlemagne," from a seated figure of that monarch on the top: it is dated 1384.

and pearls; the gold cross is supported by a very large amethyst. Another orb, called the Queen's, is very like this, but smaller. The globe and cross, as a symbol of dominion, is very common on the imperial coins. Bromley says that Constantine fixed them in the right hand of the Apollo of Phidias. In our own country, its use is ascribed to King Alfred, but it certainly has been used from the time of the Confessor.

*The Curtana, or Pointless Sword of Mercy*, also called the Sword of King Edward the Confessor. It is mentioned by both these names in Matthew Paris, under the year 1236, when detailing the marriage ceremonial of Henry III. In ancient times, it was the privilege of the Earls of Chester to bear this sword before the king. The Earl of Oxford carried it at the coronation of Charles II.

*The Sword of Justice*, temporal and ecclesiastical, borne before the sovereigns at coronations. Of this in the "Inventory of the Regalia of King James the secrete Jewel-house within the Tower of London," printed in *Kalendar and Inventories of the Exchequer*, it is written: "Item, one greute Two-handed Sworde, garnysht with sylver and gylte, presented to King Henry VIII. by the Pope." The two-handed sword was in great favor in the sixteenth century, but is rarely seen after the close of the century, being superseded by the rapier. The *Spadone*, as it was called, could be only wielded by men of great strength and agility.

*The Armillæ, or Coronation Bracelets*, are of gold, chased with the rose, fleur de lis, and harp, and edged with pearls.

*The Royal Spurs* are of curiously wrought gold, and are used at coronations. At that of Charles II., according to Baker's *Chronicles of the Kings of England*, folio, 1674, pages 760-768, before quoted, we read that the dean took the spurs from off the altar, and delivered them to the Lord Great Chamberlain, who touched the king's heels therewith, and forthwith sent them back to the altar.

We now come to a very interesting (though not intrinsically valuable) portion of the Regalia—namely, the *ampulla*,\* or eagle of pure gold, used at

coronations for the holy oil, which is poured from the beak into the *gold anointing spoon*, which we shall notice presently. This ampulla is said to have been brought from Sens Abbey in France by Thomas à Becket. It will be remembered that, in 1164, after the quarrel of Becket and Henry II., the former fled to Sens, where he met the pope. He resided afterwards at the Abbey of Pontigny, but at the former place some of his vestments are preserved. At the coronation of Charles II., the king was anointed by the archbishop (the Dean of Westminster holding the ampulla, and pouring oil into the spoon), first in the palms of both his hands, in manner of a cross. The king was anointed on his breast, between his shoulders, on both his shoulders, the two bowings of his arms, and on the crown of his head. The anointing was dried up with fine linen, and the loops of his shirt closed up by the Dean of Westminster.

*The Spoon* (figured in Shaw's *Dresses and Decorations of the Middle Ages*) has been probably used in the coronation of our monarchs since the twelfth century. It is of pure gold, with four pearls in the broadest part of the handle, and the bowl has an elegant arabesque pattern engraved on it. The handle was originally decorated with enamel; but this has been destroyed, leaving an uneven surface.

*The Gold Salt-cellar of State* is set with jewels chased with grotesque figures in the form of a round castle, said, but erroneously, to be a model of the White Tower. The tops of the five turrets are for the salt. It was presented to the crown by the city of Exeter, and was

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balm that was used in anointing the kings of France at their coronation was found at Rheims, in the custody of the grand-prior of the monastery of St. Remi, and known as the *Sainte Ampoule*. It was composed of antique glass, about one and a half inches high, seven-eighths of an inch in circumference at the neck. In 1760, the vessel appeared about two-thirds full of a reddish balm. When king of France was to be crowned, a small portion was extracted on the point of a golden pin, and mixed with the holy chrism. This vial was enclosed in a reliquary in the form of a dove attached to a silver chain, and so suspended round the neck of the prior when carried in procession. Soon after the execution of Louis XVI., this interesting relic was destroyed by a republican named Ruhl.—*Glossary of Ecc. Ornament*

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\* According to Pugin, a vial containing sacred



last used at the coronation banquet of George IV. Then we have an elaborately chased *Baptismal Font*, formerly used at the christening of the royal family; and a large silver *Wine Foun-*

*tain*, presented by the corporation of Plymouth to Charles II.; a service of sacramental plate, golden salt-cellar, coronation tankards, gold spoons, and a fine banqueting dish.

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Chambers's Journal.

#### FRENCH BANK-NOTES.

THE French adopt a very elaborate plan of lettering and figuring their bank-notes, as a security against forgery. The notes are issued in groups called *alphabets*, of 25,000 each, comprising 25 *letters* of 1,000 each; and the successive issues or alphabets are numbered in regular order. Not only is every note different from every other, in some of the symbols which it bears, but it tells how many notes of that particular denomination have been issued. M. Maxime Du Camp gives a particular instance of a 1,000-franc bank-note; it tells the date of issue at full, 25th May, 1868; at two of the corners, the number 32 denotes the 32d alphabet, while a T denotes the particular letter of that alphabet; in two other corners, 369 denotes the 369th note in the series of letter T; while 0,793,369 denotes that there have been done to that date 793,369 notes, of 1,000 francs each, printed and issued. Every note, in fact, has a kind of surname which assigns it to a particular family, and a kind of baptismal name which belongs individually to itself alone. From the mode in which they are printed, it is absolutely impossible that two notes can be *quite* alike; and this offers a powerful check to forgers. The system adopted at the Bank of England is different in its symbolic arrangement; but we have no reason to believe that it is less effective.

Everything connected with the manufacture of the notes is managed with extraordinary care. The paper is made near Coulommiers, in an establishment expressly reserved for this purpose. A commissioner, appointed by the bank, resides constantly at the mill. The paper is made by the hand method, in very small sheets for one note each. Each note bears a water-mark, which is changed according to a certain system. All the pieces of paper are closely examined in relation to their strength, dimensions, and purity;

and so severe is the test, that sixty out of every hundred are rejected, and consigned to the pulp vat. The perfect sheets are packed in iron boxes, locked, sealed by the commissioner, and transmitted to the bank at Paris, where another searching examination is made. The notes are packed in another and a larger receptacle, of which two high officials—the secretary-general and the comptroller—retain two keys; and without the concurrence of these two officials, the precious (though unprinted) bits of paper cannot be taken out of the strong-box.

So much for the paper. Now for the plates. Taking the 1,000-franc note as a specimen, the steel plate for it cost M. Barre three years of labor: electrotypes are taken from this plate, for printing from; and as 50,000 impressions can be taken before the electrotypes are worn out, a succession of such casts will render it unnecessary to print from the steel plate itself. For notes of other and lower denominations, photographic as well as electrical agency is brought into requisition. An elaborate design is drawn on a large scale; a reduced photograph is obtained from this; a plate is engraved from the photograph; and electrotypes are obtained from the plate. This intervention of photographic aid is said to render the processes more rapid, more sure, and less costly. The plate for the 100-franc note is so exquisitely engraved that it took five years to prepare.

When a new batch of notes is to be printed, an equivalent number of the choicely prepared and preserved sheets of paper is handed over to the superintendent of the printing-office. This office is among the inner buildings of the Bank of France, and is governed by very rigorous rules in all things. The operatives are all picked men, skilful, active—and silent. The sheets, the ink, and the ma-

trixes of the plates are kept securely under lock and key until actually wanted. The printing is effected by steam-worked presses. The ink is blue, and its composition known to only a few of the authorities. An inspector goes his rounds during the continuance of the operations, watching every press, every workman, every process. A beautiful machine, distinct from the press, is employed to print the variable numbers on the note; fed with sheets of paper, it will number a thousand of them in succession, changing the digits each time, and scarcely requiring to be touched meanwhile; even the removal of one note and the placing of another are effected by automatic agency. At every successive stage, the note is examined. So complete is the registration of everything, that a record is always at hand of the number of sheets rejected ever since the Bank of France was established, be it for defects in the paper, the printing, or the numbering. When the master printer has delivered up his packets of printed and numbered sheets, each note is stamped with the signatures of the secretary-general and the comptroller. This completes the *creation* of notes. The notes so created are kept in a strong box, of which the secretary-general and the comptroller have keys, and are retained until the day of *issue*. The chief cashier tells the governor that he wants a new supply of a particular denomination of notes, the governor tells the council, the council tells the secretary-general and the comptroller, and these two functionaries open their strong box, and hand over the notes demanded. The notes at this time are not really money; they do not become so until the chief cashier has put his signature to each, and registered its number in a book.

The life of a French bank-note is said to average two or three years, and does not terminate until the condition is very shaky indeed—crimped, pierced with pin-holes, corner creases torn, soft, tarnished, decrepit while yet young. Some have been half-burned; one has been found half-digested in the stomach of a goat, and one boiled in a waistcoat-pocket by a laundress. No matter; the cashier at the bank will do his best to decipher it; he will indeed take an infinity of trouble to put together the ashes of a burned note, and will give the owner a new note or

the value in coin, if satisfied of the integrity of the old one. The bank authorities preserve specimens of this kind as curiosities, minute fragments gummed in their proper position on a sheet of paper. Very few of the notes are actually and irrecoverably lost. During the last sixty-seven years, 24,000 bank-notes of 1,000 francs each have been issued, and of this number 23,958 had been returned to the bank by the month of January last: leaving only 42 unaccounted for. Whether these 42 are still in existence, or have been burned into uncollected ashes, or are at the bottom of the sea, or elsewhere, is not known. Of 500-franc notes, 24,935 have been returned out of 25,000. The bank holds itself morally and financially responsible for the small number of notes unreturned, ready to cash them if at any time presented.

The bank sends the old notes again and again into circulation, if verified and usable; but they are examined first, and any that are too defective are cancelled by stamping a hole in them. These cancelled notes pass from one official to another, and are grouped in classified bundles; the book that records the birth of each note now receives a notification of its civil death; and after three years' incarceration in a great oak chest, a grand conflagration takes place. A huge fire is kindled in an open court; the defunct notes are thrown into a sort of revolving wire-cage over the fire; the cage is kept rotating; and the minute fragments of ash, whirled out of the cage through the meshes, take their flight into infinite space—no one knows whither. The Bank of France prints a certain number of notes per day, and destroys a smaller number, so as to have always in reserve a sufficient supply of new notes to meet any emergency; but the actual burning, the grand flare-up, takes place only about once a month, when perhaps 150,000 will be burned at once. The French go down to lower denominations than the Bank of England—having notes of 100 francs and 50 francs, equivalent to £4 and £2. There must be a great deal of printing always going on in the Bank of France, seeing that, in 1868, they issued 2,711,000 notes, of an aggregate value of 904,750,000 francs (averaging about £13 each), and burned 1,927,192, value 768,854,900 francs.

It sounds a very dreadful thing, for 30,000,000 sterling in bank notes to be wilfully burned in one year! But there is always a phoenix to rise from the ashes: the bank can regenerate as fast as it kills. The Bank of France, in 1846, put in circulation a beautiful crimson-printed note for 5,000 francs; but the French people did not like notes of so high a denomination, and all but a very few of this kind have been returned and cancelled. On one occasion, a superb individual, wishing to pay a dowry in handsome style, obtained twelve notes of 5,000 francs each for the purpose; but they were returned the very next day by a banker, who much preferred smaller notes for his general purposes. The notes now regularly kept in circulation in France are those of 1,000, 500, 100, and 50 francs.

When photography became established as a practical art, it was found that bank-notes printed with black ink lent themselves too readily to the machinations of the forger. Thereupon, the Bank of France determined to employ blue ink, which baffles the photographic imitator, and to have some engraved device or other on both surfaces. This plan has been completely successful. In regard to other modes of falsification, an experienced chemist is constantly employed in studying all new discoveries that may perchance be brought into requisition, in order to devise means of averting roguery. Forgery of the notes is now extremely rare. On one occasion, three persons attached to a deposed royal prince were found to have been concerned in a deep-laid scheme of note-forgery; a packet containing twelve false notes of 1,000 francs each was presented to be cashed, but the fraud was detected in time to avert loss. About 1853, a more determined attempt upon the bank was made. False 100-franc notes came to the bank with great rapidity and regularity. They were so admirably executed that no banker, money-changer, or trader could detect the fraud, and therefore no reason presented itself for refusing to take them in the ordinary way of trade. The experts of the bank alone detected them by means of a tiny black spot near the figure of Mercury. For eight years continuously did these notes make their appearance, defying all endeavors on

the part of the authorities to discover the malefactors. The bank did not like to make the fraud known, lest it should shake the confidence of the public in the 100-franc notes generally. At last the clever scoundrel was discovered; he was an engraver, and it was found that he had successfully put in circulation false notes to the value of nearly 200,000 francs. His end was strange and horrible. Transported to Cayenne in 1862, he tried to escape into the Dutch settlements; faint and exhausted, he became fast embedded in the thick slimy mud of a river, and was there *eaten alive by crabs!*

The Bank of France makes all its payments in notes, with the necessary exception of sums under 50 francs; but as these notes can be immediately cashed in an adjoining office, the claimant has at all times virtually the command of specie payment. In 1868, there were 722 million francs' worth of notes exchanged at the counter for gold. One million of francs in the larger denomination of notes will only weigh 1,644 grammes, and can be packed into the size of a large octavo volume. M. Maxime Du Camp states that he one day saw notes to the value of 105 million francs (£4,000,000), spread out on one table. Nevertheless, these notes *do* make a formidable pile when assembled in great number. He relates an anecdote of a tanner at Dijon who declared publicly that the annual budget of France (about 2000 million francs) would reach in bank-notes to the top of the steeple at St. Bénigne Church; a busybody took the tanner up before the police for having said something seditious. The tanner proved his case, with abundance to spare; for it was shown in evidence that 2,000,000 notes of 1,000 francs each would make a pile 200 mètres high—a height which certainly no steeple at present reaches, whatever may be said of the Tower of Babel.

The approach to the vaults of the Bank of France is by a descending stone staircase, the masonry of which would defy the pick, and so narrow that two persons cannot pass it abreast. Four iron doors present themselves, each secured by three locks; and two keys kept by two officials must be used before any of the locks can be opened. Within

the vaults are ranged leaden chests, containing bags each filled with 10,000 francs in silver, whereas the smaller bags of gold, also containing the value of 10,000 francs each, are heaped up in piles. Silver ingots, deposited by bankers and money-changers as security for advances, are ranged symmetrically in masses; but the ingots of gold, by their yellow brilliancy, are more suggestive of exhaust-

less and most tempting riches. When our authority visited the place on a recent occasion, the vaults contained—in leaden chests of silver coin, bags of gold coin, and ingots of the two metals—the prodigious value of 726,275,666 francs 68 centimes (let us give the odd centimes, by all means). This sum approaches very nearly to £30,000,000 sterling.

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British Quarterly.

#### THE CITY OF JERUSALEM—PAST AND PRESENT.

SEVEN cities, each famous in history, have, during a period of more than four thousand years, been successively reared on the site of the four hills, and intervening valleys, that are known by the common name of Jerusalem. The magnitude and splendor of the works of the successive founders and restorers have exceeded anything that has been accomplished in historic times, with but few illustrious exceptions. The completeness of the successive demolitions has been proportionate to the grandeur of the structures. Yet, so far has the constructive energy of the builders exceeded the destructive fury of the assailants, that architectural relics, distinctly referable to each of the seven periods of power, yet reward the toil of the explorer.

Within the last three or four years a society has been founded, under the patronage of Her Majesty the Queen, and guided by a committee comprising many of the most conspicuous leaders of both the Anglican and the Nonconformist Churches, for the investigation of the archaeology and topography of Palestine. Up to the close of 1868, about £9,000 has been expended by this society. The results of this expenditure have been exhibited, not only in the literary form of reports, drawings, and photographs, but in the physical shape of relics of pottery, glass, carving, sculpture, coins, and warlike missiles, arranged in a temporary museum at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. This result is such as to whet the appetite of the explorers, and to show what invaluable information may be expected from a vigorous prosecution of the exploration.

The remark that it is practicable to refer discoveries of half-perished fragments with considerable precision to one or other of such remote periods, may startle those who have not given long and patient attention to the subject. Under the historic continuity of the name, persons have lost sight of the distinct individuality of the successive cities. Even the widely different structures raised by Solomon, by Zerubbabel, and by Herod, are confounded under the name of "The Temple;" and but few, even of those who take an interest in the topography of the Holy City, can readily point out the distinct sites of the citadels of David, of Antiochus, and of Hircanus.

With regard to the original city, we are aware that its antiquity, as a walled town, dates at least forty centuries before our time. A certain halo of the gigantesque and of the patriarchal broods over the site of Mount Zion. When the thirteenth dynasty of Egyptian kings was reigning at Thebes, and when the Hyksos, or shepherd conquerors of Lower Egypt, were ruling at Xoïs—when Yu had recently established hereditary monarchy in China, and an Assyrian had replaced an Arab rule in Babylon—the king of Salem was illustrious as the "King of Peace," and the priest of the Most High God. The Jebusites, after the conquest of Palestine, lay safe behind the colossal walls of Zion for 450 years, till David surprised the stronghold (as Alfonso of Arragon surprised Naples), by gaining admission through a water-course. Twenty-two years after the storming of Zion, the Jebusite Araunah, "as a King," ceded to the King of

Israel the site which was afterwards divided between the precincts of the Temple and the courts and gardens of the palace; and enormous wrought stones, artificially channelled (that their monolithic grandeur might not dwarf the smaller, though yet gigantic, blocks of the masonry of Solomon), yet tell why one of the neighboring ravines was called the "Valley of the Giants."

David, Solomon, Uzziah, Jotham, Hezekiah, and Manasseh were the builders of Regal Jerusalem. They enclosed and adorned Moriah—*Firmamentum in terra in summis montium*—defended Ophel by a wall that united the fortification of Zion to Moriah; drew around the base of the hill, to the north and west, the wall known as the first wall of Josephus, and constructed a subterranean conduit. The peculiar features of the work of Solomon, the rusticated megalithic ashlar, the shouldered lintels, hollowed into the resemblance of true arches, the rude Phœnician letters traced by the quarrymen and stone-bewers of Hiram, the cisterns and culvert of the conduit, are yet to be recognized by the character no less than by the localities of the work. Regal Jerusalem stood for 466 years.

Sacerdotal Jerusalem dates from the restoration inaugurated by Zerubbabel, after the partial demolition effected by Nebuchadnezzar, to the more complete destruction resulting from the siege by Titus, a period of 606 years. Nehemiah "the Tirshatha," Judas Maccabæus, Jonathan, Simon, Hyrcanus, Herod the Great, and Agrippa, the fourth Idumean king, were the principal builders during this period. The hill of Acra, on which a citadel had been built by Antiochus Epiphanes, was levelled, and bodily carried away into the valley, by Simon, the fifty-fourth high priest. The wrought, unrusted blocks that mark the building of the magnificent Herod, cannot be confounded with the yet nobler work of Solomon, but are superior to any more recent efforts of the mason. The foundations of the tower reared by Hyrcanus on the site of the royal palace, which was rebuilt by Herod under the name of Antonia, yet unquestionably exist *in situ*, and await identification. Evidences of the filling up of the Tyropœon valley by Simon have been recently detected. The glory of this period of six centuries

culminated in the completion of the Temple of Herod. Coins of the Maccabees and of the Seleucidæ (the latter bearing the regal Asiatic symbol of the umbrella), pottery, glass (adorned by the hand of time with the most lovely opalescent colors), a seal bearing the name "HAGAI BEN SHEBANIAH," inscribed lamps, and, most precious of all, a charred fragment of the cedar carving of the great southern cloister of the Temple, are among the relics of this important period; which are appropriately separated from those of its successor by a group of the hailstones of war,—the round stone missiles shot from the Roman catapults.

Hadrian and Constantine, Julian and Justinian, were the builders of Roman Jerusalem. There is no mistaking the traces of their handiwork. Altars, entablatures, deeply incised rude Roman inscriptions, architectural fragments, even one or two portions of statues, or of statuettes, attest their Pagan origin. Crosses and Christian inscriptions, and the introduction of a cruciform plan for buildings, yet to be traced in the foundations, commenced during this period of five centuries. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre was founded by Constantine; and the active, unscrupulous, lucrative invention of monkish legends has done its very utmost to conceal the Roman Jerusalem of history beneath the monkish Jerusalem of fable.

The Persian and Arabic rule over the Holy City endured, including the brief interval of restored Christian sway under Heraclius, for 480 years. Moorish tiles are almost the only relics of this period to be distinguished in the museum. On the actual site exists very much that tells of the Arab occupation; but it is only with great difficulty that examination or portrayal by Franks is practicable. It was not till the recent visit of the Prince of Wales, that the mosque of Omar, or the sacred inclosure of the Haram, the site of the Temple and the palace, could be seen by a Christian, except at the risk of life.

The ninety years of the Crusaders and of the Norman kings of Jerusalem have left relics remarkable for their value, if not for their number. The fragments of pottery found at the Muristan, and other parts that can be directly identified with

the crusading occupation, are such as to supply a lost link in the history of European earthenware. A coin bearing the arms of the Latin emperor of Constantinople, and another bearing the escutcheon of Bavaria, are among the objects discovered traceable to this period. Nothing more distinctly illustrates the mode in which exact topographical research tends to throw light on history and on chronology, than do the Christian relics found at Jerusalem.

The Norman kingdom of Jerusalem existed as a titular dignity for 130 years, at the expiration of which the title was ceded by Jean de Brienne, Comte d'Eu, to the Emperor Frederic the Second, the husband of Yolande, the only daughter of King Jean, by Marie de Montserrat, in whose right he held the shadowy crown. No regal title, in mediæval times, has passed, in so short a period, to so many claimants. Godfrey of Boulogne, Duke of Lower Lorraine, the first elected king, dying in 1100, was succeeded by his brother Baldwin, on whose death, A. D. 1118, Baldwin du Bourg, a poor private gentleman, was elected, on the sole ground of his distinguished military merit. Fulk, Comte d'Anjou, succeeded on the death of Baldwin II. in 1131, as husband of Melesinda, daughter of the latter. Their son, Baldwin III., succeeded in 1142, followed, in 1162, by his brother Amauri. Baldwin IV., son of Amauri, succeeded in 1163. On his death, sine prole (he was a leper), in 1185, Baldwin V., son of Sybille d'Anjou, sister of the "Leper," by her first husband, William, called "Longuepee" Marquis of Montserrat, held the title for a year, and was succeeded by Gui de Lusignan, the second husband of the same Sybille. On the death of Gui, in 1192, the crown devolved on Henry de Blois, Comte Palatine de Champagne, in his capacity of third husband of Isabelle d'Anjou, half-sister of Sybille; the mother of Sybille having been Marie, daughter of Emmanuel Commenus, Emperor of Constantinople, first wife of Amauri d'Anjou; the mother of Isabelle being Agnes de Courtenay.

Isabelle d'Anjou was married four times. Her second husband was Conrad, Marquis of Montserrat, brother of William Languepee. Her fourth spouse, Amauri de Lusignan, succeeded Henry

de Champagne, as eleventh king of Jerusalem. On the death of Isabelle, Amauri married Marie de Montserrat, daughter of Conrad, Marquis of Montserrat and Isabelle, his own first wife. Marie, left a widow, married Jean de Brienne, Comte d'Eu, twelfth king; and their daughter, Yolande, carried her transitory and fleeting title, as her dower, to the Emperor Frederic the Second.

This unexampled sequence of descents on the side of the spindle led to a series of claims and counter-claims, such as might be held to prove that some degree of practical good sense was possessed by the authors of the unjust Salic law. Richard Cœur de Lion, king of England, was appointed arbitrator between Gui de Lusignan, widower of Sybille, and Conrad de Montserrat, husband of Isabelle. He decided in favor of Conrad, who was murdered a few days after the award; but the English king gave his own conquest of Cyprus to Gui, in whose family it remained for three hundred years. The granddaughter of Gui sold her right to the crown of Jerusalem to Charles of Anjou, in virtue of which purchase the title has been, ever since that time, borne by the kings of the two Sicilies. The claim of the House of Savoy to the same dignity has been urged since the marriage of Louis I., the second Duke, with Anne of Cyprus. The Emperor claimed the same title as the heir of Frederic II., and the kings of Spain also quarter the arms of Jerusalem, as representatives of the main line of the descendants of the Emperor Charles V. Thus, to understand the question of the descent of so unreal a title involves no small amount of research, and that, too, among authorities for the most part unfamiliar to the English reader.

The seventh permanent occupation of Jerusalem has been that of the Moslem, commencing with the capture by Saladin, and enduring, first under the Saracens, and then under the Turkish caliphs, to our own day. Dilapidation, dirt, misery, and decay have waited on the Turkish rule; and it is no trifling achievement to have obtained authority from the Sultan to raise any portion of the veil which long neglect has drawn over the relics of Jerusalem. It is the more desirable that so unlooked for an opportunity should not be lost, but that funds should

be freely contributed towards an enterprise in which the Christian and the Jew, the historian and the archæologist, the

man of piety and the man of taste, take a common and an imperishable interest.

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JAMES T. BRADY.

BY THE EDITOR.

COLLEY CIBBER, we believe it is, who, in writing of Betterton, regrets that oratory is in its nature so ephemeral, that the manner and tones which once thrilled a nation are utterly lost when the lips which uttered them are silenced; and Rufus Choate, at the close of a long life, during which he had enjoyed to the full the incense which in all ages has been offered at the shrine of eloquence, said, "There is no immortality but in a book." This rather saddening reflection has doubtless come frequently to all who have thought upon the wrongs of history, and the evident favoritism of fame, but it strikes us with peculiar force as we sit down to prepare this sketch of one who was so recently recognized among us as the foremost forensic orator of his time, but whose name already seems but the faintest whisper from a world of receding echoes. Less than a year ago, "standing in full panoply of intellectual power before our criminal tribunals," JAMES T. BRADY was honored as "the Erskine of America." Now, of all the work which he did, of all the splendid oratorical triumphs which he achieved, nothing more substantial remains than the fond reminiscences of personal friends, and some noble traditions which under better auspices would confer enduring dignity upon the bar of his native State, but which are fast fading away amid the debauchery and recklessness that are invading even the sacred domain of our jurisprudence. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

JAMES TOPHAM BRADY was born in the city of New York on the 9th of April, 1815. Like Charles O'Connor, he was of Irish parentage, his father having come to this country during the war of 1812. Both his father and mother are said to have been of altogether unusual intellectual ability, and Mr. Brady the elder, in particular, seems to have been a man of rare culture and great elevation of character. To him James was indebted for the thorough training he received in

youth, and for the early opportunities of which he made such good use. While still but a lad just from the school-room, James went into his father's law office in Nassau st., as student and general office boy, and so brilliantly precocious was his intellect, and so assiduous was his industry, that in 1835, at the age of twenty, he was admitted to the bar, and soon had entire charge of the exceedingly complex and responsible business of the office. Few men have ever studied harder or drudged more tirelessly than he did in the early years of his professional life; and though, in the admiration for the brilliancy of his oratory, his vast legal erudition was too constantly lost sight of, yet the result of those years of industrious study was seen throughout all his career, in the marvelous knowledge which he showed of the most intricate problems of jurisprudence, and the readiness with which, without any preparation whatever, he would conduct cases involving complex legal points. His mind never failed to illuminate whatever subject it touched upon, and that not by the calcium light of intellectual pyrotechny, but by the steady flame of solid and substantial knowledge.

In a science so entirely based upon precedent as law, nothing can supersede the necessity of that study which scorns delights and lives laborious days. Not even forensic eloquence is possible without it. As Lord Erskine said, "Remember that no man can be a great advocate who is no lawyer; the thing is impossible." And this is the lesson which those who are young in the profession may draw from Mr. Brady's life. Unmindful of the seductions of a vivid and brilliant imagination, he laboriously accumulated a store of information which rendered him remarkable in a profession which has been illustrated by the noblest intellect of the nation; and the splendor of his eloquence was always equalled by the comprehensiveness of his facts and the resistless force of his logic.

Mr. Brady, we believe, lost his first case before the courts; but even then he made his mark, and laid the corner-stone of a reputation which soon extended throughout the land. He stepped at once into a lucrative practice, and was received with honor from the start. In his very first appearance before a jury Mr. Brady exhibited the marvellous eloquence which afterwards made him probably the most powerful advocate who has ever stood before our courts. His power before a jury is well indicated by the fact that, out of fifty-two capital cases in which he was retained during the long course of his professional career, he never lost but one—that of Beall, who was tried at Fort Lafayette during the war on the charge of being a spy and a guerilla.

While yet a very young man he was selected as one of the counsel in the great Goodyear Patent case, and in this connection we quote from a very excellent sketch in a recent number of the *Galaxy*: "The bashful boy had risen rapidly in his profession. He was retained by Goodyear in the great india-rubber case of Goodyear *vs.* Day, which was argued at Trenton, in the United Circuit Court, before Justices Grier and Dickinson. Daniel Webster was his senior counsel. Mr. Choate was opposed. Brady had worked for months, and opened the case with a two days' speech. Mr. Webster said on rising, that if the case was won, the triumph would be due to its able and thorough preparation by his junior. 'I thank you, Mr. Brady,' he said, 'for the manner in which you have opened this case; you have cut a broad highway through it.' It was a great combination. The greatest constitutional lawyer and the two best advocates of the nation. In connection with the india-rubber cases is a fact which testifies his character. A salary of \$25,000 a year for life was offered to be settled upon him by the rubber company if he would advise a certain course; but not deeming it right, he rejected the offer."

Since that time scarcely any great case has been tried in this country with which Mr. Brady did not have some connection. The Parish will case, the Allaire case, the Street Commissioner cases, the case of Governor Price of New Jersey, and the Forrest divorce case, were all participated in by him as

leading counsel. In the famous trial of Daniel E. Sickles for the shooting of Philip Barton Key, in Washington, D.C., nearly the whole conduct of the defence was put into the hands of Mr. Brady by his associate counsel, and it was largely owing to his indefatigable skill that Sickles walked forth a free man. In this celebrated case Mr. Brady set the seal upon his fame as a criminal lawyer, but it is now seen that he contributed to the establishing of one of the most unfortunate precedents that has crept into American jurisprudence.

As a public speaker, particularly on political subjects, Mr. Brady attained a success fully equal to his triumphs at the bar; and at a social entertainment he was unrivalled for genial, delicate humor, and fertility and brilliancy of wit. It was shortly after one of these occasions (the Gerard dinner) on which he was the "bright particular star" of the company, that he was stricken down with paralysis, which brought his life to a close on February 9th, 1869, at the age of fifty-four.

Of the private life of Mr. Brady it is not necessary for us to speak. Death silences gossip if it does not expiate faults, and public criticism has very properly abstained from violating the shrine of his individual experience. Harsh things were said about him in his life, but by general consent the evil which he did has been interred with his bones; and it is more genial for us to dwell upon the great and noble aspects of his character,—upon his consideration for others, for which he was remarkable even as a boy; upon his life-long and self-sacrificing devotion to his sisters and brothers, the support of whom devolved upon him at the age of twenty; upon his kindness to the poor and unfortunate, who ever found in him a willing and sympathetic assistant; upon his boundless but judicious liberality; and the inflexible integrity of his professional character, against which a word was never whispered.

In the present corruption which is fast debauching the bar and the judiciary of his native State, the fame of JAMES T. BRADY, and the professional example which he left, are not only a legacy but a reproach.



## POETRY.

## A CONFESSION AND APOLOGY.

'Tis time that I should loose from life at last  
 This heart's unworthy lounging for the past,  
     Ere life be turned to loathing.  
 For love, at least this love of one for one,  
 Is, at the best, not all beneath the sun,  
     And at the worst, 'tis nothing.

Not that, of all the past, I would forget  
 One pleasure or one pain. I cherish yet,  
     And would dishonor never,  
 All I have felt. But, cherished though it be,  
 'Tis time my past should set my future free,  
     For life's renewed endeavor.

Not much I reverence that remorse which flies  
 To desert caves, and bids its dupes despise  
     Themselves on whom it preys;  
 Wasting the worth of life on worthless pain,  
 To make the future, as the past was, vain,  
     By endless self-dispraise.

As though, forsooth, because a man is not  
 His self-made god, he needs must curse his lot  
     With self-contempt! as though  
 Some squalid maniac, that with life-long moan  
 Insults man's flesh and blood, with these hath done  
     The best that man can do!

Nor am I keen to urge that common claim  
 On this world or another—here, for fame,  
     Which only grows on graves—  
 Or there for so much, purchasable here  
 By earth's joy stinted, of celestial cheer;  
     The stimulant of slaves.

Not for reward, not for release from pain,  
 But with a man's imperative disdain  
     Of all that wastes man's nature,  
 Rise, O my soul, and reach to loftier things,  
 Untrammelled by this flord weed that clings,  
     Stunting a spirit's stature!

I was not born to sit with shrouded head,  
 Piping shrill ditties to the unburied dead,  
     While life's armed host sweeps by.  
 I hear the clarion call, the war-steed neigh,  
 The banner fluttering in the wind's free play,  
     The brave man's battle-cry.

And I am conscious that, where all things strive,  
 'Tis shameful to sit still. I would not live  
     Content with a life lost  
 In chasing mine own fancies through void air,  
 Or decking forth in forms and phrases fair  
     The miserable ghost

Of personal joy or pain. The ages roll  
 Forward, and, forward with them, draw my soul  
     Into time's infinite sea.  
 And to be glad, or sad, I care no more;  
 But to have done, and to have been, before  
     I cease to do and be.

From the minutest struggle to excel,  
 Of things whose momentary myriads dwell  
     In drops of dew confined,

To spirits standing on life's upmost stair,  
 Whose utterances alter worlds, and are  
     The makers of mankind,

All things cry shame on lips that squander speech  
 In words which, if not deeds, are worthless each.  
     Not here are such words wanted,  
 Where all bestirs itself, where dumb things do,  
 By nobly silent action, speak, and go  
     Forth to their fates undaunted.

Shame on the wretch who, born a man, foregoes  
 Man's troublous birthright for a brute's repose!  
     Shame on the eyes that see  
 This mighty universe, yet see not there  
 Something of difficult worth a man may dare  
     Bravely to do and be!

Yet is there naught for shame in anything  
 Once dear and beautiful. The shrivelled wing,  
     Scathed by what seemed a star,  
 And proved, alas! no star, but withering fire,  
 Is worthier than the wingless worm's desire  
     For nothing fair or far.

Rather the ground that's deep enough for graves,  
 Rather the stream that's strong enough for waves  
     Than the loose sandy drift  
 Whose shifting surface cherishes no seed  
 Either of any flower or any weed,  
     Whichever way it shift,

Or stagnant shallow which the storms despise,  
 Naught fluding there to prey upon, I prize.  
     Why should man's spirit shrink  
 From feeling to the utmost—be it pain  
 Or pleasure—all 'twas formed, nor formed in vain,  
     To feel with force? I think

That never to have aimed and missed is not  
 To have achieved. I hold the loftier lot  
     To ennobel, not escape,  
 Life's sorrows and love's pangs. I count a man,  
 Though sick to death, for something nobler than  
     A healthy dog or ape.

I deem that nothing suffered or enjoyed  
 By a man's soul deserves to be destroyed:  
     But rather to be made  
 Means of a soul's increased capacity  
 Either to suffer, and to gain thereby  
     A more exalted grade

Among the spirits purified by pain;  
 Or to enjoy, and thereby to attain  
     That lovelier influence  
 Reserved for spirits that, 'mid the general moan  
 Of human griefs, praise God with clearest tone  
     Of joyous trust intense.

And for this reason, I would yet keep fair  
 And fresh the memory of all things that were  
     Sweet in their place and season:  
 And I forgive my life its failures too,  
 Since failures old, to guide endeavors new,  
     I prize for the same reason.

author reached the San Rita mines, and he was obliged to abandon them after a stay of a few months only. He was there quite long enough, however, to have a series of "hairbreadth 'scapes" and most thrilling adventures, the narration of which reads like a chapter from Cooper. They were more than sufficient, we confess, to render us contented with living east of the Alleghanies, but they were only the first of a series which attended Mr. Pumpelly throughout his travels, and serve to enliven the narrative. He seems to have been an extraordinarily cool, daring, and adventurous traveller, and it is to this that we are indebted for much that is valuable as well as entertaining in his volume.

In the chapters on Japan and China, the author gives us a record of observations extending over a period of three years or more, and embracing a large portion of both empires. He visited the principal mines of the two countries, penetrated Northern China far beyond the limits of the Great Wall, and furnishes notes of great scientific value upon the geological formations and natural history of eastern Asia. Throughout the volume the author has never hesitated to sacrifice superficial brilliancy of narrative to his desire to afford accurate special information, and while the episodes and adventures of his journeys are treated cursorily as episodes, the scientific questions which will interest scholars, and which are the factors from which the equation of Asia's future must be formed, receive elaborate and careful attention. In these chapters, too, is markedly displayed that generous and liberal culture that we have spoken of as distinguishing Mr. Pumpelly, which enables him in treating of "the Chinese question" to rise above the vulgar prejudices and intellectual arrogance of Western civilization; to recognize the grandeur of a civilization which, though propelled by different levers from ours, has maintained itself for thirty centuries, while other nations and peoples and empires have cast their shadows upon history and vanished forever; and to bring a just mental impartiality to the consideration of the dignified questions of international polity.

Such culture it is that has found practical expression in the famous "Co-operative Policy" and in the Burlingame Embassy, and such culture it is that renders portions of Professor Pumpelly's book the most enlightened and valuable criticism which China and the Chinese have yet received.

The nineteenth chapter, in which he speaks of "The Chinese as Emigrants and Colonizers," is of special interest to us just now, bearing as it does upon one of our most important social problems; and it is unquestionably the clearest, most luminous, and most hopeful exposition which the subject has obtained. Ignoring the transient complexities inseparable from a period of transition, the author founds his judgment upon the concrete facts of history and of human nature as developed by experience, and sees in the future, not conflict and the antipathies of race, and a general retrogression towards barbarism,—but the harmonious merging of two civilizations; the Chinese with his marvellous persistence and vitality co-operating with his Western brother in compelling the waste places of the earth to con-

tribute to the maintenance of man. In Chinese emigration to the United States he sees little to fear and much to hope. We need labor and population—they need employment and land; and it will be hard if an equation thus based on mutual interest cannot be worked out harmoniously and well.

At any rate the problem is working itself out. The day when the first train on the Pacific railroad connected with the Chinese-American steamers saw the commencement of the solution. "This line across the continent and across the ocean is surely but the beginning of a great network, which on the new map of every decade will measure the growing enterprise of our own continent, of the Pacific, and of eastern and northern Asia." Then will be completed "a grand cycle in the history of civilization. The compass, printing, gunpowder, the use of coal, and a vague knowledge of some subtle fluid in the earth and air—all these had their origin among a people on the western shores of the Pacific. Long applied in the land of their birth in their simplest forms to their simplest uses, these instruments of civilization have travelled westward around the globe during 600 years, becoming perfected, and building up sciences and arts which give command over time and space, over force and matter, until now the only step that remains to complete the circle and the cycle is their engraftment on the stock from which they sprung."

The journey through Siberia and eastern Russia was made in a sleigh at midwinter, and of course, with the thermometer at from 70 to 120 degrees below zero, afforded but few opportunities for observation. It would be difficult, however, to place Mr. Pumpelly in a position in which he would fail to find something of interest to record, and he gives us fleeting but characteristic glimpses of the country and of the customs and character of the people.

It will be noticed as a peculiarity of this journey round the world that it was confined to the north temperate zone, though, as the author says, within these limits he experienced "very nearly the greatest possible extremes of climate. On the deserts of the Gulf of California the thermometer ranged for weeks as high as 120 and 125 degrees in the shade, and nearly 160 in the sun; while in Siberia it fell to 70 degrees below zero—extremes differing by 230 degrees."

It only remains for us to speak of the literary skill which is not the least attractive feature of the author's narrative. Though somewhat composite in character, and at times abruptly discursive, it is evidently the careful and deliberate work of a finished scholar, and exhibits none of the hasty traces of a traveller fearful of losing his impressions, and anxious to get his manuscript to press.

The publishers have produced the work in handsome and appropriate style. It is printed on fine, heavy paper, is embellished by maps and geological charts, numerous engravings, most of which are both good and new, and has for a frontispiece a photo-lithograph of the celebrated bronze statue of Buddha, at Kamakura. It also contains tables of agricultural productions and mining statistics, with a couple of appendices discussing the political, social, and religious aspects of the great Tai-Ping Rebellion.

We ought not to omit mention of the essay on "Japanese Art," by Mr. John La Farge, which is a very valuable addition to the narrative. It is of great interest as far as it goes, but it is confined principally to suggestion, and, considering the importance and novelty of the subject, seems scarcely so comprehensive as we could wish.

*The History of Rome.* By THEODOR MOMMSEN. Translated from the German by William P. Dickson, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

ONE of the finest triumphs of modern historical criticism, and one of the most brilliant vindications of the claims of German scholarship, is this history of the first age of Rome, which Dr. MommSEN, following in the steps of Niebuhr, has given to the world's literature. Commencing at the era of the earliest migrations into Italy, it carries us through what is known as the "mythical period," throwing the light of modern investigations upon the old legends and traditions which were so long accepted as history, and closes with the fall of the Republic and the rise of the empire of the Cæsars.

What Gibbon did in his great work for the Empire, Dr. MommSEN does, and with equal learning and ability, for the Republic; and while Gibbon has written of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Dr. MommSEN has given us by far the best history of the decline and fall of the Roman Commonwealth.

To Niebuhr is undoubtedly due the honor of having first subjected the early history of Rome to a searching critical examination, and of exposing the mythical and legendary character of all the received records,—indeed he is fairly entitled to be considered the founder of modern historical criticism—but, as Dr. Schmitz says in his preface to the first edition of the present work, "Much that could not but be obscure and unintelligible in the days of Niebuhr has since been made clear by the more extended researches of numerous scholars in this and other countries; many mistakes unavoidable to the first inquirers have been rectified; and many an hypothesis has been proved to be without solid foundation; but with all this, the main results arrived at by the inquiries of Niebuhr, such as his views of the ancient population of Rome, the origin of the Plebs, the relation between the patricians and the plebeians, the real nature of the *ager publicus*, and many other points of interest, have been acknowledged by all his successors, and however much some of them may be inclined to cavil at particular opinions, it must be owned that the main pillars of his grand structure are still unshaken, and are as such tacitly acknowledged by Dr. MommSEN, who in the present work has incorporated all that later researches have brought to light in the history not only of Rome, but of all other nations which in course of time became subject to the City of the Seven Hills. Many points are still matters of mere conjecture, and Dr. MommSEN has nothing to offer in such cases but theories; but whatever ultimately their value may be found to be, they are at all events evidences of progress, and will act as a stimulus to students of our days, as did the views of Niebuhr to his contemporaries half a century ago."

It would be impossible for us to convey to our

readers an adequate impression of the irresistible charm with which Dr. MommSEN invests even the driest details of his subject, nor is it necessary. Both the history and the translation have long passed the ordeal of the English critics, and are probably familiar to many readers in this country, though Messrs. Scribner & Co. are the first to favor us with an American edition. The republication is from the latest revised London edition, and is to be completed in four bulky, but handsome library volumes, the first and second of which have just been issued. In its present shape it ought to have a largely increased circulation, and it doubtless will. We have had to wait for it a long time, and are glad to welcome it at length in a somewhat cheaper form than the expensive English edition.

*The Polar World.* By DR. G. HARTWIG. New York: Harper & Bros.

It would be difficult to find a subject more fascinating than "man and nature in the Arctic and Antarctic regions of the world," the theme of the present work. Just enough is known of them to give a certain realism to the description, while they are scarcely sufficiently familiar even to the naturalist to bring them within the realm of ordinary natural history, or to prevent the most ordinary travels from assuming the aspect of dangerous and daring adventure. Wrangell, Steller, Kane, McClintock, Ross, and Dr. Hayes have an interest for us scarcely analogous to that we feel in other travellers and explorers who have confined themselves to the temperate and tropic regions of the globe. We can picture to ourselves the vast forests, luxuriant vegetation, and teeming animal life of the tropics; we can even imagine ourselves enduring the blazing heat of a vertical sun; but the Polar regions, where mercury is frozen at midday, where the gloom of almost perpetual ice and night broods over the desolate landscape, and where the aurora kindles its mysterious watchfires from horizon to zenith, will probably always inspire us with the awe with which even the ancients regarded the hyperborean ocean, and a sense of remoteness, as if they belonged to another planet having little in common with our own.

Dr. Hartwig's work is not the record of personal observations, but is based upon and verified by the personal observations of others. Embracing North America within the Polar circle, Spitzbergen, Iceland, Norway, the country of the Lapps and of the Tchuktchi, the tundras of Siberia, in fact the whole field of Arctic and Antarctic exploration, it is much more comprehensive than the travels of any one man could possibly be. Those who are acquainted with the same author's "Tropical World" will comprehend the method of the present work, and his manner of formulating the experiences and observations of others.

Far from being a mere indiscriminate compiler, however, Dr. Hartwig simply uses his authorities as the historian does his documents, and, while he sometimes quotes and always refers to the explorers whom he has consulted for facts, constructs a narrative wholly original both in method and in inference, and not destitute of picturesque, vividness, and literary skill.

To the work as issued in England the American editor has added two chapters, one on "Alaska" and another on the "Innuits," and has also substituted other illustrations for those in the original work. How far these illustrations are superior to those used by Dr. Hartwig we are unable to say, not having seen the English edition; but as the volumes of Hall, Ross Browne, Whymper, Wood, Lord Dufferin, Harper's Magazine, and others have been laid under contribution, we have no doubt they are better as well as more numerous. As the volume stands, it is the most copiously and handsomely illustrated book of travels that has been issued during the season.

*Wild Sports of the World.* A Book of Natural History and Adventure. By JAMES GREENWOOD. New York: Harper & Bros.

SIMILAR to the "Polar World," but somewhat more of a compilation, and not quite so special and consecutive in its character, is the "*Wild Sports of the World*," by Mr. Greenwood, who, under the pseudonym of "the amateur casual," is himself somewhat celebrated for his explorations and adventures in the populous wildernesses of London. The author's picturesque skill as a writer and rather sensational manner of "working up" a subject is exhibited at its best in this new volume, for it is in rather better keeping with a thrilling narrative of wild adventures than with a probing of the ulcers of the social body, and gives a fusion and connected interest to his work which is not usual where there is so little original matter.

We confess that we are inclined to look with suspicion upon any writer who seems disposed to make too liberal use of the writings of others—to suspect not merely his motives but his judgment; but the spirit and ease with which Mr. Greenwood handles his theme, and his evident mastery of his materials, furnish a guarantee of the knowledge with which he entered upon the work of selection.

"*Wild Sports of the World*" is not a consecutive narrative, but each animal, from the elephant and lion down to the weasel, is treated separately—a sketch of its appearance and habits being given first, and then the methods and dangers of hunting it are described, generally in the words of some sportsman or explorer who has participated in the chase. It is a capital book for boys, and many a thrill will they feel as they read of the dreadful combats and "hair-breadth 'scapes;" while the illustrations, of which there are one hundred and forty-seven, are calculated for many nights to bring before their eyes shapes more fearful than those which "struck terror to the soul of Richard" on the eve of Bosworth Field.

*Struggles and Triumphs, or Forty Years' Recollections*, by P. T. BARNUM. Hartford: J. B. Burr & Co. 1869.

IN a large majority of cases human life is a struggle, a conflict with opposing obstacles prolonged often through years of difficulties, which test the strength and try the character; too often, unfortunately, prolonged to the end. The history of such a life, candidly and honestly written and portrayed in fitting language, has all the interest

of romance—is, in fact, a romance of real life, and ought to abound in lessons of practical wisdom for those who are to follow along the pathway which, though beaten by the countless feet of those who have gone before, is always rugged to every new wayfarer.

Such a work is this autobiography of P. T. Barnum, so well known on both sides of the Atlantic for the personal vicissitudes through which he has passed during a long public career, for his indefatigable energy of character, and for his triumph over obstacles and misfortunes which might well have appalled and discouraged even the sternest battler in "the struggle for existence." Retired from the dust of the arena, and resting upon his laurels, he has spent the leisure moments of a green and vigorous old age in recalling the past with its checkered experiences, and drawing from it such lessons as will amuse, interest, and benefit those who are to follow in his footsteps.

There is a charm about autobiography which is not possessed by any other branch of literature. A peculiar interest always attaches to any record of an actual, personal life—a kindred feeling which constitutes the infinite superiority of reality over romance—and in proportion as the experiences of the autobiographer are varied, and the relations in which he places himself to the reader honest and candid, is the interest much or little, and the impressions permanent or transient. Of the various vicissitudes through which Mr. Barnum has passed the whole world more or less knows, and to show how perfectly natural and confidential he is with the public, we will quote from the preface what he himself says of his work. "It is the matured and leisurely review of almost half a century of work and struggle and final success, in spite of fraud and fire—the story of which is blended with amusing anecdotes, funny passages, felicitous jokes, captivating narratives, novel experiences, and remarkable interviews—the sunny and sombre so intermingled as not only to entertain, but convey useful lessons to all classes of readers." The delicious egotism which pervades this passage, and which constitutes half the charm of personal revelations, runs through the whole work, and more especially is it characterized by Mr. Barnum's strongly marked and thoroughly American individuality. The narrative is flowing and easy, though no attempt has been made at literary finish, the humorous incidents especially being sketched with a broad and genial sympathy.

The volume is a voluminous and closely printed octavo, and is illustrated by a steel engraving of the author, and thirty or more full-page woodcuts. It was issued simultaneously here and in England, and can be obtained only by subscription.

*Miss Thackeray's Writings.*—Household Edition. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1869.

THE "household edition" of modern novelists which Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co. commenced last season by the issue of Charles Reade's *Novels* has now become, according to the publishers, a "Select Library of Modern Fiction," and already includes, in addition to the novels of Reade, those of Thackeray and George Eliot, and also Thackeray's *Miscellanies*. The latest addition to this series is the writings of Miss Thackeray, which, we confess, we are somewhat surprised to see in such

illustrious company. We were at first inclined to think it an injustice, both to the public and to the author, and also to several other writers whom we could name, unless the "household edition of modern novelists" is to be very comprehensive indeed, which we hope will prove to be the case. But a second perusal of "Elizabeth," an hour or two spent with our "Five Old Friends," and a like time with those reminiscences "From an Island," have led us to think better of it, and to contemplate her rather premature apotheosis with equanimity.

Miss Thackeray's genius, as her father remarked in one of his conversations in this country, is more congenial to that of Dickens than to that of Thackeray himself, though she is far too strong to be imitative of either. She has much of Thackeray's humor and wit without his bitterness, and has inherited or acquired his almost unrivalled taste and literary skill, but she has none of the conventional John Bullism which characterized her father to such an extreme degree, and his influence is far less conspicuous in her writings than in those of some dozen or more English authors whom it would be easy to enumerate.

Everything she has written is good after its kind, though it must be confessed that the kind is exceedingly simple and unpretending, and every paragraph shows that her education and training have been obtained in a sound school. A little more strength and vigor inspired into her exquisitely pure, and graceful style, and a wider experience of life, will enable her to write something worthy of a permanent place in the literature of the century. Culture and literary skill she already has. As it is, however, her "Writings" will furnish much pleasanter and more healthful reading to the "household" than the average household usually gets.

We suppose this fourth incursion into their special preserves will call forth bloody reprisals on the part of the Harpers, and in fact we believe they have already in preparation a complete and cheaper edition of Miss Thackeray's Works. She at least will profit by this "publishers' war," and doubtless the public also.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The Publisher will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage prepaid, on receipt of price.]

*Titania's Banquet, Pictures of Woman*, and other Poems. Third edition. By GEORGE HILL. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.* 1 vol. 16mo, cloth, pp. 175.

*The Fairy Egg, and What it Held*. By THREE FRIENDS. Boston: *Fields, Osgood, & Co.* 1 vol. 4to, cloth, pp. 164. Illustrated.

*Life of J. A. Alexander, D.D.* By H. C. ALEXANDER. New York: *Charles Scribner & Co.* 2 vols. 8vo, cloth, pp. 921, with steel portrait.

*The Odes and Epodes of Horace*.—A metrical translation into English. By LORD LYTTON. New York: *Harper & Bros.* 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, pp. 521.

*Bound to John Company, or the Adventures and Misadventures of Robert Ainsleigh*. New York: *Harper & Bros.* 1 vol. 8vo, paper, pp. 169. Illustrated.

*Zell's Encyclopædia*. Semi-monthly Parts. Nos. 16 and 17. Philadelphia: *T. Elwood Zell*. Large 4to. Paper, pp. 40. Illustrated.

*A Tale of Eternity, and other Poems*. By GERALD MASSEY. Boston: *Fields, Osgood & Co.* 1 vol. Cloth, gilt, pp. 376.

*The Cathedral. A Poem*. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Boston: *Fields, Osgood & Co.* 1 vol. 16mo. Cloth, pp. 53. Illustrated.

*Old Testament Shadows of New Testament Truths*. By LYMAN ABBOTT. With designs by Doré, Delaroche, Durham, and Parsons. New York: *Harper & Bros.* 1 vol. 4to. Cloth, pp. 213.

*The Pope and the Council*. By JANUS. Boston: *Roberts Bros.* 1 vol. 16mo. Cloth, pp. 346.

*Eccæ Femina. An Attempt to Solve the Woman Question*. By CHARLES WHITE. Boston: *Lee & Shepard*. 1 vol. 16mo. Cloth, pp. 258.

#### SCIENCE.

*Relics of Roman London*.—Excavations have been going on in almost every part of the City, often revealing the condition of London and its people in Roman times. Nearly all West Smithfield has been opened out, and additional proof appears as to the locality having been once a Roman cemetery. A tessellated pavement has been found near St. Mildred's Court, and numerous antiquities have been exhumed in Lothbury and Tokenhouse Yard. The Clapton sarcophagus is now in the possession of Mr. Gunston, of Islington. During some repairs at Temple Mills, Hackney, in 1783, an urn was found full of coins from Julius Cæsar to Constantine, several medals, and a stone coffin. In 1814 and 1837 several stone coffins and other relics were dug up near the Lea. In 1849 Mr. Bouthcott, of Dalston, discovered some Romano-British urns. These remains were often met with near highways, for it was customary so to place sepulchres that the dead might benefit by the prayers of the passers-by. They were also used as boundaries in military allotments. There were cemeteries, but the wealthy were frequently buried on their own estates. A portion of the Clapton coffin has been examined by professor Tennant. Its coarse grain accounts for the honeycombed appearance of the surface. It is said to be identical with the marble of the Elgin statuary now in the British Museum. The Romans always utilized the products of the countries they conquered, and in the clays—the coalites—and other stones indigenous to Britain, would find ample materials. Their monuments and altars are usually of native stone. Bede mentions a marble coffin, thought to be of Roman workmanship. It was for the interment of St. Etheldreda. She died in 679, and the Abbess of Ely commanded the brethren to seek a stone fit for a coffin or chest "suitable for the burial of such a virgin." They met with none there; and

still searching, "came to a certain desolate city, which was called Grantacaester; and close to the walls found a chest of white marble, beautifully wrought and carved, with a lid of the same stone." Elsewhere the corpse is said "to remain incorruptible—in a white marble tomb." The Romans were poor conservators of their own works. If wanted for other purposes they were destroyed, and when they left Britain "they collected their treasures, hid them in the earth that no man might find them, and others they conveyed to Gaul." They built magnificently—but their remains are commonly met with in the erections of latter times. The pilasters and slabs from Cloak Lane, and other parts of the City, were found worked in Roman walls. Figure 1, in the museum of Mr. Gunston, was discovered at Old Ford, near Bow, surrounded with pottery. It is of ordinary stone, and is in type a close resemblance of the ordinary sarcophagi. Mr. Wilkinson forwarded me particulars of one in every way similar. The bodies were ordinarily buried in lime. Mr. Thomas Mathews, resident engineer of the North London Railway, has a large collection of pottery such as is usually found associated with Roman burials. In 1841, in digging foundations at Notting Hill, a coffin was met with, six feet below the surface. It was composed of a single stone, and contained a skeleton. The teeth were nearly entire, and the bones well preserved. One from Old Ford contained the perfect skeleton of a female; at the feet was a small cup of black-glazed pottery. In another coffin fragments of a sword were discovered; it was flat and of iron. Arms were not usually interred with the Roman dead. There were no ornaments and only two small brass coins of the time of Probus. During the excavations at Cannon Street, Dowgate Hill, &c., numerous antiquities were disinterred. Mr. Gunston noticed them with care. In a line with Bust-lane was an immense external wall, two hundred feet long, ten feet high, and twelve feet thick. It was formed of rag-stone and chalk, and a variety of materials bound together with mortar. Still near Cannon Street were the remains of an apartment 50 feet by 40, floored with coarse red concrete. This led to a second, which had an opening to a third, a similar room. A long series of apartments were traced, with floors of red and yellow bricks. Adjoining was a large portion of a mosaic pavement, comprised of half-inch cubes of black, white, red, and gray tesserae, worked into a simple pattern, and surrounded by a double border of black and gray stone. There were evidences of strong timber drains or waterways. Within some of the rooms wall-paintings remained, designed in various colors. On many of the tiles were the letters P. P. B. R., LON., worthy of notice "as recording the fact of their having been made by the first cohort of the Britons, stationed at Londinium." On one a rude attempt has been made to represent the head of Medusa. It was probably a sort of caricature. Some tiles had impressions from the feet of dogs, sheep, &c., indicating where they had walked over them while exposed to the sun to dry. Many of the designs are tasteful, and it is strange that the Romans should have wasted so much time in decorating objects which were to be hidden from view. The fragments of pottery were various as

regards material, size, and form. The iron and bronze spoons, knives of steel with bone handles, portions of whetstones, weaving tools, a balance in bronze, parts of a lava hand-mill, a series of keys, one so small and delicate that it must have been intended for wearing on the finger as a ring. Some personal ornaments were found, several bronze fibulae, one with the figure of a satyr, fragments of armlets, hair and dress pins, in ivory, bronze, wood, and jet; also a variety of colored and ribbed glass beads. There were coins of Agrippa, Claudius, Nero, Vespasian, Titus, Domitian, and Trajan. Some of the flue-tiles were elaborately ornamented and inscribed with various names.

*Educational Statistics.*—According to the official report, 790 academical teachers were last summer engaged in lecturing at the nine Prussian universities, and the Catholic Theological and Philosophical Academy at Münster. Of these 77 were Protestant and 26 Catholic theologians, 93 were professors of law, and 199 of medicine, while 393 belonged to the philosophical faculty. They were distributed as follows: 167 resided at Berlin, 103 at Göttingen, 100 at Bonn, 86 at Breslau, 76 at Halle, 66 at Königsberg, 59 at Marburg, 55 at Kiel, 52 at Greifswald, and 26 at Münster. The number of students who had passed their matriculation examination was 7,406, of whom 1,030 were not Prussians by birth; besides these, 1,450 persons were permitted to attend the courses, 1,245 of whom were resident at Berlin. Of the real students, 1,144 studied Protestant theology (128 were foreigners), 575 Catholic theology (18 foreigners), 1,352 law (216 foreigners), 1,644 medicine (160 foreigners), 2,691 philosophy (508 foreigners). They were divided among the universities as follows: Berlin had 2,258 students; Breslau, 880; Bonn, 875; Halle, 838; Göttingen, 794; Königsberg, 440; Münster, 436; Greifswald, 391; Marburg, 329; Kiel, 165.

*Invention for Supplying a City with Hot Air.*—Experiments are being made by a gentleman who has worked for many years in the United States armory, for supplying a city with heated air. It is proposed to force air rapidly through a coil or series of iron pipes heated in a furnace, and then to a greater length of pipe outside, made of fire clay, which is claimed to be about the best non-conductor that can be had. The first trial will be a pump of eight-inch diameter and eight-inch stroke, and the clay pipes, now making in New York, will be 300 feet in length, and of a four-inch bore, with a thermometer at each end, which will indicate 600 degrees. The projector expects to heat the air in the iron pipe to that temperature and force it to the further end with little loss. If the pipes are laid in the streets it will be necessary to have them enclosed in a brick arch, lined with mortar made of fire clay. It is contended, if the thing works according to the expectation of the projector, that but a small portion of the coal now used will be necessary for all heating and cooking purposes, which will be a great thing in these days of high prices of fuel.—*Springfield Union*, Aug. 21.

*The Rising of the Nile.*—We daily observed the rapid rising of the Nile. our landmarks were one

by one swept away, and a little promontory on which the fishing rods were placed at sunset for our use, with rugs, a casting-net, &c., had disappeared one morning—the river had covered it. The Egyptians and Arabs believe that at midnight, on June 17th, a blessed drop of dew falls from heaven, and from that moment the river increases. The night is kept as a festival; many pray in the mosques; the boats are bedecked with flags; firearms are discharged constantly, and the women along the banks *sachareet* wildly. When this drop was supposed to fall we were in the *dahabyeh* off Boulac (the port of Cairo). The enthusiasm of our crew became almost frantic; they sang, and beat drums, and fired, the whole night. After this date the river changed its color. It is first of a green hue, and in a fortnight it becomes reddish, very thick, and it is impossible to drink it with any feeling of satisfaction, unless filtered. The means used are simple enough: the water is poured into large porous earthen jars, and with it a small portion of alum: if this is not to be had, a handful of lentils (like our dried peas) answers as well.—*Travels in Central Africa. By Mr. and Mrs. Petherick.*

*French Railways.*—The network of roads and railways in France converge as surely to the capital as the threads of a spider's web lead to its centre; and in pursuing his route through the by-ways of Normandy, the traveller will be much in the position of the fly that has stepped upon its meshes—every road and railway leading to the capital where "M. d'Araignée," the enticing, the alluring, the fascinating, the most extravagant, is ever waiting for his prey. From the moment he sets foot on the shores of Normandy, Paris will be made ever present to him. Let him go, for example, to the railway station at any port on his arrival in France, and he will find everything—people, goods, and provisions—being hurried off to the capital, as if there were no other place to live in or to provide for.

*Diet of Opera Singers.*—A correspondent writes, in reference to the habits of operatic singers referred to in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 19th instant, that from his long acquaintance with artists, native and foreign, he can testify as to their moderation, both in eating and drinking, whilst preparing for, or in the performance of their duties. They dine early on the day they sing, they take as little as possible, and they receive very few visitors before they have to sing. "But then the suppers are something to see—their appetites are awful after the evening's excitement. As a general rule, they take little or nothing between the acts, but some of them require stringent stimulants, if not strong ones. Malibran never sang better than when she had drunk at least a pot of porter out of the pewter pot. The more difficult the music the larger the quantity: and the odd anecdote related of her by Bunn, the Drury-lane Theatre lessee, that she could never delineate the thirst of the desert scene in Balfe's 'Maid of Artois' unless she had a quart of porter concealed behind the sand mount, is quite authentic. Grisi drank always bottles of Dublin stout between the acts, and if she had to sing a stormy character, the dose was strengthened. French singers prefer

'*eau sucrée*;' the Spaniards take strong cups of chocolate, followed by glasses of water, sugared and lemoned. The Germans are described in the Vienna papers pretty correctly. The Italians like eggs beat up simply, or with wine. The Continental singers are certainly more careful and abstemious than the English in their dietary arrangements. Many native artists with noble voices have been ruined in health and vitiated in style by singing at our public dinners."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

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ART.

About as severe as any criticism to which Doré has recently been subjected is the following, from Mr. Jarves' new volume, "Art Thoughts." Though it seems to us to insist too strongly on faults which are certainly obvious enough in Doré's conception of art, at the expense of the grandeur of his genius and the perfection, in certain directions, of his method, yet it is calm and judicious in tone, and is a very fine example of subtle analysis and critical intellectual insight. We may add that it is far from being the only good criticism in Mr. Jarves' volume.

"Doré seems to have faith of no kind. His mental vision explores behind the material veil of creation as freely as his natural eye sees the moving panorama around it. But the world seen and unseen is, to him, simply a field from which to cull motives for his extraordinary powers. He belongs to no fixed time. The mediæval spirit of the grotesque is as fresh within him as the sense of modern caricature. The supernatural element annihilates time, making him as much at home in the scenes of Oriental life, as recorded in the Bible, as if he had passed them in actual review. But there is no religious sentiment in it. Its force is expended on the graphic-realistic, or the imaginative-creative of the supernal cast. A fine example of the latter is the seven-headed beast of the Apocalypse rising out of the sea. The mystical Scriptures are his most fitting sphere of invention. He excels also whenever free to compose wholly from his imagination on its dark side. The Deluge, Crucifixion, Passage of the Red Sea, Lives of Moses and the Prophets, are the topics on which his energy, originality, variety, and picturesque largeness of loosely-jointed composition are best displayed. He is weak and conventional in those based directly upon the simpler religious sentiments. Fra Angelico could not paint a devil; Doré cannot draw a saint. His illustrations of the Bible are a record of his strongest and weakest qualities. He is not many-sided; but in his own wide field, including the darker aspect of creation, natural and supernal, and up to a certain point the picturesque and sublime in realistic action, he is supreme. The most and almost the sole humane sympathy he exhibits is a certain liking for children, but this only in their dubious sports. He is a pitiless destroyer of the humane and refined in general. His intensest delight is got from terror, suffering, horror, jesting, and dishonor. Perhaps he seeks by sheer force of caricature and exaggeration to carry the mind over from vice to virtue, on the principle that extremes meet. But it is a

dubious charity toward him at the best, as, if meant, it would be a crooked way to reach the good. There is too evident pleasure shown in the selfish for its own sake, contempt of mankind, indulgence in the scornful, indecent, and satirical, a relish of ugliness, and an appetite for the loathsomeness of disease, and pride in the superhuman fiendish, to be altogether palliated by the usual apologies for misdirected genius. Doré makes love, pity, charity, and faith absurd. Under his influence, one feels that honest emotions, or any traits of common humanity, much less piety, are evidence of weakness or nonsense. The world being an infernal bubble, let us laugh or sneer; the end will take care of itself. If this is unjust toward Doré, he has made it the frequent language of his art."

*The Art-gift.*—The art-gift itself is only the result of the moral character of generations. A bad woman may have a sweet voice; but that sweetness of voice comes of the past morality of her race. That she can sing with it at all, she owes to the determination of laws of music by the morality of the past. Every act, every impulse of virtue and vice affects, in any creature, face, voice, nervous power, and vigor and harmony of invention at once. Perseverance in rightness of human conduct renders, after a certain number of generations, human art possible; every sin clouds it, be it ever so little a one; and persistent vicious living and following of pleasure render, after a certain number of generations, all art impossible. Men are deceived by the long-suffering of the laws of nature; and mistake, in a nation, the reward of the virtue of its sires for the issue of its own sins. The time of their visitation will come, and that inevitably; for it is always true that if the fathers have eaten sour grapes, the children's teeth are set on edge. And for the individual, as soon as you have learned to read, you may, as I said, know him to the heart's core, through his art. Let his art-gift be never so great, and cultivated to the height, by the schools of a great race of men; and it is still but a tapestry thrown over his own being and inner soul; and the bearing of it will show infallibly whether it hangs on a man or on a skeleton. If you are dim-eyed, you may not see the difference in the fall of the folds at first, but learn how to look, and the folds themselves will become transparent, and you shall see through them the death's shape, or the divine one, making the tissue above it as a cloud of light, or as a winding-sheet.—*The Queen of the Air.* By John Ruskin.

*Secret of Success in Art.*—The Duke of Northumberland, in a recent address at the Alnwick Art Exhibition, exhorted the students to a diligent cultivation of the intellect, and thus gave his opinion of the true secret of success in art: "It will be better if, in addition to this cultivation of the intellect, you also cultivate the spiritual part of your nature, without which, I believe, all art will comparatively assume a low level. I would have every person who wishes to aspire to success in the higher branches of art to recollect that it was a devotional feeling which animated all the great masters, who, at any time, have left lasting marks in the history of art, or occupied a great space in

history. Whether you take the early Greek artists, the Egyptian, or the Roman, you will find, more especially in the first two, that the great periods in which their art flourished and triumphed were when it was exercised upon devotional purposes. So with mediæval art, wherein all the great works have been made through the means of that devotional feeling; and I think it is the want of this feeling to which, in a great measure, the comparative poorness of modern art may be attributed, and from which it arises that so many modern edifices—and, I am sorry to add, so many results of statuary art—are calculated rather to deface than to improve our great towns."

*The Art Market at Düsseldorf.*—The professors and painters of this town have, in the course of the present year, produced paintings to the value of three hundred and sixty thousand thalers. The export trade is very brisk; indeed, many celebrated painters work almost exclusively for the foreign market, and nearly half the entire sum mentioned comes from abroad. The American orders for this year alone amounted to about fifty thousand thalers. The demand for inferior pictures is also on the increase, and the profits made by the dealers are said to be enormous. We regret to add that a less reputable branch of the business is also flourishing. In spite of all the efforts made to prevent it, large numbers of false copies are annually made at Düsseldorf. Indeed, their value, together with that of the inferior pictures, is this year estimated at fifty thousand thalers.

*The Pompeiiorama,* in the Villa Nazionale, Naples, is now opened to the public. It consists of three rooms—a waiting-room, which opens into one in which are represented the principal monuments of Pompeii, of the natural size, and under two aspects; that is, in their actual state and in what may be supposed to have been their original state. Beyond this is a third room, in which are represented Pompeian scenes and costumes, intermixed with historical facts, such as a criminal case before the tribunals in the person of Publius Arnetistius, a sacrifice, a public marriage, the election of magistrates, the baths, and other scenes illustrative of the life of those who once inhabited the resurrected city.

*The Museum of the Louvre* has just purchased, for thirty-five thousand francs, a curious work of art. It is a group in ivory, representing *Venus bound by Cupid*, by a sculptor of Franche-Comté, in the seventeenth century. It was originally presented by Louis XIV. to the Chinese ambassadors, and was taken by a soldier at the sack of the Summer Palace. He sold it to an officer for one hundred francs, who afterward disposed of it for five thousand francs to a person who has now transferred it to Count de Nieuwerkerke, at the price mentioned above.

*A singular monument* is to be dedicated to the memory of the Austrian poet and novelist, Adalbert Stifter. The Blockenstwin, by the edge of the lake of the same name, in the Bohemian forests, rises to a great height. It was magnificently described in one of Stifter's works, and it is now proposed to cut in the face of the rock the name of



the poet in large gilt letters. The monument is ready to the hand of the projectors, and the expense of commemorating the poet will of course be slight.

*Madame Jerichau-Baumann* (the wife of the great Danish sculptor), whose fine pictures are in every private royal collection in Europe, is intending to make a visit to the United States next year. She will probably bring some of her works with her. Before her marriage she was very celebrated as Mile. Baumann. Hans Andersen has written a charming little memoir of her, and Theophile Gautier says *Madame Jerichau-Baumann* and *Madame Henriette Brown* are the only women artists living.

*Rossini's remains* have been removed from Alboni's vault, and now rest in a mausoleum constructed in the so-called Alley of Honor, facing the large entrance portal. On the front of the monument is engraved in letters of gold the word "Rossini." The interior walls of the chapel are painted in red. Two marble tables are fixed in the walls on the right and left. In the background is a small altar of white marble.

*The Belgian Government* has purchased a picture by Leys, for the sum of ten thousand dollars. The subject is "Les Trentaines de Bertal de Haze."

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#### VARIETIES.

*Victor Hugo on the Cat.*—The *Orchestra* contains the following amusing skit on Victor Hugo's style of composition:—As a special favor we have been granted a sight of the MS. of the supplementary portion of "L'Homme Qui Rit," which has not yet left M. Hugo's hands. Its appearance will reconcile a few apparently conflicting historical statements which have crept into the portion now before the public; and it will also have the effect of refuting with bitter scorn the carping of English critics. It would be unfair to anticipate these replies of the great French novelist, poet, and dramatist, but we may, without violating confidence, lay before our readers a remarkable extract from the forthcoming work. It occurs in a chapter devoted to the æsthetic contemplation of the Cat.

The cat is the concrete symbol of a vacillating politician.

It is always on the fence.

It is the feline embodiment of one of the profoundest human principles wrenched from the circumambience of the Unknown, and hurled into the bosom of consciousness.

Nine tailors make one man. A cat has nine times the life of one man, for it has nine lives. Possession, also, is nine points of the law. Behold a legal possession of existence equal to the span of eighty-one clothiers' lives.

Let us bow reverently before this august fact.

The wanderer by the midnight sea-shore, when the moon—that argent cornucopia of Heaven—is streaming forth her flowers and fruits of radiance, and the illimitable is illuminated by the ineffable, will have remarked the phosphorescent ridges that scintillate along the billow tops, until the breakers

seem to curve and snort like horses' necks with manes of lightning clad.

So, O man! when in the darkness of thine own chamber, thou passest thine hand along the furry spine of this feline phantom of the back-yard the electric sparks dart forth, and a flash of lightning fuses together the fingers and fur.

Exquisite antithesis of nature! The fireside embraces the ocean. The hearthstone is paved with sea shells. The monsters of the deep disport, reflected in glowing embers. The infinite Abroad is brought into amalgamation with the infinite At Home.

The ocean roars.

The cat only purrs.

The billows rise and culminate and break.

The cat's back rises. The feline tide is up, and we have a permanent billow of fur and flesh.

Oh! impossible co-existence of uncontradictory contradiction.

The Duke of Wellington *was* pronounced the greatest captain of his age. General Grant is pronounced the greatest captain of his.

The greatest captain of any age was the captain with his whiskers.

Let us not call this the tergiversation of history. Call it rather the tergiversation of nature.

The whiskers of the captain.

The whiskers of the cat.

The firsute exponent of martial supremacy. The feline symbolism of the Bearded Lady, crossing her paws before the family fire.

Jealousy has been called the green-eyed monster.

The cat is the green-eyed monster.

Both lie in wait. One is the foe, the other the friend, of the fireside. Either is to be met with in almost every family. Each is of both sexes.

Old Tom gin, in excess, is one of man's bitterest bibulous foes of old Tom cats. The one puts the bricks in the hands of the second, to be slied at the head of the third.

Oh! osculations between sky and earth! Oh! lips of the Seen touching the lips of the Unseen! Oh! wave of thought careering through the asymptotes of cloudland, crystallizing into angelic feel the tangents of humanity.

The stars come out at night.

So do the cats.

*Where to Study.*—"Think and write as much as you like in your library, but when action is necessary get into the saddle," was Palmerston's motto. His best speeches were made on horseback; and often, on the eve of great party fights, did the wind blow back to his groom his master's high Parliamentary tone in excited rehearsal. When the trot became a canter, the groom supposed that the cheers were fast and frequent; and when the canter ended in a gallop, he knew that the great minister was delivering his peroration, and was bowling over his adversaries like ninepins. We may parallel this quotation from a contemporary with the following extract from Lockhart's "Life of Scott":—"Many of the more energetic descriptions, (in 'Marmion,') and particularly that of the battle of Flodden, were struck out while he was at quarters with his cavalry, in the autumn of 1807. 'In the intervals of drilling,' says Mr. Skene, 'Scott used to delight in walking his powerful black steed up and down by himself upon the

Portobello Sands, within the beating of the surge; and now and then you would see him plunge in his spurs, and go off as if at the charge, with the spray dashing about him. As we rode back, he often came and placed himself beside me to repeat the verses that he had been composing during these pauses of our exercise."—*Public Schools Chronicle*.

*An Eccentric Princess.*—The Princess Bacciohic, who has just died, and who was officially described as aunt of the Emperor of the French, though she did not stand in that degree of relationship to him, was a singular character. When resident at Rome some years ago she discarded the use of bells and of the voice in summoning the domestics, but fired pistols to bring them to her—one pistol shot for her footman, two for her maid, three for the coachman, and so on. An Italian who was living at Rome at the time she was there tells me that strangers used to be terribly puzzled to divine what the popping of pistols in her palace could mean. Some time after the present Emperor was installed in greatness at the Tuileries, she, on account of her relationship to him, established herself at Paris, and figured prominently in Court gayeties. Then, all at once, she took Paris pleasures in disgust, purchased a château and some land in a dreary part of Brittany, and lived there for several years secluded from society. She, however, felt interest in agriculture, and took great pains, and incurred some expense, trying to teach the Bretons improved modes of cultivation. But the Bretons are addicted to their ancient customs, and slow to learn; and so they treated her teachings in the same way as, according to Sir Walter Scott in the "Pirate," the Shetlanders did that of Triptolemus Yellowby.

*Domestic Life.*—The banes of domestic life are littleness, falsity, vulgarity, harshness, scolding, vociferation, an incessant issuing of superfluous prohibition and orders, which are regarded as impertinent interferences with the general liberty and repose, and are provocative of rankling or exploding resentments. The blessed antidotes that sweeten and enrich domestic life are refinement, high aims, great interests, soft voices, quiet and gentle manners, magnanimous tempers, forbearance from all unnecessary commands or dictation, and general allowance of mutual freedom. Love makes obedience lighter than liberty. Man wears a noble allegiance, not as a collar, but as a garland. The Graces are never so lovely as when seen waiting on the Virtues; and where they thus dwell together they make a heavenly home.—*Alger's "Friendship of Women."*

*Another Historic Doubt.*—A remarkable manuscript is now at Bury St Edmunds. It is a volume which originally belonged to Mr. Ffolkes the antiquary. It contains an interesting account, addressed by Newton himself to Ffolkes, of the discovery of the power of gravitation. Nothing is here said about the fall of an apple having anything to do with it; in fact, the account differs in many respects from the ordinary tradition.

Every year 20,000 children born in Paris are sent into the banlieue and the departments to be nursed. It is shown by statistics that of these

only 5,000 return. Out of 100 children reared by the parents, 17 die in the first year, whilst the mortality amongst children handed over to the care of nurses is from 34 to 90, according to the department.

*The Chinampas, or Floating Gardens on Lake Chalco.*—In old times the surface of the Mexican Lake Chalco was pure and clear, but the Indians covered it with rafts and straw matting, upon which they strewed soil, and planted thereon flowers and vegetables. The Countess Kollonitz, who visited these lakes a short time ago, found that these rafts are now firmly fixed, forming little islands, surrounded by hedges of roses and filled with the finest vegetables. The waves or currents of the lake have no power to move them. Standing in his canoe, the Indian paddles from one to the other to collect the fruit and vegetables which supply the whole town of Mexico.

*Not at Home.*—A gentleman called on a lady one day, and was told by the servant that she was not at home. As he turned to go out, he caught a glimpse of her head in a mirror through a half-open door. An hour after he called on another friend, and found the lady there. "I have just been to your house," said he, "but had not the pleasure of seeing you."—"Indeed! I'm so sorry. But I went out in great haste on business."—"In such haste, I presume, that you left your head behind you, for I saw it in the glass."—"Did you? It is very possible; I am so absent-minded."

*Curious Will.*—The following singular will was made by a miser in Ireland:—"I give and bequeath to my sister-in-law, Mary Dennis, four old worsted stockings, which she will find underneath my bed; to my nephew, Charles Macartney, two other pairs of stockings, lying in the box where I keep my linen; to Lieutenant Johnson, of his Majesty's 5th Regiment of Foot, my only pair of white cotton stockings and my old scarlet greatcoat; and to Hannah Burke, my housekeeper, in return for her long and faithful services, my cracked earthen pitcher." Hannah, in high wrath, told the other legatees that she resigned her valuable share of the property, and then retired. In equal rage Charles kicked down the pitcher, and, as it broke, a multitude of guineas burst out and rolled along the floor. This fortunate discovery induced those present to examine the stockings, which, to their great joy, were crammed with money.—*Cassell's Magazine*.

*A Singular Remedy.*—Whenever Burke found himself indisposed, he ordered a kettle of water to be kept boiling, of which he drank large quantities, sometimes so much as four or even five quarts in a morning, without any mixture or infusion, and as hot as he could bear. His manner was to pour about a pint at a time into a basin, and to drink it with a spoon as if it had been soup. Warm water, he said, would relax and nauseate, but hot water was the finest stimulant and most powerful restorative in the world. He certainly thought it a sovereign cure for every complaint, and not only took it himself, but prescribed it, with the confidence of a Sangrado, to every patient that came in his way.—"Memorable Odds and Ends," in the *Dublin University Magazine*.





*William Cullen Bryant*

the true lessons of history. As regards the style and manner of these volumes, we shall only say they are worthy of their author—a specimen of that pure and graceful French unhappily now too seldom seen.

The narrative of the Duc d'Aumale commences fully with an instructive sketch of the pedigree of the House of Condé. Like all the branches of the line of Capet, it runs up to Robert the Strong, the grandfather of the famous Hugh, who at the close of the tenth century supplanted the Carolingian dynasty. Saint Louis, the hero of the Middle Ages, was sixth in descent from the bold usurper, and his son Robert became the progenitor of the House of Bourbon, in its junior branches the parent stem of the House of Condé. The Duc d'Aumale dwells with just pride on the patriotic conduct of the Bourbon princes, and on their high historical renown, during that dark period in the annals of France, the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. James, Count of La Marche, and Constable of France, saved the life of King John on the day of Cressy, was taken prisoner at the disaster of Poitiers, and died with honor on the field of Brignais. Poitiers saw another Bourbon perish; and three of the race lost freedom or life in a vain endeavor to arrest the tide of victory in the flight from Agincourt. In times of happier omen to France, Louis II., surnamed the Flower of Chivalry, was a staunch supporter and friend of Du Guesclin; and in the struggle which happily terminated in the loss of the Plantagenet conquests in France, Duke John II. was raised to the rank of Constable, and by his heroic deeds won the honorable title of "the Scourge of the English." The name of Bourbon was famous, too, in many of the petty wars and enterprises undertaken by the great French nobles during the anarchy of the later feudal period; it was heard with terror by Barbary corsairs, and was welcome to traders of Genoa and Venice; and the prowess of the gracious Lords of Bourbon, their high estate, and their martial bearing, were eulogized by many an ancient chronicler. In the doubtful conflict between the House of Burgundy and the weak French monarchy, the Bourbons took the national side; and, as M. Michelet cor-

rectly shows, though outside the immediate line of the succession, their devices and mottoes always seemed to point to the hope of a royal inheritance. When Charles VIII. invaded Italy, several Bourbon princes were in his train; and the King intrusted his shortlived conquest of Naples to Gilbert, Count of Montpensier. The Duc d'Aumale, apparently from a sentiment of patriotic shame, hardly dwells sufficiently on the stormy career of the second son of this prince, Charles, the celebrated Constable and arch-rebel of the first part of the reign of Francis I. Inheritor of the immense fiefs of Anne of Beaujeu and Peter of Bourbon, and the favored lover of Louisa of Savoy, the Constable of Bourbon was the last of the great feudal lords who overshadowed the throne by mere personal influence and power; his deeds and his fate form a striking episode in the early history of the sixteenth century. Our readers must be generally aware how this daring and ambitious chief won distinction in the Italian wars; how, having received the sword of Constable, and obtained the command of the French armies, he provoked the jealous fears of the King by his haughty demeanor and martial display; how he became the object of the passionate hatred of the King's mother, his former mistress, who endeavored to filch away his patrimony; how, watched by spies and surrounded by foes, he long defied all attempts to combat him in his mountain lair of the Bourbonnais; how he consummated his treason by deserting with a mass of retainers to Charles V.; and how, having repeatedly done good service for his imperial master, he was betrayed and neglected by envious colleagues, and fell ingloriously at the sack of Rome, the leader of a band of blood-thirsty warriors, whose atrocious cruelties were long a proverb. Even after the lapse of three centuries his remote kinsman, like the heroic Bayard, turns away with disgust from "the perjured noble who had proved false to his King and his Lord," and passes hastily over his remarkable exploits.

The crimes and dishonor of this proscribed chief placed the House of Bourbon in disastrous eclipse, and during the reign of Francis I. there were few signs of a change in its fortunes. No member

of the family, however, followed the example of the traitorous Constable; and two of the Bourbon princes fell beside their sovereign on the field of Pavia. The line had now almost dwindled down to Charles of Bourbon, Duke of Vendôme, who, though already not far from the throne, through the gradual decay of the race of the Valois, was treated by Francis I. with neglect, and led a life of comparative obscurity. The Duke of Vendôme had thirteen children; but of these many died young and unmarried, and two only transmitted to descendants the name and blood of the House of Bourbon. These were Anthony, the eldest son, by his marriage afterwards King of Navarre, father of the illustrious Henry IV., and the common ancestor of all the existing Bourbons; and the youngest son, Louis, Prince of Condé, the founder of that celebrated House, and the first subject of this biography.

Louis of Condé was born in 1530, and was brought up for the most part at the little Court of the kings of Navarre, under the care of his mother, Frances of Alençon. We know little of his early training; but though, to judge from his after-life, it could not have been particularly strict, it certainly was not unbecoming his rank, and possibly it implanted in his mind the germs of the religious tenets of which he became in manhood the champion. At Nérac the boy must have often been in the company of the beautiful Margaret of Navarre, that "Pearl of the Valois," whose gentle spirit was deeply touched by the Reformed doctrines, of Isabella and Henri d'Albret, both Huguenots of a decided type, and of several of the great Huguenot seigneurs; and we cannot but suppose that these associations must have had an influence upon his disposition. In 1549, the Prince received the modest appointment of Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Henry II., and became acquainted for the first time with the gay, dissolute, and intriguing throngs that encircled the throne of Catherine of Medici, or crowded the saloons of Diana of Poitiers. During the next two years he seems to have plunged with ardor into this dissipated life, and to have won many an easy triumph among that "squadron of frail beauty" maintained by the subtle Florentine Queen, and not

the least potent of her instruments. But though, as one of the princes of the blood, he was entitled to a higher place of honor in the pageants of the Louvre and St. Germain's, he was looked upon coldly by the King, and was subjected to many slights and privations. In fact, ever since the disgrace of the Constable, the Bourbons had been disliked by the Valois; the family, ruined by fines and confiscations, had sunk from its former estate; and the young Prince of Condé found himself in poverty, and almost a stranger in the palaces of the French monarchy.

In 1551, the princely but almost friendless youth contracted a marriage which did not fail to affect powerfully his subsequent fortunes. The name of the lady was Eleanor of Roze, grandniece of the aged Constable of Montmorency, first cousin of the illustrious Coligny, and in faith and manners a staunch Huguenot. The immediate result of this marriage was to separate Condé from the faction of the younger courtiers, headed by the Guises, that swayed Henry and the reigning favorite, and to attach him to the old feudal, noblesse of which the Constable was the acknowledged head; and we can hardly doubt, although "this prince loved other men's wives as well as his own," that it inclined him towards the Reformed doctrines. Condé had not long been married when he left his bride to cross the Alps, and take part in the contest still raging between France and the Empire in Italy for that splendid possession. It is characteristic of his humble fortunes that, though nearly allied to the Royal House, he entered the army as a volunteer; no knightly attendants bore his pennon; and he served under the veteran Brissac as an obscure cadet of the French nobility. Having distinguished himself in the Italian wars, though, like many of his youthful companions, "he was not easy to direct or manage," the Prince was next engaged in the campaign which permanently extended the frontier of France by the annexation of the Three Bishoprics; and, under the orders of Francis of Guise, he assisted at the celebrated defence of Metz by that bad man but accomplished general. He was then employed in the desultory struggle that had been raging for many years along

the border of the Low Countries, and afterwards once more in Italy; but though he displayed the valor of his race in more than one dashing and bloody encounter, he continued a subordinate only, and the solitary favor he received from the King was the command of one of the *compagnies d'ordonnance*, about equivalent to a cornetcy in the troops of the Royal household. An accident, apparently, raised Condé to a position more worthy of his high station. The Duke of Savoy having invaded Picardy after the rupture of the Truce of Vaucelles, and invested St. Quentin with an overwhelming force, Coligny, with characteristic heroism, threw himself into the beleaguered place, and Montmorency advanced to his aid, with a large but hastily collected army. Owing probably to his kinsman's good-will, Condé commanded the right wing of the French, and on the disastrous day of St. Quentin he exhibited not only undaunted courage, but military skill of no mean order. We commend especially to our readers the Duc d'Aumale's sketch of this memorable battle, one of the worst defeats that France ever endured; but we can do no more than refer to it as singularly graphic, clear, and intelligent. After this fatal rout, the duty of retarding the advance of the enemy fell on the Prince; and on this occasion his services were of the greatest value to the French monarchy, for he succeeded in arresting completely the invasion that threatened to roll on to Paris. He remained, however, still in the shade of neglect; the King refused him the government of a province that had been hereditary in the House of Bourbon; and the only advancement he obtained was an honorary command in the infantry of the army, one which, in those days, when the French nobleman confined himself to the ranks of the cavalry, was considered as little less than an insult.

The new epoch that commenced in France after the Peace of Cambray and the death of Henry II. effected no change in the fortunes of Condé. He was treated with contempt and dislike by the faction that domineered in the kingdom; the government he applied for was again withheld; and his brother Anthony had been pointedly slighted in the late negotiations touching Na-

varre. The two Bourbon princes now coalesced with the large section of the French nobility, with Montmorency as its acknowledged chief, that resented the ascendancy of the Guises and their influence over Francis II.; and Condé, as one of the Princes of the Blood, took an opportunity of protesting openly against the pretensions of the House of Lorraine, and the dangerous policy of making the young King assume the title of Sovereign of England, in virtue of the claims of Mary Stuart. Condé was thus completely alienated from the Court; and events soon widened and deepened the breach. For many years the Protestants of France had submitted without a show of resistance to persecutions of the most atrocious kind, to burnings and massacres under Francis I., to general proscriptions and cruel confiscations to glut the avarice of his son and his mistress. But passive obedience has its limits; and when the accession of the Guises to power increased their sufferings, and threatened the kingdom with subjection to the rule of Philip II., a change gradually came over their sentiments. In numbers probably a fifth of the nation, notwithstanding the efforts made to destroy the sect, strong in the rising commercial towns, and in the support of many of the chief nobles, and possessing already an excellent organization in their congregations and ecclesiastical union, they began to reflect whether it was not necessary to make a stand against the Court, and to assert the rights of a powerful minority, remarkable for its worth and intelligence. This was the origin of the movement, known by the name of the Conspiracy of Amboise, which, with due deference to the Duc d'Aumale, was less the dark treason he has described it than a general combination for a redress of grievances, though undoubtedly it was associated with a plot that aimed at subverting the Government. Smarting under a sense of repeated slights, Condé listened to the overtures of the malcontents, and lent his name at least to their cause; and we may suppose that religious sympathy may in some degree have influenced his decision; though it is remarkable that Coligny, more sincere and wise, refused to take any part in this league. What followed was ex-

ceedingly characteristic of the cruel and treacherous junto in power. An attempt at a rising having been suppressed, the Guises and Catherine intrigued to break up the confederacy by detaching its leaders from it; and Condé having been summoned to Amboise, Francis of Guise, with a show of chivalrous frankness, offered to "defend his Highness against all comers, and stand his surety in any charge of treason." At the same time, the subordinate agents in "the conspiracy" were treated with execrable rigor; and punishments of the most frightful kind were inflicted on numbers of innocent persons. The Duc d'Aumale passes lightly over these foul crimes—the evil prelude to the civil wars—and does not allude to the indignation they provoked even within the Court, to the public remonstrances of the boy-King, sickened at the sight of the hangings and drownings that met his eyes round his own palace, or to the pathetic exclamation of the Duchess of Guise, aghast at the deeds of her own husband, "Interfere, Sire, they are murdering your subjects."

Having been a witness of these scenes of blood—it is said, though we hardly credit the tale, that he was compelled to behold them from the battlements of Amboise—Condé betook himself to the Court of Nérac, judging correctly that he was under suspicion. Anthony of Bourbon, frivolous, fickle, and weak, professed himself at this moment a Huguenot; and many of the Huguenot chiefs of the south, alarmed at the issue of recent events, addressed themselves to the Bourbon princes, and entreated them to become their leaders. A partial Huguenot rising took place at the same time in Dauphiny and Provence, and though it was easily put down, the attitude of the sect throughout France was menacing. Meanwhile, the tyranny and grasping selfishness of the Guises had made them numerous enemies, and Montmorency and his powerful following stood aloof from the government. The Lorraine brothers felt their authority threatened by a possible combination between the Huguenots and the great feudal seigneurs, its main link being the Bourbon princes; and with characteristic energy they resolved to destroy it. The boy-King was easily

persuaded that a plot was laid against his life, and Anthony of Bourbon and Condé received a command to appear at the States-General, about to be convened at Orleans. The brothers obeyed the summons at once, and set off with a weak escort only; nor is it improbable—though no hint is given of it by the Duc d'Aumale—that two of Catherine's houis were employed to lure them to take this imprudent step, and decoy them into the hands of their enemies. Spite of warnings that ought to have opened their eyes, the Princes proceeded upon their way, received everywhere with due honor by the officials of the treacherous Government; but they had no sooner arrived at Orleans than the snare was effectually drawn around them. In the presence of the mute and astonished Court, they were charged with treason by the King and the Guises; and, having been thence taken to the closet of Catherine, who doubtless gave them many smooth words of feigned regret and deadly courtesy, they were separated and thrown into prison. Condé, more daring and more proud, fared worse than his shallow and fickle brother, who seems ere long to have been set free. He was tried on the spot by a special commission, composed in part of his personal enemies; and, without any solid proof of guilt, he was sentenced to "fall by the axe in a fortnight" on "evidence obtained by fraud and torture." The King, doubtless under the influence of the Guises, was the president of this shameful tribunal which directly violated the law of the land; and, as we have said, these proceedings resemble the tragedy of Vincennes in some respects, though the points of difference are sufficiently obvious. In consequence partly of these very distinctions, the Bourbon Prince of the sixteenth century was more fortunate than his hapless descendant. The time given for the execution of the sentence enabled the illustrious Michel L'Hopital to interpose a salutary delay; and within a few days an event occurred that altered the whole political situation. Francis II., sickly and prematurely decayed, like all the offspring of Henry and Catherine, died suddenly at the close of 1560, and this death, which for some months gave a rude shock to



the power of the Guises, caused the immediate liberation of the captive.

In the short-lived revolution that followed the accession of Charles IX. to the throne, Condé played for a time a conspicuous part. The Parliament of Paris pronounced him innocent; Francis of Guise embraced him in the presence of the Court; and Catherine, in the brief attempt she made, under the inspiration of L'Hopital, and through genuine fear of the Lorraine faction, to rule by balancing the religious parties and extending toleration to the Huguenots, treated the Prince as one of her most trusted counsellors. The Duc d'Aumale eulogizes the magnanimity and heroism of Francis of Guise at this juncture, and describes him as rising superior to fate in the midst of dangerous and conspiring enemies. But the Guises were in no real peril; and as events were rapidly tending to replace them in their former ascendancy, the only merit of Francis was perseverance to wait the turn of fortune. At this moment Philip II. was interfering in the councils of the Louvre in the interest of the House of Lorraine; and his ambassador was endeavoring to restore them to power, in order to carry out his master's policy of extirpating the detested Huguenots. Notwithstanding, too, the generous protests of the Commons at the States-General of Orleans, and the enlightened wisdom of the great Chancellor, France, as a nation, was fanatically Catholic; the Parliaments of several provinces refused to register the edicts of toleration; the mob of Paris declared itself against the Reformers with savage violence; and signs of a general Catholic rising throughout the kingdom were not wanting. The change that was impending was precipitated by the conduct of Montmorency and his followers, who, resenting the demands of the Estates of a province, made, it is said, at the instigation of Coligny, for an inquiry into the scandalous extravagance of the favorites of the reign of Henry II., coalesced ere long with the Lorraine brothers; and the vacillating and unprincipled Anthony of Bourbon having been gained to the same side, the celebrated junto, known by the name of the Triumvirate, rose into power. Within a few months the evil domination of the Guises was completely

restored; and the Government, timid, selfish, and fickle, yielded, after a show of faint opposition. Condé, now in faith a professed Huguenot, and, on account of his princely rank, the nominal leader of the Reformers, began to lose his influence with the Queen; and Coligny and the Huguenot chiefs saw with alarm the political horizon charged with an approaching tempest.

The condition of France at this crisis—just before the outbreak of the religious wars—is thus graphically described by Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, the ambassador of Elizabeth in Paris; we quote a few words that illustrate much that ensued:—

"Heere be strange discourses and great expectations what shall become of the world heere. The King of Navarre, the Duke of Guize, the Constable, the Cardinal Ferrase, the three marshalles of France, St. André, Bryssac, and De Thermés, the Cardinal of Tournou, and all their favoursers and followers be conjoynid fermelie together to overthrow the Protestant religion, and to exterminate the favoursers thereof, which enterprise and desired purpose is poursuyd forward by the ambassadere of Spayne heere, and Spanish threateninge and countenances. The Queene-mother assisted with the Queene of Navarre, the Chancellor, the Prince of Condé, the Cardinale of Chastillon, the Admiral, Monsieur D'Andelot and their followers and favoursers, do yet countenance the matter on our syde. I praye God, *the Queene-mother do not sturr her collar.*"

Catholics and Protestants were thus watching each other, when the massacre of Vassy fired in an instant the long smouldering train of passion and hatred. The Duc d'Aumale hurries rapidly over this detestable deed of perfidy and blood; he cannot bear to dwell on the crimes of those whom he represents as the leaders of the nation, or to indicate the justification of Huguenot "rebellion." Nor does he notice the terrible burst of fanaticism that followed, the crusade preached by the exulting priesthood against the Reformers in every parish, the judicial murders committed by the Parliaments, the hangings, drownings, and burnings of the Huguenots in many parts of the kingdom, which M. Michelet has correctly described as the St. Bartholomew of 1562. The affrighted Reformers flew to arms; but though it would be idle to suppose that the cruelties they endured

were not requited, it has been truly observed that, wherever they obtained the mastery, they displayed their vengeance rather in destroying what in their eyes were the monuments of an idolatrous worship, than in taking the lives of their Catholic fellow-subjects. The Duc d'Aumale is evidently inclined to underrate the importance of this rising; but it was the wide-spread and universal movement of an oppressed sect against execrable tyranny. The strength of the Huguenots lay in the northern provinces, along the seaboard, or in the mountain districts of the south, where the Protestant doctrines had either entered, or the traditions of the Albigenses had lingered, but they numbered thousands of zealous adherents in almost every part of the kingdom, especially in the town communities. In an incredibly short time armed men, headed by their seigneurs and by enthusiastic preachers, sprang up in angry swarms throughout France; and Condé, with the assent of the Huguenot chiefs, who always endeavored to identify their cause with loyalty and the Royal House, was chosen as head of the insurrection. The Prince, in spite of the efforts of the Triumvirs, who "bade him scorn that vile canaille," set off from Paris with an army of nobles, whose gay bearing and brilliant retinue contrasted strangely with the sombre aspect and simple armor of the Huguenot bands; and having seized Orleans, and made that place the general rendezvous of the men of religion, he found himself at the head of an army that for the moment defied opposition. In fact the Government was surprised; it had only the Royal Guard in hand and three or four thousand armed men; and though its resources would quickly multiply, this force was for the present unable to cope with that of the Reformed leaders. In this conjuncture, either for the purpose of gaining delay, or with her usual turn for taking the side for the time of the stronger, Catherine listened to the overtures of Condé, and, "imploing him to save her children and Crown," she promised to repair to the Huguenot camp. The Triumvirs, however, knowing the importance of having Royalty to grace their cause, seized the persons of the Queen and her eldest son, and, with or against her will, carried them off to

Paris, where, in the midst of a ferocious population that cried to Heaven for vengeance and blood, they summoned France to a crusade against the heretic rebels.

Thus were loosed the furies of civil war that deluged France with blood, and unnerved her arm as a great Power, during a whole generation. Each side, in its appeal to the sword, inscribed the royal name on its banners, and shouted the cry of God and the King; but while the white ensigns of the House of Valois were always seen in the Reformers' hosts, it is remarkable that the red colors of Spain were, from the outset, the badge of their adversaries. As was but natural in a writer filled with the traditions of a great Catholic monarchy, and of a literature that has advocated the successful cause, the Duc d'Aumale, though with honorable earnestness he tries to assume an impartial attitude, is, unconsciously to himself, a partisan in the view he takes of this terrible contest. He persists in identifying the half-foreign tyranny which with hardly an interval was supreme in France, until the reign of Henry IV., with the welfare and independence of the nation, and in representing the Reformers as essentially an alien and rebel faction. His patriotism, accordingly, leads him to extenuate the crimes and misdeeds of the party in power, to describe them as the necessary severities of a Government struggling for its existence, and to exaggerate, as the guilt of unnatural treason, the excesses committed by the Huguenots, and the alliances they formed outside the kingdom. This tendency, indeed, does not master the excellent judgment of the Duc d'Aumale, or make it blind to cardinal truths; he indignantly condemns the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the violence of the League, the guile of Henry III.; and he can admire the heroism and undaunted stubbornness of more than one of the Huguenot leaders. But his prepossessions are not the less marked; he paints Francis of Guise as a high-minded warrior, fighting for the unity and glory of France; he keeps out of view, as far as he can, the subjection to Spain of the Lorraine party; he sympathizes with the Catholic chiefs, as the representatives of the national cause, and

glosses over their deeds of blood; he even throws into the shade the wicked intrigues and faithlessness of Catherine and her sons; and, at the same time, he censures harshly the conduct and objects of the Reformers; he addresses himself, in a special way, to depreciate the illustrious Coligny; and he invariably regards the Huguenots as an element of national weakness and danger. That is, no doubt, a thoroughly French view of the Reformed religion, and it is the reason why Protestantism is still regarded by the bulk of the French people as an anti-national creed. "*La France est plus Catholique que Chrétienne*" was the remark of one who knew the country well. Our view of this memorable tract of history, we need hardly say, is widely different. The great majority of Frenchmen were, no doubt, Catholics; and, in this sense, the Government that took the Catholic side in the religious wars represented the general tendency of the nation. But that Government during nearly thirty years was the embodiment of a Spanish policy, that set at naught the interests of France; even the perfidious Catherine and cowardly Valois resisted it as much as they dared; and it abandoned the kingdom to a confederacy of fanatics, the docile satraps of a foreign despot. As for its character and conduct, they were written in deeds that anticipated the crimes of 1793, in butcheries of St. Bartholomew and Sens, in sieges of Paris and days of barricades, in provinces covered with blood and ashes. On the other hand, though certainly divided in religious sympathy from the mass of the people, the Huguenots struck for the national cause, for the independence of France, and their legitimate King; and though often carried away by the frenzy of the time, they were the sufferers rather than the doers of wrong. As regards the political aspirations of their real leader, the noble Coligny, he would have made France a great Protestant power, the ally of England, and a free State. It would perhaps have been better for the House of Bourbon had it governed upon such enlightened principles.

The first scenes of the civil war were not marked by the atrocious character that ere long prevailed in the contest. There was a brief pause of uneasy hesi-

tation; and Catherine, perceiving that her authority would disappear amidst the shock of arms, attempted, sincerely perhaps, to negotiate. Condé showed but too plainly that he was ill fitted to be the chief of a great and determined party. At an interview with the Queen, he consented to leave the kingdom with the Huguenot leaders; the Guises and the Court, no doubt, expecting that the flock would scatter after the flight of the shepherds. The Prince having been compelled to break this foolish engagement, both sides prepared for the approaching conflict. By this time the relative strength of the opposing parties had completely changed; and though the Huguenot forces were still considerable, the success of their foes was already certain. Three great armies, set on foot by the Government, and recruited largely from foreign mercenaries, were marched into the interior of France, and, in every province, thousands of enthusiasts, backed usually by the local authorities, formed themselves into bands to crush the insurrection. In a few months most of the strong places held by the Huguenots had been taken; the line of defence on the Loire was lost: they had suffered repeated defeats in the south, and Condé, with their only remaining force, was shut up in Orleans, and surrounded by enemies. Of the atrocities that disgraced the success of the Catholics, the ruthlessness of the soldiery of Nevers, and the murderous fury of the brutal peasantry, we hear but little from the Duc d'Aumale, though he brings out in distinct relief the iconoclastic violence of the Reformers, and though he condemns in severe language the policy now adopted by their leaders.

Feeling the cause lost without immediate succor, they despatched D'Andelot to obtain aid from the Protestant Powers upon the Rhine, and Condé and Coligny gave their consent to negotiations with Elizabeth. That sovereign had for some time watched the attitude of the contending parties in France, divided between a dislike of "rebels" and a conviction that the Huguenot cause was her own; and, with characteristic selfishness and craft, she had made up her mind to drive a hard bargain, should her assistance be sought by either side. Like all the English politicians of the

time, she regretted bitterly the loss of Calais, practically ceded at the Peace of Cambray; and she fixed upon that coveted possession as the price of intervention in France. In a treaty made with the Vidame of Chartres, as the representative of the Huguenots, she promised to assist them with men and money, and to defend the fortresses of Rouen and Dieppe, on the condition, however, that an English garrison should be put in occupation of Havre, as a pledge for the restitution of Calais. The Duc d'Aumale is lavish of reproaches against the authors of this discreditable compact; and we freely admit that any trafficking of the kind is the one blot on the fair fame of Coligny. But we must recollect that Condé and the Admiral declared solemnly that they never empowered their envoy to consent to these terms; and it is fair to observe that the words of the treaty do not necessarily imply such dangerous concessions. If we condemn, too, the Huguenot chiefs, we must bear in mind the extremity of their peril, and that, unhappily, in that age, the zeal of party too often extinguished patriotism; and, certainly, their defence, as against their adversaries, was sufficient. It did not lie in the mouths of the Guises, who ruled in the interests of Philip II., who had filled the Royal armies with Swiss and Germans, and who had been plotting with foreign Powers for an invasion of France to suppress heresy, to complain of treasonable practices with foreign Powers.

The negotiations of the Huguenot chiefs relieved them in their distress for a time. The main Royal army set off from Orleans to take part in the siege of Rouen; D'Andelot reached the place with a German contingent; and Condé and the Admiral, set free, found themselves at the head of 14,000 men. This force might have struck a decisive blow, had the Prince made a bold advance upon Paris; but the opportunity was lost in vain demonstrations and idle trifling with the artful Queen, who knew how to work on the generous nature or the ambitious spirit of the credulous Bourbon. Coligny insisted on taking the command; and he proposed a plan of military operations which, with submission to the Duc d'Aumale, showed

his genius for war, and was, in the main, successful. He wished to transfer the theatre of the contest to the northern provinces, where the Reformers were still in considerable strength, and, resting on the sea, and supported by England, to make a determined stand for Huguenot liberties. The Prince reluctantly followed these counsels; the Huguenot army advanced towards Normandy; and, after making some false movements, for which M. Michelet blames Condé, and the Duc d'Aumale his illustrious colleague, it found itself in the neighborhood of Dreux, confronted by a superior force of Royalists. We can do no more than notice with praise the Duc d'Aumale's excellent account of this engagement; it is very elaborate, careful, and clear; and it does justice alike to the tactical skill of Francis of Guise, to the valor of Condé, and to the indomitable perseverance of Coligny—like his genuine descendant William III.—always great under the frowns of fortune. The nominal commanders on either side, Condé and the old Constable Montmorency, were taken prisoners in the battle; and this accident, followed by the death of Francis of Guise within a few months, led to the commencement of negotiations between the heads of the contending parties. The Prince and the Constable, each strongly guarded, "held parleys" upon an islet of the Loire, and discussed the terms of a general pacification; Catherine assisted occasionally at these interviews; and the result was the Edict of Amboise, long the theme of the regret of Huguenot writers. This settlement betrayed the want of sympathy between Condé and the great body of the Reformers. It secured toleration and freedom of worship for the great leaders and the higher noblesse; but it provided no corresponding advantage for the real champions and martyrs of the cause, for the small gentry and hardy townsmen, who, with souls unalloyed by selfish ambition, had risked everything for the sake of religion, and had braved death and sufferings in a thousand forms. It is no wonder, though the Duc d'Aumale thinks that jealousy may have influenced his conduct, that Coligny refused to set his hand to this unequal and ill-devised arrangement.

Montmorency, and the great Catholic noblesse, and often in the closet of the scheming Queen, he seemed anything rather than the head of the strict and suspected religious party. In truth, the reputation of Condé was that of a gay, feather-pated seigneur, who had taken up with the Reformers from pique, and had nothing really in common with them; and Catherine and the Government counted on his support in the policy they were now meditating. At this juncture the influence of Spain was again completely paramount at the Louvre; the celebrated interview at Bayonne between Catherine and Alva had taken place; the Protestants in the Low Countries were being pursued by fire and sword; and their brethren in France, not without reason, believed that they too were marked out for destruction. Though it is now known that the French Government did not then entertain this dark design, it was willing, at the bidding of Philip II., to disregard the Peace of Amboise; the privileges of the Huguenots were curtailed; fanaticism was again let loose against them; they were subjected to vexatious persecutions; nor can we doubt that the fears of their rulers alone saved them from the extreme of severity. Having assumed this attitude towards the sect, the Guises and Catherine repeated their efforts to detach Condé from the hated Reformers, and to deprive them of the support of a Prince of the Blood. They caressed him with gracious and insinuating art; bestowed his hereditary government on him; taught the King to treat him with peculiar respect; feigned to listen to his counsels and seek his friendship; endeavored to allure him by all the devices of false, unscrupulous, but fascinating perfidy.

This union, however, was apparent only. The gracious attitude and favor of the Court were the mere devices of conspiring treachery. While Catherine and the King pretended to seek the aid of the Huguenots against Spain, they were furnishing supplies to the soldiers of Alva on the frontier of Franche Comté and Flanders; and their conciliatory advances to Condé were followed by edicts against the Reformers. A personal disappointment of the Prince, however, was the immediate cause of an ac-

tual rupture. With him ambition was a stronger motive than the exigencies of a noble cause. Having been refused the sword of Constable—Montmorency was now in extreme old age—with a significant hint from the Duke of Anjou that “another commander would be found for the Swiss,” Condé quitted the Court in a fit of anger, and within a few days appeared at the head of a band of Huguenot nobles and their retainers, only too eager to answer his summons. A foolish attempt, which, it is said, Charles IX. never afterwards forgave, to seize and carry off the King failed; but Condé’s force having been quickly swelled by hundreds of fierce and resolute men, glad that the day of suspense was passed, he soon found himself in command of a little army 6,000 strong. The Government collected a body of troops to defend the capital and its neighborhood; and the aged Constable and the Duke of Anjou, who now commenced his ill-omened career, undertook to direct the military operations. Civil war thus broke out afresh; and Condé, believing himself in sufficient force, made demonstrations against Paris—a movement characteristic of his rash valor, and very injudicious. He was attacked in the plain of St. Denis by Montmorency with 18,000 men; and though he displayed no little ability in marshalling his troops to receive this attack, and he fought with his usual courage and vigor, he only gained time to make his retreat. The Duc d’Aumale has described this battle in his usual clear and happy style; but the death of Montmorency on the field, and the fact that it was the first encounter between the young Catholic noblesse of Paris and the stern Huguenot cavaliers of the provinces, are the chief points of interest in it. Condé fell back towards the German frontier to obtain reinforcements from the Protestants on the Rhine; and, having effected his junction with the Palatine Casimir, beyond the Moselle, at a spot near Metz, he returned by a long circuit to Orleans, having made this daring and perilous movement with complete success in the depth of winter. Though Coligny is entitled to a share in the credit—and it strongly resembles his celebrated advance after the disastrous battle of Moncontour—the Duc d’Aumale lays great stress on

this march as a proof of the strategic talents of Condé. He paints vividly the light-hearted heroism of the Prince in braving its hardships and dangers, and he evidently thinks it a remarkable operation, "that would have made a reputation for any commander." The Huguenots had by this time assembled at Orleans in imposing force, and Condé was able to take the field with not less than 30,000 men. But he again gave proof of the frivolity and want of judgment that were prominent features of his character; and having laid siege to the fortress of Chartres, he was induced, on the very eve of the assault, to accept terms from the French Government, which annulled the results of his brilliant exploits, and secured no real redress for his party. The "Cloaked Peace of Chartres," as it was called, concluded in 1568, renewed merely the Edict of Amboise, with some stipulations of no importance. Coligny and most of the Huguenot chiefs protested earnestly against its provisions; and, in this instance, we are happy to say, the Duc d'Aumale is on the side of the illustrious Admiral.

Why speak of peace when there is no hope of peace! might have been the exclamation of the Huguenots during the brief period that this truce lasted. From the Low Countries, where Egmont and Horn, with crowds of less famous victims, had perished on the scaffolds raised by the merciless Alva, and from Spain, blazing with the fires of the Inquisition, the baleful influence of Philip II. extended over France and its rulers, and throughout the kingdom enforced the doctrine that no faith was to be kept with heretics. Charles IX. and Catherine, who had recently obtained a large concession of Church lands by a promise to the Pope to put down the Huguenots, acquiesced in a renewal of the persecution; and the sect found itself again exposed to every kind of violence and outrage. We shall not draw out the dreary monotony of these scenes of proscription and crime, or enlarge on murders committed with impunity, on cruelties sanctioned by the provincial governors, on the licensed excesses of fanatical passion. Condé addressed a respectful remonstrance to the King; one of his letters contains an interesting account of the sufferings of the Reformers at a

time when peace and toleration nominally prevailed:—

"Sire, the misdeeds committed day after day, against us who, under your allegiance, are of the Reformed faith, make us write touching our grievances to you. I am the more emboldened because, without knowing wherefore, I am more pursued than any other person. Yet no one can say that I have disobeyed your edicts, and I do nothing save live in my own house, under the assurance of the public pledge given to your subjects in the presence of foreign Princes. Yet, notwithstanding, we see ourselves murdered, plundered, and ravaged, our wives violated, daughters torn from their parents, the great dismissed from their offices, officers deprived of their trusts, and all of us denounced as your enemies and those of this kingdom. And all this without an attempt to do us justice. Alas! Sire, to what an estate have we been reduced. We see the common people slaughtering your subjects and nobles and doing wickedness as it lists, without being checked or punished. That is a notable and terrible thing, as your Majesty knows better than I; and, what is more, they all say that they have a pass-word to commit these crimes, a matter I will not believe."

This tyranny was not long to be borne; in a few weeks civil war was raging in many parts of the distracted kingdom. Having received a timely warning from Tavannes—it is gratifying to record an instance of good faith among so many of foul treachery—Condé and Coligny hastened across the Loire; and, after a march, in Huguenot strain compared to the flight of Israel from Egypt, made their way with their families to Rochelle, thenceforward the bulwark of the Huguenot cause. This town, celebrated in former years for its valorous exploits against the Plantagenets, had lately resented an attempt made by the Government to subvert its privileges; and, deeply impregnated with the Protestant doctrines, through its commerce with England and the Low Countries, it welcomed with joy the illustrious fugitives. To Rochelle repaired the widowed Jeanne d'Albret—Anthony of Bourbon had died in the first civil war—with her son the youthful Henry of Navarre; and hundreds of Huguenots flocked in with their followers from Bearn, Poitou, and Gascony. Condé and Coligny assembled a considerable force; negotiations were renewed with Elizabeth; and the Admiral, with

his instinctive perception that French Protestantism ought to incline towards the sea, labored diligently at the defences of La Rochelle. A series of military operations ensued. Two armies, under the command of the Duke of Anjou and the Duke of Montpensier, marched against Condé on different lines; and the region between the Loire and the Charente became the theatre of a succession of indecisive movements and combats. In March, 1569, Condé, at the head of his principal force, advanced towards the Charente, in order to rally a Huguenot detachment in Gascony; but he was headed by the Duke of Anjou, who, occupying the left bank of the stream, barred with his army any progress southward. The Prince now contemplated a march towards the north, to effect his junction with his supports on the Loire; but, either owing to his own hesitation, or to certain bad dispositions of Coligny, the Huguenot army on the right bank remained extended in disunited columns, that exposed a long flank to a daring enemy. Anjou, crossing the Charente at break of day, fell in force on the Reformers on the 13th; position after position was carried; and their scattered masses were quickly flying before the victorious Catholic horsemen. Condé was in the van with a few cavaliers; but, at the pressing summons of the Admiral, entangled in the broken centre and rear, he wheeled round, and endeavored to retrieve the day. We transcribe, from the Duc d'Aumale's narrative, this animated sketch of the *mêlée* that ensued; it brings out clearly the gallantry of Condé, and the effects of his sudden and dashing charge:—

"Condé had neither a foot soldier nor a gun. Out of the whole main battle he brought only two compagnies d'ordonnance, and some nobles and gentlemen in his train, in all three hundred horsemen. He has neither time to await the rest of his troops, nor the means of retreating; in a few minutes he will be surrounded on all sides. The moment he reaches the field he orders Coligny to charge the Duke of Guise with his whole cavalry. As for himself he will extricate the right wing and attack the massive columns of the Duke of Anjou. He calls for his arms. As he is putting on his helmet, the charger of La Rochefoucauld breaks his leg with a kick; one of his arms had already been disabled by a fall. Mastering the pain, he turns round to his cavaliers, and, pointing to his injured limbs, and

to the device borne by his cornet, '*Doux le péril pour Christ et la patrie*,' 'Here, nobles of France!' he exclaims, 'here is the wished-for time. Remember in what plight Louis of Bourbon goes into battle for Christ and his country.' So saying he bows his head, and with his three hundred lances falls on the eight hundred of Anjou. The charge was irresistible; every squadron yielded to the terrible shock; and the confusion was so great that, for a moment, the Catholics believed that the day was lost."

This success, however, was of brief duration; the Huguenot horsemen were soon surrounded by a surging tide of infuriated foes. After witnessing the fall of most of his companions, the Prince, wounded and unable to move, surrendered to two Catholic gentlemen. The fate of the gallant warrior was tragic:—

"The Royal cavalry continued the pursuit; its squadrons pass by the group that had been formed around Condé. The Prince soon perceived the red cloaks of the guards of Anjou. He points to them; D'Argence understands; '*Hide your face!*' was his exclamation. '*Ah, D'Argence, D'Argence!*' replied Condé, '*you cannot save me.*' Covering his face like Cæsar, he awaited death; the unhappy man knew too well the perfidious hate of the Duke of Anjou, and his 'bloody counsels.' The Guards had passed, when their captain, Montesquieu, having heard the name of the prisoner, cries out, '*Tue, tue, mon Dieu,*' and shatters the head of the captive with a pistol-shot."

The naked and bloody corpse of the Prince was carried on an ass through the Catholic camp. The Huguenot prisoners wept at the sight, and many of the Catholics turned away their heads; but Anjou spurned the remains with brutal levity. So died this brave and chivalrous man. Nor is it difficult to understand his character. Bold and generous, but light-headed and dissolute, Condé was never a genuine Huguenot at heart; he was not moved by the earnest convictions and fervent zeal of the men of religion. Nor did he sympathize truly with their cause; he joined it from disappointed ambition; he would sacrifice it for his own ends; his high birth and courtly associations divided him from its most noble adherents, and made them somewhat distasteful to him. An accident made him the head of his party, but he had not the genius to retain the position; the real leader was the illustrious Coligny; and Condé was merely

one of those brilliant personages who occasionally adorn important movements, but do not rule their course or decide their fate. Yet he was a good soldier and a princely gentleman, who, at a memorable crisis in the destiny of France, took what we believe was the patriotic side, and fought for it nobly to the death; nor shall we condemn, as mere treason, his imprudent negotiations with Elizabeth. It is unnecessary to say that, in some respects, this estimate of Condé is not that of the illustrious author of this work:—

"The Prince was dissolute, and often caused scandal; he agitated his country and opened its gates to foreigners; he fought against his King and abandoned the religion of his sires; these are the shadows on the picture. We do not attempt to justify him; yet we may say that his vices and his crimes, like his virtues and high deeds, were in a great measure those of his age. No doubt he became a Huguenot without deep religious conviction; but vexation and ambition were not his only motives. Fighting as he did under the standard of the Reformers, he was not only avenging injuries done to himself, he was contending for the independence of the nation and the Crown, and for a legitimate succession in serious danger; he opened the way to Henry IV."

The name and honors of Condé descended to his eldest son, Henry, a boy of seventeen. This young Prince had been carefully brought up with Henry of Navarre, by Jeanne d'Albret; unlike his father, he continued through life devoted in heart to the Reformed doctrines. Jeanne d'Albret, like the Spartan matron, despatched the cousins to the field at once; the Huguenot nobles proclaimed them their chiefs; but Coligny was still the real head of the cause. The youths served under the Admiral in the campaigns—described rather hastily by the Duc d'Aumale—in which Coligny, breathing the fire of his heroic spirit into the Reformers, succeeded, after repeated defeat, in wresting from the discomfited Government the favorable conditions of the Peace of St. Germain. During the short period when this great man directed the policy of the Louvre, Condé was often the guest of Catherine and Charles; and, as is well known, the double marriage of Henry of Navarre with Margaret of Valois, and his own with a Princess of the House of

Cleves, was the immediate prelude of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. In that night of horror and blood, when the palace of royalty became the shambles where fanaticism and perfidy slaughtered their victims, Condé, it is said, was the peculiar object of the fury and threats of the frenzied King; and but for the intercession of the Queen, he would have perished with other Princes of the Blood. Unlike his more supple and politic cousin, he resisted for a long time the mandates of the Court advising him to abjure his faith; but he yielded at last with avowed reluctance, and even consented to take part in the siege of his father's loved Rochelle during the reign of terror that followed the massacre. Unable, however, to acquiesce or temporize, Condé struggled to escape from this thralldom. The atrocities of the infatuated government having alienated many even of the Catholic nobles and the King's brother, the Duke of Alençon, the Prince listened to the overtures of this party—the germ of the great *parti politique* that ultimately became supreme in the kingdom—but, the designs of its leaders having been discovered, he was compelled suddenly to fly from France. He now threw off the mask of Catholicism he had worn with pain, and became the leader of the extreme section of the Reformers which drew its fierce inspirations from Geneva. Uncompromising and austere, his character befitted him to play this part; but a private wrong had quickened his hatred of the Court, for the licentious Anjou had loved his wife; and this adventure, made by Court poets and wits the theme of insolent verses and jests, had deeply wounded his sensitive nature. We shall not follow the Duc d'Aumale in his elaborate account of the career of the Prince during the troubled period of civil wars, broken by short intervals of unquiet peace, that France witnessed during the next few years. Condé, though he co-operated with them for a time, broke off from Alençon and his adherents, and the *politiques* headed by the heir of the Constable; he protested at the States-General of Blois against any tampering with "a corrupt creed," and resisted, as trifling with the Powers of Darkness, the efforts of the more temperate Huguenots to obtain freedom of worship for themselves, and



to bind up the wounds of the distracted kingdom. He lived usually in state at La Rochelle—the rallying point of the violent Reformers who had received the name of the Counter League—and, in the varying phases of the long contest he led a series of expeditions against the Catholics in Poitou and Touraine. He was, however, on the whole unfortunate; his abilities did not equal his zeal; and, though estimated by his party as a hero, he failed in most of his military undertakings. He was often obliged to make his escape from France; we find him soliciting aid from Germany, from Elizabeth, and from the Protestant Swiss Cantons against the common “Catholic enemy;” and of all the Huguenot leaders he was the most open to the reproach of sacrificing the interests of the country to the passions of a sect.

Conduct such as this could not fail to annoy the Prince's cousin, Henry of Navarre, in the circumstances in which France was placed. Charles IX. had been for some years dead; the Crown had devolved on his brother Anjou, the feeble and degraded Henry III.; and it was evident that the decaying race of the Valois would leave no male descendants. Henry of Navarre had become the heir to the throne; and though Henry of Guise and the League were dominant; though Philip II. seemed on the point of annexing the crown of France; and though Catherine and her worthless son, yielding to the force of a stronger will, pretended to uphold the Spanish policy—signs were not wanting that the cause of legitimacy would triumph with an able and popular leader. The excesses and unpatriotic baseness of the League had disgusted the moderate Catholics; the *parti politique* was increasing in strength; it already looked to the Huguenot Henry as its future sovereign, and the hope of the nation. That remarkable man—astute and calculating under the guise of merry, light-hearted frankness—endeavored to gain the support and attachment of this growing party of patriotism and good sense, the triumph of which would be his own; and accordingly he condemned in his open way the obstinacy of Condé and the extreme Reformers; nor can we doubt that his statesmanlike mind, broad, vigorous, and somewhat indifferent to

creeds, had no sympathy with the leader of a sect sincere, indeed, but ungenial and rigid. A coolness arose between the cousins; and though no open rupture took place, and Henry was often in the field with Condé in their common enterprises against the League, they were separated in feelings, wishes, and objects. Catherine, with her usual Machiavellian art, endeavored to increase this estrangement; ever seeking to compass her ignoble objects by dividing those whom she felt to be her enemies. But, unlike his silly and frivolous father, Henry was not to be the puppet of this woman. He had dallied among her squadron of Circes, and he had revelled in many an easy conquest, but no Kate had ever mastered that Hotspur. He had yielded graciously to imperious power, and had signed a willing obedience to it; but he yielded merely for his well-considered ends; he had counterplotted and baffled treachery; and if he wore the fox's skin the strength of the lion was beneath it. Such a man, engaged in the arduous task of winning slowly his way to a throne, and of becoming the head of a great nation by a policy of conciliation and justice, in spite of the efforts of a dangerous confederacy, was not likely to make an open foe of the leader of a party still attached to him; and although Henry pretended to humor the Queen, and at heart had little regard for Condé—he took care never to break with him. The cousins, throughout the civil war, continued upon the same side, though genuine friendship soon ceased to exist.

The Duc d'Aumale describes the feeling of Henry at this juncture with great ability; his sketch is perhaps rather too favorable; but we believe the outline is in the main correct:—

“Navarre had had the art to seem to follow the counsels of his supporters, and of Condé among others, who, we need not say, always advocated extreme measures. In taking this attitude the Bearnese obliterated the divisions of the Huguenot party, and at the same time, by the Concordat of Magdeburg, strengthened the tie of religion that united him to the Queen of England and the Princes of Germany. Already, by frequent embassies and able diplomacy, he had prepared this result; but, contrary to the example set by his party, he had not made one promise, or taken an engagement, that his subjects could reproach him with. In the same way he associated himself

with Montmorency, the most powerful of the *politiques*; this was a pledge of his wish to conciliate; not a word he uttered, not a sentence from his pen, deprived the moderate Catholics of the hope of seeing his ultimate conversion. Thus, while he acts for the present his eye is ever fixed on the future; discouragement does not reach his heart, and the excitement of the contest does not disturb his high intelligence. His deeds are often those of a party-chief, his language is always tolerant and dignified, as befits the future head of a great nation. As we trace, not only in his addresses to the great bodies of the state, but in his letters to private gentlemen, this far-sighted and magnanimous wisdom; as we follow in the details of his daily life that activity that nothing wearies, that presence of mind that nothing troubles, we understand how he came out victorious from that formidable and unequal struggle into which he entered with God his protector, and France his judge. God did not forsake him, and the verdict of the nation was for him; at the end of ten years he laid down his arms a Catholic and King of France."

In the summer of 1587 Henry and Condé were together in the field. After a feeble struggle to escape from his masters, the King had yielded to the commands of the League, and had promised to chastise the Huguenot rebels. Three armies had been set on foot under Guise, Joyeuse, and Henry himself; but the King hesitated behind the Loire; perhaps, with the usual perfidy of the Court, he delayed, to allow the contending parties to destroy each other to his own advantage. Some months passed in trifling operations; but in October the main Huguenot army, having marched southwards to obtain reinforcements, Joyeuse endeavored to cut it off, and, advancing with his troops towards the Dordogne, ordered one of his lieutenants, Matignon, to approach and join him upon that river. Henry and Condé, having occupied Coutras, forced themselves between the two Catholic armies, divided from each other by the Dordogne; and Henry, with true military insight, resolved to fall upon Joyeuse at once before the arrival of his colleague. The battle that followed is described by the Duc d'Aumale with admirable clearness; but we have space for a single scene only, the encounter of the Huguenot cavalry with the gay horsemen of the nobles of the League:—

"Condé, seeing the squadrons on his right broken, seeks to charge the victors, when an old captain, named Des Ageaux, seized the

reins of his horse, and exclaimed, 'That is not your game, it is there!'—and pointed out to him the cavalry of Joyeuse about to put itself in motion. At this critical moment the King of Navarre calls about him his cousins and principal officers, and addresses them in deep and resonant accents. 'My friends, here is a quarry very different from those you have taken before. Here is a bridegroom with his marriage presents in his pouch—the flower of the Court is with him. Will you be beaten by this fine dancer and these minions of the Court? Yes, we have them,' he exclaims; 'I see it in your faces. Yet, let us all believe that the event is in the hands of God; let us all pray for his aid. This will be the greatest deed we shall ever have done; be the glory to God, the service to the King our Sovereign Lord, the honor to us, the good result to the state.' Henry unhelms; the ministers Chandieu and Damours chant a prayer for the army, and the horsemen repeat in chorus the 12th verse of the 118th Psalm:—

'La voicy l'heureuse journée  
Que Dieu a faict à plein desir.'

As each soldier was taking his place, the king stops his cousins—'Gentlemen,' he exclaims, 'I have but one thing to say—recollect that you are of the House of Bourbon. Please God I will show you I am your elder.' 'And we will prove good younger brothers,' was the reply of Condé."

Coutras was the first great Huguenot victory, and like the siege of Cahors, and Ivry afterwards, it entitles Henry to a considerable place among the distinguished captains of that age. The Duc d'Aumale thus comments on the battle, and on the military talents of Henry; but we still venture to think that the great Bourbon was inferior in genius, not only to Parma, who towers over all the generals of the time, but to Spinola, and probably to Maurice of Nassau:—

"The victory was the more glorious, inasmuch as it was gained over an army superior in numbers and nearly equal in quality. It was due to the heroism of the King, to his decision, his watchfulness, his quick perception, his intelligent tactics, to that creative instinct he employed in politics and in war alike, and which was to inspire him in the brilliant defensive engagement of Arques, on the day of Ivry, and on other occasions. The rare military qualities of Henry IV. are not sufficiently understood; the bright and amiable side of that noble figure has always been brought to light; the double genius he possessed has often remained in the shade. Every one knows the gay and witty Prince, the brave soldier and bold partisan; but the able commander, the

successful administrator, the great ruler, deserves the gratitude of France and the admiration of posterity. . . . Henry IV. perfectly understood war as it was waged in his own time, and his own country. As a tactician, his genius was creative; in arraying his troops and making a good use of his ground he was without a rival in his day; he sometimes felt the inspiration of a great commander in the general management of military operations; but he never attempted those deep combinations that prepare, delay, or bring on battles; strategy was unknown to him. Superior to all the French generals of that era, Henry IV. was unable to baffle any of the plans of the Duke of Parma. Perhaps, had the struggle between them been prolonged the vigor of his mind would have enabled him to imitate the science of his rival; perhaps too, Farnese, in the field, would have found it difficult to withstand the prompt resolution and energy of his adversary."

On the field of Coutras, Condé had displayed the hereditary valor of the race of Bourbon. He was thrown from his horse, and hurt inwardly by a lance-thrust, towards the close of the day; and his frame, always rather slender and delicate, was not strong enough to recover from the shock. After lingering a few months, he expired. His death led to unhappy consequences, that long darkened the lot of his family. In his wanderings he had won the heart of a noble lady of the House of La Tremouille, who had enabled him to return to La Rochelle from exile; he had married her, and there is no reason to doubt the conjugal fidelity of the Princess. But with the usual credulity of that age, his death having been ascribed to poison, a tale of adultery and murder was spread about; and his unfortunate widow, although pregnant, was thrown into prison, where she remained some years. The character of Condé is thus described by the Duc d'Aumale with discriminating skill:—

"He was more sincerely regretted by the Reformation than his father, though his services in their cause had been less brilliant. But he had espoused with eagerness their prejudices and fancies; and it is this for which parties are often most grateful, in the case of their followers and leaders alike. For the rest, the sincerity of his religious convictions gave him a title to their respect. He was austere in his morals, and strict in his principles. He was brave, determined, obstinate, and an unbending partisan. But in politics and war he was deficient in insight; his mind was narrow, not very just, and he did not possess that rare

gift of the King of Navarre—readiness for every turn in the game. He was unsuccessful in almost all his undertakings; his private and public life was an unhappy one, and yet he had a noble heart, he was easy, gracious, eloquent, like his father, but with a little shyness that made him somewhat difficult of access. Perhaps in another situation his qualities would have been better developed; but birth and merit alike left him in the second place only. Henry IV. holds such a position in history that those by his side appear insignificant."

Six months after the death of Condé his widow gave birth to a son who became the representative of his illustrious House. Like his father and grandfather, the infant grew to boyhood in the shadow of adversity, he shared in the sad fate of his mother, and was detained in one of the state prisons of France. The privations of the Princess and her child were severe; her letters show how hard, in that age, was the lot of even the most noble captives. Meanwhile France had passed successfully through a memorable revolution that decided her destiny. Unable to endure the tyranny of the League, and the violence of its insolent chief, Henry III. had conspired to destroy it, had compassed the death of Henry of Guise, had turned to Henry of Navarre in the extremity of his distress, and had closed a life of perfidy and crime by falling under the dagger of Jâques Clement. His title had devolved on Henry of Navarre, who, after a long and dubious struggle, marked by the days of Arques and Ivry, by the siege of Paris, and the triumphs of Passau, had ascended the throne, bringing to an end, by a conversion we must pronounce fortunate, an era of ruinous civil wars, and moderating the anger of religious factions, by a wise, impartial, and national government, and by noble measures of just toleration. For a time, however, the position of the King and of the country he ruled was extremely precarious. The waves of the tempestuous sea, through which he had steered with masterly skill, were still high though the storm had lulled; Spain was hostile, and the ascendancy of the House of Austria threatened the independence of France; the fierce passions of the League raged beneath the ashes of the extinct Confederacy. Henry IV., too, had no legitimate children. Mar-

garet of Valois, like almost all the offspring of Henry II. and Catherine of Medicis, being smitten, as it were, with decay and barrenness; and the Holy See opposed difficulties to the divorce and remarriage of a Prince, in its estimation almost a heretic, and utterly alien to Papal sympathies. Should, as seemed not unlikely, France be involved in foreign war or domestic troubles, her hopes would depend on a single life; what would be the fate, if, amidst these perils, the monarchy was left without a certain succession? These considerations turned the thoughts of Henry to the youthful scion of the house of Condé, who, though in captivity, now was the heir presumptive of the House of Bourbon. Yet much time elapsed before the Princess and her son regained their freedom, and this result was due, at last, to an accident. The legitimacy of the young Prince being challenged, the King hesitated to acknowledge, as a possible successor, one who might prove a mischievous Pretender; and, in truth, Henry had no regard for the son of a father he had secretly disliked. At last, in 1595, at the repeated instances of De Thou, who had made this concession the price of services in procuring the consent of the Parliament of Paris to the registration of one of the edicts of toleration, the prison doors of the captives were opened; the innocence of the Princess was proclaimed; and her son was declared the true heir to the honors and possessions of the race of Condé.

Nothing in the earlier career of this Prince requires particular notice from us. Notwithstanding the protests of the extreme Reformers, he was brought up in the Catholic faith; and, until the marriage of Henry IV. and Mary of Medicis proved fruitful, was treated as presumptive heir to the Crown. He was educated with care by great nobles and scholars, as became a Prince of the Blood; but though he acquired a taste for letters and some of the accomplishments of a grand seigneur, he was not fitted to shine at a Court ruled by a Gabrielle or a Marquise de Verneuil. Short, like his father, and not handsome, he was somewhat shy and awkward in manner; and his austere bearing and melancholy looks seemed out of place in the ballets of the Louvre, or the revelry of St.

Germaines. In 1608 he married; and the circumstances connected with this marriage illustrate curiously the morals of that age, and were associated with events of the greatest moment. The King, flitting from light love to light love, in spite of cares of state and advancing years, had cast his eyes on Marguerite de Montmorency, the youngest daughter of the first of his nobles now holding the sword of the famous Constable. The lady had been promised to a youthful courtier, in after years the eminent Bassompierre; but Henry IV. resolved that her hand should be bestowed on the Prince of Condé, "that his nephew having no inclination for the fair, she might become the joy of his own old age." The marriage was celebrated with great pomp, the beauty of the bride and her exquisite grace being the theme of many a dainty verse; and the amorous monarch, on her return to Court, pursued the Princess with such open attentions, that even the dissolute dames of the Louvre "gossiped but too freely about his Majesty's conduct." Spite of the remonstrances of grave counsellors and the ill-restrained jests of many a gay noble, Henry IV. was continually at the lady's side, dressed, like a youth, in her favourite colors; the "féal chevalier" wrote often in passionate strains to his "bel ange;" though "roi, barbe grise, et victorieux," he would give up the world to bask in her smiles. The infatuation of the King was so great, that some act of royal violence was feared; and even the Court poet, the complaisant Malherbes, hinted that, in France, the authority of law ought to be paramount to the influence of love. After assuring Henry

"N'en doute point, quoi qu'il advienne,  
La belle Oranthe sera tienne;  
C'est chose qui ne peut faillir.  
Le temps adoucira les choses,  
Et tous deux vous aurez des roses  
Plus que vous n'en saurez cueillir"—

he puts this complaint into the mouth of the King—

"Mais quoi? ces lois dont la rigueur  
Tiennent mes souhaits langueur  
Règnent avec un tel empire,  
Que si le ciel ne les dissout,  
Pour pouvoir ce que je désire,  
Ce n'est rien que de pouvoir tout."

It is unnecessary to dwell on the feel-

ings of the Prince who had been insulted by this discreditable passion. The King had always disliked his nephew, and had treated him as a vile and silly dupe; and Condé found himself made by his marriage a dishonorable instrument of Henry's pleasures. The Princess, too, it is said, showed no disinclination for her royal lover; she did not yield, but her heart was touched, or her vanity flattered, by his passionate adoration. Proud, sensitive, and knowing how ill he could compete with his uncle for a lady's favor, the Prince sought to conceal his shame in flight; he suddenly quitted his château of Muret, hurried with the Princess across the frontier, and, with a few attendants only in his train, took refuge at the little Court of Brussels. The Archduke, Albert of Austria, and Isabella of Spain, already alarmed at the hostile attitude of the ruler of France towards the Low Countries, were much annoyed at this apparition; but they tried to reconcile the claims of hospitality with meek deference to Henry IV.; and they received the Princess, with an intimation to Condé that being a fugitive from his liege lord, he could not continue in their dominions. The Prince was escorted across the Rhine; and for some months the Archdukes were beset by entreaties, remonstrances, and vehement threats on the part of the discomfited royal lover. Envoy after envoy was despatched, insisting that "the Prince and his innocent consort should be given up;" the Constable wrote repeatedly to his daughter, adjuring her to leave her "disloyal lord;" and, at last, the rumor spread that a French army would cross the frontier to reclaim the fugitives. Condé was summoned to Brussels by the terrified Archdukes; and it cannot be doubted that the Marquis de Cœuvres, the ambassador of Henry, made an attempt, in which Condé was perhaps included, to carry off the Princess by force. We transcribe a brief passage of the narrative:—

"Cœuvres made up his mind to try the enterprise; the 14th of February, 1610, being the day fixed for the Princess to go to the palace, he made his arrangements to carry her off in the night of the 13th or 14th. Spinola received information of the design a few hours before, and it was necessary to tell the news

to Condé. As was expected, the Prince could not master his vexation; he was not satisfied with demanding a guard from the Archduke, but filled the palace with his complaints, and ran through the town imploring assistance. The Prince of Orange, not less angry, called together all his friends, gave them arms, and told them to 'take and kill.' It was night-fall; the watch challenged each other with loud voices; pickets of cavalry traversed the streets preceded by torches; posts are set around the palace of the Prince of Orange; fires are lit, and the cry ran that the King of France was already at the gates."

This violence of Henry IV. exasperated the grandees at Brussels, and touched the pride and punctilious honor of the Spanish Government. The exquisite beauty of the Princess, too, to which the Archduke Albert and the illustrious Spinola paid loyal homage, with many others, enlisted sympathy for her cause; and though her husband was treated with the pleasantry and scorn that persons in his situation meet with, it was thought a foul wrong that one so fair should be handed over to a royal adulterer. At Brussels, too, and even at the Escorial, it was argued that it would be good policy to support Condé against his sovereign. The House of Austria and Spain, it was felt, would soon be involved in war with France; and, in that event, the alliance of Condé, a Prince of the Blood, and the possible leader of a discontented party among the Huguenots, who had never forgotten his father's name, might be of great, nay paramount importance. The traditions of the influence of the Constable of Bourbon appear to have determined the Spanish statesmen. Condé was received in high state at Milan, and promised the protection of Philip III.; and the Archdukes were incited to defy the menaces of the King of France. Henry IV., divided between anger and love, summoned his nephew to appear and answer for his crimes, and wrote in ardent and tender phrase to the Princess to fly to her lover. The affair engaged the pens and the thoughts of the foremost diplomatists of the age; and the wrongs of Condé and the claims of his sovereign were discussed in hundreds of grave state-papers. Meanwhile Henry IV. quickened the preparations he had been making for war; the nobles of France were called to arms; the roads of the kingdom were covered with

troops in such numbers and martial force as never had been beheld before; and while Austria and Spain were threatened in the Alps, in Savoy, and along the Pyrenees, the King marshalled his principal army with the avowed object of invading Belgium. The court poet only echoed the voice of general rumor, that the Princess of Condé was the origin of the fast approaching contest.

More than one writer has followed Malherbes, and has ascribed the memorable war that ensued to the wild passion of the bewitched King. The rupture may have been accelerated by it, but it would be disregarding the broad facts of history, and misinterpreting the character of a sovereign—great notwithstanding some serious faults—to suppose that the question really turned on any such petty or personal matter. Henry IV. had for many years foreseen that a struggle between France, Austria, and Spain was inevitable, and was necessary to the greatness of his kingdom; he had made immense preparations for it, with the foresight and energy of a true statesman; and, backed by the Protestant princes of Germany, by the Duke of Savoy, by Holland, and Venice, he was ready for the field in 1610. The bright eyes of Marguerite de Montmorency had little really to do with the work that was the crown of his political life; if love hastened his purpose, wisdom had formed it and brought it slowly to full maturity; and, in fact, the immediate cause of the war was the disputed succession of Juliers and Cleves, nor did the tardy consent of the Archdukes to give up the Princess of Condé delay hostilities even for an instant. We entirely agree with the Duc d'Aumale in his judgment on Henry's motives and conduct:—

"If Henry IV. took a kind of guilty pleasure in occupying himself about the Princess Condé; if he continued to pursue, with rather a feigned ardor, this fancy of his declining years, his genius remained undisturbed and free, his policy did not change. That the Low Countries would have been invaded sooner or later, according to circumstances, cannot be doubted by anyone who has studied the projects of Henry IV. The result would have been the same had he never become the lover of the Princess . . . It was not, we must own, by noble means, not by the glorious daring of Launcelot or Tristram, that the King sought to recover the lady of his love; he could amuse himself by embroidering the

cipher of his mistress upon his scarf, and yet have little in common with the heroes of the Round Table. Yet, we have a right to say, it was not as a paladin, but as a great captain and a great king, that he made war. Amorous caprice neither inspired his plans nor changed them. As we study the extent and completeness of his military preparations, the depth and perfection of his combinations; as, we examine the resources he had collected, and the alliances he had secured beforehand,—as, in a word, we contemplate the situation of France and Europe, we must tear up the romance of chivalry that has been attributed to a personage by no means romantic."

The melancholy death of the great King for a time changed the political situation, and Condé at once returned from exile. The present volumes stop at this point; their successors will continue the life of the Prince, and will doubtless unfold the splendid career of his more celebrated and illustrious descendant, the "Great Condé of Rocroy and Fribourg." Our estimate of this part of this work may be gathered from what we have already written. The Duc d'Aumale has traced with masterly skill the details of the religious wars of France. In this respect his labors are of permanent value to French history. He has sketched, too, with vigor and accuracy, many of the personages of this stirring era; has described, admirably, the policy and character of Henry IV.; and has occasionally interspersed his narrative with judicious and very happy comments. We do not, however, coincide with his views of the great Huguenot movement in France, of the conduct of its principal leader, Coligny, or of the attitude of the Government of France towards it; here, we think, the Duc has yielded to the influence of traditions far from the sober truth. But we have read his book with extreme pleasure; it throws a great deal of new light on a tract of time of enduring interest; it assures us that the scions of the House of Bourbon still shine as brilliantly in the walks of letters as in the more conspicuous avenues to glory and fame. Nothing but opportunity has been wanting to enable the Duc d'Aumale to fill a page in history as brilliant as any that records the exploits of the most illustrious of his race. He, like them, was born with courage and genius

"To make him famous by the pen,  
And glorious by the sword."

The modest dignity of his life, as an English country-gentleman, has not effaced the recollection of his early achievements as a French soldier; and a culti-

vated taste for letters has added a charm to a character which awaits only the call of his country to be great.

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*Fraser's Magazine.*

### TO KNOW, OR NOT TO KNOW?

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

THE father of Grecian philosophy held that "Man was created to know and to contemplate." The father of Hebrew philosophy—whose "Song" if not his "Wisdom" is canonical, and whose judgment if not his life is supposed to have been divinely guided—taught the somewhat different lesson: "He that increaseth Knowledge increaseth sorrow."

We have been, more or less steadily, trying the validity of Solomon's dictum for about three thousand years. Would it be premature to take stock of the results, and weigh whether it be really for human well-being or the reverse that Knowledge is increasing, not only at the inevitable rate of the accumulating experience of generations, but also at the highly accelerated pace attained by our educational machinery? It is at least slightly paradoxical that the same State should call on its clergy to teach as an infallible truth, that "he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow," and at the same time discuss in its Senate, as if it were a highly benevolent measure, universal compulsory education.

I fear that the prejudice in favor of knowledge is so potent that no reader will give me credit for entering on this inquiry in any other spirit than one of banter. Nevertheless I propose in the present paper, to the best of my ability, to examine the general bearings of book-knowledge upon human happiness and virtue, and so attain to some conclusion on the matter, and decide whether Solomon did or did not give proof of profound sagacity in originating the axiom that "Ignorance is bliss" in the usual negative form of Hebrew verities; and also in foretelling (nearly thirty centuries before the present London publishing season) that "of the making of

books there is no end." Knowledge, like other evils, it seems, is infinitely reproductive.

The larger and simpler objections to book-lore lie on the surface of the case. First. Health, bodily activity, and muscular strength are almost inevitably exchanged in a certain measure for learning. Ardent students are never vigorous or agile; and in the humbler ranks, the loss of ruddy cheeks and stalwart limbs among the children of the peasantry, after schools have been established in a village, has been constantly observed. The close and heated class-rooms in which the poor urchins sit (as often as not with clothes and shoes drenched through with rain or snow) form a bad exchange, in a physical point of view, for the scamper across the common, and the herding of sheep on the mountain. Observers best acquainted with Wales, wherein till recently were to be seen the finest young girls in the British Isles, pronounce that the breed has died out under the combined influence of hot school-rooms, long skirts, thin boots, and the wretched French bonnets which have been substituted for the national sensible dress and the hereditary hat of sturdy generations. Let us put the case at its lowest. Suppose that out of three persons who receive an ordinary book-education, one always loses a certain share of health; that he is never so vigorous as he would have been, and is more liable to consumption, dyspepsia, and other woes incident to sedentary humanity, of which again he bequeaths a share to his offspring. Here is surely some deduction from the supposed sum of happiness derivable from knowledge. Can all the flowers of rhetoric of all the poets make atonement for the loss of the bounding pulse, the light free step, the cool brain of perfect health?

Secondly. It is not only the health of life's noon and evening which is more or less compromised by study; they are the morning hours of life's glorious prime, hours such as never can come again on this side heaven, which are given to dull dog's-eared books and dreary copies, and sordid slates; instead of to cowslips and buttercups, the romp in the hay-field, and the flying of the white kite, which soars up into the deep, dark blue and carries the young eyes after it, where the unseen lark is singing and the child-angels are playing among the rolling clouds of summer. There was once a child called from such dreams to her lesson—the dreary lesson of learning to spell possibly those very words which her pen is now tracing on this page. The little girl looked at her peacock, sitting in his glory on the balustrade of the old granite steps, with nothing earthly ever to do but to sun himself and eat nice brown bread, and call “Pea-ho!” every morning; and the poor child burst into a storm of weeping, and sobbed, “I wish I were a peacock! I wish I were a peacock!” Truly Learning ought to have something to show to compensate for the thousand tears shed in similar anguish! All school-rooms are the ugliest, dullest, most airless and sunless rooms in the houses where they exist; and yet in these dens we ruthlessly imprison children day after day, year after year, till childhood itself is over, never, never to return. And *then* the young man or woman may go forth freely among the fields and woods, and find them fair and sweet; but never so fair or so sweet as they were in the wasted years of infancy. Who can lay his hand on his heart, and say that a cowslip or a daffodil smells now as it used to smell when it was so much easier to pluck it quite on our own level? Do strawberries taste as they did? and is there the same drop of honey in each of the flowerets of the red clover? Are modern kittens and puppies half so soft and so funny as they were in former days when we were young? No one will dare affirm any of these things who has reached years of discretion. Is it not then a most short-sighted policy, —giving away of a bird in the hand for a bird in the bush—to sacrifice the joyous hours of young existence for the value of advantages (if advantages indeed they

be) to be reaped in later and duller years? Watch a child at play, O reader, if you have forgotten your own feelings. Let it be Coleridge's

Little singing, dancing elf,  
Singing, dancing by itself.

Catch, if your dim orbs are sharp enough, those cloudless blue eyes looking straight into yours, and hear the laugh which only means the best of all possible jokes, “*I am so happy!*” Then go to your stupid desk, and calculate algebraically what amount of classics and mathematics are equivalent to that ecstasy of young existence, wherein

Simply to feel that we breathe, that we live,  
Is worth the best joy which life elsewhere can give.

The pagan Irish believed in a paradise for the virtuous dead, and called it “Innis-na-n’ Oge,” the “Island of the Young.” We all live there the first dozen years of mortality; and unless we are unusually excellent, I fear it may be long before we arrive at a better place.

But hitherto it has been taken for granted, that the little prisoners of the school-room are all sure to live and come into their fortunes of erudition, earned with so many tear-blisters on their lesson-books. Of course, however, this is far from being the true state of the case. The poor little child, whose happiness—innocent, certain, and immediate happiness—is bartered so ruthlessly for the remote and contingent benefit of his later years, may very probably never see those years at all; nay, in a fixed average number of cases, it is absolutely certain that he will not grow into a man. Can anything be much more sad than such an abortive sacrifice? Who does not remember Walter Scott's “Pet Marjory,” with her infantine delights in her visits to the country and the calves and the geese, and the “bubbly-jocks;” and how she wrote down in her private journal that she was learning the multiplication table, and that seven times seven was a “divlish thing,” and quite impossible to acquire; and how, when somehow, at last even the still more dreadful “eight times eight” had been lodged in her poor little brains, there came a day when she cried suddenly to her mother, “Oh, my head! my head!” and then in a few brief hours there was



an end of lessons and their advantages for Marjory for ever? If, as philosophers say, the multiplication table must hold good in all worlds for ever, at least we feel assured that, whichever of them may be destined to be the heaven of children, there will be there found some easier way of acquiring it than those made use of here.

And yet again, when some ardent lad has passed through school and college, foregoing all the sports of his age, and receiving prizes and honors, till he stands a first-class man of Oxford or Cambridge, and his father's sacrifices and his mother's yearnings, and all his own gallant and self-denying labors seem on the point of reaping their reward, how often does it come to pass that, with the close of the struggle, comes the reaction, the decline, the hasty journey abroad, the hoping against hope, and then the end? The pride of a noble race, with every capacity in him to become a happy and a useful man, dies, simply of Education, while his plough-boy foster-brother lives on, hale and hearty, to old age. Truly, if we count all the promising young men in England who have thus fallen during the last half-century, we may begin to doubt whether Balaklava were more fatal than these wild efforts to assault the strongholds of learning.

Thirdly. There is the waste of Eyesight in education. It is understood, when we see a young man with the "light of the body" dimmed behind glass spectacles, that he has hurt his eyes by poring over books. A farmer, a sportsman, or a soldier, purblind at twenty-five or thirty, is a rare thing to see. It is the scholar, lawyer, or divine who has paid the penalty of seeing God's beautiful world evermore through those abominable bits of glass. And for what mighty advantage? Again I say, it ought to be something excessively valuable for which a man will exchange the apple of his eye. Suppose Bowman or Turnbull were to ask a blind gentleman a fee of a thousand pounds to give him back his sight? The blind man, if he possessed the money, would doubtless pour it out like water to obtain the priceless boon of vision. And *this* is the gift which thousands exchange for a very moderate acquaintance with the Greek language!

Half the vast Teutonic nation beholds the universe from behind spectacles—all owing, no doubt, to their vaunted compulsory education, aided by their truculent black types. And we, open-eyed Britons, who are wont to view a fox a dozen fields off, and mark a pack of grouse across a valley, we are called upon, forsooth, to admire and follow in the steps of those barnacled Prussians!

Such are three of the most obvious losses to be placed in the scale against the gains of knowledge—the loss to many of bodily health; to all of the unshackled freedom of childhood; and to not a few of perfect eyesight.

But we cannot suppose it was to any of these things Solomon alluded when he linked Knowledge and Sorrow in one category. It is not likely that those studies of his about the hyssop and other matters injured his health; nor that the royal sage sate on his famous ivory throne to receive the Queen of Sheba in a pair of spectacles. As to the loss of the pleasures of childhood, his well-known opinion about the value of the rod (to which the conduct of his son Rehoboam afforded so splendid an illustration) makes it probable that he would have highly approved of the torture of infants through the instrumentality of lessons. Knowledge and sorrow had some other connection in his mind, no doubt; and that connection we have still to mark.

It is a paradox, only too readily verified, that the Mind as well as the body suffers in more ways than one from the acquirement of book-knowledge. In the first place, the Memory, laden with an enormous mass of facts and accustomed to shift the burden of carrying them to written notes and similar devices, loses much of its natural tenacity. The ignorant clodhopper always remembers the parish chronicles better than the scholarly parson. The old family servant, who is strongly suspected of not knowing how to write, and whose spectacles are never forthcoming when there is any necessity to read, is the living annalist of the house, and was never yet known to forget an order, except now and then on purpose. Not only are the interests, and

consequently the attention and retentive powers, of illiterate persons monopolized by the practical concerns of life and the tales of the past which may have reached their ears, but they have actually clearer heads, less encumbered by a multitude of irrelevant ideas, and can recall whatever they need at a moment's notice, without tumbling over a whole lumber-room full of rubbish to get at it. The old Rabbinical system of schooling, which mainly consisted in the committal to memory of innumerable aphorisms and *dicta* of sages and prophets, possessed this enormous advantage over modern instruction—that whatever a man had so learned, he possessed at his finger's ends, ready for instant use in every argument. But, as half the value of knowledge in the practical details of life depends on the rapidity with which it can be brought to bear at a given moment on the point at issue, and a ready-witted man will not merely outshine in discussion his slow-brained antagonist, but forestall and outrun and excel him in every conceivable way, save in the labors of the library—it follows, that to sacrifice the ready money of the mind for paper hard to negotiate, is extremely bad economy. Mere book learning, instead of rendering the memory more strong and agile, accustoms it to hobble on crutches.

Other mental powers suffer even more than the memory by the introduction of books. That method which we familiarly call the "Rule of Thumb,"—that is, the method of the Artist,—is soon lost when there come to be treatises and tables of calculation to form instead the Method of the Mechanic. The boats of Greece are to this day *sculptured* rather than wrought by the shipwrights, even as the old architects cut their marble architraves by the eye of genius trained to beauty and symmetry, not by the foot-rule of precedent and book-lore. The wondrous richness and harmony of coloring of Chinese and Indian and Turkish stuffs and carpets and porcelain, are similarly the result, not of any rules to be reduced to formulæ, but of taste unfettered by pattern books, unwarping by Schools of Art-Manufacture, bequeathed through long generations each acquainted intimately with the aforesaid "rule of thumb."

For the Reasoning powers, the noblest in the scale of human faculties, it may be fairly doubted whether the modern increase of Knowledge has done much to strengthen them, when we find ourselves still unprotected by common sense against such absurdities as those which find currency amongst us. No fetichism of African savage, no Tartar demonology, no Egyptian magic, can ever have been more ignominiously puerile, more grovelling in its imbecility, than modern spirit-rapping. What evidence does not its popularity (now of twenty years' duration) in Europe and America, afford of the sort of training of the reasoning powers which has co-existed with our boasted educational progress, our university educations, and competitive examinations, and all the cumbrous machinery of the present day for instructing the million in the rudiments of omniscience! Men are treated amongst us like fowls, crammed to the crop with facts, facts, facts, till their digestion of them is wholly impaired. Were we truly deserving of the title of rational creatures, it would be no more needful for people of sense to expose the imposture of mediums than it would be to follow Punch about the streets, and explain to the audience of urchins that the puppets are not really alive, but moved by a man underneath. Let any one consider for a moment what a length and breadth of absurdity is involved in the hypothesis of the action of spirits on upholstery, and then ask what avails the knowledge which leaves people at the mercy of such crass imposition?

As to the Imagination, books are like the stepping-stones whereon fancy trips across an otherwise impassable river to gather flowers on the further bank. But it may be questioned whether the reading eye ever really does the same work as the hearing ear. The voice of tradition bears, as no book can do, the burden of the feelings of generations. A ballad learned orally from our mother's lips seems to have far other meaning when we recall it, perchance long years after that sweet voice has been silent, than the stanzas we perused yesterday through our spectacles in a volume of *Elegant Extracts*.

Such are the somewhat dubious results of book-lore on the faculties exercised in its acquisition. It is almost needless to remark that there are also certain positive vices frequently engendered by the same pursuit. Bacon's noble apophthegm, that "a little knowledge leads to atheism, but a great deal brings us back to God," needs for commentary that "a little" must be taken to signify what many people think "much." Read in such a sense, it applies not only to religious faith but to faith in everything, and most particularly to faith in knowledge itself. Nobody despises books so much as those who have read many of them; except those still more hopeless infidels who have written them. Watch the very treatment given to his library by a book-worm. Note how the volumes are knocked about and left on chairs, and scribbled over with ill-penned notes, and ruthlessly dog's-eared and turned down on their faces on inky tables, and sat upon in damp grass under a tree! Contrast this behavior towards them with the respectful demeanor of unlettered mortals, who range the precious and well-dusted tomes like soldiers on drill on their spruce shelves; nobody pushed back out of the line, nobody tumbling sideways against his neighbor, nobody standing on his head! History is not jumbled ignominiously with romance; moral treatises are not made sandwiches of (as we have beheld) between the yellow covers of Paul de Kock, and "Sunday books" have a prominent pew all to themselves, where they are not rubbed against by either profane wit or worldly wisdom. Such is the different appreciation of literature by those to whom it is very familiar and by those to whom it preserves still a little of the proverbial magnificence of all unknown things.

We used to hear, some years ago, so much about the Pride of Learning, that it would be a commonplace to allude to that fault among the contingent disadvantages of study. One of the Fathers describes how he was flogged by an angel for his predilection for Cicero—an anecdote which must have made many a school-boy, innocent of any such error, feel that life was only a dilemma between the rods of terrestrial and celestial pedagogues. But it is obvious that the

saint had in his mind a sense that the reading of *Tusculan Disputations* had set him up—saint though he was—above the proper spirit of implicit docility and unqualified admiration for more sacred instructions. The critical spirit, which is, in fact, the inevitable accompaniment of high erudition, is obviously a good way off from that ovine frame of mind which divines, in all ages, have extolled as the proper attitude for their flocks. Nay, in a truer and better sense than that of the open-mouthed credulity so idly inculcated, it must be owned that, short of that really great knowledge of which Bacon spoke and which allies itself with the infinite wisdom of love and faith, there are few things more hurtful to a man than to be aware that he knows a great deal more than those about him. The main difference between what are called self-made men and those who have been educated with their equals, is that the former, from their isolation, have a constant sense of their own knowledge, as if it were a Sunday coat, while the others wear it easily, as their natural attire. The best thing which could happen to a village Crichton would be to be mercilessly snubbed by an Oxford don. The days when women were "Précieuses" and "Blue Stockings" were those in which it was a species of miraculous assumption for virgins to be taught Latin.

But, passing over the injury to healthy eyesight and mental vigor contingent on learning and the moral faults not rarely engendered thereby, I proceed to ask another question. What is the practical value of the knowledge bought at such a price, and heaped together by mankind during the thirty centuries since Solomon uttered his warning? How has it contributed to their welfare?

It will be promptly answered, that on this point all is clear. Science has unquestionably reduced the least doubtful of all evils—physical pain. Granted: I admit it. Opium and chloroform are more precious to mankind than silver and gold; and the withering of the bark tree would be a far worse disaster than the submergence of Golconda. But are the results of knowledge, of a medical and surgical sort, wholly beneficial, and

to be thrown unhesitatingly into the scale of human happiness? Formerly, of course, as we all know, the Manichæan idea prevailed, that the more painful and revolting were the remedies applied, the more certain it was that they would prove beneficial. The agony of some practices, and the incredible nastiness of many potions in vogue a century or two ago, must have constituted by no means a small addition to the ills to which flesh is heir. St. John Long, a famous quack of the last generation, burned holes in the spines of his patients. Till quite of late years, people in fevers were refused drink, and kept in heated rooms with closed windows. A gentleman now living was treated, when a child, for small-pox by being placed between two fat nurses in bed, and loaded with blankets. In earlier times, the rooms of royal patients were hung with scarlet to complete the maddening process. Here are some prescriptions, culled from a learned work, the *Aurora Chymica*; or, *A Rational Way of Preparing Animals, Vegetables, and Minerals for a Physical Use*. London, 1672.

"Take what animal soever thy fancy liketh. Kill it, but separate nothing of its impurities, as feathers, hoofs, hair, &c. Bray all in a mortar. Put it into a vessel for putrefaction, and put into it of the blood of animals of the same species so much as may cover it. Shut close the vessel and set it to putrefy *in fimo equino* for forty days," &c., &c. Eventually this is to be swallowed!

"Chap. III. A Mummiall Quintessence.—Take of the flesh of a sound young man, dying of a violent death about the middle of August. . . . . This produceth wonderful effects in preserving and restoring health." . . . . "The Quintessence of Man's Blood" is made of about 5 lb. taken "when Mercury is above the horizon in spring;" that of "Man's Bones," of the "bones of a man buried not fully a year." This last, we are assured, is "a noble remedy against all arthritic pains!" Will any one deny that the ingenious inventor had discovered a method of effecting what might have seemed beyond human skill—a new horror added to the gout?

But does the reader say that increased knowledge has freed us from the evils of

less perfect science, and that we have done with quackery and bad surgery now? Alas! the poor woman immortalized as having "suffered many things of physicians," has never been an isolated example in any age. The Pope's recent command to the physicians at Rome to abandon patients who after three days' illness declined to confess to their spiritual advisers was an instance of what may be truly called merciful severity to heretics. Would that poor Cavour had been subjected to such tyranny! Even in England I marvel how many thousands there may be of confirmed cripples and hopeless invalids, whose condition is due neither to nature nor to any accident which the blessed *vis medicatrix nature* would not have cured, but to their medical attendants' misuse of drugs, surgical operations, and hydropathic "packing." In a celebrated bathing establishment abroad, the resident physician assured me that numberless patients arrived every year in the hopes (which always proved vain), that the waters might restore the power of motion to joints permanently stiffened by splints and other abominable inventions applied to simple sprains. Bereaved families might very commonly inscribe over the tombs of departed friends, addicted to the pursuit of health through the medium of medical experiments, the Italian epitaph—

Stava bene;  
Per voler star meglio  
Sto qui.

But there is another point on which the supposed benefits of Medical Knowledge may be yet more safely challenged. The laws of nature are so arranged, that when animals are born feeble, or deformed beyond a certain point, they perish at once; and when they become diseased and blind, or maimed and incapable of seeking their food, a period is very shortly put to their sufferings. But we human beings, in whose finer nerves pain is probably felt in its intensest shape—we who alone look for a nobler and a happier existence when "this muddy vesture of decay" ceases to wrap us in—we have secured for ourselves, by our science, the proud privilege of prolonging life, when life means helplessness, blindness, distortion, anguish, and imbecility! We live on, if it be indeed

to live as a slaving idiot, a motionless paralytic, an agonized victim of cancer, still we live, while the happier bird perishes in the nest, and the stricken beast lies down in the forest and expires. Truly it is a splendid achievement, a noble conquest over merciful Nature! Whenever men and women speak freely of such things, they whisper of terrible cases of remediless malady; the failing brain and the wearied, tortured frame longing for the rest of the grave, yet kept on, week after week and month after month, in misery unutterable; a spectacle of shame and woe to the eyes of love, the glory and the triumph of medical skill. The word goes round the circle of listeners, "Why keep him alive? Why prolong such suffering? His inability to recover is as certain as any other fact on which we rest moral responsibility." But it is a mere murmur, which is never allowed to have the slightest effect. We are answered (and very possibly wisely) that it would be impossible to permit doctors to decide whether or not they should exercise the utmost resources of science to prolong life under all circumstances. This may be so. But shall we then laud the acquisition of that science, as if it were the source only of comfort and ease to humanity? Shall we not rather say, that for a thousand sufferers in England at this moment, our boasted medical discoveries are simply discoveries of the dreadful Art of Prolonging Agony; the removal of Nature's beneficent limit to pain; the barring the way of a release with the awful responsibility of murder?

Again, it has been already shown by another writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, how the law of the "Survival of the Fittest," like that of the speedy death of the incurably suffering, is defeated, in the case of Man, by our science and our social arrangements. It is not the most vigorous, the best-constituted individuals of the species who, in civilized countries, are the parents of the future generations. The sickly, the deformed, the intemperate and depraved, the inheritors of the most frightful diseases, —if they have but wealth enough to command the resources of science, have a chance of existence prolonged enough to bequeath their debased type, their imperfect organization, to sons and

daughters of similar misery. Truly it is good to amend the sanitary conditions under which humanity exists; but it does not appear a very glorious achievement to improve them just so far as, and no further than, to make it possible for a diseased and stunted population to exist and multiply. Nor can we close this part of our subject without giving a thought to the sufferings incurred by the harmless animals in the acquisition of this medical knowledge for the benefit of man. There is a horrid story of Cæsar Borgia taking a bath of blood, to cure the poison which he had meant for another and swallowed by mistake. Have we not thus, in a sense, bathed in the blood of the poor dogs and rabbits, and frogs and horses, which vivisectioners have cut up alive to enable us to escape the penalty of our own sins and follies? Do the cries of all those innocent sacrifices on the altar of the Moloch of science count for nothing in the way of an "increase of sorrow?"

But Medicine is only one science out of a hundred; though it is the one which claims to be the most immediately and unmistakably conducive to human welfare. It would lead us too far to ask how many other forms of Knowledge tend to the same mixed results of good and evil; how many inventions have, like the guillotine, been meant for mercy and used for cruelty; how many manufactures have been the origin of absolutely new forms of disease and "sundry kinds of death." The martyrs of science are by no means only those who have won and worn its crown of glory. There are also martyrs by hundreds in obscure workshops, amid blinding dust and choking splinters, and poisonous fumes, undergoing, all over England, the torture on her behalf.

Of course many of the mechanical arts, from cookery up to the electric telegraph, have immensely added to the gratification of human passions and instincts, nor shall I question whether the greatest part of their action has not been beneficial. But that some evil has crept in along with the good cannot be denied. What gout and dyspepsia we owe to gastronomy! What drunkenness and woe to Noah's discovery of the use of the vine! What luxury, vanity, and sin, to the arts of dress and jewellery!

What restlessness and wear and tear of brain (amounting to the *gulping* of all pleasure rather than tasting it) to rapid locomotion and the penny-post!

In a moral point of view, even as Art too often gilds sensuality, and renders it attractive to souls otherwise above its influence, so Knowledge forever must open new roads to temptation, and take off from sin that strangeness and horror which is one of the best safeguards of the soul. The old jest of the confessor, who asked the penitent whether he did such and such dishonest tricks, and received the reply, "No, Father, but I will do them next time," was only a fable of one form of the mischief of knowledge; and that not the most fatal form either. To know how to do wrong is one small step towards doing it. To know that scores and hundreds and thousands of people, in all lands and ages, have done the same wrong, is a far larger encouragement to the timidity of guilt. Not only is it dangerous to know that there is a descent to Avernus, but specially dangerous to know that it is easy and well-trodden. Dr. Watts was injudicious, to say the least of it, to betray to children that the way to perdition is a

Broad road, where thousands go,  
which, moreover,

Lies near, and opens fair.

Better let people suppose if possible that it has become quite out of fashion, like the drive on the north side of the Serpentine.

The records of Newgate bear testimony to the fact that the publication of the details of any remarkable murder, and even its public punishment, acted not so much as warnings against guilt, as suggestions for its commission; and set weak brains cogitating on scenes of blood, till one might imagine Bill Sykes under the gallows exclaiming, in noble emulation—

Anch' io sono omicidiao!

Many offences, such as drunkenness, debauchery, swindling, adulteration, and false weights, are diseases propagated, chiefly if not solely, like small-pox and canine madness, by direct infection, conveyed in the knowledge that A. B. C. and D. do the same things. David (or whoever it was that did the cursing in the Psalms) was not so far

wrong to be angry; and divines need not be so anxious to excuse him for being so, when he saw the "wicked" "flourishing like green bay trees." Such sights are, to the last degree, trying and demoralizing.

In a yet larger and sadder sense, the knowledge of the evil of the world, of the baseness, pollution, cruelty, which have stained the earth from the earliest age till this hour, is truly a knowledge fraught with dread and woe. He who can walk over the carnage field of history and behold the agonies of the wounded and the fallen, the mutilations and hideous ruin of what was meant to be such beautiful humanity; he who can see all this, aye, or but a corner of that awful Aceldama, and yet retain his unwavering faith in the final issue of the strife, and his satisfaction that it has been permitted to human free will, must be a man of far other strength than he who judges of the universe from the peaceful prosperity of his parish, and believes that the worst of ills is symbolized by the stones under which "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." Almost every form of knowledge is some such trial of faith. Look at zoology and palæontology. What revelations of pain and death in each hideous artifice of jagged tooth, and ravening beak, and cruel claw! What mysterious laws of insect and fungus life developed within higher organisms to whom their presence is torture! What savage scenes of pitiless strife in the whole vast struggle for existence of every beast and bird, every fish and reptile! Turn to ethnology, and gather up the facts of life of all the barbarian tribes of Africa and Polynesia; of the countless myriads of their progenitors; and of those who dwelt in Europe and Asia in bygone æons of prehistoric time. Is not the story of these squalid, half-human, miserable creatures full of woe? Our fathers dreamed of a Paradise and of a primæval couple dwelling there in perfect peace and innocence. We have at last so eaten of the Tree of Knowledge, that Eden has disappeared from our vision; and instead thereof we behold the earliest parents of our race, dwarf and hirsute, shivering and famished, contending with monsters in a desert world, and stung

and goaded by want and pain along every step in the first advance from the bestiality of the baboon into the civilization of a man.

Turn to astronomy, and we peer, dazed and sick, into the abysses of time and space opened beneath us, bottomless abysses where no plummet can sound, and all our toy-like measures of thousands of ages and millions of miles drop useless from our hands. Can any thought be more tremendous than the question, What are *we* in this immensity? We had fondly fancied we were Creation's last and greatest work, the crown and glory of the universe, and that our world was the central stage for the drama of God. Where are we now? When the "stars fall from heaven" will they "fall on the earth even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs?" Nay, but will one of the heavenly host so much as notice when our little world, charged with all the hopes of man, bursts like a bubble, and falls in the foam of a meteor shower, illumining for a single night some planet calmly rolling on its way?

Let us pass from the outer into the inner realm, and glance at the developments of human thought. The knowledge of philosophy, properly so called, of what has been said and thought, from Pythagoras and Plato to Kant and Hamilton—is that a Knowledge whose increase is wholly without "sorrow?" Not the most pathetic poem in literature seems to me half so sad as Lewes' *History of Philosophy*. Those endless wanderings amid the labyrinths of Being and Knowing, Substance and Phenomenon, Nominalism and Realism, which, to most men, seem like a troubled "dream within a dream," to him who has taken the pains to understand them rather appear like the wanderings of the wretch lost in the catacombs. He roams hither and thither, and feels feebly along the walls, and stumbles in the dark and finds himself in a passage which has no outlet, and turns back to seek another way of escape, and grasps at something he deems may contain a clue to the far distant daylight, and lo! it is but an urn filled with dust and dead men's bones.

Faust is the true type of the student of metaphysics when he marks the skull's spectral smile:

Saith it not, that thy brain, like mine,  
Still loved and sought the beautiful,  
Loved truth for its own sake, and sought,  
Regardless of aught else the while,  
Like mine, the light of cloudless day,  
And in unsatisfying thought  
By twilight glimmers led astray,  
Like mine, at length, sank over-wrought.

There *may* be truth within our reach. Some of us deem we have found it in youth, and passing out of the metaphysic stage of thought, use our philosophy as a scaffolding wherewith to build the solid edifice of life; gradually heeding less and less how that scaffolding may prove rotten or ill-jointed. But even in such a case, the knowledge of all that *has* been, and *is* not, in the world of man's highest thought is a sorrowful one. As we wander on from one system to another, we feel as if we were but numbering the gallant ships with keels intended to cut such deep waters, and topmasts made to bear flags so brave, which lie wrecked and broken into driftwood along the shore of the enchanted Load-stone Isle.

What is, then, the conclusion of our long pleading? Knowledge is acquired at the cost of a certain measure of health, and eyesight, and youthful joy. Knowledge involves the deterioration of some faculties as well as the strengthening of others. Knowledge engenders sundry moral faults. Practically, the benefits obtained from knowledge are partially counterbalanced by evils arising each from the same source. In the realms of history, of physical and of mental science, the survey of things obtained through knowledge is full of sadness and solemnity. The telescope which has revealed to us a thousand galaxies of suns has failed to show us that Heaven which we once believed was close overhead.

Is, then, the pursuit of knowledge, after all, truly a delusion, the worst and weariest of human mistakes, a thing to which we are driven by our necessities on one hand, and lured to by our thirst for it on the other, but which, nevertheless, like the martyrs' cup of salt water, only burns our hearts with its bitter brine?

No! no! a thousand times, no! The mistake has not been in the pursuit of knowledge, but in the reasons we have alleged for that pursuit. We have wooed our beautiful bride for her dower

and not for her own sake, and it is but justice if we discover that that dower, amid its treasures, contains many a snake.

Man *was* created "to know and to contemplate." The *differentia* between him and the lower animals has been stated in many ways; but the most real of all differences is that he bequeaths from generation to generation (mainly, of course, through written language) his experience and his faith; so that the "heir of all the ages" is the recipient of the whole treasure of time. Each dog is an upstart, a self-made creature. Each man has royal pedigree, and all the sages of the world are his preceptors. His thoughts grow on the grafts of culture. His religious trust is no solitary spring of enthusiasm starting up alone in the desert; but the flowing stream into whose higher waters all the prophets and apostles have emptied their urns.

This is the true distinction of humanity. All others are matters of degree; degree of cranial development, degree of higher osteological type, degree of faculties of all kinds. One philosopher will say, "man alone is a laughing animal." But the bark of a dog, in its delight of freedom, is the joy-laughter of a child.

Another remarks that man alone is a "cooking animal." But, having no hands, the beasts can light no fires, and all which is physically possible they actually effect by burying their food till the four-footed epicure can eat it "high."

Again, a third says that "man alone can speak." But some animals have almost as many sounds as they have wants and ideas, and unlettered savages have little more. It is not till language comes to be written that the analogy stops.

A fourth observes, that man alone has the sentiment of Pity. But cannibals kill and eat their dying relatives just as the *carnivora* do; and an affectionate dog has an amount of sympathetic compassion for his master's tears which it is much to be wished his fellow-man should invariably feel.

The fifth claims the sense of right and wrong as the sole prerogative of humanity. But, at least so far as extends the system which rests morality on rewards and punishments, even the heavy-witted cow has a clear idea that she is doing un-

lawfully in getting through the hedge into the corn.

Even the sixth grand distinction between man and beast—the religious sentiment—is rather in the Object of the feeling than in the nature of it. The Creator has, as it has been often said, made Man a god to the beasts. The devotion, humility, fidelity, gratitude, *allegiance* of a noble dog to a kind master, if not religion itself, is a perfect parable of religion. Fain would we hope that feelings so beautiful—we had well-nigh said, so sacred—must possess immortality, even in the poor fond brute. Is heaven to be a world without any life in it except our own? As well might we suppose it without flowers!

Knowledge, like virtue, is not good because it is useful, but useful because it is good. It is useful contingently, and good essentially. The joy of it is simple; and not only needs not to be supplemented by accessory advantages, but is well worth the forfeit of many advantages to obtain. The most miserable wretch we can imagine is the ignorant convict locked up in a solitary cell, with nothing to employ his thoughts but unattainable vice and frustrated crime, whereon his stupid judges leave him to ruminate, as if such poison were moral medicine likely to cure the diseases of his soul. And, on the other hand, one of the happiest beings we can imagine is the man at the opposite end of the intellectual scale, who lives in the free acquirement of noble knowledge. What is any "increase of sorrow" incurred thereby, compared to the joy of it? To look on the fields of earth and air—not as the dull boor regards them, as mere patches of brown, and green, and blue, with promises of food or shelter, sunshine or shower,—but as the geologist, the botanist, the astronomer regards them, each as an infinite world of interest, wherein Order, and Law, and Beauty are tracked by his rapid thought, even as the swallow traces the insect on the wing! To be able to take surveys such as these, is to be admitted to a spectacle for which angels might envy the sons of men. But to do yet more, to make Memory like a gallery hung round with all the loveliest scenes of nature, and all the masterpieces of art; to make the divine chorus of the poets sing for us their choicest strains, when-



ever we beckon them from the cells where they lie hidden deep in our souls; to talk familiarly, as if they were our living friends, with the best and wisest men who have ever lived on earth, and link our arms in theirs in the never-withering groves of an eternal Academe,—this is to be happy, indeed. This is to burst the bonds of space and bring the ages to-

gether and lift ourselves out of the sordid dust to sit at the banquet of heroes and of gods.

Is "the increase of Knowledge the increase of Sorrow?" Ay, so let it be, wise son of David! But, not its own sorrow, nor all the other sorrows of earth, can dim its triumphant and inalienable joy.

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Fraser's Magazine.

### THE ROSSE TELESCOPE SET TO NEW WORK.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.A.S.,

Author of "Saturn and its System," &c., &c.

THE great Rosse telescope, with its monster tube, down which a tall man can walk upright, and with a light-gathering power so enormous that even by day the stars seen through it shine like miniature suns, has not remained idle since the lamented death of the astronomer who constructed it. Not only has the work to which Earl Rosse devoted it—the delineation of those strange stellar cloudlets that fleck the dark vault of the heavens—been continued with unremitting assiduity, but its unrivalled powers have been devoted to aid the progress of those new and subtle modes of research which have recently been invented. The task was no simple one. The gigantic tube, with its ponderous six-feet mirror, had been poised so skilfully that a child could guide its movements. But for the new work which it was to be called on to perform much more was wanted. A new power had to be given to the telescope—a power of self-motion so exactly regulated that the gigantic eye of the telescope might remain steadily fixed on any given star or planet, notwithstanding the swift rotation of the earth, by which in the ordinary condition of the tube, the celestial objects were carried in a few moments across its field of view. This power has now been given to the great reflector, and thereby the value of the instrument as an aid to scientific research has undoubtedly been more than doubled. Already it has solved a question which had been found to lie far beyond the powers of inferior instruments; and what it has done is, we believe, the merest foretaste of what it is likely to do in coming years.

Let us briefly consider a few of the qualities of this wonderful telescope, so that we may be able to appreciate its unequalled adaptability to the subtle modes of research which our physicists are now applying to the celestial bodies.

As a light-gatherer the Rosse reflector is *facile princeps* among telescopes. Sir William Herschel's great four-feet reflector and Lassell's equally large telescope come next to it; but the power of either of these instruments is less than one-half that of the Parsonstown reflector, the illuminating surfaces of their mirrors being, in fact, exactly four-ninths of that of the Rosse telescope. It is, however, when we compare the power of the great mirror with that of the unaided eye, that we see its enormous capability as a light-gatherer. On a very moderate computation the light-gathering power of this wonderful instrument is found to be upwards of twenty thousand times that of the unaided eye; and it follows that if the faintest star visible to the unaided eye were removed to 140 times its present distance, it would still remain visible to the giant eye of the Rosse Reflector.

If the other qualities of the great telescope were all proportioned to the one we have been considering, we might leave the reader to conceive what its powers would be, from the simple consideration that any celestial object would appear as distinctly when seen by its aid as it would if the unaided eye were brought to only one-140th of its actual distance from the object. Unfortunately this would be largely to over-estimate the "telescopic" powers of the instrument.

We have spoken of its strength, we have now to speak of its weakness; and the inquiry is rendered so much the less unpleasing by the consideration that in some of the new modes of research to which the telescope is to be applied, the faults which are inseparable from a reflector of such enormous dimensions are of comparatively small moment.

The fault, then, of the Rosse reflector, as of all the very large reflectors hitherto constructed, is that it does not present objects in a perfectly distinct manner. It used to be remarked of the great four-feet reflector of Sir William Herschel, that it "bunched a star into a cocked hat:" and it is whispered that Lassell's great mirror once exhibited an occultation of one of Saturn's satellites when no such phenomenon had in reality taken place. The fact seems to be that in the present state of mechanical science, it is impossible to construct a reflector of such enormous dimensions as these, with that perfect truth of figure which Mr. De la Rue has given to his 13-inch reflector, and which Mr. With seems able to give, in every instance, to the mirrors he constructs for the Browning reflectors. The very weight of a large mirror tends to change the figure of its surface; and though the change may seem insignificant, yet the defining power of the telescope is seriously affected. The reader may judge of the effect of a slight change of figure, from the fact that a single hair between the mirror of a nine-inch reflector and the sustaining-bed suffices to cause the most annoying distortion in observed objects.

It is on this account that we hear so little of any discoveries effected within the range of our own system by means of the great Parsonstown reflector. Far better views of the planets have been obtained by much smaller telescopes. The late Mr. Dawes obtained singularly distinct views of the planet Mars with a refracting telescope only eight inches in aperture, whereas the views of this planet obtained by means of the Rosse telescope are perfectly wretched. We have before us, as we write, eight such views, and it is impossible to say what they mean. The planet Saturn, again, the most beautiful and interesting object in the whole heavens, has exhibited all its most charming features in the 13-inch

reflector of Mr. De la Rue, F.R.S. In the Rosse telescope,—well; all that we shall say is that a distinguished foreign astronomer was once invited to look at the planet by its aid, and his account of what he saw was thus worded: "They showed me something and they told me it was Saturn, and I believed them."

But great reflectors are not constructed for that sort of work. Their object is to bring into view those outlying regions of space which are hidden in the twilight of vast distance. The tiny cloudlets which shine from beyond the great depths of space are changed under the eye of the giant reflector of Parsonstown into glorious galaxies of stars, blazing with a splendor which cannot be conceived by those who have not themselves looked upon the magic scene. To span the vast abysses of space, to bring into view galaxies as yet unknown, and to exhibit the strange figures, the outreaching arms, and the fantastic convolutions of those which are but barely visible in other telescopes, such is the work which was looked for from the great reflector, and such is the work which, in the energetic hands of the late Lord Rosse, it successfully achieved.

But now a new and wonderful mode of inquiry has been devised, and has rapidly taken its place as the most important of all the means of discovery which science has as yet placed in the hands of her servants. We refer to the spectroscopic analysis, or the analysis of light by means of the prism. This mode of research is one to which the powers of the great telescope are admirably adapted. For a reason that will presently appear, it will be well that we should give a brief sketch of the nature of that mode of analysis.

The shortest and simplest way of exhibiting the nature of spectroscopic research is by a reference to some of the best known phenomena of sound.

White light may be compared to the sound heard when all the notes of a piano or harp are heard at once. We resolve white light by means of a prism into a rainbow-tinted streak, and we have at once the chromatic scale of light—corresponding to the sound produced when the notes of a piano are swept from end to end. The red end of the spectrum is the *base*, the blue end is the *treble*. But some light when thus resolv-

ed shows a spectrum crossed by black lines: in this case some notes of the chromatic scale are wanting. Other light shows a spectrum of bright lines only: in this case some notes only of the scale are sounding. Chemists have found that the luminous vapor of every element has its own spectrum of bright lines, in other words its own *chord* of light. But when white light is shining through the vapor of such an element, those lines appear as dark streaks across the rainbow-tinted background of the spectrum. In other words, the *chord* belonging to the vapor, once struck down, sounds no more; so that, as the chromatic scale is swept from end to end, the sounds belonging to the notes of that chord are wanting.

We see at once then that the whole power of the new mode of research depends on the emission of light from an object. It matters not whether the object be in the laboratory of the chemist, or half a mile off, or a hundred millions of miles off, or in fine as far off as the most distant star, if we can only obtain light enough from it to form a distinct spectrum, we can tell what is its nature. If it sends us a chord of light we know it is a self-luminous vapor, and if we are acquainted with any substance which gives the same chord, we know at once that the object is formed of that substance. Again, if it sends us a rainbow-tinted spectrum, crossed by a silent chord, we know that a substance in combustion is shining through some vapor about whose nature the silent chord is as instructive as the sounding chord in the former instance. All we require is light enough to see the light-chords.

Therefore it is of incalculable importance to the science of spectroscopy that it should have powerful light-gathering instruments placed at its disposal. We have seen that the Rosse telescope is far the most powerful light-gathering instrument in the world.

But there was a difficulty. The spectroscopic observation of a celestial object is an operation of the utmost delicacy. Without entering into details which would only perplex those who are unfamiliar with the subject, and would be of no service to the practical observer who may read these pages, it may suffice to remark that the light from a celestial

object must be made to fall upon a minute slit between two knife edges, before being subjected to the analysis of the prism. Now if we suppose a telescope to be so directed that a star's light falls in the manner required, this state of things only continues for a second or two, because the earth's rotation immediately shifts the telescope's axis. Clock-motion is wanted to counteract the effect of the earth's rotation; and in every well-appointed observatory the necessary mechanism is applied to the telescope, so that an observer may watch a star for any length of time he pleases without having occasion to touch the tube of his telescope.\*

But while this is a comparatively simple affair, when ordinary telescopes are in question, the case is different when the telescope to be moved has a tube full forty feet in length, and weighing (with the great mirror) several tons. To sway

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\* We may narrate here an amusing circumstance which occurred some years since at a celebrated observatory in the suburbs of London. A visitor was desirous of observing a celestial object which was nearly overhead, and having the run of the observatory at the moment, he directed the telescope towards the star, set the clock-work in motion, and placed himself on his back in the observing-frame attached to the floor of the observatory. This frame is so constructed that the observer can fix the head rest in any position, and as the whole frame revolves round an upright in the middle of the observatory-floor, it is easy to place the frame so that the observer can look in perfect comfort at any object on the celestial vault. In the present instance, as we have said, the observer lay on his back, the object being nearly overhead. But while the frame remained, of course, at rest, the clock-work was slowly driving the telescope after the star; and as the star happened to be approaching the point overhead the eyepiece of the telescope was being brought continually lower and lower. Intent on observing the aspect of the star (a celebrated double) our astronomer failed to notice that this movement of the eyepiece was gradually imprisoning him. His head was fixed by the head-rest, and the eye-tube was beginning to press with more and more force against his eye. The telescope was a very heavy one, the very slowness of the movement made it irresistible, and the observer's position prevented him from helping himself. Fortunately his cries for assistance were quickly heard, the clock work was stopped, the head-rest lowered, and the prisoner released; otherwise he would undoubtedly have suffered severely. He would, in fact, have had as good reason to complain of the telescope as the celebrated astronomer Struve had in the case of the Pulkova refractor, "which," Struve said, "was justly called a 'refractor,' since it had twice broken one of his legs for him."

such a tube with the steady equable motion which alone would be of any use, and without setting up vibratory tremors sufficient to render any delicate observation impossible, was a task sufficient to tax the fullest powers of modern science. The work also involved an enormous outlay.

The task has been achieved, however; and already a number of interesting results have been obtained. But the application of spectroscopic analysis to the celestial objects is a process requiring time, and it is to the future that we are to look for the fruits of this part of the telescope's new work. We wish, in the remainder of this paper, to confine our attention to the remarkable discovery already incidentally alluded to, which has been the first fruits of the recent change.

Astronomers and physicists have long been in doubt whether we receive any heat from the moon. Attempts have been made to concentrate the lunar beams by means of lenses, and so to render their heating effects perceptible. But though Saussure and Melloni have, in turn, announced that they had detected warmth in the lunar rays, it has been shown conclusively by Tyndall and others, that no faith whatever can be placed in the experiments hitherto conducted. Indeed, Tyndall remarks, that all attempts to concentrate the moon's heat by means of lenses must inevitably fail. "Even such heat-rays as reach the earth," he remarks, "would be utterly cut off by such a lens as Melloni made use of." Then he adds, significantly, "it might be worth while to make the experiment with a metallic reflector instead of with a lens. I have myself tried a conical reflector of very large dimensions, but have hitherto been defeated by the unsteadiness of the London air."

If any confirmation of the former of these remarks were needed, it would be found in the failure of Mr. Huggins to obtain any evidence of lunar heat by means of the same appliances which had afforded the clearest possible evidence that heat reaches us from the fixed stars. The rays of the star Arcturus concentrated, by means of Mr. Huggins's fine reflector, upon the face of the heat-measuring instrument called the thermopile, immediately moved the indicator needle in a perceptible manner. The rays from

the moon, on the contrary, notwithstanding her immensely superior light, produced no signs whatever of the existence of heat.

It is evident that with its new driving apparatus the Rosse telescope was the very instrument for attacking this difficult problem. Accordingly, arrangements were made for receiving the rays of the moon after concentration by the great six-foot mirror upon the face of a very delicate thermopile. When this had been done, and after every precaution had been adopted for preventing misconception as to the true cause of any deflection of the needle, the evidence which had been so long desired was at length obtained. The needle moved sensibly under the influence of the moon's warmth; and for the first time in the history of science, we are at length able to affirm positively, that the earth receives a sensible amount of heat from her satellite.

Lord Rosse has even been able to form an estimate of the relative amount of heat we receive from the moon and from the sun. He states, as the result of his observations, that the radiation from the moon is about the 900,000th part of that from the sun.

But perhaps the most interesting result of the inquiry is the determination of the actual heat of the moon's surface at the time of full moon, or rather at lunar midday. By comparing the heat received from the moon with that derived from certain terrestrial sources of heat, Lord Rosse finds that the moon's surface must be heated to a temperature of about five hundred degrees Fahrenheit, or nearly three hundred degrees above the boiling point!

Nor is this result, startling as it seems at first sight, to be greatly wondered at, when we remember the circumstances under which the moon's surface is exposed to the solar rays. Fancy a day a fortnight long; not as in our polar regions, with a sun only a few degrees above the horizon even at midday, but with an almost vertical sun for several days in succession. We know the intensity of the heat which prevails at noon in tropical countries; but that heat is a mere nothing compared with that which must prevail when, instead of a few hours, the sun hangs for five or six days close to

the zenith, and pours down his rays on a surface unshielded by any atmosphere. And with respect to the effects of an atmosphere, let us not be misunderstood. It is well known that the intense heat of the tropical *climate* is not tempered, but increased by the density of the atmosphere. On the Himalayan slopes, several thousand feet above the level of the sea, an endurable if not a pleasant climate can be found, because of the rarity of the air. But the direct rays of the sun are hotter—paradoxical as it may sound—on the snow-covered summits of the Himalayas, than at the sea-level. Those who have travelled over snow-covered mountains in summer know well that, while the air may be cool and refreshing, the sun will be peeling the skin from hands and face incautiously exposed to his rays.

Thus it is, doubtless, on the moon's surface, except that all the effects of the sun's heat are intensified, through the tremendous length of the lunar day and the absolute absence of any lunar atmosphere. Indeed, Sir John Herschel, from theoretical considerations, was long since led to anticipate the result of Lord Rosse's researches. He remarked that "the surface of the full moon exposed to us must necessarily be very much heated, possibly to a degree much exceeding that of boiling water."

The question of the moon's habitability by such creatures as subsist upon the earth is, of course, finally disposed of by Lord Rosse's discovery. We could not live conveniently at the temperature of boiling water, nor could any beings we know of. The famous salamander, even if it had all the properties assigned to it in olden times instead of being one of the most cold-loving of all known creatures, would find the moon an unsatisfactory residence. For tremendous as is the heat of the lunar midday, the cold of the lunar night must be still more terrible. It has been well remarked by Tyndall that were it not for the moisture with which our atmosphere is laden, the cold of a single night would bind our fields in a Siberian frost. Imagine then the effects of a night of three hundred hours in a region where there is neither moisture to form protecting envelopes of cloud or mist, nor an atmosphere to support such envelopes even if they could

be formed. Doubtless the cold of the lunar night is of an intensity such as not even the most ingenious appliances of our chemists could produce. Under its influence, not merely would all known liquids be frozen, but probably every gas known to us would be converted into the solid form.

And we may notice, in passing, by how many strange and bizarre theories astronomers have endeavored to account for the fact that the moon has no appreciable atmosphere. At least four views have been put forward. There is, first of all, the theory that the moon has always been without an atmosphere. Then there is the theory that the moon's atmosphere has all retired to that side of our satellite which is always concealed from us. Thirdly, there is the theory that the oceans and atmosphere which once rendered the moon a fitting abode for living creatures, have retired within the interior of the moon's crust. Lastly, there is the theory that the oceans on the moon's surface first became frozen as the moon gradually parted with her internal heat, that next her atmosphere began to yield to the intensity of cold, and changing first to the liquid and then to the solid form, became no longer recognizable as an atmosphere by our astronomers.

Perhaps Lord Rosse's recent discovery seems more decidedly opposed to the last of these views than to any of the others. The notion of a frozen mass of oxygen or hydrogen under the influence of a heat more than three hundred degrees higher than that of boiling water seems bizarre in the extreme. Yet, after all, it is almost impossible for us to conceive what would happen when there is no appreciable atmosphere to prevent the immediate radiation of heat into space. We know that the snows on the summits of the Himalayas show no traces of diminution under the full heat of the vertical sun of India. Yet the air around those snows is absolutely dense when compared with that which exists (if any at all exist) upon the moon's surface.

Then, again, we may look at the matter in another light. Whatever effects are to be ascribed to the heat of a lunar day cannot do more than counterpoise the effects which must be ascribed to the cold of the long lunar night. During the whole twenty-eight days the moon receives no

more heat (in proportion to its surface) than the earth does in the same time, though the mode in which the heat is received in either case is very different. Now, Professor Tyndall has shown us how Nature stores up heat, and how she also stores up cold (to use a somewhat inexact but convenient mode of expression). It is with the latter process we are here concerned, and a very simple illustration will suffice to exhibit the nature of the case. If we subject a quantity of aqueous vapor to the action of intense cold (still our mode of expression is inexact but convenient for our purpose) the vapor parts with as much heat as it can *without* changing, but is presently compelled to change to the liquid form, a process during which it parts with a large quantity of heat; then the liquid repeats the process, parting with as much heat as it can without changing form, but being presently compelled to change to the solid form, a process during which it parts with another large stock of heat. Now, when we come to subject the ice thus formed to the action of heat, the processes just described are reversed, and before we can restore ice to the state of water we must employ a large quantity of heat without any apparent heating effect; and we must do the same before we can restore the water to the state of vapor. *Then* only will the addition of further heat raise the vapor to a higher temperature than it had when we began. Nature had not only unwound the spring, so to speak, but had carefully wound it the reverse way, and in reversing the process we have to unwind before re-winding and to rewind before winding

the spring to a higher tension than it had at first.

We see at once, then, that the intense heat of the moon's surface does not by any means imply that, if there were much ice on the moon's surface, it would all melt beneath the sun's action; still less that the water thus formed would all be converted into vapor. The intense cold of the long lunar night would have so thoroughly wound the spring the reverse way that all the heat of the long lunar day would be insufficient to unwind it.

We know so little, however, of the results which would follow from such a state of things as exists at the moon's surface, that it would be unwise to speculate further on these and similar points. Lord Rosse's discovery gives us good hope that more may yet be learned respecting our satellite, and that thus an answer may be obtained to many questions of interest which hitherto it has seemed useless to inquire into. New modes of research seem to be revealing themselves to our physicists. On every side new laborers are entering the field of scientific inquiry; and each day our men of science are giving fresh proofs of zeal and industry. The very work we have been considering, the addition of motive power to the once inert mass of the great reflector, is even more encouraging from the proof it affords of the disinterested regard which the men of our day feel for scientific interests, than from the immense material aid which it brings to the new modes of physical research.

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London Society.

#### THE ROMANCE OF MEDICINE.\*

WHEN the early frosts of morning and evening set in, when the lamplighter begins his cheerful round of illumination at an earlier date, when the poulterers' shops are ablaze with the plumage of game, when all the premonitory signs of the winter season are upon us, then, on the 1st of October, comes a most eventful day to many young hopeful lives. This day it is that the hospital

terms begin, and various lecturers come out with their orations, a few of them eloquent, all of them learned, some perhaps too learned for their auditory, and all of them glowingly dilating on the dignity and beneficence of the medical profession, and teeming with exhortations to industry and virtue. The careless, happy boys, who have trooped up from various parts of the country, many of them, as stated on a parliamentary inquiry, grossly ignorant, hear it all,

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\* A sequel to paper in September number, 1867.

and the words often deepen serious and manly purposes that have been formed. Some have dreams of fame and wealth ; some of them are animated with a genuine love of science ; some of them think that they may be able to act hereafter almost like a beneficent Providence in the alleviation of suffering and pain. Of course, too, there is the commonplace mob of students to whom the profession is simply a means of livelihood to be obtained with the minimum expenditure of hard work. Pretty uniformly the session begins well. The students are punctual and attentive. They read up their books. They are busy with their notes. Their evenings are devoted to methodizing and building up the acquirements of the day. After a time there is a lull in their intellectual activity. This, I believe, is the pretty uniform experience of the hospitals. These young men, for the most part in solitary lodgings, after the first flush of energy and enthusiasm has passed by, begin to feel a desire of change, and amusement and companionship. Then the fast epoch of medical student life sets in, which blunts so many fine intellects, and spoils many a promising career. And certainly to many perils are these youths exposed who come up fresh and inexperienced from the country to the dissipations of town. It is impossible not to feel much sympathy for them and to make much allowance ; and let me vehemently exhort any friendly reader who knows a Bohemian medical student to make a point of inviting him often to dinner, and letting him have a share in wholesome family influences. This is the best human preservative for young men, and all the kindness that society bestows in this way will in the long run be returned abundantly to society. It may be here noticed, as an invariable rule, that those who take kindly to their anatomy will do well, while the idle student will neglect or slur over his anatomy. By-and-by we hear of sundry incidents. Such a one has fainted away in the dissecting-room. Such a one is afraid that he has poisoned himself with morbid matter. Such a one has become a dresser or clinical clerk. Such a one has gone altogether to the dogs. Such a one seems already marked out by general opinion for future eminence. At last

comes the examination, especially that tremendous *visd voce* examination, when he has to face some of the big wigs of the profession, whose greatness and glory have for years dazzled his eyes. Some are plucked—it is to be feared that many of the best men, through nervousness, get plucked—but the mass pass ; yet let me, as an outsider, express my belief that many of those who pass well deserve to be plucked. It is on this point that I deeply feel the uncertainty and rottenness of the medical profession. What can we say of those young men who, without having mastered their profession, by a system of examination-cram manage to make a show of the necessary knowledge, which they as speedily forget, and then go forth into the world with a license to kill, slay, and destroy. I have heard a saying attributed to the late Sir Astley Cooper, the candid confession that his mistakes would fill a churchyard. I should think that the annual carnage, committed by young practitioners in the course of their experimenting on our vile bodies, must equal a periodical battle of Waterloo. I had a long, confidential talk with a youngish medical practitioner the other day, and I put the question broadly to him, "What would he do if he came across a medical case which he was not satisfied that he could treat properly, and where the calling in of other help would be a confession of incompetency ?" He said very frankly, that, under such circumstances, he should prefer to let the patient die. His professional existence would be at stake, and it would be better that the man's life should go. This sounds horrible enough, but it was all said in most perfect faith.

And now that the medical degree is obtained, the question arises, what is to be done with it. The best start is made when a man has a few good friends and a large family connection. Some men strike out boldly for a West end practice. But in this case a man's antecedents must have lain in the best society, and he must have excellent connections. It will, moreover, be necessary he should be spending a very considerable outlay for years before he can expect to get a correspondingly large income back again. If he is a poor man he begins in a much humbler way. Perhaps

he prescribes for the poor gratis. "I crept over the backs of the poor into the pockets of the rich," is the confession of one worthy doctor. Perhaps he becomes a duly qualified assistant somewhere, doing the night work, and the rough work, and the dispensing work. Perhaps, again, he opens an apothecary's shop, and unites the business of a chemist with that of a surgeon or general practitioner. As he gets on, the professional element predominates, and finally he "sinks the shop," and becomes the highly-respected medical man of a limited neighborhood. It is a somewhat humiliating fact, that, in the east of London, there may be quite as able and gifted men as those who are practising in the west end and attaining to fame and fortune. While all London is running after some celebrated physician, there may be, in some obscure provincial town, or on the outskirts of London, an unknown practitioner who has obtained a rare insight into and mastery over disease. So true is Henry Taylor's now proverbial line, "The world knows nothing of its greatest men." Some men make themselves known through the avenue of medical literature, writing and lecturing. This course is commonly watched very critically and cynically by the profession, and is hardly very helpful to the writer, as medical books are chiefly read by medical men, and it is extraordinary how little popular interest is attached to them by general readers. Still this method of gaining publicity must be thought a good one, considering the great space in the "Times" occupied by advertisements of medical literature. In these works there is a real difference between books written to obtain practice and books that are written out of the fulness of knowledge which long practice confers. The "Lancet" has asserted that Elliotson, in consequence of the cases he sent them, in one year leaped from five hundred to five thousand a-year. Professor Owen was brought into reputation by his first surgical paper respecting a particular aneurism. It is quite possible that a man, if resting on real ability, and backed by a little luck, may keep his name fully before the public, and work himself into eminence. This is the kind of man who, if he goes to the seaside, forthwith

brings out a work on the climate of the locality, which draws visitors to the watering-place and brings many to himself. As a rule, I believe we may accept the fact, that in the long run merit works its way, and a man who can produce good work receives good hire. The consulting physician is perhaps the man who has the worst chance, particularly if he is one who relies on his love of knowledge and disdains all popular arts of acquiring notoriety. One reason is that people have the erroneous impression that he is a much more costly person to deal with than the general practitioners. This, however, is to a very great degree a mistake. You pay your physician a guinea, or it may even be a half guinea, and there is pretty well an end of the matter. But your general practitioner runs you up bills, and these bills may become as torturesome as any blister or bolus. He may give a general overhaul of the whole family, mentally taxing you at five shillings a-head, which mounts up, and sends out drugs, the selling price of which is, for the most part, all profit.

Inasmuch as these things really are, it cannot be amiss to set them down, though in some respects their recapitulation may be as displeasing to others as to ourselves. But there is also a vast debt of gratitude due to medical men by society at large, of which no sensible or grateful man will ever be unmindful. We sometimes speak as if the hard-working clergyman was the most meritorious man of the day, visiting the lowliest abodes and combating sin and ignorance in a thousand forms. This may be so, and we should be the last to contest his just claim to the title of beneficence. But we are also sure that the medical man is much more frequent and constant in his ministrations. Most rarely has it happened, within our experience with medical practitioners, that familiarity with suffering has in any degree dulled the edge of sympathy. Considering the illiberal remuneration which a niggard nation gives for their services to the poor, it is wonderful how ample and unremitting is the attention they bestow, showing how they recognize above meaner considerations the paramount claims of duty, benevolence, and their own healing science. How



often have the kindly smile, the firm cheery voice, the sympathy and helpfulness of the physician, charmed as an elixir; and often as they pursue their offices of good will and service to men they themselves are suffering from deep anxieties, and perhaps discern symptoms of danger to themselves, which their own knowledge makes them quick to suspect and even exaggerate. I heard the other day an affecting instance of a doctor, whose life would have been saved if he could get one day's perfect rest. He was a man of great eminence, and the demands on his time were proportionally large. He had symptoms of fever then, and if he could have laid aside for a single day at the outset, it would have saved him. But he could not rest until he was compelled, and then the rest came too late.

And now, as our friends enter their profession, let us take a popular view of the aspect which it will bear to them, and it would be very advantageous to us of the public, if we could clearly present this aspect to ourselves. In the first place, far more than with methods of cures, which for many make the sum total of the medical profession, that profession is properly concerned with methods of prevention. The essence of disease is really a disturbance of the laws of health. It is a most limited view of medical science that regards it, as is generally done, as a system of counteractive specifics for the control and eradication of disease. If the average of human life is to be lengthened this must be effected by methods of prevention. In this field the most outer layman can co-operate with the physician. It is wonderful, however, how far removed are the public, even at the present day, from attaining to the most elementary notions on the subject of medicine. In spite of the immense efforts which have been made to popularize rudimentary physiological knowledge, medicine is still considered as a sort of black art, and the medical man is regarded as a domestic pope, whose decrees are to be received with the blind submission of unreasoning faith. And even when men have the sense to know better, they will often refuse to act upon the knowledge. Take, for instance, that painful disease of gout, which, Sir Thomas Watson

says, some people are anxious to have because they think it fashionable! Perhaps they repent when it really comes to them. A Frenchman has thus described it: "Place your joint in a vice, and screw the vice up until you can endure it no longer. That may represent rheumatism. Then give the instrument another twist, and you will obtain a notion of the gout." It is said of this disease, that when a man is predisposed to it, it can be brought on by the bite of a flea. And yet gouty people will actually ask doctors to give them plenty of colchicum and cure them of the gout by a particular day, because they want to go out to a good dinner party! Disease is often a battle where everything depends on good generalship on the part of the patient, and where a knowledge of the laws of health, of the necessary condition of atmosphere, temperament, nutrition, is what every one, especially those who are delicate, ought to gain; but, unfortunately, there is never likely to be a time when a most important department of a physician's practice will not lie in the inculcation of simple sanitary truth for a careless and ignorant public.

The inference to be derived from this reasoning, concerning prophylactic uses, as pointed out by Professor Goodsir,\* is not, as many may suppose, derogatory to the usefulness of medical science, but lies quite another way. "The more clearly and comprehensively we grasp the conception of disease as being merely a physiological state, so much the more firm and uniform will be our confidence in the efficacy of physiological means for restoring health, and our conviction that these means alone constitute the conditions of relief and recovery from disease." Because, as he argues, when you give powerful medicine, quinine, strychnine, chloroform, and so on, you are really bringing about powerful physiological results. There are innumerable matters of practical detail, where a wise and prompt decision is necessary, for which we look to the opinion of a medical man. For instance, a man is taken ill and falls down in the street.

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\* "Anatomical Memoirs of Professor Goodsir," vol. i. p. 346. A work of matchless value and importance.

It just makes the difference of life or death to him whether he is carried to a hospital on a stretcher or in a cab. The late Sir Emerson Tennent's idea, on which he seems to have acted, was not a bad one: that if you are taken suddenly ill, you had better knock at a door where you see a card and ask for apartments. In multitudes of cases there are an immense number of apparently trivial directions which really make the condition of recovery, and without which the chance of recovery goes by. In this way all the commonplace aphorisms concerning health, and the improvement in this respect which we may expect from the common sense of mankind, will never supersede the need of medical assistance.

The action of foreign substances on healthy and morbid states constitutes therapeutics: the final cause of medicine considered as an art. This is a subject which at the present time is exciting intense attention. Progress in this direction has hitherto been limited, but there is really no limit, and it forms the most glorious chapter in medical history. It would perhaps not be too much to say, that as much progress has been made in this department during the present century as in all the previous eighteen Christian centuries, and as much during the last dozen years as in all the rest of this our century, which has now attained its grand climacteric and is going down hill. We cannot but believe that there are wondrous means of cure provided for all the diseases to which men are subject, but these can be discovered, not by any impulsive plans or empirical treatment, but by the accumulative growths of experiment, knowledge, and philosophy. On this subject, listen to the brilliant burst of prophecy in which, on last "capping day," Sir J. Y. Simpson indulged—one who has gone far to accomplish such glowing predictions—but where we feel some difficulty in distinguishing the learned professor's "earnest" from his "jest:"—"It may be, also, that the day will yet come when our patients will be asked to breathe or inspire most of their drugs, instead of swallowing them; or, at least when they will be changed into pleasant beverages instead of disgusting draughts and powders, boluses and pills. But that day of

revolution will not, probably, be fully realized till those distant days when physicians—a century or two hence—shall be familiar with the chemistry of most diseases; when they shall know the exact organic poisons that produce them, with all their exact antidotes and eliminatories; when they shall look upon the cure of some maladies as simply a series of chemical problems and formulæ; when they shall melt down all calculi, necrosed bones, &c., chemically, and not remove them by surgical operations; when the bleeding in amputations and other wounds shall be stemmed, not by septic ligatures or stupid needles, but by the simple application of hæmostatic gases or washes; when the few wounds then required in surgery shall be simply and immediately healed by the first intention; when medical men shall be able to stay the ravages of tubercle—blot out fevers and inflammations—avert and melt down morbid growths—cure cancer—destroy all morbid organic germs and ferments—annul the deadly influences of malaria and contagions, and by these and various other means lengthen out the average duration of human life; when our hygienic condition and laws shall have been changed by state legislation, so as to forbid all communicable diseases from being communicated, and remove all causes of sickness that are removable; when the rapidly increasing length of human life shall begin to fulfil that ancient prophecy, 'The child shall die a hundred years old:' when there shall have been achieved, too, advances in other walks of life far beyond our present state of progress; when houses shall be built, and many other kinds of work performed by machinery, and not by human hands alone; when the crops in these islands shall be increased five or tenfold, and abundance of human food be provided for our increased population by our fields being irrigated by that waste organic refuse of our towns, which we now recklessly run off into our rivers and seas; when man shall have invented means for calling down rain at will; when he shall have gained cheaper and better motive power than steam; when he shall travel from continent to continent by subterranean railways or by flying and ballooning in the air."

It will be interesting to compare with

this language that of Mr. Lecky in his recent "History of European Morals." "Of all the great branches of human knowledge medicine is that in which the accomplished results are most obviously imperfect and provisional, in which the field of unrealized possibilities is most extensive, and from which, if the human mind were directed to it, as it has been during the past century to industrial inventions, the most splendid results might be expected. Our almost absolute ignorance of the causes of some of the most fatal diseases, and the empirical nature of nearly all our best medical treatment, have been often recognized. The medicine of inhalation is still in its infancy, and yet it is by inhalation that Nature produces most of her diseases, and effects most of her cures. The medicinal powers of electricity, which, of all known agencies, bears most resemblance to life, are almost unexplored. The discovery of anæsthetics has, in our own day, opened out a field of inestimable importance, and the proved possibility, under certain physical conditions, of governing by external suggestions the whole current of the feelings and emotions, may possibly contribute yet further to the alleviation of sufferings, and perhaps to that Euthanasia which Bacon proposed to physicians as the end of their art. But in the eyes both of the philanthropist and of the philosopher the greatest of all results to be expected in this, or perhaps any other field, are, I conceive, to be looked for in the study of the relations between our physical and our moral natures. He who raises moral pathology to a science, expounding, systematizing, and applying many fragmentary observations that have been already made, will probably take a place among the masterintellects of mankind."\*

An address in medicine, delivered last summer in Oxford, by Dr. Gull—than whom at the present time there is no consulting physician in London more popular or more esteemed by his brethren—claims a distinct scientific department for that medical art which is alone learned at the bedside of the sick. A man may have all the scientific knowledge in the world, and yet, from unacquaintance with clinical work, might be

totally ignorant of the fundamental department of clinical science. Dr. Gull truly says that the study of disease has to be guarded against assaults on the side of science, and that we "need to watch lest we betray it by accepting a too chemical or physical limit to our thoughts. . . . A discovery in physics has made us for the moment no more than galvanic batteries, or a discovery in chemistry mere oxidizing machines." When a doctor goes to the bedside of a patient, he has, at least for a time, to leave behind him the large problems of chemistry and physiology, and concentrate his attention on the individual before him, and trace the presence, the causes, and the relations of disease. Dr. Gull argues that the clinical department includes points so various, special, and practical, as to justify the separate and devoted study of it in the light of histology and comparative anatomy and pathology. He has many interesting remarks in his paper. Thus he comments on the rarity of acute disease, except perhaps pneumonia, in contrast with their supposed frequency in former times. Sometimes it is said that the type of disease is changed, but probably the change rather resides in medical notions, and the doctrine of chronicity in all diseased conditions.

Dr. Gull's interesting address forms one of a series of addresses in medicine delivered at the Oxford meeting of the British Medical Association, and which are now collected into a handsome volume.\* They will thus deservedly receive a circulation beyond that of the scientific journals in which they appeared. The opening address by Dr. Acland possesses great literary merit. If Sir Thomas Watson is the Cicero of English medicine, as Dr. Acland aptly termed him when making his Harveian oration, Dr. Acland himself may be regarded as a medical Petronius Arbiter. In his paper he admirably sums up many of the recent triumphs of medicine, the application of optical instruments to organs hitherto inscrutable, the apparatus that registers the wave phenomena of the pulse and heart, and "the very romance of zoölogical evolu-

\* "Medicine in Modern Times Discourses delivered by Dr. Stokes, Dr. Acland, Professor Rolleston, Rev. Professor Houghton, and Dr. Gull, etc." Macmillan.

tion" revealed by the test tube and the microscope, and the wonderful synthetical character of chemistry which had hitherto been exclusively analytic. "In the present state of knowledge we are always on the verge of the most amazing results; and we do not know when or where the outcome may be. As in a siege, we advance in a series of zigzags and parallels, and these must be begun at a great distance from the fortress." The papers of Professors Rolleston and Haughton, which make up a large bulk of the book, are by physiologists who stand outside practice and are discoursing on the "higher science." Such papers will impress on the profession and on the public the necessity of deep thought and abstract research in connection with the commonest incidents of illness. Professor Rolleston eloquently says that labor which may seem "curious and dilettanti, otiose or even disgusting, may turn out ultimately to be essential elements in problems the solution of which promotes directly and greatly the interests of man and the glory of Him to whom nothing is common or unclean." No paper could be more successful or more meritorious than that of the Rev. Professor Haughton "On the Relations of Food to Work, and its bearing on Medical Practice in Modern Time." The highly scientific character of this paper was relieved by a good deal of humor and some happy illustrations. He has the following remark on the doctrine that the blood is the seat of all the chemical changes that develop force in the body: "Thus the human mind revolves in cycles, and the physicians of the nineteenth century are preparing to sit at the feet of Moses and learn that the blood of an animal really constitutes its life; while South African theologians are disposed to reject his authority because he happened to confound a rodent with a ruminant." Mr. Haughton has some striking illustrations of illness derived from his explanation of the equivalent amount of work due to animal heat in the body. He takes the terrible instance of typhus fever, that disease of which the cause is unknown, and you can only combat symptoms. "If you could place your fever patient at the bottom of a mine, twice the depth of the deepest mine in the Duchy of

Cornwall, and compel the wretched sufferer to climb its ladders [those fearful ladders which eventually kill off the miner with heart disease] into open air, you would subject him to less torture from muscular exertion, than that which he undergoes at the hand of nature, as he lies before you, helpless, tossing, and delirious, on his fever couch." "The diabetic patient resembles a racing steamboat on the Mississippi whose supply of coals is exhausted, and whose cargo furnishes nothing better than lean pork hams to throw into the furnace to maintain the race. It cannot be wondered at that our poor patient, under such disadvantageous conditions, fails to keep in the front." There is a ghastly footnote. "It is startling on making a post-mortem examination of a cholera patient alone, to witness, on the first free incision of the scalpel, the hand of the corpse raised slowly from its side and placed quietly across its breast." Again, he has some quaint remarks on the supposed uniform benevolence of all the operations of nature. It is to be recollected that if Nature has her prodigality she has also her law of parsimony—prodigality in her adaptations, parsimony in her structures. Mr. Haughton remarks: "Before trusting Nature in this matter of cholera and proceeding to help her, it would be well to inquire whether she intends to cure the patient or to put him into his coffin. For myself, I greatly mistrust her, and would wish to ask, previous to assisting her, whether she is really my mother or only my step-mother." To those who appreciate the intense human and scientific interest that belongs to medicine we cordially recommend this remarkable volume of Oxford addresses.

In all medical publications a considerable portion is devoted to cases. We shall think it right to follow precedent. Our "cases" are not designed to prove any doctrine, which a single well-observed, well-authenticated case might do, but will take the form of anecdotes, which, if they do not instruct the benevolent reader, may serve the minor purpose of amusing or interesting him. We turn to medical biography. In the course of his long professional career Sir Astley Cooper was at least twice instrumental in discovering murder. The first

was a curious case enough. A Mr. Blight, a shipbroker of Deptford, was sitting in his parlor when the door suddenly opened and he saw an arm extended towards him. The hand held a pistol, which was fired at him and he fell wounded, and the wound subsequently proved fatal. The only light he could throw on the matter was that his partner, Mr. Patch, while sitting in the same room a few days before, had heard a gun fired outside and the ball had entered the shutter. Cooper seated himself in the place where Blight had received the wound, and satisfied himself that to have fired and also to have concealed his body the murderer must have been a left-handed person. He now noticed that Patch, the partner, was a left-handed person, and he became convinced that he was the murderer. Patch was at liberty after the poor man's death, without any suspicion attaching to him, but on the inquest many damaging facts came out, and he was convicted and executed on the strongest circumstantial evidence. On the second occasion a rich merchant, who was Cooper's own intimate friend, was assassinated. A servant brought the news to Sir Astley in a strange, confused way, and Sir Astley immediately was convinced that this servant was the murderer. The man afterwards cut his throat, but being cured, he was fully convicted, and suffered on Pennington Heath, near the scene of the murder. There was a remarkable statement in the man's confession. He said that as he was going up stairs, poker in hand, towards his master's bedroom, he said to himself, "Nicholson, what are you going to do?" and heard an answer made to him by a voice at his side, "To murder your master and mistress." In both these instances Sir Astley said that he could not explain the peculiarity of manner in the criminals which made him form such a rapid and decided opinion of their guilt.

In the life of Cooper we find the best accounts with which we are acquainted of the formidable resurrection men. Many tales of mystery and horror are told of these men, but it is hardly possible that the fictions ever came up to the facts. At the commencement of the session there was no proper provision for procuring anatomical subjects, and if magistrates and the law officers had not

winked at violations of the law, the English school of medicine would have sunk below the level of any medical school on the Continent. When Sir Astley Cooper was examined before a committee of the House of Commons, he astonished the legislators by saying, "There is no person, let his situation in life be what it may, whom if I were disposed to dissect I could not obtain." This, perhaps quite as much as the murders of Burke and Hare in Edinburgh, induced the government to bring forward what was popularly called the 'Natomy Bill. Most of the resurrectionists came to bad ends for other violations of the law. The popular indignation against these men was very great, and several of them were beaten to death. One of them is known to have accumulated six thousand pounds out of his horrible earnings. One of the least horrible of these narratives may be mentioned. A "subject" was brought to a medical man, as usual, tied up in a sack. The doctor paid some money on account for it, and being in a hurry kicked the parcel in the direction of his dissecting-room. Going up stairs to bed he heard groans in that direction, and going to see, he found a man standing upright with a sack by his side. The fellow, in a supplicating tone, said that a trick had been played on him when he was drunk. The doctor bestowed a further kicking, which sent the "subject" through the door into the street. On turning the matter over in his mind, he was convinced that the resurrectionist was an assumed character, and that a burglary had been intended.

There is a capital story told in the "Life of Sir Astley Cooper" of Dr. Fordyce. Fordyce was a man of some mark, but every evening after the day's work was done he used to take a good many glasses of wine, and was not only *ebriolus* but *ebrius*, and not only *ebrius* but *ebriosus* (a little drunk, drunker, a drunkard). One night when he was in this customary state he was sent for suddenly to attend a lady of title who was very ill. Dr. Fordyce arrived, sat down, listened to her story, and felt her pulse. The poor doctor found out that he was by no means up to the mark, even for feeling a pulse. His brain whirled, he lost his wits, and in a moment of forgetfulness he exclaimed "Drunk, by Jove!"

He managed, however, to write out a mild prescription such as he generally wrote on *such occasions*. The next morning, the very first thing, he received an imperative message from his noble patient requesting his immediate attendance. Dr. Fordyce felt very unhappy. His patient evidently intended to upbraid him either with an improper prescription or with his beastly condition. The lady thanked him for his polite compliance with pressing summons, and then proceeded to do a little penitence. She acknowledged his discernment in detecting her unhappy condition the night before, and owned that she was at times addicted to this unfortunate error of drunkenness. She had sent for him at once in order that she might obtain from him a promise that he would keep inviolably secret the sad condition in which he had found her. Old Fordyce listened to her with a countenance as grave as a judge, and said, "You may depend upon me, madam. I shall be as silent as the grave."

We must, however, assume a graver air and turn to more professional matters. Some amusing cases might be related of the wonderful manner in which illness is cured by violent emotion, especially gout. Thus the poet Southey tells the case of a Mr. Bradford. "No persuasions could have induced him to put his feet to the ground or to believe it possible that he could walk. He was sitting with his legs up, in the full costume of that respectable and orthodox disease, when the ceiling, being somewhat old, part of it gave way, and down came a fine nest of rats, old and young together, plump upon him. He had what is called an antipathy to these creatures, and forgetting the gout in the horror which their visitation excited, sprang from his easy-chair and fairly ran down stairs." Cases have been known where persons have been able to jump to the top of a table, but have not been able to get off again. Mental shocks, however, are not a kind of galvanism to be much prescribed. If they now and then take away an illness, in many more cases they cause one. Here is a curious case. "Dr. Latham has told the following circumstance respecting a patient whom he treated for hydrophobia in the Middlesex Hospital. He went one day to the ward, fully expecting to hear that the

patient was dead; he found him sitting up in his bed, quite calm and free from spasms, and he had just drunk a large jug of porter. 'Lawk, sir,' said a nurse that stood by, 'what a wonderful cure!' The man himself seemed surprised at the change; but *he had no pulse*, his surface was cold as marble. In half an hour he sank back and expired."\* The operation of cutting a man's throat is by no means so dangerous as might be supposed. In some classes of cases it is almost the only resource, and when taken in time is generally successful. The suffocating man freely breathes through an artificial opening; the blood changes from purple to scarlet; in time the wound heals up and the man is as good a man as ever. Dr. Farre relates the case of a lady treated with mereury. "Her complexion was compounded of the rose and the violet. Under a course of mercury she was blanched in six weeks as white as a lily."

Then, again, how humiliating is such a case as Sir Astley Cooper relates of the illness of the Earl of Liverpool. The Prime Minister was struck down by apoplexy while reading a letter from Canning. When he slightly recovered, the Premier exercised his speech by trying to repeat the lines—

"At Dover dwells John Brown, Esquire,  
Good Christian French and David Fryer."

But, alas! he could only do so very imperfectly, and became the subject of epilepsy, of which he died. There are few cases, in a literary and medical point of view, more interesting than the death of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. Most readers are familiar with it from the account in the famous biography by Dean Stanley. It is probable that this mysterious disease was *angina pectoris*. It is commented on by Sir Thomas Watson. A very full account is given by Dr. Latham, from Arnold's medical attendant. It has become, in fact, a stock instance in medical literature, and has as strong a moral as a medical interest.

To continue our "cases." Then there are some very curious cases of extraordinary acts of swallowing. There was an unfortunate man lately, at Swindon railway station, who, in drinking off a glass

\* "Sir Thomas Watson's Lectures." Lect. xxxiv.

of beer, swallowed a nail, and perished miserably. I fancy somebody ought to have been hung for gross carelessness in that business. Yet it was possible that the matter might have ended better. There is a perfectly authenticated case of a sailor who, in a drunken bravado, swallowed a clasp-knife. Through bets or proffers he repeated the trick, and swallowed a dozen at different times. After the thirteenth—an unlucky number—he died. In catching money in the mouth, the coin has sometimes gone down the throat, causing much grief. The well-known case of Brunel will be recollected. That prince of engineers, in showing his children some trick of legerdemain, got a half-sovereign in his throat. The throat was opened, but it could not be found. In a fit of violent coughing it dropped out of his throat, “just as,” says Sir Thomas Watson, “a coin may sometimes, by good luck, be shaken out of a box through a slit in the lid!” Another case is given of a shilling getting into the windpipe. Dr. Halford “directed the porter of the hospital to turn him upside-down in a corner of the surgery, when, after several expectoratory efforts, the shilling rolled out of his mouth.” A well-remembered case, given on the somewhat dubious authority of Mr. Samuel Weller, respecting swallowing, which Mr. Charles Dickens reads with peculiar gusto, might almost be cited as a case in the medical books.

Here is a scrap of intelligence which may give much comfort to smokers. Sir Thomas Watson quotes, with approval, “an old and intelligent asthmatic,” who writes: “Smoking, I am able to say, after fifteen years’ practice, and suffering as much as mortal can suffer and not die, is the best remedy for asthma, *if it can be relieved* by expectoration. I have been in the hands of all the doctors of the place for the last fifteen years; and still I say, smoke.” Some additional prescriptions may be cited. Here is one of the pithy kind: a doctor being asked what was good for acute rheumatism, answered, “Six weeks.” To put his meaning into a vernacular shape, he meant, “grin and bear it;” an analogous prescription to “patience and water gruel.” Dr. Marshall Hall prescribed to a fat old lady, that she should walk to the Serpentine every morning and dip her fin-

ger in it. “Happiness is the best tonic,” is one of his sayings. Comparatively few persons may know that the white of an egg may prove a very salutary, or that strychnia may be a very safe medicine. It is the great medicine of the nervous system. “Its least action,” says Dr. Marshall Hall, “is that of an invaluable spinal tonic. Its mean action is that of an invaluable spinal stimulus, terrific in its effects. Its most violent action is that of the thunderbolt.” Foreign travel was Marshall Hall’s very favorite prescription. He was a wonderful old man, learning Greek when he was nearly fifty, and crossing the Atlantic for the first time when he was over sixty. His own throat-affection was a very singular one. Here is a quaint anecdote from the interesting biography of Marshall Hall, by his widow. “Dr. Wilkins lent Dr. Hall a well-known book, ‘Body and Soul.’ The book being retained, he sent a note: ‘Dear Dr. Hall,—Do send back my body and soul: I cannot exist any longer without them.’ The servant who received the note was able, by pressing the sides, to read it. He was quite horror-stricken, and rushed into the kitchen, saying, ‘Cook, I can’t live any longer with the Doctor!’ ‘Why, what’s the matter?’ ‘Matter enough,’ replied the man; ‘our master has got Dr. Wilkins’s *body and soul*, and I have too much regard for my character to stay where there are such goings on!’” But as we were speaking of prescriptions, we may say that Dr. Skey’s prescriptions are, of the most cheerful kind with which we are acquainted.\* We only trust that they will not become too extensively popular. He is strongly in favor of stimulants, and rejoices that he has more than quadrupled the consumption of wine in his own hospital. He argues that you cannot cure disease with a feeble pulse. Mend the pulse, and Nature will do the rest. Give brandy to a man with a quick, weak pulse, and you do not raise but lower the pulse. He lays down two propositions; (1) that stimulants alone can restore the vital powers under great and sudden prostration; (2) and that then the capacity for stimulants is enormous, and they may be administered in safety almost to any extent.

\* “Hysteria. Treatment of Diseases by Tonic Agency.” By F. C. Skey, F.R.S. 1867.

On every side in medicine we are surrounded with mysteries. We discover isolated facts, which, as it were, furnish us with guesses and glimpses, but beyond these, in the slow state of science, we are unable to advance. For instance, it is a curious fact that, just before and during the prevalence of Asiatic cholera, there was a slight but ponderable increase in the weight of the atmosphere. Now this looked as if some heavy gas had been added to the atmosphere. It does not appear, however, that much stress has been laid upon this. The most remarkable fact recently discovered in case of cholera is that by an eminent German, Von Pettenkofer, who seems to have established that a porous subsoil and retreating ground water are "factors in the complex constituting an area or arena for cholera." On a still firmer basis rest the recent discoveries of the relations of soil to consumption. There is another very wonderful theory in connection with cholera and various other diseases. This is connected with the hypothesis, to which Linnæus gave his sanction, that insect life is the cause of disease. An astonishing field of speculation is here opened up to us. The general course of the reasoning may be easily presented.\* We all swallow every day a considerable amount of insect life. It is also certain that a vast amount of animal life exists in the atmosphere, that cannot be detected by the microscope. To suppose otherwise, would be to imply a sudden breach of continuity, such as we nowhere find in the animal being. It is only of late that we have come to understand the infusoria. It is probable, indeed all but certain, that the air is full of clouds and tracts of insect life, impalpable, inaudible, invisible to our grosser senses. This might go far to explain the marvels of spontaneous or equivocal generation. It is conjectured that these animalcules may act as poisons or causes of disease on substances exposed to them. It is a wonderful and not over-pleasant idea, that we are called upon to combat hordes of minute, invisible little beasts. Entozoa are constantly observed in the blood, and it has been even conjectured

that tubercular formations are due to them. It is argued that the material of all contagious disease is supplied by matter possessing all the conditions of parasitic life. There are some plausible reasons which might make us attribute cholera to animalcule life. It seems owing to a material, wandering poison, with the faculty of reproduction. On the hypothesis of an animal species, we should have an explanation that, in many curious minute particulars, corresponds both to what we know of insect life and of the phenomena of the disease. It seems to be a well-attested circumstance that cholera sometimes spreads in the face of a prevailing wind. It is an interesting fact that the presence of cholera seems to have a deterring effect upon birds. "In many respects the erratic and ambiguous course of cholera is well represented by the flight, settlement, and propagation of the insect swarms which inflict blight upon vegetable life." The proof is altogether incomplete, but it stands scrutiny singularly well.

Again, the following illustration strongly shows the darkness in which we live. The most severe symptoms may denote nothing serious (except that excessive pain is in itself a serious thing), and, on the other hand, the slightest symptoms may point to most serious disease.\* For instance, irregularity of the pulse may mean everything or it may mean nothing. Moreover, a man may have most serious disease without a single symptom to betray its existence. In what is called "latent inflammation of the lungs," without pain, without cough, without difficulty of breathing, without abnormal expectoration, the disease passed through its full course to the ultimate surprise and horror of the physicians. A headache may be a mere trifle, or it may be accompanied with some symptoms that may indicate deadly disease. Unusual cheerfulness, great exhilaration of spirits may be an unfavorable symptom, precursors of an attack of epilepsy. It is quite possible to have a "sudden seizure" without the patient or his friends being at all aware of it. The late famous preacher, Christopher Benson, became deaf in a single moment.

\* See Sir Henry Hallam's "Medical Notes and Reflections."

\* "Of all symptoms pain is the most inconstant and uncertain, whatever be the disease."—Latham, "On the Heart."



Again, some men are always making astounding physiological discoveries, especially such a man as M. Claude Bernard, who announces that in all healthy persons an active manufacture of sugar is always going on. Every now and then some medical subject turns up in which the general public becomes largely interested. At present the surgical mind is greatly moved on the question whether those unfortunate gentlemen, the Siamese twins, could endure with safety a separation of the ligature that connects them. Mr. Bence Jones has lately written a letter to the "Times," on a subject which of late years has emerged into a very high degree of importance. It is now quite possible for boys that are mere children, by getting through competitive examinations on the foundation of public schools, to save their parents many hundred pounds. This unwise system leads to an enormous accession of youthful misery. We regret that Dr. Bence Jones's letter did not elicit a public discussion that might be fertile in results and stop an injurious system. At the present time the use of carbolic acid is becoming a fashionable remedy. Another instance of the fashion in remedies occurs. Eight or ten years ago there was a great deal written and said in Dublin on the efficacy of larch bark in chronic bronchitis. Like other members of the same class—the Terebinthnates—it doubtless possessed useful astringent property. But somehow it dropped out of practice. It is not to be found in the last edition of the "Pharmacopœia." We now perceive that Dr. Greenhow, in his new and most useful work, strongly approves of it.\* Dr. Greenhow's remarks on mechanical irritation as a cause of chronic bronchitis show how much, beyond instances of deleterious trades, we suffer from dust, bad air, and gas. Here is a homely prescription which, in our own experience, we know worked wonders in a bad case of bronchitis: the simple device of keeping a kettle of boiling water on the fire, with a spout long enough to throw a constant jet of steam into the room, will suffice to moisten the air. His remarks on the tonic treatment

of the disease are very good, and his advice to keep in the fresh air as much as possible, almost comprises, for a bronchial patient, the whole duty of man.

But of all forms of disease, mental disease is the most terrible and also the most fascinating for the student in medicine or psychology. It is commonly stated, but to us the point seems doubtful, that insanity is rapidly increasing in the country. This department of medical literature is now peculiarly rich, but we are not acquainted with any work of deeper interest than the now classical work of Dr. Forbes Winslow. The recent fourth edition, so much enlarged as in some respects to be almost a new work, is now before us.\* The great literary charm of this work should not make the general reader insensible to its scientific value. We had marked a variety of passages in this volume for a discussion which we find we must defer for some other opportunity. He lays great stress upon the fact, which is most awful as well as most encouraging, that seventy, if not eighty per cent. of cases of insanity admit of perfect recovery if treated at an early stage. The logical, the moral, the metaphysical trains of reasoning in this volume are replete with instruction and interest, and, moreover, a whole romance of medicine might be evolved from the numerous striking narratives that he gives. We will only quote one, the rather as two similar instances have come to our personal knowledge. "A young gentleman having 10,000*l.* undisposed of and unemployed, placed it for business purposes in the hands of his confidential broker. This sum he invested in a stock that had an unexpected, sudden, and enormous rise in value. In a fortunate moment he sold out, and the 10,000*l.* realized 60,000*l.* An account of the successful monetary speculation was transmitted to the fortunate owner of this large sum. The startling intelligence produced a severe shock to the nervous system, and the mind lost its equilibrium. The poor fellow continued in a state of mental alienation for the remainder of his life. His constant occupation, until the day

\* "On Chronic Bronchitis, &c. Being Clinical Lectures delivered at the Middlesex Hospital." By E. Headlam Greenhow, M. D. Longmans. 1869.

\* "The Obscure Diseases of the Brain, and Disorders of the Mind." By Forbes Winslow, M.D., D.C.L. Fourth edition, revised. Churchill.

of his death, was playing with his fingers, and continually repeating without intermission, and with great animation and rapidity, the words 'Sixty thousand! sixty thousand! sixty thousand!' His mind was wholly absorbed in the one idea, and at this point the intelligence was arrested and came to a full stop."

And now for a few words on our illustrious patient-man. "It is a simple matter of fact and of every-day observation that all forms of animal work are the result of the reception and assimilation of a few cubic feet of oxygen, a few ounces of water, of starch, of fat, and of flesh." In a chemical point of view man may be defined to be something of this sort. That great authority, Professor Huxley, has lately been discussing what he calls "protoplasm," or "the physical basis of life." He seeks for that community of faculty which exists between the mossy, rock-encrusting lichen, and the painter, or botanist that studies it; between "the flower which a girl wears in her hair and the blood which courses through her youthful veins." Mr. Huxley finds it in the protoplasm, the structural unit of the body, the corpuscle, the epheroidal nucleus, which, in their multiples, make up the body or the plant. But unless his statement is limited and guarded, some color for materialism may be afforded by it. These make up the body, but, nevertheless, they are not the body. Suppose, to illustrate, we take the letters of the alphabet, *a, b, c, d*, we might similarly argue that because these letters occur in mathematics, metaphysical writings, and in comic songs, there is therefore something essentially mathematical, metaphysical, and comic about these letters. Again, Professor Huxley has not proved, and it is impossible for him to prove, that these protoplasms may not have

essential points of difference. The facts of organic life cannot be interpreted by the ascertained laws of chemistry and physics. Physiologists cannot tell us how it is "of four cells absolutely identical in organic structure and composition, one will grow into Socrates, another into a toadstool, one into a cockchafer, another into a whale."

But, as we said before, we are on ground encompassed on every side with clouds and darkness. Our readers will probably remember the very remarkable speculation of Mr. Darwin on the laws of inheritance.\* The great difference between muscular and constitutional vigor, and the further difference between animal vigor, whether muscular or constitutional, and what is called vital force—the two often being inversely developed—are matters of the deepest scientific interest, and fraught with a vast variety of practical consequences. Other subjects might be mooted of the largest possible medical and general interest. But we must now turn away from the fascinations and terrors of such lines of thought, wherein we are reminded so much of the greatness and the littleness, the glory and the humiliation, the incorruptibility and the mortality of man. It is much as Mr. Swinburne has put it in his *Atalanta in Calydon*,—

"And the high gods took in hand  
Fire and the falling of tears,  
And a measure of sliding sand,  
From under the feet of the years;  
And froth and drift of the sea;  
And dust of the laboring earth;  
And bodies of things to be  
In the houses of death and of birth;  
And wrought with weeping and laughter,  
And fashioned with loathing and love,  
With life before and after,  
And death beneath and above;  
For a day and a night and a morrow,  
That his strength might endure for a span,  
With travail and heavy sorrow,  
The holy spirit of man."

F. A.

## THE LAST HOURS OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND. BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A.\*

SHE was allowed to take six of her own people with her, and select them herself.

She chose her physician Burgoyne, Andrew Melville, the apothecary Gorion, and her surgeon, with two ladies,

\* "Animals and Plants under Domestication." Vol. ii., p. 78.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XI., No. 3.

\* New York: Scribner & Co.

Elizabeth Kennedy and Curle's young wife, Barbara Mowbray, whose child she had baptized. "Allons donc," she then said—"Let us go," and passing out attended by the earls, and leaning on the arm of an officer of the guard, she descended the great staircase to the hall. The news had spread far through the country. Thousands of people were collected outside the walls. About three hundred knights and gentlemen of the county had been admitted to witness the execution. The tables and forms had been removed, and a great wood fire was blazing in the chimney. At the upper end of the hall, above the fire-place, but near it, stood the scaffold, twelve feet square and two feet and a half high. It was covered with black cloth; a low rail run round it covered with black cloth also, and the sheriff's guard of halberdiers were ranged on the floor below on the four sides to keep off the crowd. On the scaffold was the block, black like the rest; a square black cushion was placed behind it, and behind the cushion a black chair; on the right were two other chairs for the earls. The axe leant against the rail, and two masked figures stood like mutes on either side at the back. The Queen of Scots, as she swept in, seemed as if coming to take a part in some solemn pageant. Not a muscle of her face could be seen to quiver; she ascended the scaffold with absolute composure, looked round her smiling, and sate down. Shrewsbury and Kent followed, and took their places; the sheriff stood at her left hand, and Beale then mounted a platform, and read the warrant aloud. In all the assembly Mary Stuart appeared the person least interested in the words which were consigning her to death. "Madam," said Lord Shrewsbury to her when the reading was ended, "you hear what we are commanded to do." "You will do your duty," she answered, and rose as if to kneel and pray. The Dean of Peterborough, Dr. Fletcher, approached the rail. "Madam," he began with a low obeisance, "the Queen's most excellent Majesty;" "Madam, the Queen's most excellent Majesty"—thrice he commenced his sentence, wanting words to pursue it. When he repeated the words a fourth time, she cut him short. "Mr. Dean," she said, "I am a Catholic, and must die a Catholic. It is useless to at-

tempt to move me, and your prayers will avail me but little." "Change your opinion, Madam," he cried, his tongue being loosed at last; "repent of your sins, settle your faith in Christ, by him to be saved." "Trouble not yourself further, Mr. Dean," she answered; "I am settled in my own faith, for which I mean to shed my blood." "I am sorry, Madam," said Shrewsbury, "to see you so addicted to Popery." "That image of Christ you hold there," said Kent, "will not profit you if He be not engraved in your heart." She did not reply, and turning her back on Fletcher knelt for her own devotions. He had been evidently instructed to impair the Catholic complexion of the scene, and the Queen of Scots was determined that he should not succeed. When she knelt he commenced an extempore prayer in which the assembly joined. As his voice sounded out in the hall she raised her own, reciting with powerful deep-chested tones the penitential Psalms in Latin, introducing English sentences at intervals, that the audience might know what she was saying, and praying with especial distinctness for her holy father the Pope. From time to time, with conspicuous vehemence, she struck the crucifix against her bosom, and then, as the Dean gave up the struggle, leaving her Latin, she prayed in English wholly, still clear and loud. She prayed for the Church which she had been ready to betray, for her son, whom she had disinherited, for the Queen whom she had endeavored to murder. She prayed God to avert his wrath from England, that England which she had sent a last message to Philip to beseech him to invade. She forgave her enemies, whom she had invited Philip not to forget, and then, praying to the saints to intercede for her with Christ, and kissing the crucifix and crossing her own breast, "Even as thy arms, oh Jesus," she cried, "were spread upon the cross, so receive me into thy mercy and forgive my sins." With these words she rose; the black mutes stepped forward, and in the usual form begged her forgiveness. "I forgive you," she said, "for now I hope you shall end all my troubles." They offered their help in arranging her dress. "Truly, my lords," she said with a smile to the Earls, "I never had such grooms

waiting on me before." Her ladies were allowed to come up upon the scaffold to assist her; for the work to be done was considerable, and had been prepared with no common thought. She laid her crucifix on her chair. The chief executioner took it as a perquisite, but was ordered instantly to lay it down. The lawn veil was lifted carefully off, not to disturb the hair, and was hung upon the rail. The black robe was next removed. Below it was a petticoat of crimson velvet. The black jacket followed, and under the jacket was a body of crimson satin. One of her ladies handed her a pair of crimson sleeves, with which she hastily covered her arms; and thus she stood on the black scaffold with the black figures all around her, blood-red from head to foot. Her reasons for adopting so extraordinary a costume must be left to conjecture. It is only certain that it must have been carefully studied, and that the pictorial effect must have been appalling. The women whose firmness had hitherto borne the trial, began now to give way, spasmodic sobs bursting from them which they could not check. "Ne criez vous," she said, "j'ay promis pour vous." Struggling bravely, they crossed their breasts again and again, she crossing them in turn, and bidding them pray for her. Then she knelt on the cushion. Barbara Mowbray bound her eyes with a handkerchief. "Adieu," she said, smiling for the last time and waving her hand to them, "Adieu, au revoir." They stepped back from off the scaffold, and left her alone. On her knees she repeated the psalm, *In te, Domine, confido*, "In thee, oh Lord, have I put my trust." Her shoulders being exposed, two scars became visible, one on either side, and the earls being now a little behind her, Kent pointed to them with his white wand, and looked inquiringly at his companion. Shrewsbury whispered that they were the remains of two abscesses from which she had suffered while living with him at Sheffield. When the psalm was finished she felt for the block, and, laying down her head, muttered, "*In manus, Domine tuas, commendo animam meam*." The hard wood seemed to hurt her, for she placed her hands under her neck. The executioners gently removed them, lest they should deaden the blow, and then one of them holding her slightly, the

other raised the axe and struck. The scene had been too trying even for the practised headsman of the Tower. His arm wandered. The blow fell on the knot of the handkerchief, and scarcely broke the skin. She neither spoke nor moved. He struck again, this time effectively. The head hung by a shred of skin, which he divided without withdrawing the axe; and at once a metamorphosis was witnessed, strange as was ever wrought by wand of fabled enchanter. The coif fell off and the false plaits. The labored illusion vanished. The lady who had knelt before the block was in the maturity of grace and loveliness. The executioner, when he raised the head, as usual, to show it to the crowd, exposed the withered features of a grizzled, wrinkled old woman. "So perish all enemies of the Queen," said the Dean of Peterborough. A loud Amen rose over the hall. "Such end," said the Earl of Kent, rising and standing over the body, "to the Queen's and the Gospel's enemies." Orders had been given that everything which she had worn should be immediately destroyed, that no relics should be carried off to work imaginary miracles. Sentinels stood at the doors who allowed no one to pass out without permission; and after the first pause, the earls still keeping their places, the body was stripped. It then appeared that a favorite lapdog had followed its mistress unperceived, and was concealed under her clothes; when discovered it gave a short cry, and seated itself between the head and the neck, from which the blood was still flowing. It was carried away and carefully washed, and then beads, Paternoster, handkerchief—each particle of dress which the blood had touched, with the cloth on the block and on the scaffold, was burnt in the hall fire in the presence of the crowd. The scaffold itself was next removed. A brief account of the execution was drawn up, with which Henry Talbot, Lord Shrewsbury's son, was sent to London, and then every one was dismissed. Silence settled down on Fotheringay, and the last scene of the life of Mary Stuart, in which tragedy and melodrama were so strangely intermingled, was over. A spectator, who was one of her warmest admirers, describes her bearing as infinitely tran-

scending the power of the most accomplished actor to represent. The association of the stage was, perhaps, unconsciously suggested by what was in fact, notwithstanding the tremendous reality with which it closed, the most brilliant acting throughout. The plain gray dress would have sufficed, had she cared only to go through with simplicity the part which was assigned to her. She intended to produce a dramatic sensation, and she succeeded. The self-possession was faultless, the courage splendid. Never did any human creature meet death more bravely; yet, in the midst of the admiration and pity which cannot be refused her, it is not to be forgotten that she was leaving the world with a lie upon her lips. She was a bad woman, disguised in the livery of a martyr, and, if in any sense at all she was suffering for her religion, it was because she had shown herself capable of those detestable crimes which in the sixteenth century appeared to be the proper fruits of it. To assume and to carry through the character of a victim of religious intolerance, to exhibit herself as an example of saintliness, suffering for devotion to the truth, would be to win the victory over Elizabeth, even in defeat and death, to fasten upon her the reputation of a persecutor, which she had most endeavored to avoid, to stamp her name with infamy, and possibly drag her down to destruction. Nor can it be said that she failed. She could not, indeed, stay the progress of the Reforma-

tion, make England a province of Spain, or arrest the dissolution of an exploded creed; but she became a fitting tutelary saint for the sentimental Romanism of the modern world. She has had her revenge, if not on Elizabeth living, yet on her memory in the annals of her country; and English history will continue, probably to the end of time, to represent the treatment of Mary Stuart, which, if it erred at all, erred from the beginning on the side of leniency and weakness, as the one indelible stain on the reputation of the great Queen. "Who now doubts," writes an eloquent modern writer, "that it would have been wiser in Elizabeth to spare her life?" Rather, the political wisdom of a critical and difficult act has never in the world's history been more signally justified. It cut away the only interest on which the Scotch and English Catholics could possibly have combined. It determined Philip upon the undisguised pursuit of the English throne, and it enlisted against him and his projects the passionate patriotism of the English nobility, who refused to be tempted, even by their creed, to betray the independence of their country. At once and forever it destroyed the hope that the Spanish Armada would find a party to welcome it. The entire Catholic organization, as directed against England, was smitten with paralysis; and the Queen found herself, when the invader arrived at last, supported by the loyal enthusiasm of an undivided nation.

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The Quarterly Review.

ISLAM.

(Concluded.)

WE shall return to this "Religion of Abraham," which is the clue to Islam—and the mystery of which the Midrash alone solves satisfactorily. At this stage it behooves us to follow out the vicissitudes of Mohammed's career as briefly as we may: for without these we could never fully comprehend that religion, whereof he is the corner-stone and the pinnacle.

And first as to his early miracles, which nearly proved his ruin. The Jews required a sign, says the New

Testament. The desire to see the Prophet, the chosen and gifted person, perform things apparently contrary to what is called nature—sights and sounds to wonder at, things by which to prove his intimate communication with and the command over the more or less personified powers of the Cosmos, of which ancient and mediæval times had so vague a notion—is very easily understood; and both the Old and New Testament are replete with extraordinary manifestations. The Talmud, while re-

presenting, to a certain extent, what is called the "advanced" opinion of the time, certainly contains views somewhat different from the popular one. "Esther's Miracle," it says, "was the last—the end of all miracles." And she is called, in allusion to the well-known Psalm-heading, "Hind of the Dawn"—*"because with her it first became Light."* And since there is nothing in the whole story of Esther which resembles in the faintest degree a "supernatural" act; and since, moreover, the name of God does not even appear in the book from beginning to end, this talmudic parlance of "miracles" is very like the modern use of the word, "prophet," of which it was remarked the other day that "many living writers, having first stripped the word of its ancient meaning, bestow it freely upon anybody." Furthermore the Mishnah had distinctly declared that miracles were "created" from the very beginning, in the gloaming of the sixth day. "God," says the Talmud, still more explicitly, "made it a condition upon the sea, when He created it, to open itself before the Israelites; the fire to leave the three martyrs unscathed; the heavens to open to the voice of Hezekiah," &c.\* No less clearly is the meaning of the Masters further expressed in such sentences as these: "The healing of a sick person often is a greater miracle than that which happened to the men in the pit. Those that have been saved from flagrant sin may consider that a miracle has happened to them. Do not reckon upon a miracle—they do not happen every day. Those to whom a miracle happens often know it not themselves," &c., &c. But the old craving for wonders was either still strong among them, or they wished to vex Mohammed's soul—as they did in a thousand bitter little ways—when they found themselves disappointed in him, and so incited people to ask him for some miraculous performance. He is asked, he complains, to cause wells and rivers to gush forth, to bring down the heaven in pieces, to remove mountains, to have a house of gold, to ascend to heaven by a ladder, to cause the dead to speak, and to make Allah and his Angels tes-

tify to him—and he indignantly bursts out, "My Lord be praised! Am I more than a man sent as an apostle? . . . Angels do not commonly walk the earth, or God would have despatched an angel to preach His truth to you;" and, he says, when they do see a sign—even the moon splitting—these unbelievers but turn aside, saying: "This is a well-devised trick, a sleight of hand."

How well he had entered into the meaning of those Talmudical notions on miracles—"Esther's being the last"—and how positively he spoke upon that point, though in vain, is best shown by his protest that "the miracles of all prophets were confined to their own times. My miracle is *the Koran*, which shall remain forever, and I am hopeful of having more followers than any of the other prophets." "Former prophets," he also used to say (and this is one of the most momentous dicta), "were sent to their own sects. I was sent to all. I have been sent for one thing only: to make straight the crooked paths, to *unite the strayed tribes*, and to teach that 'There is no God but God by whom the eyes of the blind and the ears of the deaf shall be opened, and the hearts of those who know nothing.' " And over and over again he points to those much greater signs "in Heaven and on Earth" than any wondrous manifestation that had ever been wrought by prophets—the sun, and the moon, and the stars, the day and the night, the structure of men's bodies, the mountains which steady the earth, the water that comes from on high to slake the thirst of man, and cattle, and plant, and tree: even the olive-tree, and the palm-tree, and the vine—and he speaks to these desert folk of the sea upon which walk the great ships. Are not all these things made for man's use and service, even while they serve Allah. . . . "I never said that Allah's treasures are in my hands, that I knew the hidden things, or that I was an Angel. . . . I, who cannot even help or trust myself, unless Allah willeth. Will ye not reflect a little?" . . . Did they perceive the flashes of lightning and the thunderous rolls? Allah would show them His miracles in good time—even the yawning mouth of Hell. Then they would indeed believe, even as those people of the Cities of the

\* See "Talmud," p. 457.

Plain had believed, when it was too late. Had their caravans passed the Dead Sea—even Sodom and Gomorrah? Did they know how Thamud and Ad were destroyed by a terrible cry from Heaven, or what had become of Pharaoh? "These are the signs of Allah. . . . He giveth Life, and He giveth Death, and unto Him ye must return." . . . And to leave no doubt as to what his own signs and wonders really consist of, the single verses of the Koran are called *Ayat* = Hebr. *Ot* :—*letter, sign, wonder*.

But all these protests availed naught. Miracles there must be, and miracles there were. Three—and that is all—are *hinted* at in the Koran. First, Mohammed's seeing Gabriel "in the open horizon," when despair drove him to attempt self-destruction: "One mighty in power, endued with understanding," revealed himself to him, then "on the highest part of the horizon, at two bows' length." And again he appears to him under a certain tree, "the Tree of the Limit"—a lotos-tree: covered with myriads of angels, near the Garden of Repose. This second vision, however, is probably connected with the *Miraj*, or Mohammed's Night-journey. The Jews had told the Arabians that no prophet ever arose out of the Holy Land, and that Moses had gone up to Heaven. What they did not tell them probably was that other significant saying, that, since the destruction of Jerusalem, the gift of prophecy had fallen to fools and babes—a dictum we have often enough felt inclined to quote of our own days. And further, that the Talmud states, as expressly as can be, that "Moses never went up to Heaven,—even as it is written, 'The Heavens are Jehovah's, and the Earth hath He given to the children of man.' " \*

It was therefore absolutely necessary that the Prophet should have been in the Holy Land, nay in Jerusalem. And the *Miraj* happened, the transfiguration, the ascension, the real consummation of Mohammed's mission, and the centre of Islamic transcendental legend and creed. A whole volume of traditions exists on this one single point.

"Praise be unto Him," says the Koran, "who transported His servant by night from

the temple Al Harâm (Mecca) to the remotest temple (of Jerusalem), the circuit of which we have blessed, that we might show Him some of our signs. Verily He, that heareth, that seeth!" . . .

And in verse sixty-two of that same chapter, this journey is emphatically declared to be a "Vision"—"a dream"—"a trial for men."

And these are its brief outlines, though Mohammed's own account was probably still more briefly and soberly conceived as compared with the worlds of golden dreams in which the later legend revels.\*

In the middle of the night Gabriel appeared to Mohammed and told him that the Lord had intended to bestow honor upon him such as He had not bestowed upon any born being yet, such as had never come into any man's heart. He arose and they went to the Kaaba, which they encompassed seven times. Gabriel then took out Mohammed's heart, washed it in the well Zemzem, filled it with faith and knowledge, and put it back in its place. He was then clothed in a robe of light, and was covered with a turban of light, in which, in thousandfold rays of light gleamed the words, "Mohammed is God's Prophet; Mohammed is God's Friend." Then, surrounded by myriads of angels, he bestrode the *Borak*—which only means Lightning—and he had the face of a man; his red chest was as a ruby, and his back like a white pearl. His wings reached from the eastern point of the horizon to the western, and at every step he went as far as eye could see. Thrice Mohammed prayed while he flew: at Medina, at Madyan, at Bethlehem. Sweet voices were calling—to the left, to the right, before him, behind him: beautiful women flitted around: he heeded naught. And the angel told him that had he listened to the first voice, his followers would have

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\* We may have occasion to trace some of the gorgeous features of this Vision in the later Haggadah, when we speak of Mohammed's Heaven and Hell. Exceedingly characteristic are the differences on some points: among other things, the entire omission in the Mohammedan legend of that fifth Heaven of the Midrash "Gan Eden," which is reserved for the souls of noble women—Pharaoh's daughter, who so tenderly took pity on the child Moses, occupying the first place in the first circle.

\* See "Talmud," p. 459.

become Jews; to the second, Christians; to the third, they would have given up Paradise for the pleasures of this world. At Jerusalem he entered, greeted by new hosts of angels, the Temple (and the ring by which the Borak was fastened has no doubt been seen by many of our readers near the "Dome of the Rock"); and here all the prophets, Christ among them, were assembled; and very striking are the likenesses given of them. Abraham resembled Mohammed most of all.

Prayers were said, and Mohammed acted as Priest Precentor. Most of the prophets then held a brief discourse in praise of God, and descriptive of their own individual mission on earth. Mohammed, having spoken last, ascended Jacob's ladder, standing upon *the Rock*, the same which forms, according to the Midrash, the foundation-stone of the earth. And a very strange-looking rock it is, rising a few feet above the marble around, scarcely touched with the chisel, and at its south-western corner there is seen the "footprint of the Prophet," and next to it the "handprint of Gabriel," who held down the rock as it tried to rise heavenwards with God's Messenger. The ladder on which Mohammed mounted into the regions of light is the same which Jacob saw in his dream: it reaches from Heaven to Earth, and on it the souls of the departed return to God. It is made of ruby and emerald; of gold and of silver, and of precious stones.

Having passed the angel who held the seven earths and the seven heavenly spheres, and the blue abyss in which float all ideal prototypes of things sub-lunary, he and Gabriel arrived at the Gates of the first Heaven of the World, where myriads of new angels held watch. Both he and Gabriel entered and found other myriads praising God in the postures of Muslim prayer. On a magnificent throne sat Adam, dressed in light, the human souls arrayed by his sides—to his right the good souls, to his left the wicked ones. Further on were Paradise and Hell. Punishments were wrought here according to earthly deeds. The miserly souls were naked, and hungry, and thirsty; thieves and swindlers sat at tables filled with gorgeous things, of which they were not

allowed to participate; and scoffers and slanderers carried heavy spiked logs of wood that tore their flesh, even as they had wounded the hearts of their fellow-men. Thus they passed heaven after heaven. In the second they found Christ and John the Baptist; in the third, Joseph and David; in the fourth, Enoch; in the fifth, Aaron; in the sixth, Moses, who wept because Mohammed was to be more exalted than he had been. In the highest heaven they found Abraham. Above the seventh heaven they came to a tree of vast leaves and fruits. In it is Gabriel's dwelling-place, on one branch of untold expanse; in another, myriads of angels are reading the Pentateuch; in another, other myriads of angels read the Gospel; yet in another, they sing the Psalms; and in another they chant the Koran, from eternity to eternity. Four rivers flow forth from this region, one of which is the *River of Mercy*. There is also a House of Prayer there, right above the Kaaba.\* Near it a tank of light, from which, when Gabriel's light approaches it, seventy thousand angels spring into existence—which will remind our readers of the river of fire that rolls its flames under the Divine throne, and out of which rise ever new myriads of angels, who praise God and sink back into naught. They approach the temple singing praises unto God; and each time, when their voices resound, a new angel is born. "Not a drop of water is in the sea, not a leaf on a tree, not a span of space in the heavens that is not guarded by an angel." And to this day all these gorgeous transcendentalisms and day-dreams survive bodily in certain Jewish mystic liturgical poems (Piut), into which the golden rivers of the Haggadah have been turned by Poets or "Paitanas" at an early period.†

A space further, a little space, after the Tree of the Limit, Mohammed found himself of a sudden alone. Neither Gabriel nor Borak dared go beyond it; and he heard a voice calling "Approach." And

\* In accordance with the haggadistic notion of the "Jerusalem above," and the "heavenly Jerusalem" of the New Testament.

† In Western Europe this part of the Jewish Liturgy, as too mystical for the weaker brethren, has now mostly been abrogated.



he passed on, and curtain after curtain, and veil after veil was drawn up before him and fell behind him. When the last curtain rose, he stood within two bowshots from the Throne; and here—says the Koran—"he saw the greatest of the signs of his Lord." No pen dared to say more. "There was a great stillness, and nothing was heard except the silent sound of the reed, wherewith the decrees of God are inscribed upon the tablets of Fate."...

It would indeed be a labor of love, and not without its reward, to follow this Miraj-Saga through all its stages, down to the Persian and Turkish cycles. But it is not our task. All we have to add here is that Mohammed is not to be made responsible for some of his enthusiastic admirers when they transformed this vision—a vision as grand as any in the whole Divine Comedy,—which indeed has unconsciously borrowed some of its richest plumage from it,—but which Mohammed, until he was sick of it, insisted on calling a *Dream*, into insipidity and drivel.

One feature more deserves mention. When Zaid asked the Prophet after his little daughter who had died, he answered that she was in Paradise and happy. And Zaid wept bitterly.

Remains, as of traditional miracles, the last one of the two Angels who took out Mohammed's heart when he was a boy, purified it in snow, then weighed it, and found it weightier than all the thousands they put into the other scale:—a parable equally transparent, and hardly a "miracle" in the conventional sense of the word.

One only command was given to Mohammed on that occasion of the Ascension:—that his faithful should pray fifty times daily. And when he returned to where Moses waited for him, and told him this, Moses made him return to pray to God to reduce the number. And it was made forty. This is still too much, Moses said; I know that the faithful will not be able to do even thus much. And again and again was the number reduced till it came to five, and Mohammed no longer dared return to God, though Moses urged him to do so.

Very strikingly indeed does the Hag-gadah manifest her constant presence, not merely throughout this whole Vision, but even in such minute features as this last, of God's instructing Mohammed

about prayer.\* For when the Pentateuch records that extraordinary manifestation of God to Moses on the rock, where the glory of the Lord passeth by and proclaims: "Jehovah, Jehovah, God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant of goodness and truth, and keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, and transgression and sin" . . . the Talmud first of all introduces this passage, as is its wont in the like anthropomorphic passages, with the awe-stricken, half-trembling words that, If Holy Writ had not said this, no man would dare to speak of a like manifestation; and, next, proceeds to explain that "*God showed Moses how that men should pray.*" "Let them invoke my Mercy and my Long-suffering. I will forgive them. Jehovah—twice repeated—means, It is Jehovah, even I, before man sinneth, and I, the selfsame Jehovah, after he has sinned and repented."

It is time that we should now return, after these many indispensable little monographs, to the founder of Islam himself, as a historical personage. Ere we proceed to his book and faith, we must sum up the events that led first to his Flight, that event with which not only he, but Arabia, enters history, an event fraught with intense importance for all mankind.

When Mohammed had become clear as to his mission, he sought converts. And his first convert was his faithful motherly Chadija; his second the freed slave Zaid, probably a Christian, whom he adopted; and his third, his small cousin Ali, ten years of age. Chadija, his good angel, Tradition reports,

"believed in Mohammed and believed in the truth of the Revelation, and fortified him in his aims. She was the first who believed in God, in His messenger, and in the Revelation. Thereby God had sent him comfort, for as often as he heard aught disagreeable, contradictory, or how he was shown to be a liar, she was sad about it. God comforted him through her when he returned to her, in rousing him up again and making his burden more light to him, assuring him of her own faith in him, and representing to him the futility of men's babble."

And, in truth, when she died, not merely he but Islam mourned much of their fervor, much of their purity. He

\* For the shortening of it see above, p 318, note †.

would not be comforted, though he married many wives after her; and the handsomest and youngest of his wives would never cease being jealous of that "dead, toothless old woman." Abu Bakr, a wealthy merchant, energetic, prudent, and honest, joined at once. He had probably been a fellow-disciple of Mohammed at the feet of Zaid the Skeptic, and was his confidant and bosom friend throughout his life—the only one who unhesitatingly joined, "who tarried not, neither was he perplexed," Mohammed said of him. It was he who stood at the head of the twelve chosen Apostles who subsequently rallied round the Prophet, among whom we find Hanza, the Lion of God, Othman, Omar, and the rest, men of energy, talent, and wealth, and long before adverse to Paganism. Those twelve were his principal advisers while he lived, and after his death they founded an empire greater than that of Alexander or Rome. As to Abu Bakr, he was but two years younger than the Prophet, not a man of genius, but of calm, clear, impartial judgment, and yet of so tender and sympathetic a heart that he used to be called "the Sighing." He was not only one of the most popular men, but also rich and generous, and thus his influence cannot well be overrated. It is his adherence to Mohammed throughout, which, even by those who most depreciate the Prophet, is taken as one of the highest guarantees of the latter's sincerity. Nay, he is said to have done more for Islam than Mohammed himself—not to mention that, with his extensive knowledge of genealogy, one of the most important sciences of the period, he was able, at the Prophet's desire, to supply Hassan, the poet of the Faith, with matter for satires against the inimical Kureish.

Most of Mohammed's relations seemed to have treated his teachings with scorn. "There he goes," they used to say; "he is going to speak to the world about the Heavens now." Abu Lahab, in open family council, called him a fool, instantly upon which followed that characteristic Surah, "Perish shall the hands of Abu Lahab. May he perish. . . . And his wife shall carry fuel for his hell fire." The other Meccans treated the whole story of his mission, his revelations, and dreams, with something like

pitiful contempt, as long as he kept to generalities, though the number of un-influential adherents grew apace. But when he spoke of their gods, which they naïvely enough would call *Thagût* (Error), the technical Jewish word for Idols,\* as Idols, they waxed wroth, and combined against him, until the stir both he and they made, spread more and more rapidly and dangerously, and with it rose his own courage. He felt committed. All hesitations, and doubts, and fears, and reconciliations, he cast behind him now. He openly set the proud Meccans at defiance. He cursed those who reviled him with burning curses. He cursed their fathers in their graves; nay, his own father would undergo eternal punishment in hell, for that he had been an idolater. "There is no God but Allah!" He cried it aloud, day and night, and the echoes became more and more frequent.

His life was in jeopardy now, and his uncle Abu Talib, under whose protection he had fallen when a youth, stood forth against the whole clan. He would protect him if they all combined against him. Did he believe in his Mission? Not in the least. He remained steadfast in his own creed or skepticism to the day of his death. But he was an Arab, a Shemite. He had adopted him, and promised to protect him; and nothing, absolutely nothing, could cause him to break that holiest of engagements. He received the deputations of his kinsfolk, listened to their speeches, "how that Mohammed blasphemed their gods, called the living fools and the dead denizens of hell fire, that he was mad, brought disgrace upon their family and the whole clan, that he ought to be extinguished somehow—anyhow;" and he shook his head, saying nothing, or next to nothing. Again they returned and again, and, at last, demanded that the Possessed Man should be given up to them to be dealt with according to their judgment. If not—"We are determined no longer to bear his blasphemy towards our gods, nor his insults towards ourselves. If thou givest him protection, we will fight both him and thee, until one of us shall have been extinguished."

Abu Talib sent for Mohammed and

\* See *Targums*, in Smith's "Dict. of the Bible."

told him what had happened, representing to him the position of affairs, and spoke to him about the danger he had brought upon their good old tribe. And very characteristic, not merely for the dramatic personæ, but for Arab feeling, is the further story of the interview. Mohammed, though fully believing now that even his uncle was about to abandon him to the mercies of his kinsfolk, replied—"By Allah, uncle, if they put the sun to my right hand, and the moon to my left, I will not give up the course which I am pursuing until Allah gives me success or I perish." And the tears starting to his eyes, he turned to depart. Then Abu Talib cried out aloud, "Son of my brother, come back!" And he returned. And Abu Talib said: "Depart in peace, O my nephew! Say whatever thou desirest, for, by Allah, I will in no wise abandon thee, forever."

Fanaticism here baffled sought an outlet elsewhere. As usual, the weak and the unprotected became the first victims and martyrs to their faith, whilst others apostatized, until Mohammed himself advised his converts to go to Abyssinia, where there ruled a pious and just king, and where they would find protection. Here also, when Meccan ambassadors pursued them, and tried to obtain their extradition, they declared their creed to the Negus in these words:—

"We lived in ignorance, in idolatry, and unchastity, the strong oppressed the weak, we spoke untruth, violated the duties of hospitality. Then a prophet arose, one whom we knew from our youth, with whose descent, and conduct, and good faith, and morality we are all well acquainted. He told us to worship one God, to speak the truth, to keep good faith, to assist our relations, to fulfil the rights of hospitality, to abstain from all things impure, ungodly, unrighteous. And he ordered us to say prayers, give alms, and to fast. We believed in him, we followed him. But our countrymen persecuted us, tortured us, and tried to cause us to forsake our religion, and now we throw ourselves upon your protection and confidence."

They then read him the nineteenth chapter of the Koran, which speaks of Christ and John the Baptist, and they all wept, and the King dismissed the Meccan messengers, refusing to give up the refugees. As to the nature of Christ they gave him a somewhat vague account, with which

the King, however, agreed—to his later discomfiture.

This nineteenth chapter, which so moved them all, contains the story both of the Annunciation of John's birth to Zacharias, and that of Christ's birth to the Virgin. It is here where Maryam = Mary, "the daughter of Amrân, the sister of Harûn," is described, as in the Gospel of the Infancy, as leaning on a barren trunk of a palm-tree when the throes come upon her, and she cries, "Would to God that I had been dead and forgotten before this." . . . And a voice came from within, "Grieve not." And a rivulet gushed forth at her feet, and the erst withered palm glistened with luscious dates. Then, taunted by the people for having borne a child—"her father not being a bad man, nor her mother disreputable,"—the child itself, even Christ, to whom she mutely points, answers to everybody's wonderment, out of his cradle, in this wise: "I am a servant of Allah. He has given me the Book, and He has appointed me as a Prophet." And a few verses further on, a new rhyme indicates the commencement of a new episode, which reads as follows: "This is Jesus the son of Maryam, according to the true doctrine (not 'the words of truth,' as often translated), which they doubt. It is not fit for God that He should have a son. Praise to Him!" (i.e., far be it from Him). And finally, at the end of this same chapter,—

"They say God has begotten a son. In this ye utter a blasphemy; and but little is wanting but the Heavens should tear open, and the earth cleave asunder, and the mountains fall down, for that they attribute children to the Merciful, whereas it is not meet for God to have children. No one in Heaven and on Earth shall approach the Merciful otherwise than as His servant." . . .

This is the first *Hajrah*, the first triumph of the Faith. But meanwhile Mohammed himself had recanted, apostatized—twice. While the small band were proclaiming the purity of his Revelation before the Negus of Abyssinia, Mohammed had gone to the Kaaba, and in his sorely embittered state of mind, finding himself alienated from everybody, in the midst of an absolutely hopeless, almost single-handed struggle, invoked, before the assembled Kureish,

their three popular idols—"the sublime swans," whose intercession might be sought. The Assembly were delighted, and, though they despised his feebleness, they yet wished to put an end to the unseen strife, and forthwith declared their readiness to believe in his doctrine, since it embraced the worship of their ancient gods. But on the day following Mohammed publicly rescinded that declaration. "The devil had prompted him," he declared boldly, and bitterer waxed the feud than before. But his mind was, as we said, in a sorely vexed state at that time. He was low spirited, nervous, full of fear, and he was still ready to make concessions. To escape abuse, he at about the same period declared that he had been commanded to permit the continuation of sacrifices to the idols; and then he repented again, and verses expressive of his contrition at his momentary weakness came and comforted him in the midst of the new troubles caused by his recantation. At that time it was also that great comfort came to him in the conversion of those two: Hamza, called the Lion of God, and Omar, the Paul of Islam, whilom Mohammed's bitterest adversary, who had entered the house of Mohammed girded with his sword, resolved on slaying him, and who returned a Muslim, the most zealous apostle of the faith, its most valiant defender and mainstay. Among the twelve of whom we spoke, Abu Bakr and Hamza became the principal heads and mainsprings of young Islam.

And now the breach in the clan was completed. The whole family of Mohammed, the Hashimites, were excommunicated. Great hardships ensued for both sides for the space of three years, until when both were anxious to remove the excommunication, the document itself was found to have been destroyed by worms—all but the name of God with which it commenced. While thus, on the one hand, Mohammed's star seemed in the ascendant, he having forced, if not recognition, at any rate toleration, a bitter grief befell him. Chadija, sixty-five years of age, died; shortly after his protector, Abu Talib; and, as if to fill the cup of his misery, he now became aware also that he was a beggar. As long as Chadija lived she

provided for him, leaving him to believe in his prosperity. For he was chiefly occupied with his Revelations, and with going about preaching to the caravans, the pilgrims, the people, at the fairs. And behind him went his other uncle, like a grim shadow, and when he exhorted the people to repeat after him: "There is no God but Allah," and promised that they would all be kings if they did—as indeed they became; Abu Lahab "the squinter," with his two black side-curls, would mock at him, call him a liar and a Sabian. And the people mocked after him, and drove him away, and said, "Surely your own kinsfolk must know best what sort of a prophet you be." This Abu Lahab now had to stand forward, and as kinsman to take upon himself the galling charge of protecting Mohammed, whom he loathed. Abu Talib had resisted on his death-bed the entreaties both of Mohammed and of the Koreish—the one trying to induce him to embrace Islam, the others to give up his nephew. He did neither, and thus left the matter where it was. But Mohammed felt the awkwardness and danger of his position as the protected of his great foe very keenly, and he resolved to turn away from the place of his birth, even as Abraham had done, and Moses, and other prophets, and try to gain a hearing elsewhere. He accordingly went to Tayif, within three days' journey of Mecca, but he was unsuccessful. They hinted that his life would not be safe among them. The rabble looted and pelted him with stones. He returned with a sad heart. On his road he stopped, and preached. And as whilom the stones had said Amen to the blind Saint's sermon, so now, legend says, the Jin listened to his words, as men would not hear him. And when Zaid, who went with him, asked him how he dared to return to the Koreish, he replied, "God will find means to protect His religion and his prophet."

And in the midst of these vicissitudes the event happened without which Mohammedanism would never have been heard of, save as one of the thousand outbreaks of sectarianism.

Medina, then Yathrib, was inhabited by a great number of Jews. They had, as mentioned before, an academy, where both Halachah and Haggadah were ex-

pounded, though very unostentatiously. They lived in peace and friendship with their neighbors, but had often religious conversations with them, in which the idolaters fared badly enough. With keenness of intellect, with sudden sparks of *esprit*, with all the arts of casuistry, they showed them the inanity of their form of belief. They further, as the keepers of holy books, told them such legends and tales about their common ancestor Abraham, their common kinsman Ishmael, and all that befell those before, and those after them, that their imagination was kindled, their heart moved, their intellect fired, and that secretly they could not but agree to the mental and religious superiority of these their neighbors. But their Arab pride would not yield; and when they openly denied this superiority of Faith, the Jews would tell them that their Messiah would come and punish them for their unbelief, even as the unbelief of the legendary aborigines who had lived there before them had been punished.

When the few pilgrims who had patiently listened to Mohammed, at his many preachings, brought back the strange tidings to Medina that a certain man of good family had publicly renounced the old gods, and had spoken of the God of Abraham, and of his mission to convert his brethren to him, not a Jew, not preaching Judaism, but an Arab, a Gentile like themselves, a man of their own kith and kin, a man who had gradually acquired a certain position and following in spite of all attacks and hindrances, it struck some of the advanced and far-seeing men of that city, that this was an opportunity not to be lost. If their people, "in whom more dissension was to be found than in any other on the face of the earth," could be united by one pure faith, which was emphatically their own, and which, though acknowledging some of the fundamental truths of Judaism, did not acknowledge Judaism itself, it would be a vast achievement; and if, further, they would acknowledge the coming man, the Messiah, with whom they had been threatened by the Jews, before even these knew of him, they would gain a doubly brilliant victory. And they went to Mohammed secretly as a deputation, and told him that if he were capable of creating that

union, religious and political, which was needed, they would acknowledge him to be the foretold prophet, and "the greatest man that ever lived."

Mohammed then recited to them a brief summary of the commandments—to worship but One God, not to steal, not to commit adultery, not to kill their children, not to slander, and to obey his authority in things "right and just," which they repeated after him. This is called the women's vow, because the same points were afterwards repeated for the benefit of the women in the Koran, and because there was no mention of fighting for the faith in this formula.

Shortly after this a solemn and secret compact was entered into between another influential deputation from Medina and himself: in the stillness of night, "so that the sleeper should not be awakened, and the absent not be waited for." Here he more fully declared his faith. There are, he told them, many forms of Islam or Monotheism; and each takes a different kind of worship or outer garment. The real points consist of the belief in the Resurrection, in the Day of Judgment, and, above all, unconditional faith in one only God, Allah, unto whom utter submission is due, and who alone is to be feared and worshipped. Other essential points are consistency in misfortune, prayer, and charity.

Whereupon they swore allegiance into his hands. This over, he selected twelve men among them—Jesus had chosen twelve Apostles, and Moses his elders of the tribes of Israel, he said—and exhorted those who had not been chosen, not to be angry in their hearts, inasmuch as not he but Gabriel had determined the choice. These were the twelve "Bishops" (Nakib), while the other men of Medina are called "Aids" (Ansâr).

Secretly as these things had been done, they soon became known in Mecca, and now not a moment was to be lost. The Koraish could no longer brook this; Mohammed's folly had become dangerous. About one hundred families of influence in Mecca, who believed in the Prophet, silently disappeared, by twos, and threes, and fours, and went to Medina, where they were received with enthusiasm. Entire quarters of the city

thus became deserted, and Otba, at the sight of these vacant abodes, once teeming with life, "sighed heavily," and recited the old verse: "Every dwelling-place, even if it have been blessed ever so long, at last will become a prey to wind and woe." . . . "And," he bitterly added, "all this is the work of our noble nephew, who hath scattered our assemblies, ruined our affairs, and created dissension among us." The position now grew day by day more embarrassing. A blow had to be struck. Still Mohammed was in Mecca, he, Ali, and Abu Bakr. An assembly of the Koreish met in all despatch at the town-hall, and some chiefs of other clans were invited to attend. The matter had become a question for the commonwealth, not for a tribe. And the Devil also came, according to the legend, in the guise of a venerable sheikh. Stormy was the meeting, for the men began to be afraid. Imprisonment for life, perpetual exile, and finally death, were proposed. It is for this that Satan is wanted by the legend. No Arab would have counselled death for Mohammed. The last proposal was accepted; its execution deferred to the first dark night. A number of noble youths were to do the bloody deed. Meanwhile they watched his house to prevent his escape.

But meanwhile, also, "the angel Gabriel" had told Mohammed what his enemies had planned against him. And he put his own green garment upon Ali, bade him lie on his own bed, and escaped, as David had escaped, through the window. A price was set upon his head. Abu Bakr, the "sole companion," was with him. They hid in a cave in the direction opposite from that leading to Medina, on Mount Thaur. A spider wove his web over the mouth of the cave, relate the traditions. Be it observed, by the way, that even this spider and web belong to the Haggadah, and are found in the Targum to the ninety-fifth Psalm, where David is, by these means, hidden from his enemies. Two wild pigeons laid their eggs at the entrance of the cave, so that the pursuers were convinced that none could have entered it for many a long day; and the pigeons were blessed ever after, and made sacred within the Holy Territory. Once or twice danger was nigh, and Abu

Bakr began to fear. "They were but two," he said. "Nay," Mohammed said, "we are three; God is with us." And He was with them. It was a hot day in September, 622, when Mohammed entered Yathrib, from that time forth honored by the name of *Medinat An-Nabi*, the City of the Prophet, at noon:—ten, thirteen, or fifteen years (the traditions vary) after his assumption of the sacred office. This is the Hejrah, or Mohammedan Era, which dates from the first month of the first lunar year after the Prophet's entry into the city. A Jew watching on a tower espied him first, in order that there might be fulfilled the words of the Koran, "The Jews know him better than they know their own children." Before entering the gate he alighted from his camel and prayed.

From that time forth Mohammed's life, hitherto obscure and dark, stands out in its minutest details. He now is judge, law-giver, king; even to the day of his death. We shall leave our readers to follow out the minutiae of his life in any of the biographies at their hand, which, from this period forth, no longer differ in any essential point.

But here we turn at once to that period of his own dissensions with the Jews, who, as we said already, formed a very influential section at Medina. He had by degrees come to sanction and adopt as much of their dogmas, their legends, their ceremonies, as ever was compatible with his mission as a Prophet of the Arabs, and one who, barring the fundamental dogma of the Sonship, wished to conciliate also the Christians. He constantly refers to the testimony of the Jews, calls them the first receivers of the Law, and not merely in such matters as turning in prayer towards Jerusalem, instead of the national sanctuary, the Kaaba, he had followed them—nay, at Medina he even adopted the Day of Atonement, date, name, and all. All he wanted in return was that they should acknowledge him as the Prophet of the Gentiles (*Ummi*), and testify to his mission. But the veil had suddenly been torn from the eyes of these Jews. If they had thought him a meet instrument to convert all Arabia to Judaism, and had eagerly fostered and encouraged him, had instructed him in law and legend, and had caused him to believe in

himself and his mission, they of a sudden became aware that their supposed tool had become a thing of ever-growing power; and they had recourse to the most dangerous arms imaginable for laying that ghost which they had helped to raise. They laughed at him publicly. They told stories of how he came by his "Revelations." They who had been so anxious to inure him into the Midrash, challenged him by silly questions in Haggadistic lore,—to which he was imprudent enough to give serious replies,—to prove his Messiahship, with which they unceasingly taunted him. They produced the Bible, and showed how different the tales he told of the patriarchs and others were from those contained in that book; they who had begotten this Haggadistic guise themselves. Of course the stories did not agree, and even Christians (Omayyah and others) testified to that fact. What remained for Mohammed but to declare that, in those instances, both Jews and Christians had falsified their books, or that they did not understand them—applying to them the rabbinical designation of certain scholars: that though they had the books, they were but "as asses laden with them," and comprehended not their contents; or that they gave out foolish stories to be *the* Book itself. He now declared that, "of all men, Jews and Idolaters hate the Muslims most." And, in truth, when asked whether they preferred Mohammed's teaching or Idolatry, they would reply—as their ancestors had done centuries before—"Idolatry:—since idolaters did not know any better, whilst there were those who knowingly perverted the pure doctrine, and sowed strife and dissension between Israel and their Father which is in Heaven." Some Jewish fanatics even attempted his life—one, innocently enough, by witchcraft; another, by the more earnest missile of a stone. They wrote satires and squibs upon him, men and women. There was no end to their provocations. They mispronounced his Koranic words—"twisting their tongues"—so as to give them an offensive meaning. Their "look down upon us," sounded like "O our wicked one." For "forgiveness" they said "sin;" for "peace upon thee"—"contempt upon thee" and the like. They mocked at his expression of "giving God

a good loan"—"we being rich and He poor!" they said—evidently forgetting the similar expressions of the Mishnah itself, which speaks of certain good deeds\* as bringing interest in this world, while the capital is reserved for the next. And the inevitable happened. The breach came to pass, and there was hatred even unto death on both sides. It was too late to substitute another faith, other doctrines, other legends, even had they been at hand. But as much as could be done without endangering the whole structure, to show the irreconcilable breach, was done now. The faithful were no longer to turn their faces towards Jerusalem, but towards Mecca. Friday was made the day of rest, and the call to prayer was introduced as a supposed protest against the trumpet of the synagogue, though the trumpet was scarcely ever used for the purpose of the call to prayer. The Jews were not to be saluted in the streets; the faithful were to abstain from eating with them; they are declared beyond the pale—and bitterly had they to rue their lost game.

In the first year of the Hejrah Mohammed proclaimed war against the enemies of the faith. At Badr the Muslims first stood face to face with the Meccans, and routed them, though but 310 against 600. The Koreish and certain Jewish tribes were the next object of warfare. Six years after the flight he proclaimed a general pilgrimage to Mecca. Its inhabitants, though prohibiting this, concluded a peace with him, whereby he was recognized as a belligerent, and the pilgrimage was carried out the very next year. Next other Jewish tribes had to feel his iron rod, whilst he nearly lost his life at the hands of a Jewess, another Judith, who tried to poison him, and, when charged with the crime, said that she had only wished to see whether Mohammed really was a prophet, and now she was convinced of it. She thus saved her own life; but the poison worked on, and in his dying hour Mohammed spoke of that poison "cutting his heart-strings." His missionaries now sought a larger

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\* Such as reverence for father and mother, charity, early application to study, hospitality, doing the last honors to the dead, promoting peace between man and his neighbor. See "Talmud," p. 444

sphere than Arabia. Letters were sent by him to Heraclius, to the Governor of Egypt, to Abyssinia, to Chosroës II., to Amra the Ghassanide. The latter resented this as an insult, executed the messenger, and the first war between Islam and Christianity broke out. Islam was beaten. Mecca at these news rose anew, threw off the mask of friendship, and broke the alliance. Whereupon Mohammed marched of a sudden 10,000 men strong upon them before they had time for any preparation, took Mecca by storm, and was publicly acknowledged chief and prophet. More strife and more, chiefly minor, contests followed, in which he was more or less victorious. In the year of the Hejrah he undertook his last solemn pilgrimage to Mecca, with at least 40,000 Muslims, and there on Mount Arafat blessed them, like Moses, and repeated his last exhortations; chiefly telling them to protect the weak, the poor, and the women, and to abstain from usury.

Once again he thought of war. He planned a huge expedition against the Greeks; but he felt death approaching. One night, at midnight, he went to the cemetery of Medina, and prayed and wept upon the tombs, and asked God's blessing for his "companions resting in peace." Next day he went to the mosque as usual, ascended the pulpit, and commenced his exhortation with these words: "There was once a servant unto whom God had given the option of whatever worldly goods he would desire, or the rewards that are near God; and he chose those which are near God." And Abu Bakr, hearing these words, wept and said, "May our fathers and mothers, our lives and our goods, be a sacrifice for you, O messenger of God." And the people marvelled at these words. They wist not that the prophet spoke of his near death, but Abu Bakr knew. For a few more days Mohammed went about as usual; but terrible headaches, accompanied by feverish symptoms, soon forced him to seek rest. He chose Ayisha's house close to the mosque, and there took part as long as he could in public prayers. For the last time he addressed the faithful, asking them, like Moses, whether he had wronged any one, or whether he owed aught to any one. To round the story off right real-

istically, there was an imbecile present who claimed certain unpaid pennies; which were immediately refunded to him, though not without a bitter word. He then read passages from the Koran preparing them for his death, and exhorted them to keep peace among themselves. Never after that hour did he ascend the pulpit, says the tradition, "till the day of the Resurrection." Whether he intended to appoint a successor—Mosaylima, perhaps, the pseudo-prophet, as Sprenger suggests—or not, must always remain a mystery. It is well known that the writing materials for which he had asked were not given to him. Perhaps they did think him delirious, as they said. Some medicine was given to him, accompanied by certain superstitious rites and formulas. He protested with horror when he became aware of this. He wandered; somewhat of Heaven and Angels were his last words—"Denizens of Heaven . . . Sons of Abraham . . . prophets . . . they fall down, weeping, glorifying His Majesty . . ." Ayisha, in whose lap his head rested, felt it growing heavy and heavier: she looked into his face, saw his eyes gazing upwards, and heard him murmuring: "No, the companions above . . . in Paradise." She then took his hand in hers, praying. When she let it sink, it was cold and dead. This happened about noon of Monday (12th or 11th) of the third month in the 11th year of the Hejrah (8th June, 632). Terrible was the distress which the news of his death caused. Many of the faithful refused to believe in it, and Omar confirmed them in their doubt. But Abu Bakr sprang forth, saying, "Whosoever among you has believed in Mohammed, let him know that Mohammed is dead; but he who has believed in Mohammed's God, let him continue to serve Him, for He is still alive and never dies. . . ."

We have in this succinct review of the stages through which Mohammed went, carefully abstained from pronouncing upon him *ex cathedra*, from accusing or defending him. All this has been done, and public opinion is at rest on the point, for instance, of his marrying many wives, or committing wholesale slaughter when an example had to be made. Also with regard to his "cun-



ning," and "craftiness," and the rest of it. There is, Mohammedans tell us now, polygamy and massacre enough and to spare in the Bible, and its heroes are in no wise exempt from human frailties. Moreover, "far-sighted prudence and energetic action"—provided always that they belong to the victorious camp—are not considered very grave faults. But we have also abstained from adducing many Koranic passages, however tempting it was to substitute for our own sober account the glowing words of "inspiration"—the cry out of the depths of an intensely human heart in its sore agony—the wail over the peace that is lost—the exultant bugle-call that proclaims the God-given triumph—the yell of revenge, or the silent anguish, and the unheard, the unseen tear of a man. These things do indeed write a more faithful biography than the acutest historian will ever compile out of the infinite and infinitesimal mosaics at his disposal.

Mohammed has had many biographers, from the Byzantines who could not satisfy their souls with heaping up mountains of silly abuse; from Maracci and Prideaux—the former of whom has, not without some show of reason, been accused of being a secret believer, while the latter wishes to stop by his biography, "the great prevailing infidelity in the present age," more especially as he has reason to fear that "wrath hath some time gone forth from the Lord," and that the "Wicked One may, by some other such instrument, overwhelm us with foulest delusions"—to those great authorities, Sprenger, Muir, Nöldeke, Weil, Amari. The work of the first of these we have placed at the head of our paper because it is the most comprehensive, the most exhaustive, the most learned of all, because, more than any of the others, it does, by bringing all the material bodily before the reader, enable him to form his own judgment. Next to him in fulness and genuineness of matter, though not in genius perhaps, stands, to our thinking, Muir; only that a certain preconceived notion anent Satan seems to have taken somewhat too firm a hold upon his mind. Both Muir and Sprenger have drunk out of the fulness of the East in the East, spending part of their lives in research on In-

dian and Mohammedan soil. Weil, Amari, Nöldeke,\* have earned the first places among Koranic investigators in Europe, while Lane, that most illustrious master of Arab lexicography, has, both in his classical Notes on the "Arabian Nights" and in his "Modern Egyptians," thrown out most precious hints on the subject. And those that have written his life have all written it out of his book, the Koran, and its complement the Sunnah, and each has written it differently.

The Koran is a wonderful book in many respects, but chiefly in this, that it has no real beginning, middle, or end. Mohammed's mind is best portrayed here. It was not a well-regulated mind. Weil, in touching terms, almost appeals to the shadow of Mohammed to come and enlighten him as to what he said, when he said it, how he said it. He cannot forgive him, he states at the commencement of his "Introduction," that he did not put everything clearly and properly in order before his death—even as a man sends his "copy" to the printers. From date-leaves and tablets of white stone, from shoulder-bones and bits of parchment, thrown promiscuously into a box, and from "the breasts of men," was the first edition of the Koran prepared, one year after the prophet's death, and the single chapters were arranged *according to their respective lengths*: organ-pipe fashion—and not even that accurately. And Mohammed's book is not even as the Pentateuch, according to the Documentary Theory. There are not several accounts of the same or different events vaguely put together. Nor is it even like the Talmud, which, though apparently leading us by the Ariadne-thread of the Mishnah through its labyrinths, yet every now and then plunges us into pathless wildernesses of cave and vault; through which ever and anon streams in the golden light of day, showing the wise aim and plan of their tortuous windings. But in the Koranic structure there is no cunning, no special purpose, and, indeed, you may begin at every page and end at every

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\* We may on another occasion enter more fully upon the individual merits of their works, and those of many others in this large field: for the present, a bare reference to them must suffice.

page. Unless one should prefer to read it from beginning to end—and we warrant that, as it now stands, no one will easily perform that feat, unless he be a pious Muslim, or, perchance, makes it his Arabic text-book. Hence also not one of these *Savans* agrees about the succession of the Chapters. There is certainly a vast amount of truth or probability on the side of some suggestions: and Sprenger has, to our mind, come nearest, because he was the least fettered by conventionalities of view, but, son of the Alps and of the Desert, he set authority at defiance and sought out his path for himself. Yet with him, too, it is difficult to agree at times, according to the greater or less sympathy one feels with his stand-point and the view he takes of the Prophet himself.

Broadly speaking, three principal divisions may, with psychological truth, be established; the first, corresponding to the period of early struggles, being marked by the higher poetical flight, by the deeper appreciation of the beauties of nature, in sudden, most passionate, lava-like outbursts, which seem scarcely to articulate themselves into words. The more prosaic and didactic tone warns us of the approach of manhood, while the dogmatizing, the sermonizing, the reiteration, and the abandoning of all Scriptural and Haggadistic helpmates point to the secure possession of power, to the consummation and completion of the mission. But these divisions must not be relied upon too securely. There rings through what may very fairly be considered some of the very last Revelations ever and anon the old wild cry of doubt and despair, the sermon turns abruptly into a glowing vision; a sudden rhapsody inappropriately follows a small dogmatic disquisition, or a curse fiery and yelling as any of the hottest days is hurled upon some unbeliever's doomed head; while the very first utterances at times exhibit the theorizing, reflecting, arguing tendencies of ripe old age.

And it is exactly in these transitions, quick and sudden as lightning, that one of the great charms of the book, as it now stands, consists, and well might Goethe say that, "as often as we approach it, it always proves repulsive anew; gradually, however, it attracts, it

astonishes, and, in the end, forces into admiration." The Koran, moreover, suffers more than any other book we could think of by a translation, however masterly. If anywhere, it is here that the *summum jus summa injuria* holds good. What makes the Talmud so particularly delightful is this peculiar fact, that whenever jurisprudence with its thousand technicalities and uncouth terms is out of the question, it becomes easy, translucent, and clear to the merest beginner. The pathetic *naïveté* of its diction, and the evident pains it takes to make all its sayings household words, is something for which we cannot be too grateful. Hence also the fact that these words in their wisdom and grace must needs find an echo in every true heart, if told exactly as they stand, without attempt to color them. The grandeur of the Koran, on the other hand, consists, its contents apart, in its diction. We cannot explain the peculiarly dignified, impressive, sonorous nature of Semitic sound and parlance; its *sesquipedalia verba*, with their crowd of prefixes and affixes, each of them affirming its own position, while consciously bearing upon and influencing the central root—which they envelop like a garment of many folds, or as chosen courtiers move around the anointed person of the king.

Maybe, some stray reader remembers a certain thrill on waking suddenly in the middle of his first night on Eastern soil—waking, as it were, from dream into dream. For there came a voice, solitary, sweet, sonorous, floating from on high through the moonlight stillness—the voice of the blind Mueddin, singing the Ulah, or first Call to Prayer. At the sound whereof many a white figure would move silently on the low roofs, and not merely, like the palms and cypresses around, bow his head, but prostrate, and bend his knees. And the sounds went and came, "Allahu Akbar . . . . Prayer is better than sleep . . . . There is no God but He . . . . He giveth life, and He dieth not . . . . O! thou Bountiful . . . . Thy mercy ceaseth not . . . . My sins are great, greater is Thy mercy . . . . I extol his perfection . . . . Allahu Akbar!"—and this reader may have a vague notion of Arabic and Koranic sound, one which he will never forget. ʞ

But the Koran is *sui generis*, though its contents be often but the old wine in new bottles, and its form strikingly resembling that of pre-Islamic poetry, which it condemns. It is rhythmical, rhymed, condescends to word-plays, and indulges—and in one place to an appalling degree—in refrains. As usual, the rhyme—the swaddling-clothes of unborn thought—here too seems to run away at times, if not with the sense, at all events with the numbers. Yet not far; only that for the sake of the soft dual termination certain gardens and fountains and fruits are doubled: whilst on the other hand a lofty contempt for this thralldom is shown by *m* being made to answer to *n*, *l* to *r*, and so forth. Yet here, as in all these critical exoteric questions, we are treading on very dangerous ground, and we shall content ourselves with mentioning that there are at least three principal schools at variance on the very question whether the Koran is rhymed throughout: one affirming it, the other denying it, and the third taking a middle course.

We reserve all that we have to say on the outer or critical aspect of the Koran for the present; the scientific terms on this field: rules, divisions, and subdivisions, most minute and manifold, and the entire masoretic apparatus, with all the striking analogies with the corresponding Jewish labors that reveal themselves at every step.

We turn, in preference, at once to the intrinsic portion of this strange book—a book by the aid of which the Arabs conquered a world greater than that of Alexander the Great, greater than that of Rome, and in as many tens of years as the latter had wanted hundreds to accomplish her conquests; by the aid of which they, alone of all the Shemites, came to Europe as kings, whither the Phœnicians had come as tradesmen, and the Jews as fugitives or captives; came to Europe to hold up, together with these fugitives, the light to Humanity—they alone, while darkness lay around; to raise up the wisdom and knowledge of Hellas from the dead, to teach philosophy, medicine, astronomy and the golden art of song to the West as well as to the East, to stand at the cradle of modern science, and to cause us late epigoni forever to weep over the day when Granada fell.

We said that there is a great likeness between pre-Islamic poetry (even that of those inane “priests”) and the Koran. If Mohammed wished to go straight to the heart of his people, it could only be through the hallowed means of poetry—the sole vehicle of all their “science,” all tradition, all religion, all love, and all hatred. And, indeed, what has remained of fragments of that period of pre-Islamic poetry which immediately preceded Mohammed, broken, defaced, dimmed, as it is, by fanaticism and pedantic ignorance, prove it sufficiently to have been of all the brilliant periods of Arabic literature the most brilliant. There arises out of the *Hamasa*, the *Moallakat*, the *Kitab Al-Aghani*, nay, out of the very chips that lie imbedded in later works, such a freshness, and glory, and bloom, of desert-song—even as out of Homer’s epics rise the glowing spring-times of humanity, and the deep blue heavens of Hellas—as has never again been the portion of Arab poetry. Wild, and vast, and monotonous as the yellow seas of its desert solitudes, it is withal tender, true, pathetic, soul-subduing; much more so than when in beauteous Andalus the great-grandchildren of these wild rovers sang of nightly boatings by torchlight, of the moon’s rays trembling on the waves, of sweet meetings in the depths of rose-gardens, of Spain’s golden cities and gleaming mosques, and the far-away burning desert whence their fathers came. Those grand accents of joy and sorrow, of love, and valor, and passion, of which but faint echoes strike on our ears now, were full-toned at the time of Mohammed; and he had not merely to rival the illustrious of the illustrious, but to excel them; to appeal to the superiority of what he said and sang as a very sign and proof of his mission. And there were, at first, many and sinister tokens of rivalry and professional hatred visible, to which religious fanaticism carried fuel. Those that had fallen fighting against him were lamented over in the most heartrending and popular dirges. Poets of his time said even as Jehuda Al-Hassan-Halevi, that great Hebræo-Arabic minstrel, did hundreds of years after them, that they failed to see anything extraordinary in his verses. Nay, they called him names,—a fool, a madman, a ridiculous pretender and impostor; they

laughed at the people of Medina for listening to "such an one." And these rival-poets formed a formidable power. Their squibs told, while the counter-satires he caused to be written fell flat. Not even "sudden visitations," by which some of the worst offenders were found struck to death, stopped the "press." Until there came a revelation—"Shall I declare unto you," he asks in the Surah called "the Poets," "on whom the Devils descend? They descend upon every lying and wicked person . . . most of them are liars. And those who err follow the steps of the poets. Seest thou not how they rove as bereft of their senses through every valley?" . . . Which reminds us strikingly of Kutayir, a pre-Islamic poet, and the answer he gave to people asking him "How he managed when poetry became difficult to him?" and he said, "I walk through the deserted habitations, and through the blooming greenswards; then the most perfect songs become easy, and the most beautiful ones flow naturally"—"roving bereft of his senses through every valley!" . . .

Mohammed is said to have convinced a rival, Lebid, a poet-laureate of the period, of his mission, by reciting to him a portion of the now second Surah. Unquestionably it is one of the very grandest specimens of Koranic or Arabic diction, describing how hypocrites "are like unto those who kindle a fire without and think themselves safe from darkness. But while it is at its biggest blaze, God sends a wind; the flame is extinguished, and they are shrouded in dense night. They are deaf, and dumb, and blind. . . . Or when in darkness, and amidst thunder and lightning, rain-filled clouds pour from heaven, they in terror of the crash thrust their fingers into their ears . . . But God compasseth the infidels around. . . . The flash of the lightning blindeth their eyes—while it lights up all things, they walk in its light—then darkness closes in upon them, and they stand rooted to the ground." . . .

But even descriptions of this kind, grand as they be in their own tongue, are not sufficient to kindle and preserve the enthusiasm and the faith and the hope of a nation like the Arabs, not for one generation, but for a thousand. Not the most passionate grandeur, not the

most striking similes, not the legends, not the parables, not the sweet spell of rhyme-fall and the weaving of rhythmic melodies, and all the poet's cunning craft—but the kernel of it all, the doctrine, the positive, clear, distinct doctrine. And this doctrine Mohammed brought before them in a thousand, so to say, symphonic variations, modulated through the whole scale of human feeling. From prayer to curse, from despair to exultant joy, from argument, often casuistic, largely-spun-out argument, to vision, either in swift, and sudden, and terrible transition, or in repetitions and reiterations—monotonous and dreary and insufferably tedious to the outsider—but to him alone.

The poets before him had sung of love. One of the principal forms of pre-Islamic poetry was, indeed, the *Kasida*, which almost invariably commenced with a sorrowful remembrance of her who had gone none knew whither, and the very traces of whose tent, but yesterday gleaming afar in the midst of the wide solitudes, had disappeared overnight. Antara, himself the hero of the most famous novel, sings of the ruins, around which ever hover lovers' thoughts, of the dwelling of Abila, who is gone, and her dwelling-place knows her not; it is now desolate and silent. Amr Al Kais, "the standard-bearer of poets, but on the way to hell," as Mohammed called him, of all things praises his fortune with women, chiefly Oneisa, and in brilliant, often Heinesque, verse sings of the good things of this world; until his father banishes him on account of an adventure wherein he, as usual, had been too happy. And of a sudden, in the midst of a wild revel, he hears that his father has been slain, and not a word said he. But higher and louder waxed the revel, and he drank deep, and gamed till the gray dawn; when he arose of a sudden, and swore a holy oath that neither wine nor woman should soothe his senses until he had taken bloody vengeance for his father; and when consulting the oracle, he drew an arrow with the inscription "Defence," he threw it into the idol's face, saying, "Wretch, if thy father had been killed, thou wouldest have counselled Vengeance, not Defence."

They sang of valor and generosity, of love and strife, and revenge, of their noble tribe and ancestors, of beautiful

women, "often even of those who did not exist, so that woman's noble fame should be spread abroad among kings and princes," as the unavoidable scholiast informs us; of the valiant sword, and the swift camel, and the darling horse, faster than the whirlwind's rush. Or of early graves, upon which weeps the morning's cloud, and the fleeting nature of life, which comes and goes as the waves of the desert-sand, and as the tents of a caravan, as a flower that shoots up and dies away—while the white stars will rise and set everlastingly, and the mountains will rear their heads heavenwards, and never grow old. Or they shoot their bitter arrows of satire right into the enemy's own soul.

Mohammed sang none of these. No love-minstrelsy his, not the joys of this world, nor sword nor camel, nor jealousy or human vengeance, not the glories of tribe or ancestor, nor the unmeaning, swiftly and forever extinguished existence of man, were his themes. He preached *Islam*.

And he preached it by rending the skies above and tearing open the ground below, by adjuring heaven and hell, the living and the dead. The Arabs have ever been proficient in the art of swearing, but such swearing had never been heard in and out of Arabia. By the foaming waters and by the grim darkness, by the flaming sun and the setting stars, by Mount Sinai and by Him who spanned the firmament, by the human soul and the small voice, by the Kaaba and by the Book, by the Moon and the dawn and the angels, by the ten nights of dread mystery and by the day of judgment. That day of judgment, at the approach whereof the earth shaketh, and the mountains are scattered into dust, and the seas blaze up in fire, and the children's hair grows white with anguish, and like locust-swarms the souls arise out of their graves, and Allah cries to Hell, Art thou filled full? and Hell cries to Allah, More, give me more, . . . while Paradise opens its blissful gates to the righteous, and glory ineffable awaits them—both men and women.

The kernel and doctrine of Islam Goethe has found in the second Surah, which begins as follows:—

"This is the Book. There is no doubt in the same. A *Guidance* to the righteous

Who believe in the *Unseen*, who observe the *Prayer*, and who give *Alms* of that which we have vouchsafed unto them. And who believe in that which has been sent down unto thee—(the *Revelation*) which had been sent down to those before thee, and who believe in the *Life to come*. They walk in the guidance of their Lord, and they are the blessed. As to them who believe not—it is indifferent to them whether thou exhortest them or not exhortest them. They will not believe. Sealed hath Allah their hearts and their ears, and over their eyes is darkness, and theirs will be a great punishment."—"And in this wise," Goethe continues, "we have Surah after Surah. Belief and unbelief are divided into upper and lower. Heaven and hell await the believers or deniers. Detailed injunctions of things allowed and forbidden, legendary stories of Jewish and Christian religion, amplifications of all kinds, boundless tautologies and repetitions, form the body of this sacred volume, which to us, as often as we approach it, is repellent anew, next attracts us ever anew, and fills us with admiration, and finally forces us into veneration."

Thus Goethe. And no doubt the passage adduced is as good a summary as any other. Perhaps, if he had gone a little further in this same chapter, he might have found one still more explicit. When Mohammed at Medina told his adherents no longer to turn in prayer towards Jerusalem, but towards the Kaaba at Mecca, to which their fathers had turned, and he was blamed for this innovation, he replied:—

"That is not righteousness: whether ye turn your faces towards East or West, God's is the East as well as the West. But verily righteousness is his who believes in God, in the day of judgment, in the angels, in the Book and the prophets; who bestows his wealth, for God's sake, upon kindred, and orphans, and the poor, and the homeless, and all those who ask; and also upon delivering the captives; he who is steadfast in prayer, giveth alms, who stands firmly by his covenants, when he has once entered into them; and who is patient in adversity, in hardship, and in times of trial. These are the righteous, and these are the God-fearing."

Yet these and similar passages, characteristic as they be, do not suffice. It behooves us to look somewhat deeper.

First of all, What is the literal meaning of Islam, the religion of a Muslim? We find that name Muslim already applied to those *Hanifs*, of whom we have spoken above, who had renounced, though secretly, idolatry before Moham-

med, and had gone out to seek the "religion of Abraham," which Mohammed finally undertook to re-establish. The Semitic root of the word Muslim yields a variety of meanings, and accordingly Muslim has had many interpretations. But in all these cases—even as is now becoming so universally clear in the terms of the New Testament—it is as useless to go back to the original root for the elucidation of some special or technical, dogmatic, scientific, or other term of a certain period, as it is to ask those for an explanation who lived to use that same term long after it had assumed an utterly new, often the very opposite, meaning. *Salm*, the root of *Islam*, means, in the first instance, to be tranquil, at rest, to have done one's duty, to have paid up, to be at perfect peace, and, finally, to hand oneself over to Him with whom peace is made. The noun derived from it means peace, greeting, safety, salvation. And the Talmud contains both the term and the explanation of the term Muslim, which in its Chaldee meaning had become naturalized in Arabia. It indicates a "Righteous man." In a paraphrase of Proverbs xxiv. 16, where the original has *Zadik* (*Ziddik* in Koran), which is rightly translated by the Authorized Version, "Just Man," the Talmud has this very word. "Seven pits are laid for the 'Muslim,' " (*Shalmana*—Syr.: *Msalmono*) it says, and "one for the wicked, but the wicked falls into his one, while the other escapes all seven."\* The word thus implies absolute submission to God's will—as generally assumed—neither in the first instance, nor exclusively, but means, on the contrary, one who strives after righteousness with his own strength. Closely connected with the misapprehension of this part of Mohammed's original doctrine is also the popular notion on that supposed bane of Islam, Fatalism: but we must content ourselves here with the observation that, as far as Mohammed and the Koran is concerned, Fatalism is an utter and absolute invention. Not once, but repeatedly, and as if to guard against such an assumption, Mo-

ammed denies it as distinctly as he can, and gives injunctions which show as indisputably as can be that nothing was further from his mind than that pious state of idle and hopeless inanity and stagnation. But to return to Islam. The real sum and substance of it is contained in Mohammed's words: "We have spoken unto thee by revelation:—*Follow the religion of Abraham.*" . . . . .

What did Mohammed and his contemporaries understand by this religion of Abraham? "Abraham," says the Koran, pointedly and pregnantly, "was neither a Jew nor a Christian, but he was pious and righteous, and no idolator." Have we not here the briefest and the most rationalistic doctrine ever preached? Curious and characteristic is the proof which the Koran finds it necessary to allege (partly found, by the way, in the Midrash) for this:—There was no Law (or Gospel) revealed then—there were, in fact, no divisions of Semitic creed, no special and distinctive dogmas in Abraham's time yet. The Hag-gadah, it is true, points out that, when Scripture says "he heard my voice," it meant that to him were given, by anticipation, all that the Law and the Prophets contain. And in order rightly to understand the drift of Mohammed's words, we must endeavor to gather the little mosaics as they lie scattered about in all directions in the Talmud and Midrash. Perchance a picture, anent Abraham's faith and works, may arise under our hands—a not unworthy ideal of Judaism, which formed it, and Mohammedanism, which adopted it; of Abraham, the righteous, the first, and the greatest Muslim. It may also further elucidate, by the way, the words of the Mishnah, "Be ye of the Disciples of Abraham." "The divine light lay hidden," says the Midrash, "until Abraham came and discovered it."

Again we have to turn—driven by absolute necessity—to one of those indigestible morsels, one of the many *crucés* of the exegetes of Orient and Occident. The word used in the Koran for the "Religion of Abraham" is generally *Milla*. Sprenger, after ridiculing the indeed absurd attempts made to derive it from an Arabic root, concludes that it must be a foreign word, introduced by the teachers of the "Milla of Abraham"

\* There is also the story in the Talmud of the Master whose name was *Shalman* (Solomon), and they said to him, "Thou art full of peace, and thy teaching is peace (perfect), and thou hast made peace between the disciples."

into the Hejaz. He is perfectly right. Milla=Memra=Logos, are identical: being the Hebrew, Chaldee (Targum, Peshito in slightly varied spelling), and Greek terms respectively for "Word,"—that surrogate for the Divine Name used by the Targum, by Philo, by St. John. This Milla, or "Word," which Abraham proclaimed, he, "who was not an astrologer, but a prophet"—teaches, according to the Haggadah, first of all, the existence of One God, the Creator of the Universe, who rules this Universe with mercy and lovingkindness.\* He alone also, neither angel nor planet, guides the destinies of man. Idolatry, even when combined with the belief in Him, is utterly to be abhorred; He alone is to be worshipped; in Him alone trust is to be placed in adversity. He frees the persecuted and the oppressed. You must pray to Him and serve Him in love, and not murmur when He asks for your lives, or even for lives still dearer to you than your own. As to duties towards man, it teaches—"Lovingkindness and mercy are the tokens of the faith of Abraham." "He who is not merciful is not of the children of Abraham." "What is the distinguishing quality of Abraham's descendants? their compassion and their mercy." (Be it observed, by the way, that in all these talmudical passages the word *Rachman* is used, which term for "Merciful" forms an emphatic mark in the Koran.) "Abraham not merely forgave Abimelech, but he prayed for him;" and this mercy, charity, and lovingkindness is to be extended to every being, without reference to "garment," birth, rank, creed, or nationality. Disinterestedness and unselfish-

ness are self-understood duties. Though the whole land had been promised to Abraham by God, he *bought* the ground for Sarah's tomb. After the victorious campaign he took nothing, no, not even "from a thread to a shoe-latchet" from the enemy. Modesty and humility are other qualities enjoined by him. Rule yourself, he said, before you rule others. Eschew pride, which shortens life—modesty prolongs it. It purifies from all sins, and is the best weapon for conquest. His humility was shown even by the way in which he exercised his hospitality. He waited himself on his guests, and when they tried to thank him, he said, Thank "Him, the One, who nourishes all, who ruleth in heaven and earth, who killeth and giveth life, who causeth the plants to grow, and who createth man according to His wisdom." He inaugurated the Morning Prayer—even as did Isaac that of the Evening, and Jacob that of the Night. He went, even in his old age, ever restless in doing good, to succor the oppressed, to teach and preach to all men. He "wore a jewel round his neck, the light of which raised up the bowed-down and healed the sick, and which, after his death, was placed among the stars." And see how he was chosen to be tempted with the bitterest trial, in order that mankind might see how steadfast he remained—"even as the potter proves the strength of his ware, not by that which is brittle, but by that which is strong." And when he died, he left to his children four guardian angels—"Justice and Mercy, Love and Charity."

Such are the floating outlines of the faith of Abraham to be gathered from the Haggadah; and these traits form the fundamental bases of Mohammed's doctrine—often in the very words, always in the sense, of these Jewish traditions. The most emphatic moment, however, we find laid upon the Unity of God, the absence of Intermediators, and the repudiation of any special, exclusive, "privileged" creed. This is a point on which the Talmud is very strong—not merely declaring its aversion to proselytism, but actually calling every righteous man, so that he be no idolater, a "Jew" to all intents and purposes. The tracing of the minutiae of general human ethics is, comparatively

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\* "God," says the Talmud, in boldest transcendental flight, "prays." And what is that prayer?—"Be it my will that my mercy overpower my justice." The Koran says:—"God has laid down for Himself the Law of Mercy."

God's Mercy, says the Midrash, was the only link that held the universe together before the "Law" came to be revealed to man. And very beautifully does the Haggadic version of the manner in which the universe, which, spite of all, would not rest firmly, but kept swaying to and fro in space, "even as a great palace built of mortal man, the foundations whereof are not firmly laid," contrast from all those well-known wild heapings-up of monsters begotten for steadying purposes.—"The earth shook and trembled, and would not find rest until God created Repentance: then it stood."

speaking, of less import, considering that these, in their outlines, are wonderfully alike, in Hellas and India, and Rome and Persia and Japan; so that it would indeed be difficult to say who first invented the great law of good-will towards fellow-creatures. But the manner and the words in which these things are inculcated, mark their birthplace and the stages of their journey clearly enough in the Semitic creeds.

And with the doctrines—if so we may call them—of Abraham, as we gathered them from the Jewish writings, Mohammed also introduced the whole legendary cycle that surrounds Abraham's head, like a halo, in these same writings. We have in the Koran, first of all, that wondrous Haggadistic explanation, how Abraham first came to worship, in the midst of idolators, the One invisible God—how he first lifted up his eyes heavenwards and saw a brilliant star, and said, This is God. But when the star paled before the brightness of the moon, he said, This is God. And then the sun rose and Abraham saw God in the golden glory of the sun. But the sun, too, set, and Abraham said, "Then none of you is God; but there is One above you who created both you and me. Him alone will I worship, the Maker of Heaven and Earth!" How he then took an axe and destroyed all the idols and placed the axe in the hand of the biggest, accusing him of the deed; how he is thrown into the fiery furnace, and God said to the fire, "Be thou cold;" how he entertained the Angels, and how he brought his beloved son to the Altar,

and an "excellent victim" (a ram from Paradise) was sacrificed in his stead; and so on. All this, though only sketched in its outlines in the Koran, is absolute Haggadah, with scarcely as much of alteration as would naturally be expected in the like fantastic matter, even as is the rest of that "entire world of pious biblical legend which Islam has said and sung in its many tongues, to the delight of the wise and simple, for twelve centuries now, to be found either in embryo or fully developed in the Haggadah." \*

But here, in the midst of our discourse, we are compelled to break off, reserving its continuation: notably with regard to the theoretical and practical bearing of the religion of Mohammed, and the relation of its religious terms† and individual tenets to those of Judaism; also its progress and the changes wrought within the community by many and most daring sects; and the present aspect of the Faith and its general influence. And this our Exordium we will sum up with the beginning of the Surah, called the Assembly, revealed at Medina:—

"In the name of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate. Whatsoever is in heaven and on earth praises God the King, the Holy One, the Almighty, the Allwise. It is He who out of the midst of the illiterate Arabs has raised an Apostle to show unto them his signs, and to sanctify them, and to teach them the Scripture and the Wisdom, them who before had been in great darkness. . . . This is God's free Grace, which He giveth unto whomsoever He wills. God is of great Mercy!"

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Macmillan's Magazine.

## LAMBETH AND THE ARCHBISHOPS.

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### PART III.

FIRST in date among the genuine portraits of the primates which hang round the walls of the Guard-room at Lambeth is the portrait of Archbishop Warham. The plain homely old man's face still looks down on us line for line as the "seeing eye" of Holbein gazed on it three centuries ago. "I instance this picture," says Mr. Wornum, in his life of the pain-

ter, "as an illustration that Holbein had the power of seeing what he looked on.

\* "Talmud," p. 455.

† e. g. Koran, Forkan (=Pirke, exposition of Halachah), Torah (Law), Shechinah (presence of God), Gan Eden (Paradise), Gehinnom (Hell), Haber (Master), Darash (search the Scriptures), Rabbi (teacher), Sabbath (day of rest), Mishnah (Oral Law), &c., all of which are bodily found in the Koran, as well as even such words as the Hebrew Yam (for Red Sea), &c.



and of perfectly transferring to his picture what he saw." Memorable in the annals of art as the first of that historic series which brings home to us as no age has ever been brought home to eyes of after-time the age of the English Reformation, it is even more memorable as marking the close of the great intellectual movement which the Reformation swept away. It was with a letter from Erasmus in his hands that Hans Holbein stood before the aged Archbishop, still young as when he sketched himself at Basel with the fair, frank, manly face, the sweet gentle mouth, the heavy red cap flinging its shade over the mobile, melancholy brow. But it was more than the "seventy years" that he has so carefully noted above it that the artist saw in the Primate's face; it was the still impassive calm of a life's disappointment. Only ten years before, at the very moment when the painter first made his entry into Basel, Erasmus had been forwarding to England the great work in which he had recalled theologians to the path of sound Biblical criticism. "Every lover of letters," the great scholar wrote sadly, after the old man had gone to his rest,— "Every lover of letters owes to Warham that he is the possessor of my Jerome;" and with an acknowledgment of the Primate's bounty such as he alone in Christendom could give, the edition bore in its forefront his memorable dedication to the Archbishop. That Erasmus could find protection for such a work in Warham's name, that he could address him with a conviction of his approval in words so bold and outspoken as those of his preface, tell us how completely the old man sympathized with the highest tendencies of the New Learning. Nowhere has Erasmus spoken out his mind so clearly, so freely. "Synods and decrees, and even councils," he says, "are by no means in my judgment the fittest means of repressing error, unless Truth depends simply on authority. On the contrary, the more dogmas there are, the more fruitful is the ground in producing heresies. Never was the Christian faith purer or more undefiled than when the world was content with a single creed, and that the shortest creed we have."

It is touching to listen to that last appeal of reason and of culture against the tide of dogmatism that was so soon

to flood Christendom with Augsburg Confessions, and Creeds of Pope Pius, and Westminster Catechisms and Thirty-nine Articles. One man, at any rate, the appeal found full of hope in the peaceful victory of the truth. Is it by a mere accident or with a deeper significance, that in the accessories of his figure Holbein has expressed that strange double life in which Warham's interest consists? In his right hand the Primate bears the jewelled crozier of the old religion; may we not read the symbol of the New Learning in the open book that lies close beside his left? So to blend the past with the future, so to purify and inform the older pieties of Christendom by the larger "humanities" of science and of art, this was the aim of Warham, as it was the aim of Erasmus. It is this spirit which breathes through the simple, earnest letter in which the Primate announces the arrival of the volumes of Jerome, and tells his friend with what pleasure he was reading them. His edition of the New Testament, he adds (surely with a touch of his usual humor), he was lending to Bishop after Bishop. But while Holbein's pencil was travelling over the canvas, the golden dream of a new age wrought peaceably, purely, by the progress of intelligence, by the growth of letters, was fast vanishing away. More than a year before, the Archbishop, had received from his friend at Basel the famous treatise against Luther that marks the ruin of the Renaissance.

Of that "new birth" of the world—for I cling to a word so eminently expressive of a truth that historians of our day seem inclined to forget or to deny—of that regeneration of mankind through the sudden upgrowth of intellectual liberty, Lambeth was in England the shrine. With the Reformation Lambeth had little to do. Bucer, and Peter Martyr, and Alasco gathered indeed for a moment round Cranmer, but it was simply on their way to Cambridge, to Oxford, to Austin Friars. Only one of the symbols of Protestantism has any connection with it; even the Prayer-book was drawn up in the peaceful seclusion of Otford. The party conferences, the martyrdoms of the warring faiths, took place elsewhere. But Lambeth was the home of the revival of letters. With a singular fitness, the

venerable library which still preserves their tradition, ousted from its older dwelling-place by the demolition of the cloister, has in modern days found refuge in the Great Hall, where the men of the New Learning, where Colet and More and Grocyn and Linacre, gathered round the table of Warham. It was on the return of the last two from the Florentine school of Chalcondylas that the new intellectual revival, heralded as it had been in the very tumult of civil war by the learning of Tiptoft, the visit of Poggio, the library of Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, the presence of Italian scholars at the Court of Henry the Seventh, had fairly reached England. Like every other movement, it had shrunk from the cold suspicion of the King, but it had found shelter in the patronage of his minister. Warham, like Morton, was the royal Chancellor, immersed in the political business of the state; but, unlike him, he was no mere politician. The eulogies which Erasmus lavished on him while he lived, his endless praises of the Primate's learning, his powers of business, his pleasant wit, his quiet modesty, his fidelity to his friends, may pass for what eulogies of living men are commonly worth. But it is impossible to doubt the sincerity of the glowing picture which he drew of him when death had destroyed all interest in mere adulation. The very letters indeed that passed between the great Churchman and the wandering scholar; the quiet, simple-hearted grace which amid constant instances of munificence preserves the perfect equality of literary friendship; the enlightened, unaffected piety which greets as the noblest of gifts the "New Testament" that bigots were denouncing, and to which Erasmus could confidently address the noble far-seeing words of his prefaces to St. Jerome, confirm the judgment of every good man of Warham's time. In the pious simplicity of his actual life the Archbishop offered a striking contrast to the great Continental prelates of his day. He cared nothing for the pomp, the sensual pleasures, the hunting and dicing in which they indulged. An hour's pleasant reading, a quiet chat with some learned new comer, alone broke the endless round of civil and ecclesiastical business. His favorite re-

laxation was to sup among a group of learned visitors, taking nothing, but contenting himself with his enjoyment of their jokes, and retorting with fun of his own. But the scholar-world found more than supper or fun at the Archbishop's board. His purse was ever open to relieve their poverty: "Had I found such a patron as Warham in my youth," Erasmus wrote long years after, "I too might have been counted among the fortunate ones!" Enormous as were the resources of his see, his liberality outran them. "How much have I left in my treasury?" the Archbishop asked on his death-bed. They told him there was scarce enough to bury him. "Bene habet!—It is well," replied the old man as he passed away.

Letters owed more to Warham than even his prodigal gifts of money. Frowned on by one king, neglected for war and statecraft by another, jealously watched by prelates, like Stokesly, drifting nearer and nearer to the perils of heterodoxy, the Primate flung around the new movement his own steady protection. It was Warham who so long sheltered Colet from the charge of heresy; it was at the Archbishop's request that the heterodox dean preached the famous sermon of rebuke to the clergy which Mr. Seebohm has lately recalled to us. Grocyn, first to introduce Greek literature into England, became, by the Archbishop's patronage, master of the college at Croydon. It was with Grocyn that Erasmus rowed up the river to the Primate's board. Warham addressed a few kindly words to the poor scholar before and after dinner, and then drawing him aside into a corner of the hall (his usual way when he made a present to any one) slipped into his hand an acknowledgment for the book and dedication he had brought with him. "How much did the Archbishop give you?" asked his companion, as they rowed home again. "An immense amount!" replied Erasmus, but his friend saw the discontent on his face, and drew from him how small the sum really was. Then the disappointed scholar burst into a string of indignant questions: was Warham miserly, or was he poor, or did he really think such a present expressed the value of the book? Grocyn

frankly blurted out the true reason for Warham's economy in his shrewd suspicion that this was not the first dedication that had been prefixed to the "Hecuba," and it is likely enough that the Primate's suspicion was right. At any rate, Erasmus owns that Grocyn's sardonic comment, "It is the way with you scholars," stuck in his mind even when he returned to Paris, and made him forward to the Archbishop a perfectly new translation of the "Iphigenia." In spite, however, of this unpromising beginning, the new acquaintance turned out wonderfully well. Warham, Erasmus wrote home, loved him as if he were his father or his brother, and his generosity surpassed that of all his friends. Within a few years the Archbishop had given him four hundred nobles without asking,—a hundred and fifty, indeed, in a single day. He had offered him a sinecure, and when he declined it had bestowed on him a pension of a hundred crowns a year. When he wandered to Paris, it was the invitation of Warham which recalled him to England. When the rest of his patrons left him to starve on the sour beer of Cambridge, it was Warham who sent him thirty angels. "I wish they were thirty legions of them," the old man puns, in his quaint, humorous way; "anyhow you must get better. I have always found gold a sovereign remedy for every complaint." The puns throughout the little note are terribly poor ones, but it is the sort of pleasant chat that brightens a sick chamber, and Erasmus seems to have found it witty enough. The medicine was one which Warham was called pretty frequently to administer. Even Linacre, "knowing that I was going to London with hardly six angels in my pocket," pressed his poor friend to "spare the Archbishop;" and Erasmus owned he had received so much from Warham that it would be scandalous to take more of him.

Few men seem to have realized more thoroughly than Warham the new conception of an intellectual and moral equality before which the old social distinctions were to vanish away. In his intercourse with this group of friends, he seems utterly unconscious of the exalted station which he occupied in the

eyes of men. Take such a story as Erasmus tells, of a visit of Dean Colet to Lambeth. The Dean took Erasmus in the boat with him, and read as they rowed along a section called "The Remedy for Anger," in his friend's popular "Handbook of the Christian Soldier." When they reached the hall, however, Colet plumped gloomily down by Warham's side, neither eating nor drinking nor speaking in spite of the Archbishop's good-humored attempt to draw him into conversation. It was only by starting the new topic of a comparison of ages that the Archbishop was at last successful; and when dinner was over, Colet's ill-temper had utterly fled. Erasmus saw him draw aside an old man who had shared their board, and engage in the friendliest greeting. "What a fortunate fellow you are!" began the impetuous Dean, as the two friends stepped again into their boat; "what a tide of good-luck you bring with you!" Erasmus, of course, protested (one can almost see the half-earnest, half-humorous smile on his lip) that he was the most unfortunate fellow on earth. He was at any rate a bringer of good fortune to his friends, the Dean retorted; one friend at least he had saved from an unseemly outbreak of passion. At the Archbishop's table, in fact, Colet had found himself placed opposite to an uncle with whom he had long waged a bitter family feud, and it was only the singular chance which had brought him thither fresh from the wholesome lessons of the "Handbook" that had enabled the Dean to refrain at the moment from open quarrel, and at last to get such a full mastery over his temper as to bring about a reconciliation with his kinsman. Colet was certainly very lucky in his friend's lessons, but he was perhaps quite as fortunate in finding a host so patient and good tempered as Archbishop Warham.

Primate and scholar were finally separated at last by the settlement of Erasmus at Basel, but the severance brought no interruption to their friendship. "England is my last anchor," Erasmus wrote bitterly to a rich German prelate; "if that goes, I must beg." The anchor held as long as Warham lived. Years go by, but the

Primate is never tired of new gifts and remembrances to the brave, sensitive scholar at whose heels all the ignorance of Europe was yelping. Sometimes, indeed, he was luckless in his presents; once he sent a horse to his friend, and, in spite of the well-known proverb about looking such a gift in the mouth, got a witty little snub for his pains. "He is no doubt a good steed at bottom," Erasmus gravely confesses, "but it must be owned he is not over-hand-some; however, he is at any rate free from all mortal sins, with the trifling exception of gluttony and laziness! If he were only a father confessor now! he has all the qualities to fit him for one—indeed, he is only *too* prudent, modest, humble, chaste, and peaceable!" Still, admirable as these characteristics are, he is not quite the nag one expected. "I fancy that through some knavery or blundering on your servant's part, I must have got a different steed from the one you intended for me. In fact, now I come to remember, I had bidden my servant not to accept a horse except it were a good one; but I am infinitely obliged to you all the same." Even Warham's temper must have been tried as he laughed over such a letter as this; but the precious work of art which Lambeth contains proves that years only intensified their friendship. It was, as we have seen, with a letter of Erasmus in his hands, that on his first visit to England Holbein presented himself before Warham; and Erasmus responded to his friend's present of a copy of the portrait by forwarding a copy of his own.

But if any hopes for the future lingered round the pleasant memories of the past that the artist may have awakened, they were soon to be roughly dispelled by the troubles of the time. The Royal Divorce, the protest of Parliament against the Church, the headlong fall of Wolsey, the breach with Rome, fell like successive thunder-claps on the old age of Warham. Then came the crushing scandal of the Nun of Kent. The priest of Aldington rides hotly to Lambeth with news that a country-lass has turned prophetess, and the friend of Colet and Erasmus listens greedily to her predictions, and pronounces them to be of God. It was

time for Warham to die, and with solemn protest from his death-bed against law and statute that might tend to the hurt and prejudice of Church or see, the old man passed away. It was better so. He had not shown himself brave or quick-witted in the great storm that fell on his gray hairs, but he was at any rate not the man to stoop to the work that Henry now called on the Primate of All England to do. He was spared the infamy of sending the wisest and noblest of living Englishmen doomed to death from his gate. Among the group that the New Learning had gathered round Warham, one of the most familiar faces had been the face of More. From all that graceful interchange of letters and wit the heady current of events had long swept him away, when the royal mandate bade him again repair to the house where he had banded fun with Erasmus and bent over the easel of Holbein. He was summoned before Cranmer and his fellow-commissioners, and the oath of allegiance, which recognized the validity of Katherine's divorce, was tendered to him. The summons was, as More knew and Cranmer knew, simply a summons to death. "I thank the Lord," More had said with a sudden start as the boat dropped silently down the river from his garden-steps at Chelsea in the early morning—"I thank our Lord that the field is won." He refused to take the oath, as the commissioners expected, but he was bidden to walk in the garden, that he might reconsider his reply. The day was hot, and More preferred to seat himself in a window from which he could look down into the crowded court. His strange sympathetic nature could enjoy, even in the presence of death, the humor and life of the throng below. "I saw," he told afterwards, "I saw Master Latimer very merry in the court, for he laughed and took one or twain by the neck so handsomely, that if they had been women I should have weened that he waxed wanton." The crowd was chiefly of priests—rectors and vicars pressing to take the oath that More found harder than death. He bore them no grudge for it. When he heard the voice of one who was known to have boggled much

at the oath in time past, calling loudly and ostentatiously for drink, he only noted him with his peculiar humor. "He drank," he said, "either from dryness or for gladness, or *quod ille notus erat Pontifici*." Then he was called in simply to repeat his refusal. It was in vain that Cranmer plied him with distinctions which perplexed even the subtle wit of the ex-Chancellor; he remained unshaken, and passed as a prisoner to the Tower. It gives almost a sacredness to Morton's Gate to think of More passing guarded beneath it, and whispering, it may be, to himself the grand words of that morning—his thanksgiving that the field was won.

With More passed away from Lambeth for half-a-century the spirit of the Renaissance. When it revived there, with a timid narrow life enough, the great theological battle had been fought out, and Parker was moulding the new Protestant Church into the form which it retains to-day. It was in his eagerness to give it an historical and national basis rather than from any pure zeal for letters, that the Archbishop undertook those publications of the older chronicles which have made him the founder, in its scientific pursuit, of our national history. His editions of Westminster, of Matthew Paris, of the Life of Alfred by Asser, with his secretary Josceline's edition of Gildas, first led the way in that series of historical collections which have illustrated the names of Camden, Twysden, and Gale, and which are now receiving their fitting completion in the publications of the Master of the Rolls. But of far greater value than his publications was the collection which, following in the steps of Leland and Henry VIII., he rescued from the wreck of the monastic libraries. So assiduous was Parker's industry, so diligent the search of the two great collectors who followed him, that if to the treasures of the Royal and Corpus libraries we add the mass of the Cottonian and Harleian, it may be doubted if a single work of real value for English history has actually been lost in the dispersion of the Dissolution. In the literary history of Lambeth, the library of Parker, though no longer within its walls, is memorable as the first of the series of such collections

made after his time by each successive Archbishop. Many of these indeed have passed away. The manuscripts of Parker form the glory of Corpus College, Cambridge; the Oriental collections of Laud are among the most precious treasures of the Bodleian. In puerile revenge for his fall, Sancroft withdrew his books from Lambeth, and bequeathed them to Emmanuel College. The library which the munificence of Tenison bequeathed to his old parish of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields has been dispersed by a shameless act of Vandalism within our own memories. An old man's caprice deposited the papers of Archbishop Wake at Christ Church. But the treasures thus dispersed were, with the exception of the Parker MSS., far surpassed by the collections that remain. I cannot attempt here to enter with any detail into the nature or the history of the archiepiscopal library. It owes its origin to Archbishop Bancroft, it was largely supplemented by his successor Abbot, and still more largely, after a long interval, by the book-loving Primates Tenison and Secker. Of these collections, the library of 30,000 volumes still mainly consists, though it has been augmented by the smaller bequests of Sheldon and Cornwallis, and, in a far less degree, by those of later Archbishops. One has, at any rate, the repute of having augmented it during his primacy simply by a treatise on gout and a book about butterflies. Of the the 1,200 volumes of manuscripts and papers, 500 are due to Bancroft and Abbot, the rest mainly to Tenison, who purchased the Carew Papers, the collection of Wharton, and the Codices that bear his name. If Wake left his papers to Christ Church in dread of the succession of Gibson, the bequest of Gibson's own papers more than made up the loss. The most valuable addition since Gibson's day has been that of the Greek codices, principally scriptural, collected in the East at the opening of this century by Dr. Carlyle.

From the days of Bancroft to those of Laud, the library remained secure in the rooms over the greater cloister. There, in Parker's days, Foxe busied himself in the later editions of his "Acts and Monuments;" one book at least in the collection bears his autograph and the marginal marks of its use. There the

great scholars of the seventeenth century, and especially Selden, explored its stores. The day soon came when Selden was to save it from destruction. At the sale of Lambeth the Parliament ordered the books and manuscripts to be sold with it. Selden dexterously interposed. The will of its founder, Archbishop Bancroft, directed that in case room should not be found for it at Lambeth, his gift should go to Cambridge; and the Parliament, convinced by its greatest scholar, suffered the books to be sent to the University. Juxon reclaimed them at the Restoration, and in Sheldon's time they seem to have returned to the quiet cloister. Their interest was soon to be intensified by a succession of scholars in whom the office of librarian became more than a mere appendage to a chaplaincy. Of these, Henry Wharton stands first in literary eminence as he does in date. He is one of those instances of precocious development, rarer in the sober walks of historical investigations than in art. It is a strange young face that we see in the frontispiece to his sermons, the broad high brow and prominent nose so oddly in contrast with the delicate, feminine curves of the mouth, and yet repeated in the hard, concentrated gaze of the large, full eyes looking out from under the enormous wig. The most accomplished of Cambridge students, he quitted the University at twenty-two to aid Cave in his "*Historia Litteraria*," but the time proved too exciting for a purely literary career. At Tenison's instigation the young scholar plunged into the thick of the controversy which had been provoked by the aggression of King James, and his vigor soon attracted the notice of Sancroft. He became one of the Archbishop's chaplains, and was presented in a single year to two of the best livings in his gift. With these, however, save in his very natural zeal for pluralities, he seems to have concerned himself little. It was with the library which now passed into his charge that his name was destined to be associated. Under him its treasures were thrown liberally open to the ecclesiastical antiquaries of his day—to Hody, to Stillingfleet, to Collier, to Atterbury, and to Strype, who was just beginning his voluminous collections towards the

illustration of the history of the sixteenth century. But no one made so much use of the documents in his charge as Wharton himself. In them, no doubt, lay the secret of his consent to take the oath, to separate from his earlier patron, to accept the patronage of Tenison. But there was no permanent breach with Sancroft; on his deathbed the Archbishop committed to him the charge of editing Laud's papers, a charge redeemed by his publication of the "*Troubles and Trials*" of the Archbishop in 1694. But this with other labors were mere by-play. The design upon which his energies were mainly concentrated was "to exhibit a complete ecclesiastical history of England to the Reformation," and the two volumes of the "*Anglia Sacra*," which appeared during his life, were intended as a partial fulfilment of this design. Of these, as they now stand, the second is by far the most valuable. The four archiepiscopal biographies by Osborn, the three by Eadmer, Malmesbury's lives of Aldhelm and Wulstan, the larger collection of works by Giraldus Cambrensis, Chaundler's biographies of Wykeham and Bekington, and the collection of smaller documents which accompanied these, formed a more valuable contribution to our ecclesiastical history than had up to Wharton's time ever been made. Its predecessor contained the chief monastic annals which illustrated the history of the sees whose cathedrals were possessed by monks; those served by canons regular or secular were reserved for a third volume, while a fourth was to have contained the episcopal annals of the Church from the Reformation to the Revolution. The last, however, was never destined to appear, and its predecessor was interrupted after the completion of the histories of London and St. Asaph by the premature death of the great scholar. In 1694 Battely writes a touching account to Strype of his interview with Wharton at Canterbury:—"One day he opened his trunk and drawers, and showed me his great collections concerning the state of our Church, and with a great sigh told me his labors were at an end, and that his strength would not permit him to finish any more of that subject." Vigorous and healthy as his natural constitution

was, he had worn it out with the severity of his toil. He denied himself refreshment in his eagerness for study, and sate over his books in the bitterest days of winter till hands and feet were powerless with the cold. At last nature abruptly gave way, his last hopes of recovery were foiled by an immoderate return to his old pursuits, and at the age of thirty-one Henry Wharton died a quiet scholar's death. Archbishop Tenison stood with Bishop Lloyd by the grave in Westminster, where the body was laid "with solemn and devout anthems composed by that most ingenious artist, Mr. Harry Purcell;" and over it were graven words that tell the broken story of so many a student life:—*"Multa ad augendam et illustrandam rem literariam conscripsit; plura moliebatur."*

The library no longer rests in the quiet rooms over the great cloister, in which a succession of librarians, such as Gibson and Wilkins and Ducarel, preserved the tradition of Henry Wharton. The Codex of the first, the Concilia of the second, the elaborate analysis of the registers which we owe to the third, are, like his own works, of primary importance to the student of English ecclesiastical history. It was reserved for our own day to see these memories swept away by a "restoration" that degraded the cloister into a yard and a scullery. But the same kindly fate which had guided the library to Cambridge in the seventeenth, guided it in the nineteenth century to the one spot in Lambeth whose memories were most akin to its own. When Juxon entered the archiepiscopal house, he had but a few years to live, and but one work to do before he died—the replacing everything in the state in which the storm of the Rebellion had found it. He reclaimed, as we have seen, the books from their Cambridge Adullam. He restored the desecrated chapel to uses more appropriate than that of a dining-room. The demolition of the hall left him a more notable labor. He resolved not only to rebuild it, but to rebuild it precisely as it had stood before it was destroyed. It was in vain that he was besieged by the remonstrances of "classical" architects, that he was sneered at even by Pepys as "old-fashioned;" times had changed and fashions had changed, but

Juxon would recognize no change at all. He died ere the building was finished, but even in death his inflexible will provided that his plans should be adhered to. The result has been a singularly happy one. It was not merely that the Archbishop has left us one of the noblest examples of that strange yet successful revival of Gothic feeling of which the staircase of Christ Church Hall, erected at much about the same time, furnishes so exquisite a specimen. It is that in his tenacity to the past he has preserved the historic interest of his hall. Beneath the picturesque woodwork of the roof, in the quiet light that breaks through the quaint mullions of its windows, the student may still recall without a jar the group with which this paper opened. Warham and Erasmus, Grocyn and Colet and More, may still read their lesson in the library of Lambeth to the Church of to-day. What that lesson is we ventured to state two years ago, when its existence was again threatened by the ignorant imbecility of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners:—"Men who have taken little directly religious interest in the Church of England have of late been discovering her value as a centre of religious culture. However unanswerable the purely Congregational or Independent theories may appear, experience has shown that their ultimate outcome is in a multitude of Little Bethels, and that in Little Bethels dwelleth, so far as culture is concerned, no good thing. Even while acknowledging the great benefits which Dissenting bodies have conferred on England in by-gone days, men are revolting more and more against the narrowness, the faith in platitudes, the want of breadth and geniality, the utter deadness to the artistic and intellectual impulses of the day, which seem to have passed into their very life and existence. On the other hand, even if Philistines abound in it, the spirit and love of the Church of England has never been wholly Philistine. It has managed somehow fairly to reflect and represent the varying phases of English life and English thought; it has developed more and more a certain original largeness and good-tempered breadth of view; it has embraced a hundred theories of itself and its own position which, jar as they may, have never in any case descended to the mere mercantile "pay

over the counter" theory of Little Bethel. Above all, it has found room for almost every shade of religious opinion; it has answered at once to every revival of taste, of beauty, of art. And the secret of it all has been that it is still a learned Church; not learned in the sense of purely theological or ecclesiastical learning, but able to show among its clergymen of renown in every branch of literature, critical, poetical, historical, or scientific." While this great library lies open to the

public as a part, and a notable part, of the palace of the chief prelate of the English Church, while it is illustrated in our own day by learning such as that of Dr. Maitland and Professor Stubbs, we shall still believe—in spite of the vulgar cant about "working clergy"—that the theory of that Church as to the connection of religion and learning is still the theory of Warham and Erasmus, and not that of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

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The Academy.

REPORT ON THE GERMAN SCIENTIFIC AND MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

THE 43d meeting of this Society took place at Innsbruck, September 18–25. The number present, including non-members, was 969. We subjoin Reports of the Papers read at the three general sessions.

Professor Helmholtz, of Heidelberg, opened the first general session with a paper on "The History and Development of Physical Science in Modern Times."

A glance at the history of the sciences shows how the first great step towards bringing phenomena under a comprehensive law resulted from the development of abstract mechanics, the principles of which had been clearly formulated by Galileo: this developed by Newton and Leibnitz has wrought its first great result—the *Mechanical Theory of the Heavens*. The most vast and complex phenomena can now be predicted in the most exact way and reckoned backward to remote ages: astronomy has taught us that gravitation, in other words weight, is common to all matter, and that its influence is seen in the utmost regions of the heavens, and in the motions of the double-stars!

The progress of chemistry is due to similar causes. The modern chemist resolves the infinite variety of substances in the world into elements which remain unchangeable in quantity and quality in all their manifold combinations. This is proved by the fact that they can always be separated again from their compounds in their elementary condition. This is a demonstration of the constancy of matter; and points to a time, to which we are surely but slowly approaching, when all the changes of matter will admit of explanation as alterations of the positions of molecules in space, or, in other words, *modes of motion*.

Our progress has been aided of late years by another great discovery, made about the middle of the present century, the *law of the*

*Conservation of Force*. This law has been enunciated by Newton with respect to a limited class of phenomena, and elucidated and extended by David Bernouilli. In more or less generality it was known to the physicists of the last century, but has been raised to complete generality by Dr. Mayer. An independent investigator of the same problem, by a series of laborious experiments, was the English engineer Joule.

The speaker then gave a general exposition of the doctrine of the Conservation of Force and its applications, remarking that the discoveries of *spectrum analysis* were a direct deduction from that doctrine.

But its application to physiology is especially important. Up to the time of its discovery, the view of vital processes almost universally held was, that they resulted from the action of a special vital force which, indeed, made use of the chemical and physical powers of matter in order to bring about the phenomena of life; but at the same time, had the power, so to speak, of "binding and loosing" these forces. This is in direct opposition to the law of Conservation of Force. If we could temporarily get rid of the gravity of a weight, we could make work out of nothing; perpetual motion would be discovered. According to our present knowledge, living bodies derive their energy from external nature, exactly as steam-engines do. They make use of chemical forces, affinities of the combustible carbon, and of the oxygen of the atmosphere. They are as much subjected to the law of the Conservation of Force as inorganic nature. Here, however, many details have to be worked out; as yet difficulties beset the investigation, and the law is at present applicable with only approximate exactness to living bodies.

Hence it follows that the natural forces which operate in the interior of living bodies, of whatever kind they may be—and even



supposing that something else of an imponderable character is active in them—work according to fixed laws. This is a vast progress in our conception of vital processes. The obvious adaptation of structure and function in organic life, which seemed hardly conceivable without a certain freedom of choice, has led many to think with more or less hesitation that a breach had been made in the law of causality.

With regard to this point, again, a great step has been made from another side, which tends to dissipate the doubts which arise out of the apparent inexplicability of the adaptation to purpose in living bodies. I allude to the theory of Darwin, which undoubtedly contains ideas of singular boldness and grandeur, rendering it possible to connect and account for phenomena of organic life hitherto held to be inexplicable.

Darwin's law of the *Struggle for Existence* gives undoubtedly a possible explanation of the wonderful adaptations to purpose observable throughout organic nature. It indicates one method of explanation; there may be others which are unknown to us.

To take another aspect of organic adaptation. Who has not admired the wonderful and delicate correspondence of the image on the retina with the external object—an agreement which we test with every movement of our bodies? In fact, if we look upon this correspondence as a prearranged result of creative power, adaptation to purpose has reached a climax. Scientific investigation has here yielded the most unexpected results.

The comparison of sensation as a fact of consciousness, with its external physical conditions, has demonstrated the entire absence of any resemblance between them. It was shown by Johannes Müller that any sensory nerve, being irritated, reacts according to its own nature, whatever be the nature of the agent affecting it; that the optic nerve gives sensations of light, the nerves of touch give back sensations of temperature and of touch; that the qualities of our sensations are nothing but arbitrary signs and peculiar effects of the external objects. It is possible—though this is still a moot point—that the ideas of space obtained through the sensory nerves follow the same rule. No trace, in fact, is discoverable of predetermined correspondence between sensations and the external objects of them. If we consider sensations as images of the external world, it should be remembered that an image, as such, must be similar to that which it represents. A sign, on the other hand, has no sort of necessary connection in the way of similarity or dissimilarity with the object signified. But it appears that the quality of our sensations have a little resemblance to their objects as the spoken or written word "table" to an actual table. *Thus the correspondence of our sensa-*

*tions with actual fact can only be explained as a gradual acquisition; and the only question remaining is, how far the innate peculiarities of the human race come into play in the creation of this correspondence. Thus we come back to the point from which we started, viz., that what we have to investigate in the last resort is nothing but an explanation of the laws of motion.*

On the other hand, although our sensations can give no direct copy of the qualities of things, they may give a direct copy of the time-relations, and of the uniformity of the chronological sequence of phenomena: for the process of perceiving them itself takes place in time, and in a regular order, like the outer world. Hence uniformity of sequence may be copied directly by perception, and a real correspondence may exist between them; which is all we practically require.

DR. MAYER, of Heilbronn, then gave a description of the Dynamometer invented by him twenty years ago, and since perfected with the assistance of Herr Zech. This instrument, which is adapted to engines of twenty horse-power and upwards, records measurements of force simultaneously in the form of heat and in the form of pressure: the two results controlling each other. It was exhibited at the *Industrial Exhibition at Heilbronn* this year, and described by Zech. Dr. Mayer then proceeded to deal with a variety of questions arising out of his theory of the Conservation of Force.

*Can the large amount of force which is lost in the form of heat in all mechanical operations be utilized?* The answer is, unfortunately, it cannot. Heat is the cheapest possible form of force; mechanical force is far dearer, and electricity is the dearest of all. It would, therefore, never be worth while to transform waste heat into any other form of force.

Does it follow from the theory that the heat of the sun is due to the fall of meteors into it, that the universe is likely to be brought to a standstill by the ultimate absorption of all cosmical bodies into one mass? Dr. Mayer thinks not, for the following reasons:—It was shown five years ago by Brayley, of London, and recently in the latest number of the *German Quarterly Journal*, that the collision of masses of the size or of half the size of our sun, would result in the entire dispersion of the molecules composing them into illimitable space. There is every reason to suppose that in infinite space, and during an infinite time, collisions of such bodies must repeatedly take place. A remarkable proof that such is the case, is furnished by the observations of the great meteors of October 29, 1857, and March 4, 1863: the course of both of which was that

of an hyperbola; and the velocity of the latter 9·145 geographical miles per second. Now it is known that at the distance of the orbit of our earth from the sun, no body, whose motion is due to the attraction of the sun, can attain a velocity greater than 5·8 geo. miles a second. It follows, therefore, that the meteor just mentioned must have been travelling at a velocity of 7 geo. miles a second before it came within the sphere of the sun's attraction. This original velocity may be explained by supposing that the whole solar system is moving forward in space, or moving round a central sun. But it is impossible to conceive the existence of a body sufficiently large to exercise from the distance of the fixed stars any appreciable motive influence upon the sun. And besides, if our earth, over and above its heliocentric motion, moved along with the sun through space, this would produce apparent aberrations in the light which comes to the earth from the fixed stars, of a different kind from those which are actually observed.

Our sun is therefore to be regarded as literally a fixed star; although its light, like that of all the fixed stars, may be connected with the fall of cosmical *débris* into it, it does not follow that this *débris* should ever be exhausted.

Turning from the universe to our own earth, Dr. Mayer proceeded to state his reasons for the hypothesis that the phenomenon of *terrestrial magnetism* is due to the trade winds.

The lowest stratum of the trade winds assumes, by friction with the surface of the sea, an electrical condition the opposite of that of the water; the air then rises under the warmth of the sun, and the colder air from the pole streams in underneath, driving it towards the pole, where from its high state of electric tension it produces the *Aurora Borealis*. Now it is noticeable that owing to the physical conformation of the globe, the electric activity of the southern hemisphere is on the whole stronger than that of the northern; the result of which is, that not only between the Pole and Equator, but also between North and South Pole, there is a constant disturbance of electrical equilibrium taking place, by which the direction of the Magnetic needle is determined.

The address was concluded by an exposition of the lecturer's philosophical and theological position.

DR. KARL VOGT (of Geneva) summed up the main results of the recent *Congress of Palæontologists at Copenhagen*. After vindicating the place of Primeval History as one of the exact Physical sciences, he divided the subject under three headings:—

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XI, No. 3.

1. *The age of the human race*.—There is no longer any doubt that man existed in Europe—probably the latest peopled part of the world—at a time when the great southern animals, the elephant, the mammoth, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, were found there, which are now extinct. Even where no human remains or tools have been found, the acute researches of Steenstrup have found traces of man by distinguishing the bones which have been gnawed by animals from those which show signs of having been split by man for the sake of the marrow, or otherwise handled by him. It is equally certain that posterior to the advent of man the Straits of Gibraltar, of Dover, and the Dardanelles, as well as Sicily and Africa, were still united by isthmuses; the whole Mediterranean area was separated from Africa by a sea in the basin of Sahara; the Baltic was a sea of ice covering the whole low levels of N. Germany and Russia, and cutting off Finland, Sweden, and Norway, into what would have been an island but for its junction with Denmark.

The astonishing researches of Lartet in France, of Fraas in Germany, and of Dupont in Belgium, have proved that this period was succeeded by another, in which men hunted in the countries of Central Europe the reindeer and other arctic animals, in an arctic climate, and surrounded by an arctic flora.

We may also speak with confidence of the migrations of these primeval races: the human contemporaries of the most ancient animals, the mammoth, the cave-bear, and the cave-lion, can only be traced in the Western and Southern parts of Europe. In Central Europe and Switzerland their remains are unknown. In the "reindeer period," again, we find man in Switzerland and in Suabia; but no trace of him in North Germany and Denmark.

2. *The growth of primeval civilization* is shown by the striking similarity of the tools dug up in caves of the "reindeer period" in the South of France with those of the Esquimaux and Greenlanders collected in the Museum at Copenhagen. Our primeval Europeans were no doubt savages in the fullest sense, even those with a white skin being distinctly inferior, so far as we can make out, to the lowest type of modern savage, the Australian. They were cannibals, as has been lately shown by researches in Copenhagen. The lake villages in Switzerland, on the other hand, show that Agriculture and the Pastoral life flourished whilst the metals were still unknown, and that the introduction of them was connected with barter and trade.

We are acquainted at present with a number of primeval manufacturing localities, and of the commercial routes which were used in the rudest times. It can be shown moreover that our civilization came not from Asia, but from Africa; and Heer has proved that the

cultivated plants in the Swiss lake villages are of African, and, to a great extent, Egyptian origin.

3. *The corporeal development of Man*, and the different families, kinds, and races of men, have been far less investigated than the corresponding divisions of the ape type. In many places the skulls discovered have been few: but less than a year ago a whole cemetery of more than forty human skulls and skeletons, belonging to the "reindeer period," was discovered near Solutri, in France. We therefore now have considerable material for arriving at conclusions respecting primeval man of this period. There can be no doubt that man approaches more nearly in bodily conformation to the animal, and especially his nearest relative, the ape, the lower his stage of culture. As time goes on these characteristics gradually vanish: the forehead becomes more upright, the skull higher and more dome-shaped, and the projecting countenance gradually recedes under the skull. These changes are the result of man's conflict with his circumstances, and of the mental labor which that conflict entails.

PROFESSOR VIRCHOW's lecture "On the Present State of Pathology" was a *résumé* of the history of the theory of disease. After mentioning the practical evils arising from the prevalence of false or superstitious ideas about the nature of disease, he proceeded to show that—

These popular ideas are due to an amalgamation through the medium of the ecclesiastical literature of the middle ages, of conceptions common to most Oriental nations of disease as an infection of the blood, with the Greek or Hippocratic theory of it as the inharmonious mixture of the four "humors," of which every portion of the body was supposed to consist. Both these views agreed in supposing the introduction of a *materies morbi* into the system, which produced the infection according to the one view, and the disharmony according to the other. After the middle ages this "matter of disease" was conceived as an irritant introduced into the peccant "humor." But the observation of the gradual development of disease through a series of stages soon gave rise to the supposition that it was a living substance of a vegetable or animal character; and as the more minute organic beings became known, a theory arose which the late Dr. Schönlein endeavored to carry out to its logical conclusions, that all disease was referable to the presence of parasitic agencies. The discussion which is still rife, as to whether cholera, typhus, scarlet fever, &c., are the results of the presence of microscopic germs in the body, has led by a very natural confusion to the conception that in these germs we have the essence or material of the disease itself.

Parallel to this view of disease as a material entity, we find that which identifies it with an entity of an immaterial or spiritual character. This was in the earliest times, and still is, the belief of the Arabians and Chinese. It seems an analogous conception to that of life as an entity resembling the breath: and a number of popular conceptions about disease are traceable to it. The reference of disease to an evil spirit or to the devil, the care of the mother that her child should not be breathed upon by a witch, and generally the belief in demoniacal possession, besides a host of remedies, are derived from the same idea.

Opposed to both these conceptions of disease as an entity, is that which arose in the middle of the last century, although traces of it are visible still earlier—and which regards disease as inseparable from, and to a certain extent a part of, the organism itself. This is the first step on the road to truth, implying as it does the distinction between the cause of the disease, which may be the introduction of a foreign substance, and the disease itself, which is a state or process in the organism diseased. Out of this view arose the further notion that disease is a conflict between the organism and the foreign substance. Whatever may be the accuracy of such an expression, the conception of disease as an event or process is a familiar one. It is remarkable, however, that it is not older than something over thirty years: and the requisite nomenclature to express it is still wanting or imperfect both in English and French. The next step was to connect Pathology more and more with the study of healthy life, with Biology.

From this point of view we may define disease as "Life under altered conditions." But this is too vague. Imprisonment is "life under altered conditions," but it is not disease. The animal body possesses a remarkable power of adapting itself to altered conditions; and the limit of this power is the boundary beyond which disease begins. It is the inability of the body to eliminate disturbance of function produced by alteration of condition. And the business of the physician is to support and emancipate this power of elimination.

Parallel with this development of the conception of disease, we find a growing delicacy in the analysis of its seat. At first a rough geographical definition of its position in the head, breast, &c., sufficed. Then disease was named more exactly after the organ affected; later still, after the different ways in which the organ was affected: until at length we have come down to the tissues of which the organs are composed, and still further to the minute cells of which the tissues are composed, in order there to trace the rise and progress of disease in modifications of these microscopical elements which are the really ultimate agencies in the animal organism.

The lecturer concluded amidst loud applause by urging on statesmen the cultivation of accurate knowledge of the conditions of popular health and well-being.

In the sections the following are amongst the more important papers read:—Helmholtz, *On Electric Oscillations*; Neumayer, *On some Preparations for the Observation of the Approaching Transit of Venus in 1872 and 1882*;

Claus, *On Compounds of Sulphur and Nitrogen*; Böttger, *On the Absorption of Hydrogen by Palladium*; and *On the Coating of Glass and Porcelain with Platinum*; Wislicenus, *On new Researches into Lactic Acid*; Virchow, *On Old Scandinavian Skulls*; Heidenhain, *On the Influence of the Nervous System on Animal Heat*.

The next meeting of the Association is to take place at Rostock.

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The Spectator.

#### MR. TENNYSON'S NEW POEMS.\*

MR. TENNYSON'S genius deepens and matures with every fresh year, and with every year seems to dwell more powerfully and with greater effect on the task of knitting closely together the world of spirit and of sense, and of showing their true relations. Painful as was the subject of the poem on Lucretius which he gave us last year, and which is included, of course, in this volume,—so painful that the poem can never be popular,—we doubt if he has done anything embodying a greater weight of intellect and a nobler flight of the higher imagination; and certainly he has never done anything which leaves a profounder spiritual impression. By sheer mastery of the spell which the Epicurean philosophy had gained over the mind of the great Roman poet, both for good and for evil,—and no one shows more powerfully than Mr. Tennyson that the atheism of Lucretius was, to a very great extent, a spiritual revolt against impure religions,—and by pursuing rigidly that philosophic thread of thought, after some evil drug intended to excite the animal nature had, according to the tradition, been supposed to work its distorting effect on the brain of the passionless theorist, Tennyson manages to impress on us that even the greatest and most passionless thinkers will find some hour in which “nature,” as they have imagined it, is so infinitely below the highest spirit of their own lives, that their whole being is swallowed up in one intense yearning to *escape from*

nature, even by outraging nature, to find a “divine tranquillity” which nature cannot give them, and which they ask therefore the dissolution of nature to give instead. But as we spoke of this noble poem when it first appeared, we will not dwell further on it now; we only return to it to show with how fresh and increasing a power the Poet Laureate's genius returns again and again to the subject of the war between spirit and flesh, as his intellectual grasp enlarges, and he comprehends still more clearly the intellectual visions and problems, successes and failures of his contemporaries. Before we turn to the noble addition to the Arthurian cycle of poems which is contained in this volume, let us illustrate what we have said by the singularly grand and musical stanzas, called “The Higher Pantheism,” which, as we understand their meaning, is no Pantheism at all, but a most carefully discriminate protest against Pantheism, inasmuch as the poet reserves even from the dominion of God the spiritual personality of man, and attributes even to God a spiritual personality like unto that of man:—

#### “THE HIGHER PANTHEISM.

“The sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills  
and the plains—  
Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who  
reigns?  
Is not the Vision He? tho' He be not that which  
He seems?  
Dreams are true while they last, and do we not  
live in dreams?  
Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body and  
limb,  
Are they not sign and symbol of thy division  
from Him?

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\* *The Holy Grail, and other Poems.* By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet Laureate. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

Dark is the world to thee : thyself art the reason why ;  
 For is He not all but thou, that hast power to feel 'I am I?'  
 Glory about thee, without thee ; and thou fullest thy doom,  
 Making Him broken gleams, and a stifled splendor and gloom.  
 Speak to him thou for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet—  
 Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.  
 God is law, say the wise ; O Soul, and let us rejoice,  
 For if He thunder by law the thunder is yet His voice.  
 Law is God, say some : no God at all, says the fool ;  
 For all we have power to see is a straight staff bent in a pool ;  
 And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see ;  
 But if we could see and hear, this Vision—were it not He ? ”

There is something of the roll of the organ in the rhythm of these noble lines, which, for substance, contain, to our mind, a grand, if somewhat darkly grand, expression of the thought that all which exists in the universe is either man or God ; that the physical world only even seems a veil upon the spiritual, through the weakness, errors, and revolts of our own senses, intellect, and will ; that “if we could see and hear,” we should no longer make Him “broken gleams and a stifled splendor and gloom ;” but should be all the more aware of the infinite personal life behind law, and the independent personal life to which the thunders of law appeal in us. Some might say that the poem on Lucretius suggests a limitation even to this doctrine which Mr. Tennyson calls “the higher pantheism,” since it shows how a “wicked broth” infused into the body, and “confusing the chemic labor of the blood,” makes the world dark to a noble mind, without its having any right to say, “Thyself art the reason why.” But the poet would probably reply that in some higher sense—if this *were*, according to the tradition, the end of Lucretius—he was himself the true reason of this tragical close to his life, inasmuch as the whole course of the blind gropings of his great intellect may have pointed to some final struggle of this sort with the animal side of his nature, as the best mode of finally releasing him from his dream that there is no higher “nature” in man beyond what a chance

concourse of atoms could cause and crush.

But the greatest, if not in every respect the most perfect, of Mr. Tennyson's works will undoubtedly prove to be that in which he illustrates the lusting of the flesh against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh, in his treatment of the noble cycle of Arthurian legends. It is a misfortune for the perfect comprehension of this great poem by Mr. Tennyson's own contemporaries that he has communicated it in fragments of which not many of us had caught the true connecting thought till now. We regret that the publisher has not kept the promise given us in the fly-leaf, of a simultaneous republication of the whole series of Arthurian poems in the order in which their author wishes them to be read. Had he done so, many would have re-read the other idyls before seizing on the new ones, and would so have gained an immense advantage for the understanding of the whole. To the present writer, at least, the Arthurian idyls have risen from a very exquisite series of cabinet pictures into a great tragic epic, from this re-reading of the series in order, with the new and wonderfully vivid introduction, and the new books which just precede the close. “The Coming of Arthur,” and the new opening of “The Morte d'Arthur,” contain in some sense the key to the whole. Mr. Tennyson himself made it the original recommendation of his “Morte d'Arthur,” read on Christmas Eve to the party at “Francis Allen's,” that it had a modern treatment,—

“Perhaps some modern touches here and there  
 Redeemed it from the charge of nothingness.”

Now that it has grown bole by bole into a stately tree of song, we know none of his poems more thoroughly modern in spirit, though always in a way that does not jar with the legendary form into which that modern spirit is poured. The ideal ruler of the poem, who makes his knights swear

“To reverence the King, as if he were  
 Their conscience, and their conscience as their King,”

combines a strangely modern tolerance, a deep reverence for the individual nature of every one under his rule, with that “great authority” by virtue of

which he reigns. But then this happens to fit in well with the reverence and courtliness of the chivalric system of life, better perhaps than it could with that *laissez-faire* which is the root of so much of our modern tolerance,—a tolerance rooted less in reverence than in self-sufficiency. How fine is the conception of the King as given in "The Coming of Arthur," in the testimony adduced by his half-sister, Bellicent, the Queen of Orkney, to the King of Cameliard, while the latter is still doubting whether or not to give his daughter Guinevere to Arthur:—

"O king!" she cried, "and I will tell thee: few,  
Few, but all brave, all of one mind with him;  
For I was near him when the savage yells  
Of Uther's peerage died, and Arthur sat  
Crown'd on the dais, and his warriors cried,  
'Be thou the king, and we will work thy will  
Who love thee.' Then the king, in low deep  
tones,

And simple words of great authority,  
Bound them by so straight vows to his own self,  
That when they rose, knighted from kneeling,  
some

Were pale as at the passing of a ghost,  
Some flush'd, and others dazed, as one who  
wakes

Half-blinded at the coming of a light.

"But when he spake and cheer'd his Table Round  
With large divine and comfortable words  
Beyond my tongue to tell thee—I beheld  
From eye to eye thro' all their Order flash  
A momentary likeness of the king:  
And ere it left their faces, thro' the cross  
And those around it and the Crucified,  
Down from the casement over Arthur, smote  
Flame-color, vert and azure, in three rays,  
One falling upon each of three fair queens,  
Who stood in silence near his throne, the friends  
Of Arthur, gazing on him, tall, with bright  
Sweet faces, who will help him at his need."

The theme of the whole series of poems is the process of the partial dethronement of Arthur from his spiritual rule over his order, through the disloyalty and shame of Guinevere and Lancelot; of the spread of this infectious guilt in larger and larger circles till it breaks up the oneness of the realm altogether, and the Order of the Round Table is shattered, and the ideal king, deserted by many of his own knights, and deeply wounded in the last great battle with the traitor and the heathens, vanishes into the world beyond, not without leaving a loud rumor and ever-springing hope of his return. Yet, as in all the

higher tragedy, the failure is itself a success. The dissolution of the order he created yet leaves behind it the image of a true king, grander, higher than any realm he could rule, and grander and higher precisely because he himself had been greater even in failure than in success. How fine is the forecast of this,—that his realm shall disappear, but that the image of the King shall remain, even when the earth beneath it vanishes away,—in Leodogran's dream:—

"She spake and King Leodogran rejoiced,  
But musing 'Shall I answer yea or nay?'  
Doubted, and drowsed, nodded and slept, and saw,  
Dreaming, a slope of land that ever grew,  
Field after field, up to a height, the peak  
Haze-hidden, and thereon a phantom king,  
Now looming, and now lost; and on the slope  
The sword rose, the hind fell, the herd was  
driven,

Fire glimpsed; and all the land from roof and rick,  
In drifts of smoke before a rolling wind,  
Stream'd to the peak, and mingled with the haze  
And made it thicker; while the phantom king  
Sent out at times a voice; and here and there  
Stood one who pointed toward the voice, the rest  
Slew on and burnt, crying, 'No king of ours,  
No son of Uther, and no king of ours;'  
Till with a wink his dream was changed, the haze  
Descended, and the solid earth became  
As nothing, and the king stood out in heaven,  
Crown'd. And Leodogran awoke, and sent  
Ulflus, and Brastias and Bedivere,  
Back to the court of Arthur answering yea."

—in other words, Arthur is not crowned "in heaven" till he has ceased to hold the sceptre of government; and then first his authority is acknowledged by those who had till then defied it in their hearts, while admitting its right over them. We need not go over the ground of the old idyls, but would only remind our readers that in the very first of them,—*"Enid,"*—the true burden of the story is the distrust sown in the knightly mind of Geraint by the Queen's unfaithfulness, his reluctance to leave his wife Enid under her care, his neglect of the duties of his government in watching her, his moody self-will growing out of this jealousy and mistrust, and the wild and violent lavishing of his strength in exploits which draw down the censure of the King, who contrasts with them the sane and more obedient mind of one who had been won from a life of pride and violence to obedience. The object of the idyl is evidently to compare the moral state and danger of him who

is tempted away from a noble order of life by scandals to his conscience existing in that order, with the state of him who has never lived under such a noble order at all, and to show that the shock to a mind already in the light may be even more dangerous than an outer world of evil and ignorance to one which has never been captivated by any true conception of nobility at all. In the book of Vivien describing her triumph over Merlin, we have the description of the struggle between the most sensual and the most intellectual nature in Arthur's Court, and see the magic charm of "woven paces and of waving hands" which the great seer had discovered to charm the senses to sleep, used by a wanton to lay the seer himself to sleep. And here, again, the motive is closely bound up with Guinevere and Lancelot's sin, for it is when Arthur, "vext at a rumor rife about the Queen," is walking moodily alone, that Vivien meets him, and attempts to win him by "dark, sweet hints of some who prized him more than who should prize him most;" and her failure with the King, and the ridicule the attempt excites in the Court sets her upon the ambitious task of retrieving her defeat by a triumph over Merlin, and winning from him the secret of the spell by which she conquers him, and robs the King of his wisest and most potent subject. In "Elaine" we have the first serious threatening of the cloud which ultimately breaks over Arthur, the noble picture of Guinevere's jealousy when she hears Lancelot's name coupled, however erroneously, with Elaine's, and flings his proffered diamonds into the river; while Elaine's innocent, simple, and hopeless love is introduced as a contrast to the guilty passion of the great Queen's heart, and Arthur is shown just dimly forecasting the coming ruin of his peace, though still absolutely trusting with a kingly trustfulness both in his wife and in his greatest knight. It is to this point in the series of the Arthurian idyls, after the degeneration of feeling from the time when Arthur and his knighthood were "all one will" had had time to spread, that the two new books, the "Holy Grail" and "Pelleas and Ettarre," belong,—the first representing that fanatical reaction towards ecstatic holiness

which, where there is a real spirit of faith, so often breaks, without preventing, a moral descent, and the latter representing the still greater laxity of life on the very eve of the discovery, when the scandals of the time drive hasty and passionate innocence into the belief that the whole Round Table is a whited sepulchre full of pollution, and encourage the traitor, Modred, to think within himself that the time for his conspiracy is "hard at hand." Both books are marvellously fine,—most of the two, perhaps, the former, which paints with the richest possible coloring the visions of enthusiasts seeking for a restoration of the age of miracle and of an opened heaven. The picture is full of skilfully disguised "modern touches." The year of miracle begins with the vision of the Holy Cup by a nun, the sister of Sir Percivale, and we are carefully told what it is that drives her into the life of visionary ecstasy. She had been disappointed in love, and thus inclined to the conventual life. Once in her convent,—

"Nun as she was, the scandal of the Court,  
Sin against Arthur and the Table Round,  
And the strange sound of an adulterous race,  
Across the iron grating of her cell  
Beat, and she pray'd and fasted all the more."

In this state of mind she sees the vision of the Holy Cup, and inspires others with her belief. As a likeness of the King had flashed from the eyes of his knights in the first glow of their fealty, so the ecstasy of the nun spreads to the purest and most enthusiastical of her friends, Sir Galahad, who,

"When he heard  
My sister's vision filled me with amaze;  
His eyes became so like her own they seemed  
Hers, and himself her brother more than I."

And when she sends him on the Quest—

"She sent the deathless passion in her eyes,  
Thro' him, and made him hers, and laid her mind  
On him, and he believed in her belief."

From which it may be gathered that the miracles and visions of the poem are all more subjective than they at first might seem. Very fine is the pageantry of the Quest, as it is told by the different knights who take part in it, and who, each of them, lends his own character to the wonders and the visions through which he passes, down to Sir Gawain, the "light-of-love," who swore the vow,

"and louder than the rest," but who openly ridiculed it afterwards, and superfluously swore to be

"Deaf than the blue-eyed cat,  
And thrice as blind as any noonday owl  
To holy virgins in their ecstasies  
Henceforward!"

—whereon the King remarks that such an oath is gratuitous in one who is already "too blind to have desire to see." Perhaps the finest story of all is that of Sir Lancelot's search in the hope of finding something which might rescue him from his own conscience;—a story evidently tinged with a gleam of insanity,—

" 'Then there remain'd but Lancelot, for the rest  
Spake but of sundry perils in the storm;  
Perhaps, like him of Cana in Holy Writ,  
Our Arthur kept his best until the last;  
'Thou, too, my Lancelot,' ask'd the King, 'my  
friend,  
Our mightiest, hath this Quest avail'd for thee?'  
'Our mightiest!' answer'd Lancelot, with a  
groan;  
'O King!'—and when he paused, methought I  
spied

A dying fire of madness in his eyes—  
'O King! my friend, if friend of thine I be,  
Happier are those that welter in their sin,  
Swine in the mud, that cannot see for slime,  
Slime of the ditch; but in me lived a sin  
So strange, of such a kind, that all of pure,  
Noble, and knightly in me twined and clung  
Round that one sin, until the wholesome flower  
And poisonous grew together, each as each,  
Not to be pluck'd asunder; and when thy  
knights

Swore, I swore with them only in the hope  
That could I touch or see the Holy Grail  
They might be pluck'd asunder. Then I spake  
To one most holy saint, who wept and said,  
That save they could be pluck'd asunder, all  
My quest were but in vain; to whom I vow'd  
That I would work according as he will'd.  
And forth I went, and while I yearn'd and  
strove

To tear the twain asunder in my heart,  
My madness came upon me as of old,  
And whipt me into waste fields far away;  
There was I beaten down by little men,  
Mean knights, to whom the moving of my sword  
And shadow of my spear had been enow  
To scare them from me once; and then I came  
All in my folly to the naked shore,  
Wide flats, where nothing but coarse grasses  
grew.

I felt the boat shock earth, and looking up,  
Behold, the enchanted towers of Carbonek,  
A castle like a rock upon a rock,  
With chasm-like portals open to the sea,  
And steps that met the breaker! there was  
none

Stood near it but a lion on each side  
That kept the entry, and the moon was full.

Then from the boat I leapt, and up the stairs.  
There drew my sword. With sudden-flaring  
manes

Those two great beasts rose upright like a man,  
Each gript a shoulder, and I stood between;  
And, when I would have smitten them, heard  
a voice,

'Doubt not, go forward! if thou doubt, the  
beasts

Will tear thee piecemeal.' Then with violence  
The sword was dash'd from out my hand, and  
fell.

And up into the sounding hall I past;  
But nothing in the sounding hall I saw,  
Nor bench nor table, painting on the wall,  
Or shield of knight; only the rounded moon  
Thro' the tall oriel on the rolling sea.  
But always in the quiet house I heard,  
Clear as a lark, high o'er me as a lark,  
A sweet voice singing in the topmost tower  
To the eastward: up I climb'd a thousand steps  
With pain: as in a dream I seem'd to climb  
For ever; at the last I reach'd a door,  
A light was in the crannies, and I heard,  
'Glory and joy and honor to our Lord  
And to the Holy Vessel of the Grail.'

Then in my madness I essay'd the door;  
It gave; and thro' a stormy glare, a heat  
As from a seventimes-heated furnace, I,  
Blasted and burnt, and blinded as I was,  
With such a fierceness that I swoon'd away—  
O, yet methought I saw the Holy Grail,  
All pall'd in crimson samite, and around  
Great angels, awful shapes, and wings and eyes.  
And but for all my madness and my sin,  
And then my swooning, I had sworn I saw  
That which I saw; but what I saw was veil'd  
And cover'd; and this quest was not for me."

This book, like almost all the rest, is closed by the King, who gives his own,—the kingly,—view of the waste of power and human helpfulness the Quest had entailed. He had openly declared before it was instituted that the sign, if given from Heaven at all, was one "to maim this Order which I made," and while conceding that those who had seen visions may have had some glimpse of divine things needful for them, he exalts far above such visions the duty of redressing earthly wrongs and purifying the realm. Whether the poet's own sympathy be with this absolute preference of the practical to the visionary life, or whether he only attributes it to the king as the true faith *for a king*,—to whom it is given to govern rather than to search for contemplative truth,—we are not sure. Perhaps the perfect kingly conscience is in this respect intended to be somewhat narrower and less awake to the thirst for spiritual vision than the perfect human conscience. And yet Arthur is made to say,—very



much like St. Paul, who boasts that he thanks God he has visions, and can speak with tongues more than all the seers among His disciples,—that he has his visions too, but counts them little compared with completing his allotted task of introducing order into his realm. On “Pelleas and Ettarre,” fine as it is, we have no space to dwell. It is a picture of the beginning of the end. Significantly enough, the gentle and wise king does not appear to bring back to the spirit of faith the maddened soul of the poor young knight, who, looking everywhere for purity and honor, finds or believes he finds nothing but lust and treachery. The book ends, cracks sharp off as it were, with the picture of jarred and desperate enthusiasm which has lost all its faith in human nature, and with no healing words of royal faith to save the wrecked spirit. The Queen shrinks from the accusing eye, the King is absent. After this book, the noble idyl of Guinevere’s shame and repentance and parting from Arthur—one of the old series—finds its natural place. And finally,—to bring our too long review to its conclusion,—we have in the new passage prefixed to “The Morte d’Arthur” perhaps the finest fruit of Mr. Tennyson’s genius. We know nothing of his so grand as Arthur’s dream, before the final battle in the West in which he receives his mortal wound, when:—

“There came on Arthur sleeping, Gawain kill’d  
In Lancelot’s war, the ghost of Gawain blown  
Along a wandering wind, and past his ear  
Went shrilling ‘Hollow, hollow all delight!  
Hail, king! to-morrow thou shalt pass away.  
Farewell! there is an isle of rest for thee.  
And I am blown along a wandering wind,  
And hollow, hollow, hollow all delight.’  
And fainter onward, like wild birds that change  
Their season in the night and wail their way  
From cloud to cloud, down the long wind the  
dream

Shrill’d; but in going mingled with dim cries  
Far in the moonlit haze among the hills,  
As of some lonely city sack’d by night,  
When all is lost, and wife and child with wail  
Pass to new lords; and Arthur woke and call’d,  
‘Who spake? A dream. O light upon the wind,  
Thine, Gawain, was the voice—are these dim  
cries  
Thine, or doth all that haunts the waste and  
wild  
Mourn, knowing it will go along with me?’”

We are persuaded that the series of Arthurian poems which are now complete are destined to produce a greater and greater impression on the world, the more fully their continuity of design is apprehended. They are no allegories. But with the richest painting they combine the deepest delineations of conscience, of character, of social health and sickness, and of kingly law.

In the other poems of this volume—“The Northern Farmer,” of course excepted—we feel no very deep interest. “The Golden Supper,” and the smaller poems which have already appeared elsewhere, seem to us to want—like all those mere poetic *stories* of Mr. Tennyson’s which have no great thoughts to animate and permeate them—something of backbone. His great power of color needs the restraining power of a mastering intellectual purpose, to keep it from over-luxuriance. “Enoch Arden,” “Aylmer’s Field,” “The Golden Supper,” and others of his novelettes in verse, lack the intellectual fascination which is the true secret of Mr. Tennyson’s genius. The *morcellement* of the Arthurian poem, due to its slow and gradual growth, may have popularized, but has certainly hitherto disguised its unity and greatness, even from students of Tennyson. Once completed, it will be known for what it is,—one of the greatest of English works.

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Macmillan’s Magazine.

FREDERICK KÖENIG, INVENTOR OF THE STEAM-PRINTING MACHINE.

BY SAMUEL SMILES.

TOWARDS the end of the year 1806, a young German printer arrived in England bringing with him a great idea, his only property. He had conceived a me-

thod of indefinitely multiplying the productions of the printing-press by a machine to be worked by steam-power, and he was in search of the requisite

means for carrying his design into effect.

This young German was Frederick König, the son of a small farmer at Eisleben, in Prussian Saxony, where he was born in 1775. He must have been a born printer, for he used to play at printing when a boy, making use of his mother's hand-mangle to obtain rude impressions of objects. As he would be nothing but a printer, his father sent him to Leipsic at the age of sixteen to learn the trade; and in the well-known office of Breitkopf he speedily became an expert workman.

Being both studious and ingenious, König, from an early period, occupied his leisure hours in devising ways and means of improving the art at which he worked. Throwing off large sheets by hand was then a very slow as well as laborious process, and one of the things that most occupied the young printer's mind was whether some method might not be devised for getting rid of this "horse-work," for such it was, in the business of printing. He proceeded to plan a machine with that object, and he went so far as to begin a model of one; but being only a poor workman, he was very soon stopped by want of the necessary means for completing it. He tried to enlist men of capital in his scheme, but they all turned a deaf ear to him. He went from town to town, offering his project to the leading printers, but could find no encouragement. The plan seemed to them by far too complicated and costly. Besides, industrial enterprise in Germany was then in a measure paralyzed by the impending war with France, and men of capital were naturally averse to risk their money on what seemed to them a merely speculative undertaking.

Finding no sympathizers or helpers at home, König next turned his attention abroad. England was then, as now, the usual refuge of inventors who could not find the means of bringing out their schemes elsewhere; and to England he wistfully turned his eyes. In the mean time, however, his inventive ability having become known, an offer was made to him by the Russian Government to proceed to St. Petersburg and organize a State printing-office there. The invitation was accepted, and thither König

proceeded accordingly in the spring of 1806. But the official difficulties thrown in his way were so great, and so disgusted him, that he decided to throw up his appointment and try his fortune in England, where he arrived, poor in means but rich in his great idea, in the autumn of the same year.

He at first maintained himself with difficulty by his trade, for his ignorance of the language stood in his way. But to work at the trade was not König's object in coming to England. His idea of a printing machine was always uppermost in his mind, and he lost no opportunity of bringing the subject under the notice of master printers likely to take it up. After meeting with numerous rebuffs and disappointments, he at last found what he was in search of—a man of capital willing to risk his money in developing the invention and bringing it into practical operation. This was Thomas Bensley, a leading London printer, with whom König entered into a contract in March, 1807, to accomplish his proposed printing machine; Bensley, on his part, undertaking to find the requisite money for the purpose. König then proceeded to mature his plans, and to construct a model machine, which occupied him the greater part of three years, and a patent was taken out for the invention on the 29th of March, 1810.

Steps were next taken to erect a working model, to put it to the test of actual practice. In the mean time König had been joined by another ingenious German mechanic, Andrew F. Bauer, who proved of much service to him in working out its details. At length, in April, 1811, the first printing machine driven by steam-power was constructed and ready for use; and the first work it turned out was sheet H of the "Annual Register for 1810," which it printed at the rate of 800 impressions in an hour—being the first sheet of a book ever printed by a machine and by steam-power.

In this first machine of König's, the arrangement was somewhat similar to that known as the "platen machine;" the printing being produced by two flat plates, as in the common hand-press. It also embodied an ingenious arrangement for inking the type. Instead of the old-

fashioned inking balls,\* which were beaten over the type by hand, several cylinders covered with felt and leather were employed, these forming a part of the machine itself. Two of the cylinders revolved in opposite directions, so as to spread the ink, which was then transferred to two other inking cylinders alternately applied to the "form" by the action of spiral springs.

König was not entirely satisfied with the action of his first machine. It would have been strange indeed if he had. Twenty years' labor did not satisfy Watt as to the action of his steam-engine. And König's engine was, like Watt's, only the first of a series, each exhibiting an improvement on its predecessor, until at length the satisfactory working machine was accomplished. This platen machine of König's, though it has since been taken up anew and perfected, was not considered by him sufficiently simple in its arrangement to be adapted for common use; and he had scarcely completed it when he was already revolving in his mind a plan of a second machine on a new principle, with the object of insuring greater speed, economy, and simplicity.

By this time two other well-known London printers, Messrs. Taylor and Woodfall, joined Bensley and König in their partnership for the manufacture and sale of printing machines. König, thus encouraged, proceeded with his new scheme, the patent for which was taken out on October 30th, 1811. The principal feature of this invention was the printing cylinder in the centre of the machine, by which the impression was taken from the types, instead of by flat plates as in the first arrangement. The form was fixed on a cast-iron plate which ran to and fro on a table, being received at either end by strong spiral springs. The other details of the specification included improvements in the inking apparatus and an arrangement

for discharging the sheet on the return of the form. A *double* machine on the same principle was also included in this patent.

The contrivance of these various arrangements cost König many anxious days and nights of study and labor. But he saw before him only the end in view, and thought little of himself and his toil. How diligently he continued to elaborate the details of his invention will further appear from two other patents which he took out in 1813 and 1814,—the first of which included an important improvement in the inking arrangement, and a contrivance for holding and carrying on the sheet and keeping it close to the printing cylinder by means of endless tapes; while in the second was introduced the following new expedients: a feeder consisting of an endless web, an improved arrangement of the endless tapes by employing inner as well as outer friskets, an improvement of the "register" (that is, one page falling exactly on the back of another) by which greater accuracy of impression was secured, and finally an arrangement by which the sheet was thrown out of the machine printed on both sides.

Before, however, these last-mentioned improvements had been introduced, König had proceeded with the erection of a single cylinder machine after the patent of 1811. It was finished and ready for use by December, 1812; and it was then employed to print the sheets G and H of Clarkson's "*Life of Penn.*" vol. i., which it did in a satisfactory manner at the rate of 800 impressions an hour.

When this machine had been got fairly to work, the proprietors of several of the leading London newspapers were invited to witness its performance—amongst others Mr. Perry of the *Morning Chronicle*, and Mr. Walter of the *Times*. Mr. Perry would have nothing to do with it, and would not even go to see it, regarding it as a gimcrack; but Mr. Walter, who had long been desirous of applying machinery to newspaper printing, at once went to see König's machine on the premises in Whitecross Street, where it had been manufactured and was at work. He had before had several interviews with the inventor on the subject of a steam press for the

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\* The inking balls were superseded by the hand-roller clothed with skin, the invention of the late Lord Stanhope. The composite roller now in use was the chance discovery of one Edward Dyas, printer and parish clerk of Madeley in Shropshire. His glue-pot having been upset, and Dyas not having a pelt-ball ready at hand, took up a piece of the glue in a soft state, and inked a form with it so satisfactorily that he continued its use. He afterwards added treacle to keep the glue soft.

*Times*; but determined to wait the issue of the experimental machine which he knew to be in course of construction. A glance at the machine at work at once satisfied Mr. Walter as to the great value of the invention. König having briefly explained to him the action of a double machine on the same principle, Mr. Walter, after only a few minutes' consideration, and before leaving the premises, ordered two double machines for the printing of the *Times* newspaper.

From the day that John Walter the Second was taken into partnership by his father, at the age of twenty-seven, he assumed the sole conduct and management of the *Times*. He had received a liberal education, passing from Merchant Taylors' School to Trinity College, Oxford; and he had also been through nearly every department in the *Times* office, mechanical as well as literary. He had thus obtained a thorough practical knowledge of the working of the concern, in which he was greatly helped by his genius for business, his habit of assiduous application, and his extraordinary energy of character. No sooner did he assume the management, than he proceeded to remodel the establishment and introduce improvements in every department. Before he took the *Times* in hand, the daily journal did not seek to guide public opinion or to exercise political influence. It was a *news* paper, little more; any political articles introduced being usually in the form of "Letters to the Editor." To the dismay of his father, young Walter struck out an entirely new course. He boldly stated his views on public affairs, bringing his strong and independent judgment to bear on political and other public questions. He thus invented the modern Leading Article. As his father had feared, the course which he adopted lost the firm the Customs' printing, which until then was done at the *Times*' office; but the loss was far more than compensated by the increasing power and circulation which the journal achieved, by its independence, the ability of its criticisms, and the vast mass of information which, by means of correspondents abroad and effective reporting at home, the new editor introduced into its columns.

Among the many difficulties which Mr. Walter had to contend with were those arising from the defective mechanical arrangements of the paper. Printers were in those days a very refractory class, and not unfrequently they took advantage of their position to impose hard terms on their employers, especially of the daily press, where everything must be done to time. Thus, on one occasion, in the year 1810, the pressmen of the *Times* made a sudden demand on Mr. Walter for an advance of wages and the payment of a uniform rate to all hands. He was at first disposed to make concessions, but, having been privately informed that a combination was already entered into by the compositors as well as pressmen to leave his employment in a body, under circumstances that would have stopped the paper and inflicted on him the most serious injury, he determined to run all risks rather than submit to what appeared to him in the light of an extortion.

The strike took place on a Saturday morning, when suddenly and without notice all hands turned out. Mr. Walter had already resolved on his course. He collected some apprentices from half a dozen different quarters, and a few inferior workmen glad to obtain employment on any terms. He himself stripped to his shirt-sleeves and went to work with the rest; and for the next six-and-thirty hours he was incessantly employed at case and at press. On the Monday morning the conspirators, who had assembled to triumph over the publisher's ruin, to their inexpressible amazement saw the *Times* issued from the publishing-office at the usual hour. From that day the paper continued to appear as regularly as before, though the men and boys employed in the office were for a time in daily peril of their lives, until Mr. Walter threw around them the protection of the law.

Another difficulty that Mr. Walter had early to contend with was the extreme slowness of the process of printing newspapers by hand. On the occasion of any event of great public interest being reported in the paper, it was found almost impossible to supply the demand. Only about 300 copies could be printed in the hour, with one

man to ink the types and another to work the press. Thus it took a long time to get out the day's impression, and very often the evening papers were out before the *Times* had half supplied its demand. Various expedients were resorted to in order to overcome the mechanical impediment. The type was set up in duplicate, and even in triplicate; and several Stanhope presses were kept constantly at work; and still the insatiable demands of the newsmen on certain occasions could not be supplied.

Thus the question was forced upon Mr. Walter's consideration, whether machinery could not be devised for the purpose of expediting the production of newspapers. Instead of 300 impressions an hour, he wanted from 1,500 to 2,000. Although printing newspapers at such a speed then seemed as chimerical as driving a ship through the water against wind and tide at fifteen miles an hour, or running a locomotive on a railway at sixty, Mr. Walter was, at an early period, impressed with the conviction that much more rapid printing by machinery was feasible; and he endeavored to induce several ingenious mechanical contrivers to take up and work out his idea.

The cleverest inventor of that day was believed to be Isambard Brunel, who had so successfully invented the celebrated block machinery for Portsmouth dockyard. Mr. Walter first tried him; but after laboring over a variety of plans for a considerable time, Brunel finally gave up the printing machine, unable to make anything of it. Mr. Walter next tried Thomas Martyn, an ingenious young compositor, who had a scheme for a self-acting machine for working the printing press. He was supplied with the necessary funds to enable him to prosecute his idea, but it never came to anything.

Thus baffled and disappointed, it was with no slight degree of interest that Mr. Walter heard of the young German inventor at Bensley's, who was said to have at length satisfactorily solved the problem of a steam printing press. Hence his early visit to Bensley's, his eager examination of König's invention, and his immediate order of two double cylinder machines for delivery at the

*Times* office at the earliest possible period.

The construction of the first newspaper machine was still, however, a work of great difficulty and labor. Let it be observed that nothing of the kind had yet been made by any other person. König's single cylinder machine was intended for book-work, and now he had to construct a double cylinder machine for printing newspapers, in which many of the arrangements must necessarily be entirely new. With the assistance of his leading mechanic, Bauer, aided by the valuable suggestions of Mr. Walter himself, who was in almost daily communication with him, König at length completed his plans, and proceeded with the erection of the working machine; the several parts being first prepared at the workshop in Whitecross Street, from whence they were taken over to Printing House Square for erection, in some premises adjoining the *Times* office which were taken for the purpose. Yet, great as the secrecy was with which the whole operations were conducted, it was not enough to prevent the workmen obtaining an inkling of what was in progress, and they vowed vengeance to the inventor and "all his traps" who threatened their craft with destruction.

The erection of this first newspaper machine was a work of long-protracted labor and anxiety, not only to König and Bauer, but to Mr. Walter himself. "Hitches" were of frequent occurrence. Tools were very rude in those days; machine tools, which now fashion machinery with such precision and certainty, being as yet unknown. All the parts were made by hand labor, mostly by mechanics badly trained. Hence many of them when made were found not to fit, and consequently had to be made over again. On one occasion, both König and Bauer, fatigued and exhausted, worried by bad workmanship, and baffled for a time by one of the constantly recurring bitches in the erection of the machine, broke fairly away from their task, and left the place in disgust. Mr. Walter, however, sent a friend after them, who discovered their retreat, and brought them back to the premises to find the difficulty conquered, and the work still in progress. Thus nearly two years passed before the machine was erected.

At length the day arrived when the first newspaper steam press was ready for use. The pressmen were in a state of great excitement, for they knew by rumor that the machine of which they had so long been apprehensive was fast approaching completion. One night they were told to wait in the press-room, as important news was expected from abroad. At six o'clock on the morning of the 29th November, 1814, Mr. Walter, who had been watching the machine all through the night, appeared among the pressmen and announced that "the *Times* was already printed by steam!" The paper of that morning contained the following memorable announcement:—

"Our journal of this day presents to the public the practical result of the greatest improvement connected with printing since the discovery of the art itself. The reader of this paragraph now holds in his hands one of the many thousand impressions of the *Times* newspaper which were taken off last night by a mechanical apparatus. A system of machinery, almost organic, has been devised and arranged, which, while it relieves the human frame of its most laborious efforts in printing, far exceeds all human powers in rapidity and despatch. That the magnitude of the invention may be justly appreciated by its effects, we may inform the public that, after the letters are placed by the compositors, and enclosed in what is called the "form," little more remains for man to do than to attend upon and watch this unconscious agent in its operations. The machine is then merely supplied with paper. Itself places the form, inks it, adjusts the paper to the newly-inked type, stamps the sheet, and gives it forth to the hands of the attendant, at the same time withdrawing the form for a fresh coat of ink, which itself again distributes, to meet the ensuing sheet, now advancing for impression; and the whole of these complicated acts is performed with such a velocity and simultaneousness of movement, that no less than 1,100 sheets are impressed in one hour. That the completion of an invention of this kind, not the effect of chance, but the result of mechanical combinations, methodically arranged in the mind of the artist, should be attended with many obstructions and much delay, may be readily admitted. Our share in the event has, indeed, only been the application of the discovery, under an agreement with the patentees, to our own particular business; yet few can conceive, even with this limited interest, the various disappointments and deep anxiety to which we have, for a long course of time, been subjected. Of the person who made this discovery, we have but little to

add. It must suffice to say, that he is a Saxon by birth; that his name is König; and that the invention has been executed under the direction of his friend and countryman, Bauer."

The number of impressions thrown off in the hour by this first machine was found amply sufficient to supply the demand at that time; but to meet the contingency of an increasing circulation, König shortly after introduced a further modification, in the continual motion of the printing cylinder (the subject of his fourth patent), by which it was enabled to throw off from 1,500 to 2,000 copies in the hour. In the event of a still larger impression being required, König was prepared to supply a four-cylinder or eight-cylinder machine on the same principle, by which, of course, the number of impressions would have been proportionately multiplied, but the necessities of the paper did not at that time call for so large a production, and the machines originally erected by König continued for many years sufficient to meet all the requirements of the proprietor.

Among the other machines which König subsequently designed for the English press, was a single-cylinder registering machine supplied to Messrs. Bensley and Son in 1816, and expressly contrived for book-printing. This machine turned out from 900 to 1,000 sheets printed on both sides in the hour, the first entire book thus printed by steam being Elliotson's translation of Blumenbach's "Physiology." The machine was afterwards regularly employed to work off the *Literary Gazette*, which it printed on both sides at the rate of 1,000 impressions an hour. Another machine of the same kind was supplied to Mr. Richard Taylor, to print the *Philosophical Journal* and books generally, but it was afterwards changed into a double machine, and employed in printing the *Weekly Dispatch*.

It might reasonably be supposed, that a man of König's genius derived some substantial benefit from his labors and inventions. But this was not the case. His patents proved of little use to him. They only proclaimed his methods, and enabled other ingenious mechanics to borrow his adaptations. Now that he had succeeded in making machines that

would work, the way was clear for everybody else to do so. It had taken him more than six years to invent and construct a successful steam printing press; but any clever mechanic, by merely studying his specifications and carefully examining his machine at work, might arrive at the same result in less than six months.

But was not König protected by his patent? Not at all. New patents, embodying some trifling modification or alteration in detail, were taken out by other inventors, who proceeded to erect printing machines in defiance of his supposed legal rights, and he saw himself at once stripped of the reward that he had during so many long and toilsome years been laboring for. But could he not go to law? Certainly, and thereby increase his vexation and loss. He could get into Chancery easily enough, but when would he get out of it, and in what condition?

It must also be added, that König was unfortunate in his partner. While he himself took steps to push the sale of his book machines among the London printers, he found that Bensley, who was himself a book-printer, was hindering him in all ways in his negotiations with them. König was of opinion that Bensley wished to retain the advantage which the possession of his book machines gave him over the other printers, by enabling him to print more quickly than they could, and thereby give him an advantage over them in his contracts. When König, almost in despair at his position, went to consult counsel as to the infringement of his patent, he was told that he might institute proceedings with the best prospect of success; but to this end a perfect agreement of the partners was essential. When, however, König asked Bensley to concur with him in taking proceedings in defence of the patent-right, he positively declined to do so. Indeed, König was under the impression that his partner had even entered into an arrangement with the infringers of the patent to share with them the proceeds of their piracy.\*

\* This view is countenanced by a statement in Savage's "Dictionary of the Art of Printing," p 463. We are indebted for the facts stated in the text to a memoir drawn up by Bauer, König's friend and partner, as communicated to us by

Under these circumstances, it appeared to König that only two alternatives remained for him to adopt. One was, to commence an expensive and it might be protracted suit in Chancery, in defence of his patent-rights, with possibly his partner against him; and the other, to abandon his invention in England without further struggle, and settle abroad. He chose the latter alternative, and left England finally about the end of 1816.

Not only did König lose all the reward to which his admirable invention of the steam printing machine entitled him, but shortly after his disappearance from England, when he was no longer present to defend himself, his very merits as an inventor were called in question. First, it was alleged that not he, but William Nicholson, was the real inventor of the printing machine, and that all his efforts to produce a successful working steam press had been unavailing, until he had turned round upon an old patent of Nicholson's which he had copied; and hence Nicholson was proclaimed to be the real "father of machine printing." Again, it was alleged, that the "operose contrivances" of König's machine, with its "more than a hundred wheels," had proved "altogether abortive;" that it had been found "impracticable," and was therefore a failure; and that the success of steam printing really dated from the inventions of Cowper and Applegath.

The facts with respect to Nicholson's patent are shortly these. William Nicholson was a very ingenious and speculative person, a great taker-out of patents, in his own name as well as in the names of others, following as he did the business of a patent-agent. Amongst others, he took out a patent in 1790 for a machine for printing on paper, woollen, cotton, and other fabrics, by means of types or blocks imposed in chases of wood or metal adapted to the surface of a cylinder, the ink or color being furnished to the printing surface by a coloring cylinder covered with leather or dressed skins. The specification gave no description beyond this of the machinery proposed to be employed for the purpose. It contained Nicholson's idea

König's sons, who still carry on their father's business in Germany.

of a machine—very ingenious, it is true—but nothing more. No working model of the machine was ever made, nor was it ever attempted to be carried into execution. It was Nicholson himself whom König employed as his agent to take the requisite steps for registering his invention, which was on an entirely different principle; and when König consulted him on the subject, Nicholson merely observed, that “seventeen years before he had taken out a patent for machine printing, but found that it wouldn’t do.” Nor did Nicholson make any claim to priority of invention, when the success of König’s second machine was publicly announced in the *Times* some seven years later.

When König, now settled abroad, heard of the attempts made in England to deny his merits as an inventor, he merely observed to his friend Bauer, “It is really too bad that these people, who have already robbed me of my invention, should now try to rob me also of my reputation.” Had he made any reply to the charges against him, it might have been comprised in very few words: “When I arrived in England, no steam printing machine had ever before been seen; when I left it; the only printing machines in actual work were those which I had constructed.” But König never gave himself the trouble to reply to the attacks made upon him in England, or to defend the originality of his invention, now that he had finally abandoned the field there to others.

There was, however, one man in England who would not keep silence, but generously came forward in defence of the absent König, and that was John Walter of the *Times*. None knew so well as he did what days and nights of anxiety and toil König had spent in perfecting his invention, and in contriving and erecting the machines which for ten years and more continued satisfactorily to turn out the whole daily impressions of the *Times*. Mr. Walter kept himself in regular correspondence with König, whose character he greatly admired, long after he left England, and indeed until his death. When contemplating the erection of improved machinery to meet the increasing circulation of the paper, in 1823, he wrote to König on the subject of the proposed

eight-cylinder plan, stating that he thought the time had arrived “for thinking of the round-about.” At the same time he expressed a wish that König should undertake its erection, “rather than make use of the assistance of a stranger;” but as the distance of König’s establishment from London prevented his embracing Mr. Walter’s proposal, the construction of the *Times’* new machines was eventually intrusted to Mr. Applegath.

Such being the kindly feeling that continued to exist between Mr. Walter and König, the former was in no small degree vexed and disgusted when he found the invention of the printing machine claimed by others, and the merits of the real inventor almost entirely ignored. Accordingly, on the 3d of December, 1824, there appeared the following generous and complete acknowledgment of the merits of the all but-forgotten König in the leading columns of the *Times*, from the pen of Mr. Walter himself:—

“Ten years elapsed on the 29th of last month, since this Journal appeared for the first time printed by a mechanical apparatus; and it has continued to be printed by the same method to the present day. It is unnecessary to dwell here on the advantages resulting from early publication and the better press-work of this paper. These advantages are too obvious to the public, and too sensibly felt by ourselves.

“The invention excited much interest and curiosity at the time of its first introduction, and the originality of it was not disputed, as no proof of an earlier application of the same principles could be adduced. This Journal is undoubtedly the first newspaper ever printed by a mechanical apparatus. We attempted, on its introduction, to do justice to the claims of the inventor, Mr. König, who some years afterwards returned to his native country, Germany, not benefited, we fear, up to the full extent of his merits, by his wonderful invention and his exertions in England.

“We have perceived since, that several persons have not only seized Mr. König’s invention, and profited by its adoption, but that attempts have even been made to rob him of the reputation due to him as the inventor. Several patents have been taken out, claiming as new and original what had been in daily use in our house for years. \* \* \* Now, it is a rare occurrence that a foreigner brings an invention to bear in this country. There is here so much native talent in the mechanical arts—England stands so high in



this particular—that she can afford to do justice to foreign merit; and as we happen to be acquainted with all the circumstances of the case in question, we shall take that office upon us.

“First as to our own machines. They were certainly executed from beginning to end according to the plans of Mr. König. We were in daily intercourse with him; we saw the work growing under our eyes, and never heard then of any claims of Mr. Bensley, or of the inventive powers of that gentleman. On the contrary, when the negotiations between us and the patentees were going on, and the responsibility for the success of the plan was argued, Mr. Bensley declared ‘that he knew nothing at all about it, and that he relied entirely upon Mr. König!’ Messrs. Taylor and Woodfall, who were then partners in the enterprise, can attest the truth of our account.

“As to Mr. Nicholson’s claims, we shall state only one circumstance. Mr. Nicholson was still alive when this Journal was first printed by the machine. Mr. König had already been publicly named as the inventor, and Mr. Nicholson himself did not bring forward any claim. We happen to know, that Mr. Nicholson, who gave professional advice to patentees, offered his services to Mr. König, who had just then a patent in progress. Those who have wrongfully seized what was not their own, now want to shelter themselves under an old and long-forgotten patent.

“Before Mr. König left this country, he accomplished the last great improvement,—namely, the printing of the sheet on both sides; and the drawing in the *Literary Gazette* is a representation of what is substantially his invention. The removing of some wheels, or the different arrangement of some parts of the apparatus, cannot entitle others to appropriate to themselves the whole work; and there is on that account the same bad faith, as by their simplifications they pretend to remove many more wheels than were ever in it.

“Simplicity is the last stage of an invention; it results from long observation of a work in actual use, and is hardly ever attainable in the first of the kind. The inferior merit of those who have added something to an existing invention is proverbial: *facilis est inventis adlere*. In this case it still remains to be ascertained whether the alleged improvements have advanced the invention, and whether the original inventor himself has not simplified and improved his work since that time to a higher degree of perfection than the piratical improvers have done. We have been informed that he has lately constructed machines abroad, printing 1,200 sheets on both sides, and 2,400 on one side, within the hour.

\* \* \* \*

“We cannot close this account without giving our testimony not only to the enlightened mind and ardent spirit of Mr. König, but also to his strict honor and integrity. Our intercourse with him was constant, during the very critical and trying period when he was bringing his invention into practice at our office, so that we had no slight knowledge of his manners and character; and the consequence has been sincere friendship and high regard for him ever since.”

It might reasonably be supposed that this article would have been conclusive as to the merits of König, and that from thenceforward his claim to be the inventor of the first printing machine would have been fully recognized. But this has not been the case. Successive writers on mechanical inventions in this country, for the most part copying each other, have given but scant praise to König, noticing his machine with a sneer, dwelling only on its alleged complications, and the wheels, more in number than the machine ever contained, removed from it by subsequent inventors.

There can be no question as to the great improvements introduced in the printing machine by Mr. Cowper and Mr. Applegath, and still later by Messrs. Hoe and Son, of New York, which have brought the art of machine printing to an extraordinary degree of perfection and speed. But the original merits of an invention are not to be determined by a comparison of the first machine of the kind ever made with the last, after fifty years’ experience and skill have been applied in bringing it to perfection. Were the first condensing-engine made at Soho—now to be seen at the Museum in South Kensington—in like manner to be compared with the last improved pumping-engine made yesterday, even James Watt might be made out to have been a very poor contriver. It would be much fairer to compare König’s printing machines with the machines which they superseded. But though there were steam engines before Watt, and steamboats before Fulton, and steam locomotives before Stephenson, there were no steam printing presses before König with which to compare them.

The original inventor is not the man who merely registers an idea, or who compiles an invention by borrowing the ideas of another, improving upon or

adding to his arrangements—but he who constructs a machine such as has never before been made, executing satisfactorily all the functions that it was intended to perform. And this is what Kœnig's invention did, according to the unimpeachable testimony of Mr. Walter.

The use of Kœnig's printing machine has, however, long since been discontinued in the *Times*' office. It was first superseded by Applegath's; which was, in its turn, superseded by Hoe's; and now Hoe's machine—which is found to be complicated, expensive, and liable to stoppages in the working—is itself being superseded by a much more effective contrivance.

As the construction of the first steam newspaper machine was due to the enterprise of the late Mr. Walter, so the construction of this last and most improved machine is due in like manner to the enterprise of his son. The new "Walter Machine" is not, like Cowper and Applegath's, and Hoe's, the improvement of an existing arrangement, but an almost entirely original invention. Its principal merits are its simplicity, its accurate workmanship, its compactness, its speed, and its economy. While each of the ten-feeder Hoe machines occupies a large and lofty room, and requires eighteen men to feed and work it, the new Walter machine occupies a space of only about 14 feet by 5, or less than any newspaper machine yet introduced, and requires only three lads to take away, with half the attention of an overseer, who easily superintends two of the machines while at work. The Hoe machine turns out 7,000 impressions printed on both sides in the hour; but the Walter machine turns out 11,000 impressions completed in the same time.

The new invention does not in the least resemble any existing printing machine, unless it be the calendering machine, which has possibly furnished the type of it. At the printing end, it looks like a collection of small cylinders or rollers. The paper, mounted on a huge reel as it comes from the paper mill, goes in at one end in an endless web, 3,300 yards in length, seems to fly through amongst the cylinders, and issues forth at the other in two descending torrents of sheets, accurately cut into

lengths, and printed on both sides. The rapidity with which it works may be inferred from the fact that the printing cylinders (round which the stereotyped plates are fixed), while making their impressions on the paper, travel at the surprising speed of 200 revolutions a minute.

As the sheet passes inwards, it is first damped on one side by being carried rapidly over a cylinder which revolves in a trough of cold water; it then passes on to the first pair of printing and impression cylinders, where it is printed on one side; it is next reversed and sent through the second pair, where it is printed on the other side; then it passes on to the cutting cylinders, which divide the web of now printed paper into the proper lengths. The sheets are rapidly conducted by tapes into a swing frame, which, as it vibrates, delivers them alternately on either side, in two apparently continuous streams of sheets, which are rapidly thrown forward from the frame by a rocker, and deposited on tables at which the lads sit to receive them.

The machine is almost entirely self-acting, from the pumping up of the ink into the ink-box out of the cistern below stairs, to the registering of the numbers as they are printed, in the manager's room above.

Such, in a few words, is the last great invention made in connection with newspaper printing,—which reflects no little credit on the enterprise of Mr. Walter and the inventive skill of the gentlemen of the *Times*' staff—for it has been entirely designed and manufactured on the premises—to whom he has entrusted its execution.

A few words in conclusion as to the remainder of Kœnig's career. He could not fail for a time to be greatly cast down by the failure of his enterprise in England; but this did not last long. Instead of brooding over his troubles, he determined to break away from them and begin the world afresh. He was only forty-two, and he might yet be able to do something towards establishing himself in life. Though England was virtually closed against him—for if he began business there on his own account he would be liable to an action under the deed of partnership—the whole continent of Europe was open to him, pre-

senting a wide field for the sale of his printing machines.

König accordingly cast about for a suitable place in which to begin business, and he eventually pitched upon the little village of Oberzell near Würzburg, in Bavaria. It was conveniently situated for his purpose, being nearly in the centre of Germany. The Bavarian Government, desirous of giving encouragement to so useful a genius, granted him the use of the secularized monastery of the place on easy terms. There König began operations in August, 1817. Some seven months later, he was joined by his friend and former fellow-workman Bauer, from England, and the two men then entered into a partnership which lasted for life.

The partners had at first great difficulties to encounter in getting their establishment to work. Oberzell was a rural village, containing only common laborers, from whom they had to select their workmen. Every person taken into the concern had to be trained and educated to mechanical work by the partners themselves. With indescribable patience they taught these laborers the use of the hammer, the file, the turning-lathe, and other tools which the greater number of them had never seen and of whose uses they were entirely ignorant. The machinery of the workshop was got together with equal difficulty, piece by piece, some of the parts from a great distance, the mechanical arts being then at a very low ebb in Germany, which was still suffering from the effects of the long Continental war. At length the workshop was fitted up, the old barn of the monastery being converted into an iron-foundry.

Orders for printing machines were gradually obtained, and by the end of the fourth year two single cylinder machines were completed after great exertions, and sent to Berlin for use in the State printing-office. By the end of 1825, seven double-cylinder steam-presses had been manufactured for the largest newspaper-printers in Germany. The recognized excellence of König and Bauer's book-printing machines, their perfect register, and the quality of the work which they turned out, secured for them an increasing demand, and by the year 1829 the firm

had sold fifty-one machines to the leading printers throughout Germany. The Oberzell manufactory was now in full work, and gave regular employment to about a hundred and twenty men.

A period of considerable depression followed. As in England, the introduction of the printing machine in Germany excited great hostility amongst the workmen. In some of the principal towns, they entered into combinations to destroy them, and several were broken by violence and irretrievably injured. These combinations had the effect, for a time, of deterring other printers from giving orders for machines, and König and Bauer were consequently under the necessity of in a great measure suspending the manufacture. To keep their hands employed, the partners proceeded to fit up a paper manufactory, Mr. Cotta of Stuttgart joining them in the adventure, and a mill was fitted up embodying all the latest improvements in paper-making.

König, however, did not live to enjoy the fruit of all his study, toil, and anxiety; but while this enterprise was still in progress, and before the machine-trade had revived, which it shortly did, he was taken ill and died at Oberzell, at the early age of fifty-eight, respected and beloved by all who knew him.

His partner Bauer survived to continue the business for twenty years longer, and it was during this later period that the concern enjoyed its greatest prosperity. The prejudices of the workmen gradually subsided as they found that machine-printing, instead of abridging employment, as they feared it would do, greatly increased it; and orders flowed into the manufactory at Oberzell from Austria, Prussia, Denmark, Russia, and Sweden. Larger and more powerful machines, embodying the most matured ideas of König and Bauer, were manufactured and sent to all parts of Europe; until, in 1847, shortly before Bauer's death, he turned out the six-hundredth steam printing-machine made at Oberzell, capable of printing 6,000 impressions an hour.

König and Bauer, united in life, were not divided by death. Their re-

mains lie side by side in the little cemetery at Oberzell, close to the scene of their labors and the valuable establishment which they founded.

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All the Year Round.

#### RAIN AND RAIN-DOCTORS.

AN English newspaper published in the East has just told us that the Burmese pull a rope when they want rain. A capital idea: seeing that the pulling of a rope is within the competency of most of us. It is managed in Burmah thus: Two parties—those who wish for rain, and those who don't—lay hold of opposite ends of the rope; whichever pull hardest, win the day. It is said, however (as is the case in relation to many controversies and contests going on around us here at home), that the affair is prearranged; it is agreed beforehand that the rain-pullers shall be permitted to pull with more vigor than their competitors. Whether the rain comes when the rope has been pulled, our informant unfortunately has omitted to state.

There are rain-doctors in all countries: some further removed than others from science, but doctors still. The looking out for omens (a habit more general than we are in the habit of supposing) is a residuum of a belief that was almost universal in old days. The signs or symptoms connected with the movements of animals may, in many instances, be worthy of attention; but they are mixed up with the strangest absurdities. Of the rain prognostics accepted two or three centuries ago, there was a pretty extensive variety. If ducks and drakes flutter their wings unusually when they rise; if young horses rub their backs against the ground; if sheep begin to bleat and skip about; if swine are seen to carry hay and straw to hiding-places; if oxen lick themselves the wrong way of the hair; if a lamp or candle sputter; if a great deal of soot falls down the chimney; if frogs croak more than usual; if swallows fly low; if hogs run home loudly grunting and squeaking; if cattle and donkeys prick up their ears; if ants come out of their hills, and moles and worms out of the ground; if crows assemble in crowds, and ravens croak; if water-fowl come to land; if (as an old writer describes it)

“beastes move here and there, makynge a noyse, and brethyng up the ayre with open nostrels;” if the down fly off from the dandelion and the thistle when there is no wind; if church-bells be heard further than usual; in all such cases, we are told to expect rain. Gay, in his *Pastorals*, tells us that when a heifer sticks her tail bolt upright, or when our corns prick, it is an omen of approaching rain; whereas fine weather is foreshown by the high flying of swallows. In another of his works, *Trivia*, Gay says (in relation to the signboards which the streets of London so abundantly displayed in his day):

When the swinging signs your ears offend  
With creaking noise, then rainy floods impend;  
Soon shall the kennels swell with rapid streams.

Poor Robin's *Almanack*, about a century and a half ago, announced that when a hedgehog builds a nest with the opening in one direction, the next rain and wind will come from the opposite direction. Another writer asked:

Why doth a cow, about half an hour  
Before there comes a hasty shower,  
Clap her tail against a hedge?

The question is, does she? And the next question would be, is it one peculiarly-constituted cow who does so, or do cows generally so conduct themselves?

Rain-doctors and rain-prophets are two different classes. The latter wish to know whence and when rain is coming, but with fair good sense lay aside any claim to the power of producing it. Not so the medicine-men of North America, who (if the exceedingly troublesome Red Man still retain his ancient characteristics) are looked to as potent influences in times of unwonted dry weather. Arabia can say something of the same kind. When Carsten Niebuhr was in that country, he stopped some time in the province of Nedjeram, which was under the rule of a sheikh named Meccami. Of this sheikh, Niebuhr said: “He honors Mahomet as the prophet of

thought of this is not recorded ; perhaps they preserved a polite silence ; but a very knotty question presents itself. If (an enormous mouthful to swallow, in all conscience) the pluvifuge could really do this work, how about other localities ? As dirty little boys when driven away by a policeman from one place, will certainly reassemble in another, so would the rain, driven away by the pluvifuge from one locality, make its presence sensibly felt in another. And suppose that other locality does not want it ? It has been very cogently asked : " Would not an action for damages lie against the workers of the machine in town A, in case of towns B and C suffering from the undue quantity of rain which would be liable to fall to their share, if town A succeeded in puffing it all away from itself ? For the vapor blown *from* some place must needs be blown *to* some other place. Or say that towns B and C and even D and E, were as sharp-witted as town A, and were to set up equally efficacious machines, there surely ought to be some redress for town F, in case of its being altogether submerged, as might very possibly happen under such circumstances." A case is supposed of an open-air fête at Smithville, to celebrate the coming of age of the heir of the Smiths. At Brownsville a pluvifuge happens unluckily to be at work, and blows the rain to the very lawn at which the fête champêtre is being held. If a case, *Smith v. Brown*, were instituted, would not the plaintiff be entitled to damages for the injury done by the rain to the ladies' dresses, and for doctors' bills arising out of colds and catarrhs caught on the occasion ?

Few of our modern weather-prophets know the real legend which gave birth to the belief in St. Swithin's Day, as a weather-wise day. As Bishop of Winchester, just about a thousand years ago, Swithin was a man noted for his worth and his humility. The latter was displayed in a request that, when dead, he should be buried not within the church but in the churchyard, where passers-by might tread upon his grave, and where roof-eaves might drip water upon it. His wish was complied with. But about a century afterwards, when Swithin had been canonized into St. Swithin, the clergy, in a fit of renewed

zeal, thinking that the body of so great a saint ought not to lie in such a place, determined to remove it into the cathedral, but rain poured down so continuously for forty days that they could not find a suitable opportunity for the grand ceremonial which had been planned. Accepting this as a judgment on them for disobeying the saint's wishes, they gave up their project, and built a chapel over the humble grave instead. An accomplished Anglo-Saxon scholar has recently played havoc with this old legend ; but it would take many such scholars to beat out of the heads of uneducated people their faith in the 15th of July. The Astronomer Royal at Greenwich states that he finds, on an average of a large number of years, quite as much rain, after a fine St. Swithin's day as after one that is wet ; but no matter, the old quatrain is quoted triumphantly against him :

St. Swithin's day, if thou dost rain,  
For forty days it will remain ;  
St. Swithin's day, if thou be fair,  
For forty days 'twill rain nae mair.

There are, sometimes, real showers of very unreal rain. It is stated by an old writer that in Lapland and Finmark about a century ago, mice of a particular kind were known to fall from the sky ; and that such an event was sure to be followed by a good year for foxes. A shower of frogs fell near Toulouse in 1804. A prodigious number of black insects, about an inch in length, descended in a snow-storm at Pakroff, in Russia, in 1827. On one occasion, in Norway, the peasants were astonished at finding a shower of rats pelting down on their heads. Showers of fishes have been numerous. At Stanstead, in Kent, in 1666, a pasture field was found one morning covered plentifully with fish, although there is neither sea nor river, lake nor fish-pond near. At Allahabad, in 1839, an English officer saw a good smart down-pour of fish ; and soon afterwards thousands of small dead fish were found upon the ground. Scotland has had many of these showers of fish ; as in Ross-shire, in 1828, when quantities of herring-fry covered the ground ; at Islay, in 1830, when a large number of herrings were found strewed over a field after a heavy gusty rain ; at Wick, much more recently, when herrings were found

in large quantities in a field half a mile from the beach. In all these, and numerous other cases, when a liberal allowance has been made for exaggeration, the remainder can be explained by well-understood causes. Stray wind blowing from a sea or river; a water-spout licking up the fish out of the water; a whirlwind sending them hither and thither; all these are intelligible. The rat-shower in Norway was an extraordinary one; thousands of rats were taking their annual excursion from a hilly region to the lowlands, when a whirlwind overtook them, whisked them up, and deposited them in a field at some distance: doubtless much to the aston-

ishment of such of the rats as came down alive.

The so-called showers of blood have had their day of terror and marvel, and have disappeared. Not that any one ever saw such a shower actually fall; but red spots have occasionally been seen on walls and stones, much to the popular dismay. Swammerdam, the naturalist, told the people of the Hague, two centuries ago, that these red spots were connected with some phenomena of insect life; but they would not believe him, and insisted that the spots were real blood, and were portents of evil times to come. Other naturalists have since confirmed the scientific opinion.

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Temple Bar.

#### THE CHARACTERISTICS OF MODERN PAINTING.

It is a common complaint with artists—using that word, as we must employ it in these pages, in the limited sense of painter—that literary critics, in venturing to pronounce an opinion upon their works, decide with extreme dogmatism on what they know very little about. Mr. O'Neil, in his brochure on "Modern Art in England and France," has made himself the mouthpiece of this sentiment; and no one who has the privilege of intercourse with English artists can doubt that he speaks, in this matter at least, for a very large constituency. "Nor," he says, in the very second sentence of his pamphlet, "shall I, as a painter, offer any apology for intruding on the province of the critic; for, notwithstanding the objections urged against professional prejudice, as regards technical excellence—on which the lay critic makes the greatest blunders—the most efficient judges must be those who have gained some experience in their pursuit of art. Of this I am at least certain, that artists value the opinion of their professional brethren far more than that of the ablest art-critic that ever lived."

We think any dispassionate person would allow that there is considerable justness in these observations; though, as they are somewhat indefinitely stated, it is probable that they are intended to convey more than Mr. O'Neil expressly

affirms. Some further remarks made by him corroborate this suspicion; and it will, perhaps, be after citing them that we shall best be able to say how far we agree with Mr. O'Neil, and to what extent we differ from him. After quoting the assertion of M. Laprade, that criticism on art is a science which fifty years ago was comparatively unknown, and that though within the last twenty years it has attained an unparalleled influence, the art has retrograded in proportion as the science has advanced, Mr. O'Neil proceeds to observe that, if this assertion be true, it follows that the so-called science has been injurious to the progress of art. Mr. O'Neil here falls into one of those technical errors in ratiocination which all the more forcibly incline us to believe that he is right when he accuses lay critics of making analogous ones when discoursing of pictures. Though we cordially agree with Mr. O'Neil that the art has retrograded in proportion as the science has advanced, it by no means necessarily follows that the advance of the one has caused the retrogression of the other. It is quite possible that they are mere coeval phenomena, both the result of some other independent cause or causes. But, though we have deemed it necessary to point out this little bit of defective reasoning, it is quite open to any one to argue upon other grounds that scientific criti-

cism is deleterious to art. We ourselves are of that opinion, to this extent at least—that we feel fully persuaded that scientific criticism on art can never prevail extensively until art has seen its best days, and that the presence and practice of scientific criticism will effectively prevent its regeneration or rejuvenescence. But this is not Mr. O'Neil's view—indeed, it is the precise opposite of his view. After agreeing with M. Laprade's observations, and drawing the illegitimate inference from them which we have indicated, he affirms that “it is not difficult to point out the reason why criticism has failed to fulfil its destined purpose.” Clearly, he is of opinion that the destined purpose of scientific criticism is to improve, if not indeed to produce, artists; which seems to us just as absurd as it would be to say that the purpose of geology is to construct new worlds, or the province of astronomy to make the stars keep more steadily in their courses.

But what are the reasons, so easy to point out, why modern criticism has injured modern art? Commencing by “frankly acknowledging the ability of those writers who review the annual exhibitions of art in the public journals”—a compliment we cannot take to ourselves, since we never performed that function—Mr. O'Neil observes that their comments cannot be termed criticism on art, but simply criticism on artists; that the writers have figured as partisans, and not as judges; that fulsome and extravagant praise of one artist is accompanied by equally unseemly and violent abuse of another; and that the same artist is equally exalted or decried, as individual taste or, too often, personal feeling actuates the respective critics. How far personal feeling enters into the matter we will abstain from attempting to decide; but we have no difficulty in allowing that the general truth of the remaining accusations can hardly be controverted. There, however, our agreement with Mr. O'Neil ends. Neither in the consequences he attributes to this state of things, nor in the cure he suggests for it, can we concur. For want, indeed, of that technical skill in composition which is but natural, he fails to set down with conclusive distinctness what it is he really means; but we fancy

we are accurately representing his views when we say that he ascribes the shortcomings of modern art—shortcomings which he confesses with admirable candor—to the arbitrary fluctuation of lay criticism and its lack of a settled standard of excellence, and these misfortunes again to the anonymous system pursued and upheld by our journalism. We are ourselves no friends to anonymous writing, and should gladly see the practice entirely abolished; but we may remark, in the first place, that the lay criticism on artists which has of recent years secured most attention has not been anonymous, and that most of that which formally is anonymous is practically far from being so; and, in the second place, that we fail to see how, if critics on art were to append their names to their criticisms, taste would fluctuate less or a more constant standard of excellence be established. Indeed, we doubt if either, much less both, of these results would follow, even if the critics who signed all they wrote were not lay critics at all, but those “professional brethren” whose opinion Mr. O'Neil assures us that artists value so highly. In this estimate we think they are more or less right—certainly more right than wrong.\* Nevertheless, any one who has visited the Royal Academy in the company of different artists of repute, cannot well have failed to perceive that they differ far more widely in their estimate of each other than exoteric visitors do who make no pretension to be experts. Their disagreement is no proof

\* The real truth of the matter seems to be contained in two passages culled from Sir Joshua Reynolds: “The knowledge which an artist has of his subject will more than compensate for any want of perspicuity in the manner of treating it: and I am convinced that one short essay written by a painter will contribute more to advance the theory of our art than a thousand volumes such as we sometimes see.” This observation occurs in his Fifteenth Discourse. Writing, however, to Mr. Metcalfe, his fellow-traveller in the journey through Flanders, he says: “Nor is it an inconsiderable advantage to see such works in company with one who has a general rectitude of taste, and is not a professor of the art. . . . A species of benefit may be obtained which we are not likely to derive from the judgment of painters; who, being educated in the same manner, are likely to judge from the same principles, are liable to the same prejudices, and may sometimes be governed by the influence of an authority which perhaps has no foundation in nature.”

either of their ignorance or their prejudice; but it is conclusive against Mr. O'Neil's vision of a taste that never fluctuated and a standard that never varied, founded upon the unanimous opinion of rival artists. No doubt a very rigid and unvarying standard could be erected and maintained, if any one school of artists had the settling of it; but if every young painter had thenceforward to work up to it, science would then have injured art irretrievably, and our annual exhibitions be nothing more than exhibitions of academic stagnation.

Indeed, if Mr. O'Neil will but carefully consider this matter, he will be sure to see the labyrinth of difficulties into which his complaints logically lead him. If, as he implies, the destined purpose and natural result of scientific criticism is to assist the steps of art, and if art during the last twenty years has retrograded rather than progressed, it cannot be scientific criticism that has done the mischief. Neither can it be unscientific lay criticism that has done it, for, according to the same testimony, artists set little or no value on it. In fact, art-criticism, whether good, bad, or indifferent, has little or nothing to answer for in regard to the present condition of art. How far the latter is detrimentally affected by that *spirit of criticism* which so extensively prevails in these days—that analyzing temper and tendency which are thick in the air, and nowhere more present than in the studios of artists themselves—is quite another question, and one which, in due time, we will discuss. It is quite clear, that if we arrive at the conclusion that scientific criticism is highly detrimental, and to a fatal degree even paralyzing, we shall not be indebted to Mr. O'Neil for the hint. He, by implication, denies it, when he intimates that the spirit and principles of true criticism ought to be highly advantageous to the progress of true art. What we really owe to Mr. O'Neil is, his attempt to trace the shortcomings of modern art to the infirmities of modern criticism, whereby we have been enabled with greater ease to show that they are not due to this cause at least; and that it is vain to look on criticism, at any time, either as art's kindly parent, or as its malignant stepmother. The genesis

and growth of art depend upon far more recondite and unmanageable causes.

Is it, however, a fact that there is anything amiss with modern art; that it produces huge abominations; that its results are feebleness and mediocrity; that it is full of far-fetched conceits; that slovenliness and audacity are among its characteristics; that its children are stammerers in its language—and so on, through a string of accusations which, if all were quoted, would fill many pages? We do not say that these are precisely the faults we should be disposed to attribute to modern art, but at least it is something to have it allowed that it has any faults at all. To listen to that press and those lay critics, who are so great an offence to Mr. O'Neil and his brother painters, one would of late years have concluded that we are living in the very height of its most flourishing days. We have read criticisms on modern pictures in the public prints which seemed to us to exhaust the vocabulary of laudation. We have seen men, still moving among us, spoken of as though they were the peers, if not the superiors, of Tintoretto, Raphael, and Murillo. Indeed, to have lived in London during the last fifteen years, and to have perused the papers and listened to the conversations of the period, is either to have arrived at the conclusion that, after modern politics, modern art is the most important and interesting thing in the world, or to have escaped the conclusion only by possessing powers of obstinate resistance to external influences such as few people can boast. To the majority of fashionable circles in London, and to all country cousins who manage to get up to London in the course of the season, the main incident of the year is the Royal Academy. Its private view, its dinner, its *soirée*—are they not dotted with a white mark in the book of Jeames and his extensive following? Take up the morning papers. Who shall say there is nothing in them? Are they not full, as the phrase is, of the Royal Academy? Go out to dinner. With what does the conversation concern itself? To a dead certainty, with the Royal Academy. If your dancing days are not over, and you find yourself at a ball, what is the first question you put to your partner, or your partner puts to you? "Have you been



to the Royal Academy?" Till one feels disposed to exclaim, as Shenstone did, with far less provocation—

"O ye woods, spread your branches aspace;  
To your deepest recesses I fly"—

anywhere, anywhere, to get away from these eternal paint-pots and ubiquitous canvasses!

Indeed, I think Mr. O'Neil and his fellows of the brush are shockingly wanting in gratitude to their very best friends. They declaim against lay criticism and deprecate the interference of the press, which are the very breath of their nostrils, and without which they would shrivel into insignificance. Fame is an affair of posterity, but notoriety is the gift of to-day; and it is by notoriety that our almost countless artists live, move, and have their being. And what gives them notoriety but this perpetual babble and print concerning them? They are written into importance. They are forced upon the notice of hundreds of thousands who otherwise would no more think of visiting Burlington House than they do of visiting the British Museum. A couple of columns in the *Times* would send half the town to the Isle of Dogs to see a bottle-nosed whale. Not to be mentioned by the daily papers is as good as to be damned. And look at the result of all this notoriety. Notoriety is worth money in the days we live in; and Liverpool vies with Manchester, Yorkshire with Lancashire, London with the shires, in securing these tremendous treasures of art of which the whole world is talking.

Whatever, therefore, may be the real influence of all this busy criticism of pictures on the excellence of art—and that point we have already considered—the influence in favor of its popularity is immense. And the world has never yet seen the phenomenon of a thing being extensively popular and yet being extensively thought little of. Talk to the run of people one meets, and it will at once be seen that their estimate of English art is very high. "Great picture!"—"Splendid picture!"—"Grand work!"—"Superb painting!"—these are the terms of rapture which greet one's ears at the dinner-tables and in the ball-rooms we have spoken of. Artists with eyes in their heads must know that all

such language applied to their contemporaries is inconsiderately and ridiculously lavish; and, unless they had entered into a *ca'me, ca'thee* compact, it is quite certain that, were they to sit in judgment on each other's performances, they would arrive at far less flattering conclusions than are roughly reached by the general public, incited and abetted by that lay criticism which is so bitterly complained of.

It will have been perceived that it is from no particular sympathy with the press, or with lay criticism, that we defend them against Mr. O'Neil's accusation of being the cause of the unsatisfactory condition of art, since we thoroughly agree with him that its condition is unsatisfactory, and not with the press and the lay critics, who appear to regard its state, not only as perfectly satisfactory, but as eminently flourishing. To a person who neither judges nor procures his entertainment conventionally, who never praises unless he approves, and who is never gratified without efficient cause, it is a standing marvel how so many thousands of people can have their organs of veneration and enjoyment affected by periodical visits to exhibitions of modern pictures. It argues an absence of the critical faculty to an extent that is ludicrous. What between ambitious ideas imperfectly rendered or not rendered at all, and mean ideas that were not worth rendering, the intelligent visitor to such places, armed with a standard of excellence already provided for him by familiarity with the old masters, goes away with a feeling of wonder and humiliation, and the painful conviction—that whether or not Rousseau was right in arguing that art had not contributed to civilization,—civilization, in its modern sense at least, has certainly not ministered to the progress of art.

We have been warned, very properly, by Mr. O'Neil, that the lay critic makes monstrous blunders concerning the technical excellence of pictures. It would be wonderful if he did not, whenever he was rash enough to speak dogmatically on the point. All such points he had much better leave to the initiated, to artists themselves, nourishing meanwhile the feeling that, when they are all agreed upon them, he will freely accept their unanimous judgment; but

that, till that moment arrives, he will retain his own opinion, expressing it, however, with great modesty and diffidence. But upon points which can with no fairness be termed technical—such as the design, the composition, the harmony, even the coloring, and much more the force, the pathos, and the subtlety of the picture—we cannot but think that the lay critic, properly prepared by an acquaintance with and a genuine appreciation of works of avowedly the highest order, may confidently venture to take an independent and decided view of his own. It is, however, with yet another branch of the subject that we wish to deal, and one which nobody would be pronounced incompetent to handle simply because he is a lay critic. We allude to the subjects, interests, and scope of contemporary art; and we have no hesitation in affirming these to be paltry, narrow, and unsatisfactory. If by the word “art” be meant little or nothing more than technical excellence, we dare say that the most competent judges would assert that great works of art nowadays abound. But if its legitimate signification be attached to it, and art be taken to comprehend the conception of a thing and the thing conceived, as well as the manner of execution, then it may reasonably be doubted if a work of the highest order has been seen on the walls of the Academy, at any rate, during the last fifteen years. And how these considerations are to be excluded we cannot conceive. If they may be excluded, Gray’s *Elegy* is a far greater work than Shakespeare’s *Hamlet*, for it is far more faultless in conception and execution; and many of the illuminations in the choir-books of Siena or Padua are superior to Michael Angelo’s *Last Judgment*, for they are by no means so open to criticism. It is curious to see how modern artists, with a guilty consciousness of the smallness of their work when done, chafe against the very phrase “high art,” love to pose a believer in it by asking him for a rigid definition, and, failing such a definition, endeavor to persuade themselves and other people that there is no such thing. Mr. O’Neil, in his pamphlet, provides us with a case in point. “Much nonsense,” he says, “has been uttered concerning high art, and I fear the same will often be re-

peated. Once for all, high art is not big art, nor does it apply to the subject treated. For, whatever may be the relative importance of the ideas to be developed and the technical difficulties to be overcome, high art refers solely to the manner in which the idea is expressed; so that a Dutch boor by Ostade, or a Venetian senator by Titian, equally merits the appellation.”

It is indubitable that a vast amount of nonsense has, as Mr. O’Neil says, been written concerning high art; but it may be doubted if greater nonsense was ever written concerning it than the above. The avowal, in one place, that “a higher feeling is aroused in the presence of invention and dramatic power,” and in another the acknowledgment of “the greater difficulties to be overcome in a more intellectual development of the qualities in art,” would seem to show that the writer has not made up his mind so clearly on the subject as his confidence of language would imply. But there is no need to show inconsistency in order to dispose of the theory of a man who professes to hold that high art has nothing to do with the subject treated. An imperfect acquaintance with the uses of language often leads a person to be sophistical, almost without knowing it, and to impose upon his own intellect with a wretched verbal quibble. The passage we have quoted is a striking instance of this unfortunate process. “High art is not big art,” says Mr. O’Neil. If by this be meant that a big picture is not necessarily a better picture, or one of a higher order of art, than a small one, the truth is so obvious that it can scarcely be supposed anybody ever stated or imagined the contrary. But if by the phrase, “high art is not big art,” it is intended to assert that size can never have anything to do with the merit or value of a picture, then the assertion is as obviously false as the other interpretation is obviously true. Mr. O’Neil, half unconsciously no doubt (for, like so many other people, he is indebted to language for his ideas and reasonings, instead of being indebted to ideas and reasonings for his language), in asserting what may be taken to be true, intends his readers to take his words in a sense which is assuredly false. We cannot say at what

precise superficies of canvas high art ever begins; but we certainly can name a superficies—a square inch, for instance—on which high art would be impossible. And why is this the case? Precisely because there are certain subjects which cannot be adequately treated on a lilliputian scale; and these are the subjects which common sense and common language alike qualify as great subjects, and subjects of high art. So that an exposure of Mr. O'Neil's dictum that high art is not big art has led us, as might have been expected, to the overthrow of his other dictum, that "high art does not apply to the subject treated;" or, as he says again, in different language, "high art refers solely to the manner in which the idea is expressed." His illustration of this supposed truth is exceedingly curious. "A Dutch boor," he says, "by Ostade, or a Venetian senator by Titian, equally merits the appellation." Certainly—provided that we be allowed to read the last clause in the sense, that the two equally merit or do not merit the appellation. We doubt if even a court chamberlain ever imagined that a portrait of a gentleman was, by virtue of its subject, a greater work of art than the portrait of a beggar. Indeed, *cæteris paribus*, there would probably be opportunities—of pathos and picturesqueness, for instance—in the latter which would be wanting in the former. But what has such a parallel to do with the question? Absolutely nothing. A Venetian senator and a Dutch boor are of very different degrees of excellence as far as social estimation is concerned, but as far as art is concerned, they are of equal value; and only accidental qualities, which, as we have hinted, are just as likely to tell in favor of the boor, will make them of unequal excellence looked at as subjects for art. Similarly, an historical picture, consisting, as well might be, of nothing but Dutch boors, might be set side by side with an historical picture consisting of Venetian senators; and, supposing them to be equally well executed, there is nothing in the subjects to prevent both of them being equally specimens of high art. But will there be no difference, and a difference of kind, between the pictures containing the single boor and the single senator, and the pictures

consisting respectively of the crowd of boors, each acting his part in a great pictorial drama, and of the throng of senators similarly employed? If high art does not apply to the subject treated, then the picture of a pig may be high art. As the domestic habits of pigs do not as yet figure conspicuously on the walls of the Royal Academy, it is not unlikely that Mr. O'Neil, and the many modern artists who would like to believe that his dictum is true, would reply that the animal in question is a proper subject for high art. Let, however, one or two rising artists dedicate their energies to reviving this neglected department of their profession; let them attain marked success in it; let the intelligent public, abetted by an appreciative press, discern the touching beauties that have long lain hidden in the straw, and let these works of high art fetch handsome prices, and we feel quite sure that the gentlemen who now imagine that their club interiors, their everlasting nurseries, their attitudinising children, their broken-hearted young women, and their admirable young men, constitute high art, would soon protest against including the denizens of the sty in the category.\* For this is what it all means at bottom. The same self-love which would then urge them to narrow their theory of high art, in order to exclude the painters of pigs, now induces them to give it as large an extension as possible, in order to get themselves included among those who have treated something higher than the subjects we have indicated. But for this interested motive, we should bear little or nothing of the "much nonsense" that "has been uttered concerning high art," and should have fewer attempts, both in conversation and print, to plunge the question into a state of hopeless ambiguity. Nothing is such sheer waste of time as a mere logomachy; and we should be quite ready to allow high art to stand for nothing more than "the

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\* Of course it is not intended to assert that pigs cannot be introduced into a picture aspiring to come in the category of high art. Indeed, Rubens has painted the inside of a stable, in which he places the Prodigal Son feeding with hogs; but this is scarcely one of his most admired works.

manner in which the idea is expressed," if only those who thus desire to fix its signification will frankly acknowledge the infinite distance that divides the Royal Academy from the National Gallery—though the latter, in spite of its excellent specimens of certain masters, is a very inadequate substitute for a visit to Venice, Florence, and Rome—and having confessed the difference, will then invent and establish a term, other than high art, to express it. Till that be done, we cannot afford to throw away the only term that serves our purpose. Only those who have a very different purpose to serve, or who are not acquainted that such a mischievous purpose exists, will use it so lavishly.

We have said that we did not purpose to enter into the technical merits of modern painting, though a pretty extensive acquaintance with the classic lands of pictorial art does not permit us to doubt that, even in this matter, the very best productions of to-day do not reach the excellence attained three centuries and a half ago. But when we approach the subjects on which modern art aspires to expend its energies, we have no scruple in saying that they are, on the whole, of so trivial and inferior, and in many instances of so unartistic a nature, as at the very threshold to shrivel and starve the interest of the looker-on. Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the account of his "Tour through Flanders and Holland," observes that it may be worthy of consideration, how far the circumstance that Protestant countries have thought proper to exclude pictures from their churches, may be the cause of no Protestant country having ever produced a history-painter; and he suggests that, now the violence and acrimony with which the separation of the churches was made are things of the past, the impolitic exclusion might be advantageously abandoned. Doubtless it is true that such a state of things must operate as a check upon the production of good historical pictures, if the tendency to produce them existed; but that a changed condition would not necessarily call the tendency into existence may be seen from the execrable productions which crown the altars in Italian churches built or renovated last century, and from the present deplorable condition of Italian

art. The patronage of priests or government will avail nothing towards the production of any form of art which is not silently and unconsciously demanded by the age itself. Can any one doubt, that if painting had been an art pursued in England at the time of Shakespeare, as literature was, this country would not have produced historical pictures of the very finest class? The opportunity passed by, and has never returned. The sister art of poetry was more fortunate, and our language boasts, in consequence, a host of splendid dramatists, topped by one towering figure. The plays of Shakespeare remain, bristling with subjects for historical pictures, but with what result? In oil, one or two ludicrous attempts, and a number of cabinet pictures, containing two or three secondary figures. If any one believes that patronage, public or private, would procure for us paintings in keeping with and worthy of our glorious and dramatic history, let him go and look at the unhappy frescoes in our Houses of Parliament, and be answered. Infinitely sooner would we have even club interiors, if properly executed, everlasting nurseries, attitudinising children, broken-hearted young women, and admirable young men, than such abortions as these. For there is a force, a real power, at the back of the others: and that is the force of a very big thing, called the nineteenth century, verily wanting them, liking them, and ready to pay for them. This tendency of the century is shared by the artist himself, who is part of the century; and therefore it is not only an instruction to him to do it, but an instruction to him *how* to do it. Why is it that if a poet nowadays sits down to write a tragedy, he writes such a bad one? Because he has got nobody to help him. The age is not at his back. Just so is it with the painters. A Parliament, in a freak of generous enthusiasm, votes money for a series of grand historical frescoes, and the country, no doubt, would be delighted to have them. Eminent hands are selected for the work, and the frescoes are executed. The press—that *claqueur* with which Mr. O'Neil is so unnaturally angry—is at first highly complimentary and congratulatory, and sends the whole town to see them. A little time passes away, and

the country hears, not with much concern, but with no concern at all, that in a few years the frescoes will be no more, and that there will be only a dirty blotchy wall for all the money voted by a generous Parliament. The country is quite right; they had better perish—for, indeed, they were misbegotten things, if indeed they were ever begotten at all, and are not rather a simulation of the simulation of life.

Many modern artists feel this, and accordingly they cling to their club interiors. Better a live dog than a dead lion. Nor do we mean to imply that some of them do not rise to a higher argument than club interiors. They do; but the best of them—mark! the best of them—hold the mirror up to nature, the nature that they happen to know, and are the chronicle of the time, such as it is. They are not responsible for its phenomena and character. They did not make either, but they reflect both, and that is their function—not to make unhappy frescoes, growing beautifully less. They have nothing to reproach themselves with, but are, many of them, excellent artists in such lower walks of art as industrialism, science, and domestic feeling have not closed to them. Better surely is it to walk where there is a road that leads somewhere than to try to travel over an obliterated one that leads nowhere. But along with this, determination should go the avowal that the old road was a better road than the new one, and led to a far more important bourne.

How strongly the temper of the time acts upon the artist's choice of subjects, or at least upon his power to render adequately the subject chosen, might be conclusively shown by an examination, *seriatim*, of the pictures on the Royal Academy walls in any given year. It would be seen that the best and most satisfactory pictures—pictures in which the idea has been most clearly conceived and is most definitely rendered—are pictures whose subject is in harmony with the tastes, occupations, and tendencies of the public. No doubt many weak or monstrous pictures, dealing with modern domestic interiors and sentiment, might be pointed out; but we doubt their being so weak or so monstrous as the majority of pictures, which, attempting a high, flight, grapple with subjects a

successful treatment of which, were such possible nowadays, would make them immortal. We have purposely abstained from mentioning the names and criticising the works of individual artists; and, if we violate our rule, it shall be as briefly as possible, and more for the purpose of illustrating our meaning than with the object of criticising the artists and the pictures named. There were two pictures of Mr. Leighton's in the Academy of this year which attracted a good deal of attention—"Dædalus and Icarus," and "Helios and Rhodos." It is quite certain that the age did not help Mr. Leighton to paint those two pictures. Rather, indeed, had he to contend against the age in order to paint them. But with what result? Mr. Leighton has a very fine sense of beauty, probably a sense finer and keener than any of his contemporaries; and he cherishes a high ideal. And no doubt there is much beauty, much loveliness, in the works we have named. But are they a satisfactory, an *adequate* rendering of the story of "Helios and Rhodos," or of "Dædalus and Icarus?" We abstain, it will be noticed, from all technical criticism, and ask that one broad simple question. Let us ask another. In point of adequacy and satisfactoriness, what are they by the side of Mr. Faed's "Only Herself"? Yet who can doubt that Mr. Leighton's aim is the higher of the two? And the wonder is, not that these works of his are not better, but that they are so good.

Another illustration of the point on which we are insisting is the excellence of many of the landscapes—*quâ* landscapes (intending by this to intimate that Turner's landscapes are far more than landscapes)—and of much of the animal painting of the day. There exists a genuine love of scenery and a general interest in it; nor is this more conspicuous than the affectionate curiosity exhibited towards the dumb portion of creation. These two prevailing sentiments have at one and the same time directed the attention and strengthened the hands of the artists who have so strikingly succeeded in these departments. But even here what is the limit of the public taste? It is the limit imposed by realism. Sir Edwin Landseer's picture of "The Swannery Invaded by Eagles" had

scarcely been exhibited a day before somebody objected that eagles never attack in flocks, but singly; and the objection was immediately taken up and repeated by almost everybody. We do not say that supposing the fact—which is disputed—to be as stated, it is not a serious flaw in the picture, the picture being what it is. It has all the character and pretensions of realism, and Sir Edwin has considered it necessary to maintain stoutly that eagles do attack in the manner depicted by him. But what a flood of light does this throw upon the artists and the public—in a word, upon the art and art-criticism of the day! In “Alastor; or, the Spirit of Solitude,” occur these lines:—

“Thou hast a home,  
Beautiful bird! Thou voyagest to thy home,  
Where thy sweet mate will twine her downy neck  
With thine, and welcome thy return with eyes  
Bright in the lustre of thine own fond joy.”

Now, did it ever occur to a critic to ask if swans do really intertwine their necks? Had he done so, no doubt he would have received an answer in conformity with his expectations—that they do not. But he would have been thought an abominable blockhead; and the beauty and artistic excellence of the passage we have quoted can never be marred by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. But Sir Edwin, in unconscious obedience to the tendencies and dictates of the time, prides himself upon his accurate acquaintance with the habits of the animals he draws and paints so well, and upon that more than upon aught else. The public finds it very natural that he should do so, and takes him at his word. And lo! some fine morning, he exhibits what, it is no secret, he himself regards as his *magnum opus*; and his admirers, instead of ad-

miring, set to work to argue with him, if something, which it is the easiest thing in the world when brought before the picture, or indeed away from it, to conceive as happening, ever *as a fact* did happen! A work of art is shown, and the result is a wrangle about an obscure question of natural history! And the artist himself finds the contention most reasonable! To this complexion have we come at last.

The age, therefore, if it have any fault to find with its art, must find fault with itself. It is the *fons et origo mali*. Whatever damage science and criticism have done to art, Mr. O'Neil must charge, not upon any particular set of men called “lay critics” or “the press,” but upon the age which fosters both. It makes both artists and critics what they are, and it has no right to complain of the result. On the whole, artists do their best for it. There is a certain amount of slovenly work, no doubt,—of greedy work,—of work that stoops, instead of soaring. But so there always was. The mischief does not lie in the men. It is impossible to know some of them and not get rid of that supposition. But the more one studies and knows the character of the period in which they are working, the more obvious does it become why they are what they are, and why there is at present no prospect of their becoming anything more. “*Nil generosum, nil magnificens sapit*,” is the verdict which any dispassionate person must pass on the disposition of the age in which we live; and without those two qualities it is impossible that art should fulfil its loftiest mission. It may flatter the vanity of private persons, or tickle the taste of a crowd; but it will never truly civilize a community or exalt a nation.

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London Society.

#### WHO WROTE ROBINSON CRUSOE?

DANIEL DEFOE, of course; the title-page says so, and ought to be believed. True; but it is nevertheless a curious fact that some persons have believed otherwise. There was no author originally named on the title-page, when the work first made its appearance a century

and a half ago, save the far-famed Crusoe himself; and other circumstances led to a division of opinion upon the subject. It is, however, satisfactory to know that the evidence in support of the popular opinion is far stronger than that in the opposite direction. We say “mainfacts-

ry;" seeing that it is not pleasant to have one's favorite idols knocked down (as Dick Whittington's cat has recently been), unless for the very strongest reasons. The connection between the names of Alexander Selkirk, Robinson Crusoe, and Daniel Defoe is so remarkable, that something must be known about the first before the relation between the second and the third can be understood; for the triad consists of a myth between two realities.

Alexander Selkirk, a Fifeshire man bred up to the sea, started off about the beginning of the last century on a voyage to America, half commercial and half piratical, in a way much in fashion in those days. Captain Stradling, commander of the ship, having taken some offence against Selkirk, put him on shore on the uninhabited island of Juan Fernandez, with one day's food, a sea-chest clothes, bedding, a little tobacco, a few books and nautical instruments, some powder and ball, a gun, knife, axe, and a kettle or boiler. Thus was the lonely Scot, on a September day in 1704, left to shift for himself, on an island about eighteen miles long by six broad, and at least four hundred miles distant from the nearest mainland (the Pacific coast of South America). When he recovered from the first feeling of dismay and despondency, he set to work and built two huts of pimento wood, one as a dining and bed room, the other as a kitchen; he roofed them with long grass and by degrees gave them a warm lining of goat-skins. Strips of the same kind of wood supplied him with fire and light, burning very clear, and emitting an agreeable, fragrant odor. His chief food was boiled goats' flesh and crawfish, seasoned with pimento fruit, but sadly in need of a little salt, of which he had none save the brackish bitter salt of sea-water. When his clothes were worn out he made goat-skin garments, using a nail for a needle and narrow strips of bark or skin for thread. As for shoes, he soon learned to do without them altogether. Many cats and goats were found on the island; the former helped to scare away the rats, which at first were very troublesome; while the goats served him as playfellows and as a supply of food. While his ammunition lasted he shot down the goats; when it was exhausted he caught them by

running; and so expert did he become that he could run down any of them. Once he fell over a precipice while thus engaged, and only escaped destruction by falling on the animal on the beach below. During his stay on the island he appropriated five hundred goats to food and clothing, and set free another five hundred after marking them on the ears. (Thirty years afterwards, when Anson's crew landed on the island, the first goat they shot was one of those which Selkirk had thus marked.) When his knife was worn out he forged others from old iron hoops. Thus did the lonely man pass four years and four months; when, in February, 1709, he was rescued by a vessel commanded by Captain Woodes Rogers. Although he had some difficulty in returning to the use of speech, and in reconciling himself to the ship's provisions and usages, he gradually became fitted to act as mate to the ship, in which he came to England in 1711.

Such was the true story of Alexander Selkirk, in which, it will be seen, there were no Indians and no man Friday. The story became incorporated in an account of Rogers' voyage. Sir Richard Steele drew public attention to the matter in No. 26 of the "Englishman" (Dec. 1st, 1713). He said: "I had the pleasure frequently to converse with the man soon after his arrival in England in the year 1711. It was a matter of great curiosity to hear him, as he is a man of good sense, give an account," &c., &c. After presenting the outline of the narrative, Steele adds: "Even if I had not been led into his character and story, I could have discovered that he had been much separated from company, by his aspect and gesture; there was a strong but cheerful seriousness in his manner, and a certain disregard to the ordinary things about him, as if he had been sunk in thought." Another form in which the account appeared was under the title of "Providence Displayed; or, a Surprising Account of Mr. Alexander Selkirk, Master of a Merchantman called the Cinque Ports, &c."

In 1711, then, Selkirk came to England; in 1712 and 1713 accounts of his adventures were published. And now we come to the second name in the before-mentioned triad. In the spring of 1719

a new book appeared with a very long title:—"The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner, who lived Eight and Twenty Years all alone on an uninhabited Island on the Coast of America, near the Mouth of the Great River of Oroonoke; having been cast on Shore by Shipwreck, when all the Men perished but himself. With an Account how he was at last strangely delivered by Pyrates. Written by Himself." The work created a prodigious sensation; four editions were sold in four months. The Preface was written as if an editor had simply arranged a Narrative prepared by Robinson Crusoe himself. In the autumn of the same year appeared a Sequel, with the title, "The Further Adventures of Robinson Crusoe: Being the Second and Last Part of his Life, and of the Strange Surprising Account of his Travels round other Parts of the Globe. Written by himself. To which is added a Map of the World, in which is delineated the Voyages of Robinson Crusoe." Incited evidently by the profitable and continuous sale, those concerned in the matter published in 1720 another Sequel, "Serious Reflexions during the Life of Robinson Crusoe, with his Vision of the Angelic World." But this was a failure: the public, enamored of his Adventures, cared little for his "Reflexions."

The wonderful success of Robinson Crusoe (the first part, which is *the* Robinson Crusoe of scores of editions) was mainly due to a belief in its thorough truthfulness. Its probabilities and improbabilities were alike so masterly rendered as to stamp upon it an impress of verity. The public did not at first associate the book in any way with Daniel Defoe; but this was speedily done by other literary men of the day; one of whom, Charles Gildes, published in the autumn of 1719 "The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Mr. D. de F., of London, who lived above Fifty Years by himself in the Kingdom of North and South Britain. The various shapes he has Appear'd in, and the Discoveries he has made for the benefit of his Country. In a Dialogue between him and his Man Friday. With Remarks Serious and Comical upon the Life of Crusoe." It was a poor affair, just sufficient to show that Defoe was believed to be the real

Crusoe, and to point him out as a target for his many enemies (Defoe was always in hot water as a pamphleteer and political writer) to shoot at.

A question arose soon afterwards, and has been raised many times since, whether Defoe really owed anything to Selkirk's story; and if any, how much? What arrangement he made with his publisher is not known, but both of them evidently wished the story of Robinson Crusoe to be taken as mainly (if not wholly) true. No sooner had the first volume (*the* Crusoe) appeared than numerous abridgments were unfairly published. In the Preface to the Second Volume Defoe complained of this, saying: "The injury these men do the proprietor of this work is a practice all honest men abhor; and he believes he may challenge them to show the difference between that and robbery on the highway, or breaking open a house." He pointed out that the abridging had been mainly effected by leaving out the moral reflections, and added: "By this they leave the work naked of its brightest ornaments. And if they would, at the same time, pretend that the Author had supplied the story out of his invention, they take from it the improvement which alone recommends that invention to wise and good men."

That the author or editor of "Robinson Crusoe" was Daniel Defoe soon became generally admitted; but throughout the last century the other question above adverted to was much discussed. By some the work was ascribed to Arbuthnot, by others to Harley, Earl of Oxford. There is a memorandum in the handwriting of Thomas Warton, the poet laureate (in the British Museum), which, under date July 10th, 1774, runs as follows: "In the year 1759, I was told by the Rev. Benjamin Holloway, Rector of Middleton Stony, in Oxfordshire, then about seventy years of age, and in the early part of his life domestic chaplain to Lord Sunderland, that he had often heard Lord Sunderland say that Lord Oxford, while prisoner in the Tower of London, wrote the first volume of the 'History of Robinson Crusoe,' merely as an amusement under confinement, and gave it to Daniel Defoe, who frequently visited Lord Oxford in the Tower, and was one of his



pamphlet writers. That Defoe, by Lord Oxford's permission, printed it as his own, and, encouraged by its extraordinary success, added himself the second volume, the inferiority of which is generally acknowledged. Mr. Holloway also told me, from Lord Sunderland, that Lord Oxford dictated some parts of the manuscript to Defoe. Mr. Holloway was a grave, conscientious clergyman, not vain of telling anecdotes, very learned, particularly a good orientalist, author of some theological works, bred at Eton School, and a Master of Arts of St. John's College, Cambridge. He used to say that 'Robinson Crusoe,' at its first publication, and for some time afterwards, was universally received and credited as a genuine history. A fictitious narrative of this sort was then a new thing." This kind of testimony, it will be seen, is not very reliable; for Warton, who wrote the memorandum, heard the story from Mr. Holloway, who heard it from Lord Sunderland; but Lord Sunderland, from whom did he hear it? Another form of accusation was that Defoe derived the story, not from the Earl of Oxford, but from Alexander Selkirk: "The public curiosity respecting him being excited, he was induced to put his papers into the hands of Defoe, to arrange and form them into a regular narrative. These papers must have been drawn up after he left Juan Fernandez, as he had no means of recording his transactions there. From this account of Selkirk, Defoe took the idea of writing a more extensive work, 'The Romance of Robinson Crusoe,' and very dishonestly defrauded the original proprietor of his share." There were other forms which the accusation assumed, but these were the principal.

The refutation has been tolerably complete. It has been shown that the relations between Harley and Defoe at the time were such as to render the former little likely to place himself in the power of the latter; that there is nothing in Harley's style to denote a power of imitating the remarkable style in which "Robinson Crusoe" is written; and that the first and second parts of the celebrated work are evidently from the same pen, however far the second may be from equalling the first in interest. And as to Defoe having stolen the ideas of Sel-

kirk, the theory will not stand the test of scrutiny. Except that a man was left on a desolate island to shift for himself, the romance and the reality have very little in common. Isaac Disraeli, in his charming "Curiosities of Literature," said: "No one has, or perhaps could have converted the history of Selkirk into the wonderful story we possess, but Defoe himself. Sir Walter Scott said: "Really the story of Selkirk, which had been published a few years before, appears to have furnished our author with so little beyond the bare idea of a man living on an uninhabited island, that it seems quite immaterial whether he took the hint from that or any other similar story." The late Archbishop Whately wrote a remarkable Essay to prove that Defoe could not have taken Alexander Selkirk as a model. The story was meant to be received as true; and the archbishop notices the rare skill with which this has been accomplished: "One part of the act by which Defoe gives his tale an air of reality consists in his frequently recording minute particulars and trifling occurrences which lead to no result, and therefore are just such as you would be likely to find in a real diary, and which most writers of fiction would omit, because there seems no reason at all for mentioning them except that they really took place. Another apparent indication of reality is, that such improbabilities as there are lie precisely in the opposite quarter from that in which we should expect to find them." He gives instances to illustrate his meaning, too long to be quoted here, but quite sufficient to support the statement that Defoe wished his "Robinson Crusoe" to be regarded as an independent and veritable history—with what marvellous success, we can all bear witness. The Rev. Mr. Lee, in his recently-published "Life and Newly-Discovered Writings of Daniel Defoe," gives a prodigious list of more than two hundred and fifty works which may fairly be attributed to his pen; and among them there is amply sufficient to show Defoe's almost matchless skill as a story-teller. Mr. Lee points out that the "Serious Reflexions," forming the third volume or series, however inferior to the other two (especially the first) in interest, bear internal marks of Defoe's tone of thought on such matters.

We may, then, safely settle down into the belief that our dearly-cherished book was written, not by Arbuthnot, nor by the Earl of Oxford, nor by Selkirk, but by Daniel Defoe; that the idea was merely suggested to him by the known but brief narrative of Selkirk's life; and that the story is so wonderfully kept up, that, if not true, it ought to have been. Let us not be surprised that several places lay claim to the honor of having been that at which Defoe wrote his book. Halifax puts in a plea; so does Gateshead; so does Hartley, in Kent; so does Harrow Alley, Whitechapel; but the probabilities are in favor of Defoe's house at Stoke-Newington.

We have already spoken of the trusty belief entertained by most readers in Defoe's time in the truthfulness of this ever-fresh story. So it has been, in a great measure, throughout the whole period of exactly a century and a half which has elapsed since the book was published; and so it is to this day, among a much larger number of persons than we are apt to suppose. So vivid is the impression produced by the facts and the language of the narrative, that a sentiment of truthfulness seems to pervade it. Many a regret has been felt, perhaps many a tear shed, when the information has been received that "Robinson Crusoe is not true." Nay, instances have been known of persons believing that the veritable Crusoe stood before them, in his own proper corporeal person. One such anecdote was told of Madame de Talleyrand, wife of the great diplomatist—a lady said to have been more remarkable for beauty than for sense. Many versions of the story have been given. One, in Thomas Moore's "Journal," is to the following effect: "One day her husband having told her that Denon (the great explorer of Egyptian antiquities) was coming to dinner, bid her read a little of his book upon Egypt, just published, in order that she might be enabled to say something to him upon it; adding that he would leave the volume for her on his study-table. He forgot this, however, and Madame, on going into the study, found a volume of 'Robinson Crusoe' on the table, which having read very attentively, she was not long in opening upon Denon at dinner, about the desert island, his manner of living,

&c., to the great astonishment of poor Denon, who could not make head or tail of what she meant. At last, upon her saying "*Et puis ce cher Vendredi ?*" he perceived that she took him for no less a person than Robinson Crusoe." The allusion to "that dear Friday" must have been delicious. It has been recently stated, on apparently good authority, that the dinner in question took place at Paris in 1806. Miss Dickenson, daughter of the celebrated mezzotinto engraver, was *dame de compagnie* to Madame at the time. In her version of the story, Talleyrand did not promise to place Denon's book on the study-table, but told Madame to go and procure the book at a library or bookseller's. The lady forgot the title, but thought she could not be far wrong in asking for "the celebrated book of travels." The worthy bibliophile deemed it probable that she meant "Robinson Crusoe," and gave her that book accordingly—with the result noticed above.

But, unless one story has been built upon another, or two stories on the same incident, it is very remarkable that something similar was said to have occurred in Paris far back in the last century. In Horace Walpole's letter to Sir Horace Mann, under date October 22d, 1741, mention is made of one Sir Thomas Robinson, of Rokeby Park, who was sometimes called "Long Sir Thomas," on account of his lofty stature, and sometimes "New Robinson Crusoe." In a note it is remarked: "He was a tall, uncouth man, and his stature was often rendered still more remarkable by his hunting dress—a postilion's cap, a light green jacket, and buckskin breeches. He was liable to sudden whims. Once he set off on a sudden in his hunting suit to visit his sister, who was married and settled at Paris. He arrived while there was a large company at dinner. The servant announced M. Robinson; and he came in, to the great amazement of the guests. Among others, a French abbé thrice lifted his fork to his mouth, and thrice laid it down with an eager stare of surprise. Unable to restrain his curiosity any longer, he burst out with—'Excuse me, sir; are you the famous Robinson Crusoe so remarkable in history?' There are other stories afloat more or less similar, one connected with

the name of Sir George Robinson, who lived many years after the Sir Thomas here mentioned.

So lasting is the name of Robinson Crusoe, that certain relics are assigned or set down to this redoubtable hero because they really belonged to Alexander Selkirk. Edinburgh has recently acquired two such relics. It appears that when Selkirk was on his island at Juan Fernandez, he had a chest which was very useful in his scanty furniture. He brought this chest with him when Captain Woodes Rogers conveyed him back to Scotland. It was used by Selkirk at Larga to contain his clothes; and after he left that place it remained for a long period in the possession of his relatives. Some years ago it was sold to a gentleman in London. Recently, an oppor-

tunity having occurred for securing it for Scotland, Sir David Baxter purchased it, and presented it to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. The chest is made of mahogany or some similar wood, and has the initials of Alexander Selkirk rudely cut in it. Another article, presented at the same time to the same museum, is a cup, carved out of a cocoa-nut by Selkirk while on the island. Three more (so-called) Robinson Crusoe relics are carefully preserved in Scotland, viz.: Selkirk's musket, his brown ware can, and his walking-stick.

P. S. Mr. Hotten has just published a new edition of "Robinson Crusoe," printed *verbatim* from the original edition, in all the homely but vigorous language of Defoe—eschewing the so-called "improvements" of modern editors.

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WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

BY THE EDITOR.

MR. BRYANT is now the veteran, *par excellence*, of American letters—one of the honored few who, in the early years of the century, rocked the cradle of our literature, and have lived to see it attain its present stalwart and manly, if somewhat rugged growth. But this is not all. For Mr. Bryant has the rare distinction not only of having assisted at the birth of a new literature, but of having, as poet, critic, orator, and journalist, contributed to the development of every department in which American thought has since illustrated itself, except those of philosophy and jurisprudence. Unlike most of those who entered the field with him, he has kept up with the age—borne onward upon its current, not stranded upon "some green and grassy shore," which, however pleasant when the century was young, is now far in the wake of our intellectual progress. It is peculiar to Mr. Bryant, among those early pioneers of our letters, that his genius sought no models, ran into no ruts, and ignored the evanescent themes of political and social life. From the first, he drew his inspiration from Nature, and the profounder moral problems which challenge the thoughts of humanity; and as long as man shall seek solace from the bosom of "our common mother," the

poems of Bryant will remain a guide and a consolation. Most of the writings of those who were the contemporaries of his youth have passed into the "storehouse of oblivion," which Time has prepared for so much of literary endeavor; but with the growth and elevation of our intellectual culture Bryant has but obtained a larger, more secure, and more appreciative audience. Fifty-four years have elapsed since "Thanatopsis" was published, and it remains one of the simplest, most finished, and impressive poems in the language.

When "Thanatopsis" was written, Bryant was a youth of nineteen. Since then, as we have said, he has constantly contributed to nearly every department of our literature. His poems fill a large volume; his "Travels" embrace letters from all parts of Europe; his editorial experience comprises the whole period since 1825; and for many years past scarcely any public meeting has been held connected with literature, art, free-trade or cognate subjects, over which he has not presided. His latest appearance before the public was as chairman of the recent meeting to establish in New York a Metropolitan Museum of Art; and, should the scheme prove successful, his name will doubtless be identified

with it, as it has been with every other liberal and refining tendency of the past half century.

The crowning literary work of Mr. Bryant's life is a translation of the *Iliad*, which is to make its appearance some time during the coming spring. This translation is in unrhymed blank verse, and it will be the offspring of many years of labor and reflection. Judging from the specimens we have seen, it promises to be more simple, literal, and unaffected than any of its predecessors, though wanting somewhat in vigor and force. Whatever its defects may be, however (and it would be premature now to speak of them), it will be an honor to American scholarship, and a fitting culmination to the poet's labors.

We have made our own remarks thus brief and discontinuous in order to find room for an appreciative criticism upon the poetry of Mr. Bryant which appeared in a recent number of *Appleton's Journal*. It is from the pen of Mr. Eugene Benson, and is entitled "The Poet of Our Woods:"

Mr. Bryant's "Forest Hymn," in grave and measured language appropriate to the solemnity of the columned aisles of aged woods, and expressive of the majesty of solitude and thought in that dim sanctuary, the forest, has associated his name with the most serious love of Nature, and shown that his personal intercourse with the grand mother of us all has something of the *religiousness* which less simple and less reflecting men find only in the ceremonial pomps of the Roman Church, or in the dreary hymns of fanatics.

The ancestral and virginal life of the forest—its stillness, its expressive and admirable forms, its dignity, its remoteness—seems to have called forth the homage of our poet as nothing else in Nature. Mr. Bryant may be said to have gone to the woods as other men have gone to cathedrals; and, under green and dusky domes of leaf and branch, under verdant roofs, festooned and arabesqued by trailing vine, or drooping tassel, or spicy cone, he has let his soul breathe apart from the less austere, less pure worshippers of the Universal Spirit. He has come from his religious musings in the woods charged with no trivial word, but with lessons of the integrity of Nature, and the dignity of a life conformed to the harmony and order of her own. More than any poet, he has expressed the understanding of Nature as the manifestation of one Supreme God. Nothing of the Greek's worship of Nature is in Mr. Bryant's homage.

His communion has been with one Spirit, not with many spirits. It is this which may be said to make his poetry so austere and simple. Mr. Bryant is not the man of simple sensation, surrendered in gladness of heart and completeness of mere being to Nature; he is the man of reflection, thoughtfully seeking to interpret Nature as the unimpeachable manifestation of Deity. And yet his most universally read poem, "Thanatopsis," might have been written by a stoic, and is, save Wordsworth's "Ode," the most impersonal poetic expression that was ever made of Pantheism—a poem so religious, so instinct with the very sovereignty of mind and courage, that the young religious enthusiast who read it on the shore of Lake Leman, under the shadow of Mont Blanc, and the disciple of Emerson on the Hudson, alike found it the sufficient expression of their personal sense of life and Nature, and felt that the processioned harmony of noble words was never more equal to the reason of the mind, in face of all that it so mutely interrogates.

Seriousness of mind, which is at the bottom of the American character, is naturally reflected in such still and solemn intercourse with Nature—and it is this which makes Bryant the poet of our maturest reflection, apart from the life of men. The poetry of the American is not expressive of the revolt and energy of the human heart, but of his most sacred thoughts, of his most chastened experience; for this reason our poets are poets of the religious and moral sentiment, not of the individual and detaching experience of love and passion . . . . .

The death of the flowers, the falling of the autumn leaf, suggest thoughts common to us all, but which never have been rendered in more pathetic and yet reserved verse than Mr. Bryant's. "The Death of the Flowers," "June," and the "Forest Hymn," have made Mr. Bryant's name dear to us in the sweet, and serene, and chastened life of the family. Pathetic and austere poet, his inspiration naturally comes from solemn and placid things; and the refrain, the under-voice of all, is the unavoidable question of man's mortality. In the expression of this, Bryant is supreme among our poets. Neither Whittier, nor Emerson, nor Longfellow, can be said to have so religious and solemn an inspiration.

Emerson is even *janty* and democratic in his intercourse with Nature; she is a smiling sphinx, and has no tormenting enigma to his pure soul, but an equal and serene being to reward her lover. Longfellow describes Nature from his study-window. Whittier makes pictures with words of his home-walks. Bryant alone is the severe and abstracted worshipper, who visits the woods as a place of religion and peace.

Emerson's verse is brisk and abrupt, and he goes from rhyme to rhyme, as a squirrel from

branch to branch, more nimble than musical, and, with his carefully-chosen store of simple words, expresses his satisfied sense of Nature; but Bryant is always sedate and lonely, and both the thought and diction of his verse seem born of the spirit, and not of matter. In his communion with Nature, Bryant seems to be a poet preoccupied with the thought of death, and saddened by the history of the human race. Abstract as Shelley, and reflective like Wordsworth, loving sonorous words, yet never seduced by mere pomp of sound from his natural love of simplicity and purity of diction, he has written several poems not unworthy of either of the two great English poets of Nature.

So long as we are students of the past, so long as we are delicate and thoughtful, we must find in Bryant's poetry the interpretation of Nature, as the only compensation for all that tries and disgusts us with our fellow-men; and, like the "poet of our woods," we will go from society to solitude, and under green arcades, in spicy groves, on the forest floor of leaf and moss, beneath great branches of pine, that throw shadows as of twilight, or under Druid oaks of older lands, we will refresh ourselves with the antique and yet virginal show of things or sit like Old Mortality meditating on death and decay, on every lugubrious and pallid thing, seeing in Nature nothing but a vast sepulchre; in the trees, festooned with gray moss, nothing but funereal

cerements—wind-blown shrouds, mortuary draperies that veil the gladness of things, and, like cowed monks, are fit only to bend over the dying, and chant the requiems of the dead. Better it is, while woods are green, to listen to the cool music of the wind-stirred leaves, and feel the lyric exultation of mere youth for the odors, the sounds, the fairest visions of beauty; and, unsaddened by time and history, use Nature as the pasture-land of our senses. But for the saddened hour that comes to us all, for the dimmed and wailing beauty of November days, for the solemn and pathetic revery in the autumn woods, we must turn to Bryant, who is more of a seer and less of a child in the presence of Nature, than any English poet but Gray. Something of the magic of Wordsworth's best poetry is in Bryant's "June;" and never has the pathos of our part in Nature been more tenderly expressed, certainly never with a more placid and resigned soul.

Mr. Bryant was born at Cummington, Mass., on the 3d of November, 1794, and is now in his 76th year. The portrait which forms our frontispiece is one of the latest that has been taken, and shows the venerable poet as he looks now, with "all his honors," and the snows of nearly fourscore winters, "thick upon him."

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## POETRY.

### THE OLD GEOLOGIST.

AMID his fossils stretched he lay,  
Himself almost a fossil,  
Fast burning out the vital ray,—  
Truth's sturdiest apostle.

Bones, teeth, and shells which he had found,  
Queer spoils of happy labors,  
And grinning saurians plastered round,—  
These were his friends and neighbors.

Those ancient forms he loved to scan;  
Whate'er had done their duty  
In Nature's vast unfolding plan,  
To him were things of beauty.

Awhile they lived, anon they died,  
Each fitly in his station,  
Where Life and Death worked side by side,  
Twin daughters of Creation.

In rankest jungles freely roved  
A thousand curious creatures;  
He knew them well, and knowing loved  
Their gaunt, ungainly features.

The trilobite and corals fair  
Possessed the teeming ocean;

Huge winged monsters clove the air,  
And all was sport and motion.

But one by one they shed their pride  
And bowed to Death's dominion,  
Whose shafts recked not of mammoth's hide,  
Or pterodactyl's pinion.

He tracked the endless march of Time  
Along the steps of ages;  
His searching reason found no prime,  
But only older stages.

New shapes of elder shapes were born,—  
No break in the succession,—  
A waxing day without a morn,—  
One whole and grand progression.

And is this all? is this the sum  
Of man's supreme endeavor,  
To know that, when the hour is come,  
He too must pass—forever,—

Like any other feeble prey  
For whom, beyond debating,  
With ready arrow poised away,  
Sure Death is calmly waiting?

Shall spotless Truth, whom he has wooed  
With all a martyr's passion,

Declare the fate, in mocking mood,  
That slays him in such fashion?

His loyal flame ne'er growing dim  
Shall he hereafter cherish,  
Or must she veil her face for him,  
And leave him now to perish?

The secret of this wondrous plan  
By searching who can find it?  
Yet something tells the inner man  
There must be more behind it.

#### THE SHEPHERD.

Upon the lofty ledges of an alp  
Green as an emerald, whence into the vale  
Leaps the loud cataract, the shepherd lay;  
And, for the Spring was come and all things  
sweet,

His soul was moved to music, and he played  
Upon his pastoral pipe a prelude rare,  
Accordant with the bleatings of the hill,  
And lowings of the valley, and far away  
Murmurings of the many-voiced main.  
Clear-voiced he sang, for he was skilled to wed  
Words winged with passion unto passionate  
airs;

Happy the singer, but the song was sad,  
To pique the more him happy, and thus he sang:

"O meadow flowers, primrose and violet,  
Ye touch her slender ankles as she moves,  
But I, that worship, may not kiss her feet.

"O mountain airs, where unconfin'd float  
Her locks ambrosial, would that I were you,  
To wanton with the tangles of her hair!

"O leaping waves, that press and lip and lave  
Her thousand beauties, when shall it be mine  
To touch and kiss and clasp her even as you?

"But she more loves the blossom and the breeze  
Than lip or hand of mine, and thy cold clasp,  
O barren sea, than these impassioned arms."

So ran the song; and even the while he sang  
Her head lay on his shoulder, and her hands  
Wove him the prize, a crown of meadow flowers,  
Primrose and violet, and with amorous touch  
He wooed her neck and wantoned with her hair,  
And marked the tell-tale color flush and fall  
Thrilled with a touch, and felt the counter-thrill  
Throng all the passionate pulses of the blood,  
Nor envied in his heart the barren sea.

R.

#### MY SECRET.

BEND your heads, ye tall trees, above;  
Listen, O listen, sweet flowers, below—  
He's mine forever—my love, my love!  
My secret of secrets now you know.  
Gaily rustle the leaves as I pass;  
All the blossoms smile in the grass;  
Carol the birds upon every bough:  
"Happy," they all say—"happy art thou."

Dear little birds, throughout all the land,  
Ye will tell this secret of mine ere long.

But none will be able to understand;

They will only say: "How sweet is the song!"  
And the flowers will whisper my tale to-night  
To the fairies that come in the clear moonlight;  
And the leaves will murmur it soft and low  
To the summer-winds that among them go.

O birds, will you leave us when days are cold?  
Will the flowers wither, the leaves grow sad?  
Little brook, will the frost your wavelets hold?  
Will the earth be sad, as it was last year?  
To the world shall winter come by and by;  
But when leaves shall fall, and when flowers die,  
And the woodland singers are over the sea,  
This summer-time still in my heart shall be.

#### THE CUCKOO.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM LEIGHTON.

I HEARD the cuckoo at the evening's close  
Trill its low calls from out a bower of blossom;  
And, at the sound, a thrill of joy arose  
And trembled through my bosom.

A sudden rapture lived in every vein;  
My heart leap'd up to greet the glad new-come;  
And dreams of childhood danced about my brain  
In whispers of the summer!

Could I translate that thrill of joy to men—  
To weary struggling souls could I but show  
In sweetness and in tenderness—ah, then  
I might be deem'd a poet!

#### NOT LOST.

Nor wholly lost the summer's faded glow,  
The vanished loveliness of field and rill,  
Earth's dear flower-thoughts that withered long  
ago,

For in our hearts their sweetness lingers still:  
Bright visions yet are ours of summer dyes,  
Long lost and faded to all other eyes,—  
Links that Time's cruel scythe in vain would  
sever—

A tender memory of some happy noon,  
Flushing dim Autumn with the tints o' June—  
Or moonlight sweet that lights our lives forever;  
A ne'er-forgotten twilight, weirdly grand,  
Thrilling the heart with thoughts too deep to  
speak—

The wild-flowers nestled in a dear one's hand—  
The dying sun that flush'd her drooping cheek;  
These yet are left, tho' Summer's prime be o'er,  
Part of our very lives, our own for evermore.

#### A STORM.

THE zigzag silver flashes, and the boom  
With loud long rattling stuns the darkened  
meads;

A universal sound of rain succeeds,  
And torrents running in the silent gloom;  
And lo! the dreadful-threatening hand of doom  
Hath spared the world; a grayer light is shed;  
And unexpectedly the storm is fled,  
Leaving a weight of silence in its room;  
For the tense ear of all things aching waits

With dazzled eye to hear a cannonade  
And crash intolerable from every part;  
But nothing stirs the green expectant glade;  
And now a sweet bird calls its scattered mates,  
And gayly hearkens the unburdened heart.

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TWILIGHT.

Like a wearied gentle spirit,  
That slowly glides away  
In peace and calm contentment,  
So fades the dying day;

And as the shades of evening  
Are deepening all around,  
He leaves his farewell kisses  
Upon the dewy ground.

Far sweeter than the midnight,  
Though that is sweet to me,  
When the deep-souled thoughts are surging  
Like the billows of the sea;

Far fairer than the noonday,  
Though that be fair and bright,  
Is the sweet mysterious marriage  
Between the day and night.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

*Life of Daniel Webster*, by GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS. 2 vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

IN his will, executed a few days before his death in 1852, Mr. Webster appointed four "literary executors;" and directed his son, Fletcher Webster, to select from his "letters, manuscripts, and papers," such as relate to his personal history, and professional and public life, and at "a proper time" to place them in their hands, to be used by them at such time and in such manner as they might think fit.

Of these four literary executors, two, Mr. Edward Everett and Prof. C. C. Felton, died without performing the work which Mr. Webster evidently had in view when he inserted the above provision. Two, Mr. George Ticknor and Mr. George Ticknor Curtis, remain; and by agreement between themselves, the preparation of the *Life of Mr. Webster* has devolved upon the latter.

The first question naturally which presented itself to Mr. Curtis's mind was whether that "proper time" for making use of the materials thus placed in his hands had arrived.

It was doubtless the purpose of Mr. Webster to appeal, not to contemporaries, who stood too near him properly to appreciate his dimensions and the relations in which he stood to his times, but to a generation other than his own. His life, as far as regards popular appreciation in his own time, may be said (though with many qualifications) to have been a failure. He missed the goal to which he in common with all American statesmen aspired; he saw the political principles against which he had struggled all his life becoming more and more prominent and threatening the very existence of the Government; and towards the close of his career he failed to exercise the influence in the national councils and upon public affairs to which he naturally felt himself entitled. His eyes then turned toward posterity, and he desired to leave his name and fame to a time when the grand crucible of experience could be brought to the analysis of the principles which were then under debate; when a calm judicial judgment could be formed; and when those who in his day were champions in the arena could be rewarded "every man according to his works."

Has that "proper time" now arrived? Mr. Curtis thinks it has. He says in his Preface:

"Nearly seventeen years have elapsed since Mr. Webster's death. If all who acted with him in public affairs have not yet passed away, there has occurred in this country since his decease one of those catastrophes which make a wide chasm in the history of a nation, and which separate periods not actually remote from each other, as if a century had intervened. Mr. Webster's life ended as the era of patriotic efforts to avert from our country the disasters of internal conflict and civil war was about to close, and when such efforts were about to prove of no avail. To that era he belongs; and in it he stands a grand historical figure, toward whom the eyes of men will be more and more directed as they contemplate what was done to deepen the foundations of our constitutional Republic by those who received it from its immediate founders. We cannot too often revert to their principles, the recollection of their measures, and the appreciation of their services. Above all, we cannot too soon seek to do justice to the memory of a great man who for nearly forty years was one of the most conspicuous of our statesmen; and whose intellect, by the admission of all, impressed itself upon the age in which he lived with an influence inferior to that of none of his countrymen and to that of very few of his contemporaries in any portion of the globe."

But it is not alone as a statesman, Mr. Curtis goes on to say, that Mr. Webster has claims upon the honor and appreciation of his countrymen, or that makes a life of him important and interesting. "He had the singular and rare fortune to be as eminent in the profession of law as he was in the capacity of a statesman. Through his whole life these two functions, seldom united in high degree in the same person, were displayed in constant activity, and each was constantly adding to his reputation and increasing his influence."

"But when this has been said of Mr. Webster, all that made up his public character and renown has not been said. For, as if to complete the compass of his extraordinary endowments, he was an orator in the sense in which Demosthenes, Cicero, Chatham, and Burke were orators . . . . What he was, however, as an orator, a lawyer, and a statesman, would fail to be an adequate portrayal of him, if it were not accom-

panied by some delineation of what he was as a man. His great intellectual endowments and conspicuous civil functions were united with a character of equally marked peculiarities, and his private life was as full and capacious as that which was known to the public; and it is that which is the most vividly and fondly remembered by those who were intimately associated with him."

Upon all these aspects Mr. Curtis dwells in his biography; but we may remark here, that if there is one deficiency where all is so excellent, it is in the delineation of that private life which he speaks of as so "full and capacious." The public, of course, has no right to violate the sanctuary of home and of purely individual experience; but, after analyzing the impression of Mr. Webster left upon our minds after following him through these volumes, we cannot be surprised that the popular idea of him was that of the cold, severe, and stately senator; and that there should be associated with him few of the genial and kindly remembrances which cluster around the names of Henry Clay, and of John C. Calhoun, his great political opponent. Possibly this is to some extent due to the awe inspired by his colossal intellectual proportions, which forbids anything like familiarity even in thought; but we cannot help regretting that Mr. Curtis has not given us more frequent glimpses of that gracious private life than we obtain in the casual correspondence incorporated into the text.

The publication of a life of Mr. Webster has naturally awakened a discussion of the political principles with which he was identified, and which divide parties in our day as they did in his. This is a vast subject, and we do not propose to enter upon it except in one particular. In a very able and discriminating review of the work, which has come under our notice, it is said that Mr. Webster "was a lawyer among statesmen, and a statesman among lawyers;" that he never originated a new idea or method in politics; that no great political measure has been handed down to us identified with his name; that he argued from the Constitution as a lawyer argues from his brief; that, in short, he was unsurpassably great as an orator and an advocate, yet that he can hardly be called "a statesman" in the highest sense of that word. It seems to us that these characteristics are precisely what entitle Daniel Webster to a place among the two or three really great statesmen which the Republic has produced. There are always innovators enough, particularly under a new method of government; but social and political developments are of slow growth, and require time in order for us to ascertain their results; and those who hold firmly and finally to what is "written in the bond," at least until it has ceased to be of the nature of an experiment, are the true statesmen of the nation. Moreover, it should be remembered that the constitutional principles which Daniel Webster maintained as the only stable foundation for the perpetuity of the Republic have been vindicated by the results of the late civil war.—have, in fact, made us a nation, and not merely a confederation of States. Of course it depends upon how one views the political experiences and consequences of the past ten years whether he considers Mr. Webster a statesman or merely "an unsurpassably great advocate."

Of the manner in which Mr. Curtis has performed his work it is not too much for us to say that it is worthy of a place by the side of the best biographies in the language. Merely for its literary workmanship, apart from the surpassing richness of the theme, it is an appreciable contribution to our literature, and stands with scarcely a rival in American letters. Thoroughly acquainted with the subjects which come under his notice in all their aspects and in all their bearings, Mr. Curtis has given us much more than a life of Webster—a work of vastly greater general interest and importance. He has cut a broad highway through the history of our country from the time when Daniel Webster came upon the scene in 1808, up to his death in 1852, and has let a flood of light into the obscurities and complexities of our jurisprudence.

And the style, too, is worthy of the dignity of the theme. Grave, sedate, stately, and what we may call *ample*, it illuminates the most obscure political complication, and gives interest and grace to the driest details, while the full and deliberate periods roll in upon the mind like the majestic cadences of distant thunder. We scarcely know which to congratulate most—Mr. Webster on securing such a biographer, or Mr. Curtis on obtaining such a theme.

The volumes are large 8vo, handsomely printed and bound, and are each of them illustrated with a portrait on steel of Mr. Webster, and also with a few wood-cuts. They are sold only by subscription.

*The Pope and the Council.* By JANUS. Boston: Roberts Bros.

THE promulgation of the Syllabus in 1866, and the subsequent call for an Ecumenical Council to erect the doctrines therein contained, and that of Papal Infallibility into dogmas, have been the signal for a trial of strength between the "Liberals" and the "Ultramontanists" or reactionary party at Rome. Never has so fierce a conflict raged within the bosom of the Church since the defection of Luther in the sixteenth century. Books, pamphlets, and sermons have been issued in shoals on both sides, controversial rancor has run riot over the living and the dead, and neither party (but particularly the Ultramontane) has scrupled to use the profane weapons of recrimination, misrepresentation, and even menace.

Out of all this confusion of tongues, however, have come three or four works which are really worthy of the occasion, and of the magnitude of the issues involved. One of these was the now celebrated letter of Père Hyacinthe; another was the pastoral of Bishop Dupanloup; and, of very much greater importance than either, "The Pope and the Council," another of those magnificent fruits of German scholarship and German lore which, during the past century, have laid the world under obligations, though the authors have chosen this time to hide their personality under the pseudonym of "Janus."

"The Pope and the Council" is very much more than a work of controversial theology. It is more even than a perfectly conclusive refutation of the doctrines and assumptions which have obtained at Rome since the forgery of the Isidorian Decretals, and which it is now proposed to



incorporate with the dogmas of "the Holy Catholic Church." It is the most remarkable contribution to ecclesiastical history that has been made in the last half century; and it is moreover a triumphant exponent of modern scientific criticism. The method of investigation pursued by "Janus" is in accordance with the severest principles of logic; and the tone of the controversy, if that can be called a controversy which is merely a marshalling of historic facts, is judicial and almost chilling in its calmness. Nothing of the vulgar polemic is found anywhere in these pages. Indeed, the terrible coolness with which the whole fabric of Roman theology since the eleventh century is overset, is scarcely less wonderful than the facts elicited are overwhelming.

What renders "The Pope and the Council" still more remarkable is the fact that it is the work, not of the traditional foes of the "Church," but of Roman Catholics. It is written from the standpoint of Liberal Catholicism, and becomes thus one of the most significant signs of the times; for no such pretensions as the Jesuits are fostering at Rome can long obtain in the Catholic Church, when such a spirit of inquiry is awakened in the ranks of her own votaries.

The work of "Janus" is too condensed for us to attempt an analysis of his argument, and we can do no more here than indicate the field which it covers. In an introductory chapter he sketches the programme which was drawn up beforehand for the Council now in session at Rome. He then subjects the Syllabus and the New Dogma about Mary to a brief but searching examination; and, finally, sets the dogma of Papal Infallibility in the light of history. This latter is the *pièce de résistance* of the volume, and upon this theme it is that the author (or authors) pours forth that wealth of learning which renders the work a most valuable addition to the literature of Christian theology, and to history in general. As public attention throughout Christendom is now directed to this momentous question, we make the following brief extract from the section called "Consequences of the Dogma:" "Papal Infallibility, once defined as a dogma, will give the impulse to a theological, ecclesiastical, and even political revolution, the nature of which very few—and least of all those who are urging it on—have clearly realized, and no hand of man will be able to stay its course. In Rome itself the saying will be verified, "Thou wilt shudder thyself at thy likeness to God." In the next place, the newly-coined article of faith will inevitably take root as the foundation and corner-stone of the whole Roman Catholic edifice. The whole activity of theologians will be concentrated on the one point of ascertaining whether or not a Papal decision can be quoted for any given doctrine, and in laboring to discover and amass proof for it from history and literature. Every other authority will pale beside the living oracle of the Tiber, which speaks with plenary inspiration, and can always be appealed to."

We have said that the author (or authors, for the preface gives us to understand that there are more than one) veils his personality under the pseudonym of "Janus." There are, however, few writers even in Germany equal to the preparation of such a work; and throughout Germany, and elsewhere also, it is by common consent at-

tributed to the learned Doctor Döllinger, of the University of Munich.

*The Cathedral.* By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

THE critic who has given us the most appreciative analysis of this poem regrets that it is not two or three centuries old, or at least that he is not writing two or three centuries after its appearance, as then he would feel fearless of saying just what he thinks of it. Doubtless whoever has read the poem, or, rather, whoever has been called upon to record a formal opinion of its merits, has felt much the same thing. Admiration is not one of the canons of modern criticism. The utmost license of condemnation is allowed, is in fact the normal function of the professional critic; but whoever dares to admire, except in a halting, timorous, qualified way, does so at the risk of losing his reputation and also of imperiling the influence which he might justly expect to exercise in moulding public opinion. Shelley says that the final judgment upon a poet must be framed by the best minds of several generations, and those who read him when the Christian era has gotten beyond its teens will be better able to judge of Lowell than we his contemporaries.

Nevertheless there are certain limits within which even we need not hesitate to express ourselves, and contemporary opinion must contribute its quota to the judgment of posterity. First, then, we are disposed to agree with those who pronounce "The Cathedral" the greatest of Lowell's poems, which is equivalent to pronouncing it the greatest inspiration of the American muse. The Commemoration Ode is a grand pæan of victory and a fitting celebration of the most mournful catastrophe of our history, and several of his shorter lyrics are more perfect and more satisfying than any long poem can possibly be; but in "The Cathedral" Mr. Lowell surveys those vast moral problems which belong peculiarly to this century of ours, and, standing in the Present,

"Child of an age that lectures, not creates,  
Plastering our swallow-nests on the awful Past,"

compares "that elder time" when "there at least were men who meant and did the noblest thing they knew," with him "Of Earth's anarchic children latest born, Democracy," and draws the balance between them with a sympathetic but merciless and unflinching pen. The Present and the Past have never been set more clearly face to face, with features more sharply drawn and opposing outlines more distinctly recognizable, than in this poem—and the contrast is far from pleasing. We have gained much in this civilization of ours, much intellectually and materially; but we have lost that "ancient faith, homely and wholesome," and that firm conviction which found a natural expression in enduring stone; and notwithstanding the possession of Freedom and Toleration, twin divinities, the tendencies of the age and its characteristics do not afford a pleasant outlook.

Such reflections and many others float across the mirror of the poet's mind as he stands within the old cathedral at Chartres, and, rapt in meditation,

"Scarce saw the minster for the thoughts it stirred,  
Buzzing o'er past and future with vain quest."

This is the plan of the poem and the explana-

tion of its title; but only those who are familiar with Lowell's method, with his power of condensing sentences into an epithet, with his insight into nature and his vast literary resources, will comprehend what a wealth of illustration, of scenic description, and of learning, he has clustered around his central theme.

It has been said that the age is inimical to poetry; that poetic inspiration is starved in minds unconsciously, but inevitably hardened by the materialism of modern civilization; that truly great imaginative creation in any field is an impossibility. But this is a theorem of the critics, and has been accepted not by the poets, but by others, as an explanation of their failures. In Mr. Lowell, however, the Muse gives herself voice, accepts the limitations of the time, and formulates her fate—

"What hope for those fine nerved humanities  
That made earth gracious once with gentler arts,  
Now the rude hands have caught the trick of thought  
And claim an equal suffrage with the brain?"

But the seer, who is part of the personality of every truly great poet, here lifts the veil of the future, and Mr. Lowell, who, saddened by thought, is too much given even in his noblest descriptive passages to presenting Nature as one

"Who safe in uncontaminato reserve,  
Leta us mistake our longing for her love,"

closes the ethical portion of his poem with a magnificent strain of exultant hope.

"Democorney, a Titan who has learned  
To laugh at Jove's old-fashioned thunderbolts ;

Who, meeting Cæsar's self, would slap his back,  
Call him 'Old Horse,' and challenge to a drink,"

has little with which the refinement of the poet can sympathize; but

"Shall this self-maker with the prying eyes,  
This creature disenchanted of respect  
By the New World's new fiend, Publicity,  
Whose testing thumb leaves everywhere its smutch,  
Not one day feel within himself the need  
Of loyalty to better than himself,  
That shall ennobel him with the upward look?"

Shall he divine no strength unmade of votes,  
Inward, impregnable, found soon as sought,  
Not cognizable of sense, o'er sense supreme?  
His holy places may not be of stone,  
Nor made with hands, yet fairer far than aught  
By artist feigned or pious ardor reared,  
Fit altars for who guards inviolate  
God's chosen seat, the sacred form of man.  
Doubtless his church will be no hospital  
For superannuate forms and maiming sham,  
No parlor where men issue policies  
Of the assurance on the Eternal Mind,  
Nor his religion but an ambulance  
To fetch life's wounded and malingering in,  
Scorned by the strong; yet he, unconscious heir  
To the influence sweet of Athens and of Rome  
And old Judea's gift of secret fire,  
Spoke of himself shall surely learn to know  
And work some ideal of himself,  
Some day no thing, lance-beetled, brotherly,  
Not mine or thine, a soft creation,  
Perused with his world, and hence only cast.  
And if his Church be doubtful, it is sure  
That, in a world made for whatever else,  
Not made for mere enjoyment, is a world  
Of love that half-acquired, or at best,  
Paid in some little currency of breath,  
A world of completeness, arrow swift  
And onward or backward, whole or e'er  
The form of his thing or the creed professed.  
The cross, bold type of shame to human turned,  
Of an antithesis that sways the world,  
Shall never as sovereign emblem over all."

*Harper's Complete Edition of Tennyson's Poems.*  
New York: Harper & Bros.

WE spoke last month of the reprisals which their Boston antagonists might look for on the part of the Harpers; and our predictions have been verified. The war has been carried into the enemy's country (to appropriate the language of the historians), and the first demonstration made is a spirited attack upon the very citadel of the opposing fortress.

Tennyson is the only English writer, with anything like the reputation of the Laureate, whose works have remained in the hands of one publisher in this country, and it has been a matter of surprise to us that Ticknor & Fields have so long maintained so lucrative a monopoly. Now, however, the barrier is broken down, and Tennyson, like the rest of those literary foreigners who have no rights that an American is bound to respect, will probably become the common property of whoever is daring enough to brave the competition. Our leading Publishers seem determined of late to show the logical results of the principles on which they have conducted business for so many years, and thus furnish a final and conclusive argument to those who are urging the necessity of some equitable international regulation.

It is only necessary for us to say of the "Complete Edition of Tennyson's Poems," that it contains everything that the Laureate has published from 1830 up to "The Holy Grail and Other Poems," just issued, and that it is amazingly cheap. The volume is a convenient 8vo, with the text in double columns, the type, though rather small, is clear and readable, the paper is excellent, and the illustrations are very good indeed. There are two editions—one in cloth and one in paper covers—at a dollar and a half dollar respectively; and if any one, however poor, remains ignorant of the works of the greatest of modern English poets, it will be from choice and not from inability to purchase.

*Zell's Popular Encyclopædia.* Philadelphia: F. Elwood Zell.

THE publisher announces that, "in order to complete the Encyclopædia within the time originally intended, . . . he proposes to issue four numbers under one cover weekly, and a 40-page number every ten days," commencing with the present year. This will put the complete work in the hands of subscribers before the close of 1870, though it is optional with purchasers to take the usual ten-cent weekly issue.

We had occasion, when only a few numbers had been issued, to commend the unequalled comprehensiveness and convenience of this Encyclopædia as a work of reference, and its literary and general excellence. Nearly half the work is now finished, and as we have better opportunities for testing and judging of its merits, we may record here that our admiration of its brevity, conciseness, and lucidity, has been strengthened with each successive instalment. The plan of the Editor is now seen in its entirety, and the ability with which it is being carried out, if maintained to the end, must make the "Popular Encyclopædia," from a literary point of view, one of the most remarkable cyclopædic productions of this epochæic age. The illustrations particularly, with

a few exceptions, have impressed us with their excellence and appropriateness, and they have not failed to attract the attention of the press abroad. The *European Mail* says: "In producing effects by wood-cuts, our transatlantic brethren undoubtedly give us the go-by, and we were never more struck by this than we were in looking over the pages of Zell's Encyclopædia."

We may mention that the plan of the work, and its adaptation to the uses of a popular cyclopædia, have elicited as high encomiums from the English press as from our own.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

*Lady Byron Vindicated.* By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE. Boston: *Fields, Osgood & Co.* 1 vol. 16mo, cloth, pp. 476.

*Caleb Williams.* A Novel. By WILLIAM GODWIN. Boston: *Fields, Osgood & Co.* 1 vol. 8vo, paper, pp.

*Kitty.* By M. BETHAM EDWARDS. New York: *Harper & Bros.* 1 vol, 8vo, paper, pp. 143.

*A German Course.* By Prof. GEO. F. COMFORT. New York: *Harper & Bros.* 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 498.

*Medora Leigh. A History and an Autobiography.* Edited by CHARLES MACKAY. New York: *Harper & Bros.* 1 vol. 8vo, paper, pp. 63.

*Pater Mundi; or, Modern Science Testifying to the Heavenly Father.* By Rev. E. F. BURR, D.D. Boston: *Nichols and Noyes.* Vol. I. 12mo, cloth, pp. 294.

*Froude's History of England.* Popular Edition. New York: *Charles Scribner & Co.* Vols. V. and VI. 12mo, cloth, pp. 474, 495.

*The True Story of Mrs. Shakespeare's Life.* Boston: *Loring.* Pamphlet, 16mo, pp. 24.

*The Life of Mary Russell Mitford.* By Rev. A. G. K. LESTRANGE. New York: *Harper & Bros.* 2 vols. 12mo, cloth, pp. 378, 365.

*Only Herself.* A Novel. By ANNIE THOMAS. New York: *Harper & Bros.* 1 vol. 8vo, paper, pp. 139.

*Hereditary Genius.* By FRANCIS GALTON, F.R.S. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.* 1 vol. 8vo, cloth, pp. 390.

*Under Lock and Key.* A Story. By T. W. SPEIGHT. Philadelphia: *Turner Bros. & Co.* 1 vol. 42mo, cloth, pp. 389.

*Beautiful Snow and Other Poems.* By J. W. WATSON. Philadelphia: *Turner Bros. & Co.* 1 vol. 16mo, cloth, pp. 100.

#### SCIENCE.

*Strange News from the Australian Skies.*—More than a year ago a discovery was announced by an astronomer in the Southern hemisphere which seemed so strange and so perplexing, that Sir John Herschel, commenting on it, remarked "that no phenomenon in astronomy had yet turned up presenting anything like the same interest, or calculated to raise so many and such

momentous points for inquiry and speculation." One of those mysterious nebulous masses which astronomers had been in the habit of regarding as galaxies, resembling in extent and magnificence the sidereal scheme to which the sun belongs, seemed to be undergoing a most astounding series of changes. During these winter nights, when Orion shines with full glory, the famous nebula which clings around his pendent sword presents to our northern observers an object similar to the nebula in question. Every one has heard of the strange interest which attaches to this Orion nebula, of the mysterious far-reaching arms which extend from it, the dark central vacancy, and the brilliant array of stars which the six-foot mirror of Lord Rosse has brought into view in the very heart of the nebula. But in the Southern skies there is an object of the same class even more glorious and more mysterious. In the richest part of the southern heavens, a part so rich indeed that, according to the argument of a well-known astronomer, the splendor of the constellations comprised in it illumines the heavens as a new moon would, there lies the great nebula known among astronomers as "the Nebula in Argo." The Orion nebula can only be seen on the darkest nights, but the great Argo nebula shines as brilliantly as a third-magnitude star, and is scarcely obliterated even by the effulgence of the full moon. It is, in fact, the most splendid nebula in the whole heavens. Yet this glorious object, whose contemplation has led our most thoughtful astronomers to form new ideas of the grandeur of the universe, whose dimensions seemed immeasurable by any unit of length men could devise, the whole of this magnificent nebula, is drifting about like a cloud before a shifting wind.

For the news, which seemed so surprising to Sir John Herschel, has just been confirmed by the revelations of a new telescope of enormous power. The news had come, first of all, from a small telescope,—only five inches, indeed, in aperture; and it seemed quite possible that the weakness of this instrument (compared with the 19-inch reflector, used by Sir John Herschel during his survey of the southern heavens) might have led to an erroneous impression of change. But now the new four-foot mirror is at work among the southern stars. Surpassed only by the Rosse reflector, and matched only by the fine reflector with which Lassell is surveying the heavens at Malta, the great Melbourne reflector is about to place our knowledge of the Southern heavens nearly on the same footing as that we possess respecting the Northern stars. And if the work to be done by this great reflector in after years is shadowed forth by its first great exploit, we may well look eagerly forward for the discoveries it will effect.—*The Spectator.*

*The Sinai Survey Expedition.*—Mr. Palmer, who accompanied the Sinai Survey Expedition as paleographer, to study inscriptions, and subjects connected with the language and history of the country, has presented a report to the senate of the University of Cambridge on his travel and its results. To scholars and students, the particulars cannot fail to be of the highest interest, while they will enlist the attention of all readers of Biblical literature. Mr. Palmer has again de-

parted for Egypt, with a view to explore the Tih, or "Wilderness of the Wanderings," where he "confidently anticipates a rich harvest of Biblical and geographical discoveries." On his return he intends to publish (1) a complete collection of the Sinaitic inscriptions, with translations, and a dissertation on their origin and value; (2) an account of the Bedawin inhabitants of Sinai, their history, manners, customs, and traditions; (3) the history of Sinai as told by the Arab historians; and (4) a dissertation on the nomenclature of Bible lands, and a popular account of the Sinai expedition.

*Pompeian Discoveries.*—During an excavation made in Pompeii the objects turned up were a human skeleton, almost perfect a pair of gold earrings with pearls, a gold bracelet and five gold coins, 782 silver coins, three silver rings, and sixty-seven pieces of bronze money. The coins were all of the Consular and Imperial periods. The jewellery and coins will be placed almost immediately in the Naples Museum, and the skeleton in the Pompeii Museum, together with the human remains previously discovered.

Among the expeditions for observing the solar eclipse of last August, was one sent out by the Nautical Almanac Office at Washington, which made their observations at Mount Pleasant, in the State of Iowa. Professor Pickering, in his report thereof, shows reason for believing that the corona seen during an eclipse of the sun does not belong to the sun, but is an effect of the moon's atmosphere. This is assuming that the moon has an atmosphere, and is opposed to the commonly received theory. Allowing the assumption, he remarks, "the corona would then be caused by refraction, light reaching the observer from parts of the sun already eclipsed."

*An electric apparatus* has been for some years in use for measuring the velocity of a shot or projectile when fired from a cannon; and now an instrument has been invented which measures and records the rate of movement of the shot while it is still within the gun. This instrument, called a chronoscope, is the invention of Captain Noble; it consists of a series of metal discs, which, on the turning of a handle, rotate with great rapidity—one hundred and twenty-five times in a second. When required for use, the discs are coated with lampblack, in front of each one a metallic pointer is placed, and the whole apparatus is connected by wires with an electric battery, and with the gun. But how is the passage of the shot inside the thick heavy tube to be noted? In this way. Holes are bored six inches apart through the substance of the gun from the outside to the bore. In these holes, a kind of hammer connected with the wires is suspended. As soon as the shot begins to move, the hammer in the first hole breaks the wire; a spark from the electric battery immediately flies from the pointer above mentioned, and makes a bright spot on the disc. The same thing is repeated as soon as the shot reaches the second hole, and so on through the length of the gun; and as the rate of movement of the discs is known, the bright spots imprinted thereon become records of the rate of movement of the shot or projectile through every six inches of the gun. With this instrument, and certain kinds of im-

proved gunpowder now coming into use, the supremacy of English gunnery will be fully maintained.

*Improvement in Railways.*—We have on different occasions pointed out the fact, that in the working of railways there is a great waste of power, enormously heavy trains being employed to transport a comparatively light number of passengers, and we have shown that the true economy of railway management consists in the avoidance of this waste. The question has now been discussed at length in the *Times*; and Mr. Fairlie, who proposes a new construction of locomotives and railway carriages, and demonstrates his views by working models, may hope to see them adopted. He does away with the present form of wheels, and mounts the carriages on a "bogie," or wheeled truck, in the same way as an ordinary coach is mounted on its fore-wheels. The bogie wheels, running independently of each other, travel easily along curves, without risk of running off, or of grinding the rails to pieces; while the carriage being mounted only on the central pin of the bogie, is saved from the shocks and jolts to which the carriages now in use, with their fixed axles, are liable. The locomotive, in like manner, is to be mounted on bogies; there are to be no buffers; but the carriages are to have circular ends, and be screwed closely up to one another. By this arrangement, they will adapt themselves to all the curves of the railway, the cost of travelling will be lessened, and its discomforts diminished.

*Coffee-Tea.*—The possibility of producing coffee-tea, and the probability of making the production a profitable and recognized article of commerce, are questions which have been intermittently agitated in Ceylon for some time past, but as yet, it would seem, without any very definite result, either one way or the other, being arrived at. The manufacture of coffee-tea would certainly greatly benefit the native planters, as some of the refuse they now get rid of as manure and for other purposes could then be utilized for the production of this article. Favorable opinions are expressed as to its perfect wholesomeness; and it is calculated, by reason of its cheapness, to prove a great boon to people with restricted means. The subject is now absorbing great attention amongst the Ceylon planters.

*Yorkshire Tumuli.*—Canon Greenwell and others have spent a fortnight in the examination of two very large round tumuli on the Rudstone estate of Sir Henry Boynton, of Yorkshire, which have yielded results of a surprising nature and of surpassing archaeological interest. Rudstone is the place where the only known megalithic monument in the East Riding is—the famous example of the Celtic "menhir" (long stone) in the churchyard. From this unique relic the Saxons are supposed to have named the village Rude Stoen—Reiston. The barrows are in the immediate neighborhood, and form a portion of a group of seven, in which, when removed many years ago, many remains of burials and burial accompaniments were found. The barrows just opened were full of secondary burials, both burnt and unburnt, but in both cases the primary interments in the mounds had been destroyed by

the insertion of the remarkable burials in deep graves, dug into the chalk rock, which formed the chief interest in the present openings. In the centre of both barrows cylindrical-shaped graves had been dug, destroying whatever else had been previously interred. In one tumulus an opening of very large size, going eleven feet into the rock, had been made, and in it a double cist was formed of enormous stones of oolitic sandstone from Filey Brigg, twelve miles distant. Many of the stones forming this wonderful monument were of immense size, some weighing a ton or more, and marking the burials as of first importance. With the bodies, both burnt and unburnt, were found very grand specimens of pottery and stone implements. The find of bodies, implements, weapons, ornaments, pottery, &c., is rich in the extreme.

*Earthquake at Dartmouth.*—On the 2d instant, in the middle of the night, the people of Dartmouth, on the opposite side of Halifax Harbor, N.S., were awakened by rocking as if in a cradle; at the same moment the atmosphere was filled with a sulphurous matter. The sky at the time was covered with thick clouds. Fortunately, no damage was done to life or property. The most remarkable part of the matter is the fact that nothing was experienced of the shock at Halifax, N.S., although the two places are only separated by the breadth of the harbor, which at this point is only two miles and a half.

*The Dragon of Lyme Regis.*—The British Museum has lately received the fossil remains of a flying dragon, measuring upwards of four feet from tip to tip of the expanded wings. The bones of the head, wings, legs, tail, and great part of the trunk, with the ribs, blade bones, and collar-bones are imbedded in dark lias shale from Lyme Regis, on the Dorsetshire coast. The head is large in proportion to the trunk, and the tail is as long as the rest of the body; it is extended in a straight stiff line, the vertebral bones being surrounded and bound together by bundles of fine long needle-shaped bones; it is supposed to have served to keep outstretched, or to sustain a large expanse of the flying membrane or parachute which extended from the tips of the wings to the feet, and spread along the space between the hind limbs and tail, after the fashion of certain bats.

The first indication of this monster was described by Buckland, in the "Transactions of the Geological Society," and is referred to in his "Bridgewater Treatise," under the name of *Pterodactylus macronyx*. The subsequently acquired head and tail give characters of the teeth and other parts, which establish a distinct generic form in the extinct family of Flying Reptiles. The animal, as now restored, will be described and figured in the volume of the Monographs of the Paleontographical Society, for the present year, by Professor Owen.

*A New Stalactite Cavern.*—"The Dechon Höhle" has just been discovered near Iserlohn, on the confines of Westphalia, at Letmathe, which appears to equal, if not to surpass in extent, the far-famed grotto of Adelsberg, near Trieste. It opens in the limestone cliffs of the valley of the Ruhr, and extends into the mountain for a distance of nearly five English miles. The stalactites, of beautiful purity and brilliancy, assume all sorts of fantastic shapes: drapery, columns a cluster

of organ pipes, a pulpit, a group of palms. It is in the neighborhood of the celebrated "Neanderhöhle," in which human and other bones were discovered some years since.

*An Intermittent Lake.*—The Lake of Zirkintz, in Carniola, is about ten leagues long and one wide. Towards the middle of summer, its level falls rapidly, and in a few weeks it becomes completely dry. At this time the apertures by which the water retreats can be distinctly seen; here they are vertical, there they are lateral, and directed towards the caverns with which the surrounding mountains are riddled. As soon as the water has retreated, the bed of the lake is placed under cultivation, and in a couple of months the peasants gather in their crop of hay, millet, or rye, on the spot where they had previously caught tench and pike. Towards the end of autumn, after the rains, the waters return by the same natural channels through which they departed. Some curious differences are observed in these openings of the soil: some furnish water only, others give a passage to water and fish of larger or smaller size, and from a third sort some ducks make their appearance from the subterranean lake. These ducks swim well from the moment they are thrown up. They are completely blind, and almost naked. The faculty of vision comes in a short time, but it is two or three weeks before their feathers—black except on the head—are developed enough to allow of flight. Valvasor, who visited the lake, caught a good many of these ducks, and saw the peasants fish for eels, weighing from 1 to 2 kilogrammes, tench from 3 to 4, and pike from 10 to 15, and even 20 kilogrammes.—*Cosmos*.

*The Stratification of Guano in the Chinchas.*—M. A. Habel, reporting his travels in Tropical America to the French Academy, says:—"Up to the present time the guano has been considered as a simple accumulation of bird's excrement, but I found it regularly stratified, like sedimentary rocks, with layers of different colors, and various inclination and extension. Some layers, for example, in one of the islands, have an inclination of 5°, and in another part of 15°. In one part of the southern island, I saw layers running from north to south, with an inclination of 4°, covered by others, from S.W. to N.E., with an inclination of 20°. Thus we can easily recognize two epochs in the formation of guano. While the lower mass, which is most ancient and most voluminous, exhibits layers, the recent upper mass is thinner and without trace of stratification. Below the guano are layers of sand more or less mingled with it."

*Discovery of an Extinct American City.*—M. Habel professes to have arrived at "complete success" in the study of Equatorial American antiquities, and he states that he found the ruins of a city more than three miles long, near the Pacific ocean. The sculptured monoliths, of which he promises to exhibit drawings, show a race different from the Aztecs. "Not only the costumes and the arms differ from those of the Aztecs, but likewise their religious rites; for the sacrifice of the Aztecs consisted in opening the breast of the victim, and tearing out its heart, while with these people it was accomplished by beheading." He states that he has collected vocabularies of nine Indian languages.

## ART.

*The movement in favor of establishing Art Museums proportionate to the size and wealth of our great cities seems to be gaining ground elsewhere as well as in New York.* Boston has a committee of citizens who are about to petition the municipality for leave to build upon the ground recently occupied by the Coliseum. This ground was transferred by the State to the city, with the stipulation that it should be used for a public park, or for the site of a public edifice devoted to art or science, so that there can be little doubt that the municipality will consent. The design of the committee is less ambitious than the Museum scheme recently inaugurated in this city, and therefore is more likely to yield immediate results. It is proposed to erect at once a building of modest pretensions, to which indefinite additions can be made whenever it becomes necessary by the growth of the collection, and there seems to be no difficulty apprehended in securing immediately the requisite amount.

*The special guests of the Viceroy of Egypt have formed an excursion party for the purpose of ascending the Nile and thoroughly exploring the grottos of Elethryia, situated upon the right bank of the river, farther up than Thebes, Hermonthis, and Latopolis, before reaching Apollinopolis.* These grottos are two in number. Their sides are decorated with paintings in the usual style of the ancient Egyptians, representing altogether two hundred personages, each being ten inches in height. The principal paintings are personifications of the seasons, and trophies of science and art, such as ploughing, sowing, reaping, harvesting, vine-growing, wine-making, fishing, the chase, commerce, ship-building, navigation, the administration of justice, &c.

*Attempts are being made in Italy to raise money for a statue to Raphael, to be erected at Urbino.*

*From Rome we hear that Mr. Meade, the sculptor, is advancing rapidly with his work of the Lincoln Monument to be erected at Springfield, Illinois.* The figure of Mr. Lincoln is nearly finished in clay. It is of colossal size, and is said by good authorities to be one of the best yet made.

*In the Fitzwilliam Museum, at Cambridge, England, is Queen Elizabeth's music-book, containing compositions for the virginal or pianoforte of her time.* The Queen is said to have been a skillful musician.

*An exhibition of the works of the late Baron Leys will be held in Antwerp some time during the spring.* On this occasion that great series of historical paintings, which Leys only lived to complete, will be formally inaugurated in the town-hall of the ancient city.

*The beautiful art collection of Count Minntoli, comprising more than six thousand numbers, has been purchased by the Prussian Government for \$50,000 in gold, and will be turned over to the Berlin Museum of Arts and Manufactures.*

*After the Temple of Diana at Ephesus was burnt down, there were found in the ruins the arms of Achilles, a copy of the Iliad, and a cameo repre-*

*senting the nymphs of the Hyssua.* M. Jules Janin says that in the ruins of the recently-burnt Paris Hippodrome nothing was found but a pair of slippers, a number of chignons, and the peacock's feather of some wench who was out in her Sunday clothes.

*A work on the Madonnas of Raphael and the paintings of the Virgin in general, by F. A. Gruger, from the press of Renouard, is attracting attention at the hands of eminent French critics.*

*Twenty thousand pounds is the price asked for a genuine painting by Raphael, now on sale by a Neapolitan gentleman, and it is considered a fair price by European connoisseurs.*

*Hiram Powers' statue of "Eve," now nearly finished, is said to excel his "Greek Slave," and indeed to surpass anything he has previously produced.*

*Antiquities.*—A cargo of antiquities has just been conveyed from Smyrna to Malta by H.M.S. *Antelope*. They consist of a large and interesting collection of sculpture, architectural marbles and inscriptions, recently excavated at Prime, in Asia Minor, by Mr. Pullan, on account of the Dilettante Society; several cases of inscriptions, discovered by Mr. Wood (once a young architect of great promise, in London), at Ephesus, in the excavations carried on there under the direction of the trustees of the British Museum; a curious archaic head of colossal size, discovered by Mr. Consul Dennis, near Smyrna, together with some fragments of very ancient pottery, the fruit of his diggings in the tumuli, near the lake of Gyges, in the neighborhood of Sardes. All these antiquities will shortly be forwarded to England.

*A splendid colossal marble statue has been found by a peasant at Pozzuoli.* It is said to belong to the best school of ancient Roman art. The authorities of the Naples Museum are negotiating with the proprietor for its purchase.

*Mr. Ruskin has been employing an English artist to make water-color drawings of the tombs, and the interiors of some of the churches in Venice.*

*A subscription list has been opened throughout Germany in order to raise the sum of one thousand eight hundred pounds sterling for the purpose of completing the colossal statue of Arminius, the famous theologian.* The statue was commenced at Detmold in 1846.

*The celebrated German painter, Overbeck, died of heart disease accompanied by general weakness, from which, at his advanced age of eighty, he was unable to rally.* The Pope sent his apostolic benediction by a court prelate to the dying artist. His remains were interred in the vault of the Church of St. Bernard.

*The European journals state that Pope Pius IX. intends to erect an equestrian statue of the Emperor Constantine at Rome.* Instead of the sword, with which it is fair to suppose he was more familiar, he will hold in his hand a parchment scroll, representing the supposed decree upon which the Popes base their temporal power.

*The Countess of Flanders*, sister-in-law to the King of Belgium, is said to possess a remarkable talent for etching. She is now employed in producing a series of designs illustrating De Maistre's "*Voyage Autour de ma Chambre*." Royalty seems to be making for itself quite a conspicuous position in the field of art as well as of literature.

*Madame Jerichau-Baumann*, whom we mentioned last month as contemplating a visit to this country, has, it is said, received a commission from the Sultan to paint some of the beauties of his harem.

A cargo of ancient sculpture and architectural fragments from Ephesus, Sardis, and other places in Asia Minor, is on its way to London.

The sum of \$16,000 has already been subscribed to the Schiller monument in Vienna, making the fifth city which has thus honored the poet's memory. The *Schiller-Stiftung*, founded in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of his birth-day, and now possessing a capital of \$250,000, has just granted a life pension of 500 thalers a year to the old Silesian poet, Karl Von Holtei, one of 300 to Alexander Jung, and one of 100 to Fraulein Von Herder, the last remaining grandchild of the great author.

#### VARIETIES.

*The Roman Council.*—The *Spectator* remarks that, infirm and crippled though she be, the Roman Church is still the only one who has the courage to be cosmopolitan, and claim the right to link nation with nation, and literature with literature. Such an assembly as the Council is, at least, an extraordinary testimony to the cosmopolitanism of the great Church which seems trembling to its fall; and who can doubt that that fall, whenever it comes, will be followed by a great temporary loosening of the faith in human unity—in spite of the electric telegraph—by a deepening of the chasm between nation and nation, by the loss of at least a most potent spell over the imagination of the world, by a contraction of the spiritual ideal of every church? This ideal even Protestants, even Sceptics, even Positivists have owed, and have owned that they owed, to the Roman Church, the only church which has really succeeded in uniting the bond between any one ecclesiastical centre and the distant circumference of human intelligence and energy. But if the consequence of the collapse of Romanism would be in this way a loss of power to the human race, think only of the gain of power which would result from the final death of sacerdotal ideas, from the final blow to the system of arbitrary authority exercised over the intellect and the conscience, from the new life which would flow into a faith and science resting on the steady accumulation of moral and intellectual facts and the personal life of the conscience in Christ—from the final triumph of moral and intellectual order and freedom. It would doubtless be a new life subject to great anarchy at first; but the old authoritative systems have themselves been of late little more than anarchy just kept under by the authority of prescription and tradition; and one can only hope

for the new order from the complete recognition that is to have no arbitrary or capricious foundation. The *Saturday Review* thinks the injuries which the fanaticism and indiscretion of the present Pope may have inflicted on the Roman Catholic Church may indeed produce indirectly political results. There is probably no risk of a formal secession; but the existence of profound differences among high ecclesiastical authorities has been unnecessarily revealed, and general attention has been once more called to the half-forgotten forgeries on which many of the claims of the Holy See are based. For all purposes of aggression or resistance the Roman Catholic Church is weaker than at the commencement of the reign of Pius IX.; and a portion of the loss must be attributed to his restless vanity. But for his imprudence, a vague belief in the powers of a council, as well as in the prerogative of the Pope, might have survived for some years longer.

*The Religious Ceremonies at Ismaila.*—The Viceroy conceived a singular idea at the opening of the Suez Canal. He ranged on one side the Ulémas and the divers sects which acknowledge Mahomet as the prophet of God, and on the other the rabbins and pastors of the various Christian churches. At a signal—*Dzingg!*—the various benedictions in Arabic, Turkish, Coptic, Armenian, English, Latin, and Hebrew were to be pronounced. The Latin Patriarch, however, refused, stating that it was beneath the dignity of Catholicism. The Empress, however, requested her almoner, M. Bauër, to replace the archbishop, and the simultaneous blessing was given. M. de Lesseps is a fortunate man; the result of his labors has been blessed in eight languages by sixteen sects.

*Snorers.*—Shakspeare says, in "*Cymbeline*," (iii. 6), that—

Weariness

Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth  
Finds the down pillow hard;

and Puck speaks of "the heavy ploughman" who "snORES;" and when the company on the enchanted island are infected by a strange drowsiness, Sebastian says to his brother,

Thou dost snore distinctly;

There's meaning in thy snores.

It is a meaning, however, from which a listener would gladly be spared; for of all human weaknesses, snoring is the most selfish. The performer of a fantasia on his own nose may now be provided with a novel American instrument through the medium of which his own music will be carried into his own ears. A tube of gutta serena is fitted to the nose, and passed from thence to the tympanum of the ear. As soon as the sleeper begins to snore, an effect is produced like to that when Fear tried his skill on Music's shell,

And back recoll'd, he knew not why,  
E'en at the sound himself had made.

For the snorer is so alarmed and disgusted at his own performance, that he forthwith awakes, and, it is to be presumed, amends his ways, and sleeps quietly ever after. The inventor should publish a photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Caudle as they would appear, prepared for rest, with the snoring apparatus fitted, like an elephant's trunk, upon their respective noses. Its appearance

would probably be quite sufficient to frighten away any thief who had invaded the sanctity of their bedroom.

*The Suez Canal* has been exactly ten years in course of construction. On the 30th November, 1854, the Viceroy signed the document granting M. de Lesseps the right to excavate the canal. On the 13th June, 1855, the international commission gave its assent. On the 5th November, 1859, the subscription list was opened, and on the 25th of the same month (ten years ago all but three days) the first sod was cut.

*The Empress Eugenie in Turkey.*—At Beglerbeg the Empress was received by the Sultan in a calque, also specially constructed for his guest's use—a forty-oared barge surmounted by a canopy, at the mere fringo and tassels of which 200 Turkish women, skilled in golden embroidery, have been at work for months, and with a massive silver dove at the prow, concerning the weight and value of which almost fabulous accounts are given. There was sensation enough even for an Empress. The *Gazette de France* states that among the dishes composing the bill of fare of the dinner given by the Sultan to the Empress of the French on the evening of her arrival at Constantinople, was one composed entirely of the brains of ostriches.

*The Pope's Kind Invitation to Protestants.*—A letter from the Pope to Archbishop Manning has been published to the effect, that although Protestants cannot be admitted to the forthcoming Council to explain and defend the grounds of their belief, the Pope will be pleased if they shall repair in large numbers to Rome to have their errors corrected. "Wise and prudent men and learned divines," they are kindly told, will be ready to receive "those who have been misled by their education," and will examine the arguments in which they have hitherto believed. We have only to acknowledge the courtesy of this latest invitation, and to recognize the solicitude of the Pope for our spiritual welfare. He must not think us uncivil if we remember that we have wise and prudent men and learned divines at home, and if we believe we can find out the good and right way without going to Rome to gaze upon the outer gate of his Council.

*The Emoluments of Royalty.*—The salaries of the different monarchs of Europe are given as follows by a German statistician: Alexander II., 8,250,000 dolls., or 25,000 dolls. a day; Abdul Aziz, 6,000,000 dolls., or 18,000 dolls. a day; Napoleon III., 5,000,000 dolls., or 14,219 dolls. a day; Francis Joseph, 4,000,000 dolls., or 10,050 dolls. a day; Frederick William I., 3,000,000 dolls., or 8,210 dolls. a day; Victor Emmanuel, 2,400,000 dolls., or 6,840 dolls. a day; Victoria, 2,200,000 dolls., or 6,270 dolls. a day; Leopold, 600,000 dolls., or 1,643 dolls. a day. In addition to this salary, each Sovereign is furnished with a dozen or more first-class houses to live in without any charge for rent.

*A Bridge Across the Channel.*—M. Boutet's plans for the construction of a bridge across the Channel attract great attention in France, and he is now engaged on a working model a hundred

metres long, which will serve at once as a model of the bridge to be thrown across the Rance, at St. Malo, and of a part of the projected bridge across the channel. By the direction of the Emperor, the model is to be erected on the Champs de Mars, or in the Bois de Boulogne, and engineers from all countries will be invited to inspect it. The same inventor is constructing a portable foot bridge of one span of a hundred metres, divided into ten sections, which can be put together and thrown across a river in less than five minutes. This is intended for the use of the army, and is destined to supersede the present pontoon system.

*One who has seen* the MS. of Garibaldi's coming book on Rome says it is partly autobiographical and partly fictitious, half a series of personal confessions and half a novel; it is one long, bitter, furious attack on priests and priestcraft. Passages which he has read strike him as more remarkable for honest and righteous wrath than for literary power. If possible, the book will make the Romish priests regard the name of Garibaldi with more fury than ever. Whether it is discreet to publish the book is another question.—*Courier Journal*.

*The Philosophy of Death.*—According to *The Spiritualist*, spirits and mediums, clairvoyants and seers, all agree very closely in the descriptions they give of the natural process called death. The vital forces first quit the feet and lower extremities of the body, and those who have the power of spirit vision see a luminous haze slowly forming above the head, and connected with it by a shining cord. Gradually, as the vitality of the body diminishes, the cloud above assumes a distinct shape, and the spirit-form of the departing individual is seen lying in a state of insensibility above the prostrate body. At last the spirit awakes to consciousness, the silver cord still connecting it with the body is severed, and the newborn spirit quits the house in company with spirit friends and relatives who awaited its arrival. These spirit friends are often seen before life has entirely quitted the body, which is the reason why the dying so often talk of seeing departed friends around the bed.

*English History Translated into Japanese.*—We recently announced the publication of a Japanese novel, which could only be read in an indefinite number of years. We have now to record the publication in Japan of something far more remarkable; namely, a Japanese History of the British Parliament, compiled from Moy, Hallam, and other constitutional authorities. It has been appropriately issued at Jeddo, where the first Japanese parliament has recently commenced its labors; and it is doubtless intended to help them to a knowledge of legislative functions. The work is in two thin volumes, and is illustrated by a capital plan of the palace of Westminster, views of the palace from the river, and another of the interior (reduced from the *Illustrated News*), with Mr. Disraeli addressing a full house. Over the Speaker's chair are characters which, we suppose, indicate his name or office, perhaps both. Every column in the book looks like its twin column transposed; but, after all, so does every line in an English volume.—*Athenæum*.







James  
Horace Emory

skill, of forethought, and of extraordinary command of labor. The size of the great blocks that seem to brood over the solitudes of Salisbury Plain strikes every observer. But when it is considered that stones of a size that would prove formidable, even for the masons of the present day to extract from the quarry, have been transported from a site so distant as to be problematical, how does this great element of size press on the imagination? One thing is certain, and that is, that the stones of Avebury and Stonehenge were not quarried in the county of Wilts. Two geological formations have been laid under contribution for the outer and the inner circle of Stonehenge; and the material of one of these groups is taken from a bed which is the geological equivalent of the London clay. The stones yet undestroyed at Avebury are all of one distinctly marked lithological character, being of a fine compact grit, more closely resembling the well-known Bramley Fall stone than any other with which we are acquainted. Stone of somewhat the same character is quarried in the neighborhood of Bristol. The traditional source from which the stone of Avebury was brought is said to have been Ireland; but as the enormous blocks are also said to have been transported by magic, the authority is not altogether to be relied on. It is, we repeat, geologically impossible that the material should have come from any Wiltshire quarry. The large numbers of blocks which strew the face of the rolling downs that are connected with Salisbury Plain, led earlier inquirers, before the succession of strata was dreamed of, to attribute them to a local origin. Whimsical theories as to the chalk hardening at the Deluge, and excreting sandstone boulders, were not too absurd for the imperfect knowledge of Stukely; but the fact is unquestionable, that the whole of this large quantity of building material has been transported from some far-distant quarry or quarries. In the absence of water carriage, the labor thus incurred must have been stupendous. In the case of stones of eighteen feet square by three or four feet thick, some of which are yet to be seen at Avebury, the means of transport must have been such as to baffle our powers of explanation.

With reference to another proof of the forethought and architectural science of the ancient builders, the engineering experience of the present century enables us to speak in no measured terms. Their selection of stone is perfect. They were in possession of quarries, the site of which is now unknown, from which they extracted large quantities of stone of a size, a color, and a durability which are vainly sought at the present day. In no single element of his manifold duties is the ability of the architect more severely tested than in the selection of stone. The magnificent work of Solomon was reared from blocks quarried within the very bowels of Mount Moriah itself. The Nile formed a highway for the transport of the granites and limestones employed by the builders of the Pyramids. The builders of Avebury made use of a material equal in size, in beauty, and in durability, to the marble of the Jewish monarch, or to the granite of his Egyptian predecessors. But they were in possession of some secret, now lost, as to its source. The exploration of a country for quarries is, as we know from actual experience, a long and a costly process. The test of a stone that, in the first instance, satisfies the eye, is a matter involving much time. Closely adjoining beds differ incredibly in the quality of durability. In our own time, we see the stone selected for the Palace of Westminster crumbling within the lapse of a few years. If good selection were important in any case, it was so for such a highly ornamental building, which was to be reared, at unstinted cost, for posterity no less than for ourselves. Yet we are now compelled to call in the aid of chemical science to preserve the perishable stone, on which so much labor has been spent. In St. David's Cathedral are to be seen restorations effected by the architect Nash, from a very beautiful sandstone found in the vicinity. The stones from one or two of the beds in this quarry have endured; but the greater number are already in a far more dilapidated state than the ancient work which they replaced. We are, therefore, justified in saying that the admirable judgment evinced in the selection of the stone employed for the construction of the Wiltshire temples and towns is a proof of a very high degree of architectural science.

in the builders. The employment of two distinct kinds of stone for the interior and the exterior work of Stonehenge shows that it was not by some fortunate chance that this wise selection was directed, but that, in the only respect in which a direct comparison is practicable, the skill of the pre-historic builders was signally superior to our own.

To the difficulties attendant on the selection, the quarrying, and the transport of large numbers of stones, some of them of colossal size, must be added the fact that many of them were carefully wrought. We do not say all. In the case of the cromlechs, it is probable that the use of the mason's tools on the giant slabs was only of rare occurrence. In the case of the circular buildings, on the other hand, there is reason to conclude that it was the rule. The principal stones at Avebury impress the observer with the idea that they have once been carefully wrought. It is possible that this idea is erroneous; but it receives a very distinct confirmation from the investigation of Stonehenge. Of the masonic character of that great edifice, there is not the shadow of a doubt. Carefully-finished mortice and tenon joints are still to be seen in the stones. They were no mere up-piled blocks. A horizontal ring of wrought masonry was supported by wrought stone uprights, at the height of from twelve to sixteen feet from the ground, the whole structure being bound together by carefully-wrought and fitted joints. We have here as distinct an instance of mason's work, strictly so called, as in the Great Pyramid itself. But the joints of the portcullises, and of the other fitted megaliths, in the interior passages and chambers of the Pyramid, have been preserved, in that rainless climate, by the sands of the desert, and by the protecting shelter of the mass of the Pyramid itself. In the case of the English temples, the work of their forgotten builders has been long exposed to the decaying influence of the elements. Yet enough remains to assure us that the builders of these remarkable structures were not only giants in strength, but genuine, accurate stonecutters. Cement appears to have been unknown to them. No trace exists of its use; and we know that the accurate fitting and cutting of large blocks was gradually superseded

by the use of cement, which afforded another method of insuring durability. But in the long series of distinct fashions of work that intervene between the earliest rude walls of unwrought stone and the coursed and cemented masonry of historic times, the employment of large, uncemented stones, carefully adjusted to one another, marks the highest development of the mechanical art of the mason. When he bound his work together with lime, his mechanical craft began to suffer. It slowly deteriorated as he advanced in chemical knowledge.

Quarrymen, transporters, and masons—such were the builders of our forgotten capitals. They differ from their Egyptian brethren in the circumstance that their labors do not appear to have been directed by men of astronomical knowledge. The orientation of the Great Pyramid is held, by those who have deeply studied the subject, to evince a considerable acquaintance on the part of the designers with astronomical, no less than with geometrical science. There is no such mark on our Wiltshire temples. Local circumstances, so far as we can tell, appear to have decided the direction of the centre lines of the building. In circular buildings the opening, or main approach, is often distinctly preserved, as in the case of Stonehenge. At Avebury, where two circular buildings are thought to have been included within a single outer ring, the difference between the major and the minor axes of this elliptical *enceinte* is considerable. In neither case, however, does there appear to be any discernible relation to the cardinal points of the compass, or to the path or aspect of any of the celestial bodies.

A circular plan was a characteristic of Celtic structures. That the megalithic builders were Celts does not by any means follow; nor do we intend to insinuate that such was the case; but the employment of this form of plan was a characteristic of a group of the pre-Roman inhabitants of this country, which is so far known to us, that we have distinguished it by a name, and connected it with later times by a distinct filiation. The early Celtic inhabitants of Scotland, of Wales, and of Ireland, have at least this habit in common with the builders of Stonehenge, whether it came to them by descent or by education.

Relics of circular habitations are not very rare. For the most part, they seem to have been holes partially sunk in the ground, and walled round, with work like what we call the steaning of a well. When the wall rose above the surface, it may have had earth piled around it, and the roof, so far as we have any information, was of a conical form. Pigsties are yet to be found in Wales, which are traditional representations of early English houses, and which are finished with conical roofs. A circular structure is represented, together with a rectangular gabled building, like our present barns, on the Antonine Column in Rome, the roof being a sort of dome. In our corn-ricks of the present day, we see the two descriptions of plan constantly side by side—the round, cone-topped rick, and the oblong, gabled stack. Even so, at the period of Roman rule, did the Britons construct their abodes. The rectangular plan, two thousand years ago, was adopted side by side with the circular plan; the latter, however, may claim much the highest antiquity, as far, at all events, as we can judge from existing remains. The quadrilateral form was proper to the works of the Romans; the circular plan was that habitual to their predecessors.

Besides the remains of houses intended for human abode, we find numerous instances of these pits, also circular in plan, and frequently enlarging as they descend, so as to form true hollow cones. Such pits are in actual use at the present day in the plains of Apulia. In the immediate vicinity of Cerignola is a large open space thus occupied, which might readily be mistaken for a churchyard. The roof of each cone is formed of stones over-setting one another, and leaving a circular aperture at the top. This is covered by a flat slab, and an upright head-stone marks the spot, when the slab is covered with earth. In the Oscan tombs at Cumæ, where the same mode of over-setting is employed to form the roof, the plan is always rectangular.

The circular plan was invariably adopted for those Irish towers, the date and the import of which have excited so much discussion, learned or otherwise. The case seems a very simple one, when we bear in mind the partiality of the Celtic people for this form of building. At

a certain period in the history of the art of war, lofty towers were valued as defensible positions. They gave their inmates the advantage of a far look-out, and they were not easily entered by force. If we look at a mediæval plan of Lucca, or of Pisa, or of many other Italian cities, we shall find the town to consist of a collection of towers. They were as common, and almost as close together, as the more stately buildings of the wealthier inhabitants of Genoa are at the present day. Round, because they were Celtic—towers, because they were the defence of the day—such were these buildings, innocent alike of symbolism and of mystery; and, if in a sense devoted to Mars, destitute of any relation either to Apollo or to Priapus.

Among these ordinary circular buildings, which there is no reason to suppose, at that early age, had arisen into lofty towers, the great circular temples, such as those of Stonehenge and of Avebury, held distinguished pre-eminence. It is clear that a proper consideration of the fact, that these buildings were not mere rude arrangements of gigantic blocks of stone rolled from a neighboring site into a mystic or symbolic order, but edifices properly so called, involving the exercise of the skill of the architect, the quarryman, the transporter by land, and very probably by sea, and the practical mason, must give a new interest to our inquiry into the original form. They are buildings, not mere stone-posted enclosures. In our climate, which was probably far more swept by rain when the ancient forests were uncut than even at present, we cannot conclude that they were hypæthral. That form of temple, or of hall of assembly, is eminently Southern in its origin. No public solemnity could have been held in any unroofed building in Northern climates, without the risk of ill-omened interruption. As the builders by the shores of the Mediterranean sought for shade from the intense energy of the sun, so have the Northern people always made it the first consideration of their architecture to shelter themselves from the rain and the snow. Thus the roof properly so called, gabled, high-peaked, conspicuous as a structural element, is a special feature of Northern architecture. It is observed by the traveller from the South, for the first time,

as he crosses the belt of mountains that divide Europe into two distinct zones of climate. As you leave Genoa, you bid adieu to the terraced levels of the Italian architecture. You rush through a long tunnel, and emerge in an Alpine scenery; where the wooden gables tell you at once that the most formidable demands on human resistance are no longer those made by the summer, but the sterner troubles of the winter.

As the gabled or pointed roof is an essential feature of the architecture of the Northern tribes, Gothic, Teutonic, Norse, or whatever else be their origin, so does it define the form that the roof of a circular building must naturally assume. A pointed roof, rising from a circular wall, is a cone.

The minute and accurate care of which the results are yet visible in the relics of Stonehenge, denotes, as we have seen, that we are in presence of a structural edifice, properly so called. The opinion that it was protected by a roof, and that a conical roof, is a consequence of this view. Nor is it reasonable to doubt that the apertures between the stones were closed by timber, and that the more perishable portions of these costly structures were completed with a care and skill appropriate to the perfection of the masonry. We are thus led to cast our eye over the architectural memorials of our own and of other countries, in the hope of gaining some light as to what was the internal arrangement, as well as the external contour, of the great temples of the forgotten worship of these islands.

The first parallel that suggests itself to the mind is that of the round, cone-topped churches, so rare in our country, the form of which is traditionally attributed to an Eastern origin. The round church at Cambridge is ascribed to the year 1101. The consecration of the well-known round church of the Temple, as well as of the Priory church of St. John's, Clerkenwell, took place in 1128, Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, officiating on the occasion. The association of this peculiar form of building with the order or Knights Templars, is such as to lead the imagination to assume the existence of a structural relationship with the holy shrines of Jerusalem. But, so far as we are yet able to trace the architectural record, the circular build-

ings of the Templars are of Roman descent. The apse, single or double, of the Basilica, had no counterpart in the Temple of Herod, any more than in that of Solomon. The circular portion of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is hardly more than a completed apse; it is by no means a separate and independent circular building. The mosque El Aksa and the Church of the Ascension are octagonal. The latter, however, as built in the seventh century, was circular. But the Romanesque origin of this architecture is undoubted. The dome, associated with the circular plan, is strictly Italian; and, in default of any other pedigree for the round churches of this country than that which may thus be traced to Constantine, and through him to the Roman peristyles, we are unable to believe that much light can be thrown on the structure of our pre-historic circular temples by the analogy of the round churches of the twelfth Christian century.

There exists, however, in England, as well as in other parts of Christendom, a class of buildings from the peculiarities of which we may obtain further guidance in this inquiry. In the chapter-houses of Westminster, of Salisbury, and of other cathedral or monastic buildings, we find developed a principle of structure never introduced into churches. The limited number of persons who formed the Chapter, and the equality with which, on the occasions of their assemblage, they were supposed to be clothed, may have been among the reasons that led to the adoption of this special form, in which the circular or polygonal hall was distinguished by a central pillar, and the roof was supported by arches radiating from this column, and abutting on the external walls.

The interest with which this graceful and rare form of building may be studied, with the hope of throwing some light on a lost style of architecture, is enhanced by the fact that a similar principle of structure may be traced in the East. Eleven hundred and thirty years before the Christian era, the Temple of Dagon, at Gaza (we find from an almost incidental reference), was constructed somewhat on the principle of a Gothic chapter-house. Samson "took hold of the two middle pillars, upon which the

house stood, and on which it was borne up." The *quasi* central support of the roof is thus distinctly indicated. The number of three thousand persons collected on the roof appears to indicate the size of the building (if circular, or polygonal) to have approached a diameter of 100 feet. The roof must have been, like oriental roofs in general, flat, and supported externally by the walls of the temple, and internally by these central pillars, the overthrow of which brought down the whole superincumbent structure in overwhelming ruin. We are thus able to carry back the history of large buildings, with a centrally-supported roof, to an oriental locality three thousand years ago.

Recent exploration, however, has provided us with a far more instructive lesson. In the secluded region of Abyssinia are to be found, at the present day, examples of the very structure of which we are investigating the details. We find there not only large, circular, conical-roofed temples, or churches, but also an internal arrangement precisely similar to that which has caused so much perplexity to our archaeologists in the case of our circular temples. "In Tigré," we read in the *Illustrated News* of the 29th of August, 1868, "the churches are almost always square; in other provinces they are round. The interior of a round church is arranged in three concentric compartments, the outer one being the Kanyamult, where the congregation, men on one side and women on the other, assemble to pray and sing; the second is the Kudist, or Holy Place, where the clergy walk around, chanting the Litany and Psalms; the innermost, or central place, is the Makdas, or Holy of Holies, containing the Ark and the Sacrament." In the wattled circular wall, the conical roof of palm-leaf thatch, and the threefold concentric internal divisions of these rude Abyssinian temples, we find an arrangement, so far as we can judge, identical with that which was adopted by the British builders of our pre-historic edifices.

In these existing temples of a barbarous people, whose faith, though nominally Christian, is combined with a claim to the direct descent of their Royal House from Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, we fail to trace the analogies of

those groups of stone, separate from both the outer and inner circles, which, at Stonehenge, are known by the name of "trilithons." But when we keep clearly before us the idea of a complete and carefully-protected structure, this difficulty sinks into a mere question of detail; it no longer assumes the proportions of a mystery. When we regard the central portion of the temple as the sanctuary, or most holy place, although we may still be unable to speak with precision as to the architectural import of these features of the building, we yet cannot fail to be aware that there are several purposes for which they might be appropriately designed. They might support a baldachin, or internal roof, over the sanctuary itself, or a group of canopies over distinct altars, or over the ceremonial thrones of the chiefs, either of the State or of the religion; and they might, either independently of such a purpose or in combination with it, form the basis of timbers that supported the roof. It is true that the rock-bound ring of masonry, which crowned the exterior circle of upright pillars, was strong enough to resist the thrust of the timbers of a conical roof. But facility of erection and economy of construction would have been attained by the use of central supports; and men who could work stone as did these pre-historic masons could hardly be in ignorance of that simple structural truth.

One point, however, deserves attention with respect to the number of these internal erections. At Stonehenge, unless more devastation has taken place than appears to have been the case, there were five "trilithons." The significance of the number five depends on the fact, that it has no astronomical purport; and this fact, together with the want of any exact orientation of the circular temples, appears to denote an ignorance of, or inattention to, astronomical or astrological science on the part of the builders. An indication of extreme antiquity is thus afforded, although it is far from being a proof. While we remember how the chain of megalithic stations stretches across the Asiatic-European continent, and when we bear in mind the fact of the cultivation of astronomy in Babylon 1900 years before the conquest of that city by Alexander the

Great, we seem to have our gaze directed towards a very hoary antiquity. Still, the subject is to be approached, as affording a method of investigation, rather than as a matter that is at all thoroughly understood. The most ancient building to which we can attach an accurate date, the Great Pyramid, appears to have had the lines of its faces astronomically determined. But later Egyptian buildings seem to have been erected on sites fixed by purely local considerations. The walls that enclosed the sacred Moriah, turning it into one vast altar to the invisible God, are not traced towards the cardinal points. But in the internal order and service of the Jewish temple, we are told by Josephus that the seven planets were distinctly symbolized. Unless, therefore, we can show that the greater and lesser lights were distinguished in an unusual manner by the builders of Stonehenge from the five other "wandering fires," the occurrence of the five "trilithons" is a notable point for investigation, and one which may hereafter possibly prove to be a valuable note of time.

The antiquity of such a combination of stone and wood, as we conclude to have been employed in the structure of the circular pre-historic temples, is not matter of inference alone. We know that such combinations were of early date. "The Great Court" of the temple of Solomon was "with three rows of hewed stones, and a row of cedar beams." In the reliefs on the Antonine Column at Rome, representing British dwellings, a combination of stone and wood is distinctly represented. The picturesque old houses that are yet to be found in Gloucestershire and other English counties, and which represent the style of building that characterized London before the fire of 1666, are remarkable for the contrast of their oak beams, painted or tarred, or black with very age, with whitewashed masonry or stuccoed brickwork. Our country, in early times, abounded with forests. Strabo tells us that it was the habit of the Britons to enclose large circuits with felled trees. In the outer circle of Stonehenge, five large stones are found close within the inner ditch. Conjecture has filled up the interval with a circle of vanished stones. No indications, however, can be traced

of such a series. The destruction of such blocks, without the use of gunpowder, is incredible. Their removal, as entire blocks, is scarcely less so; and it must have taken place, if it ever occurred, before the execution of the surrounding ditch and *vallum*. The circle is not even accurately divided by these five large stones; and the only conclusion feasible as to their office is, that they formed solid points of support to a wooden palisade which enclosed the exterior court of the temple. It will be observed that the number is again that of the "trilithons." In fact, a division by five, or by twice five (the first simple method of numeration by the aid of the fingers), is characteristic of these structures. The outer circle of Avebury contained, according to Stukely, 100 stones. That of Stonehenge consists of 60. Each inner circle at Avebury contained 30. The Hackpen on Overton Hill consisted of 40, and the same number recurs in the inner circle of Stonehenge. The attempt which has been made to connect this pristine method of numeration with later and more complicated astronomical cycles is entirely contrary to careful observance of facts.

Stonehenge, Avebury, and other pre-historic ruins, regarded in this light, have a new import and legend. The mystery that surrounded them may be to a great extent dispelled, but the wonder and awe which they are calculated to create are rather enhanced than diminished. We may have commenced with the vague idea that we had before us some rude relics of a giant barbarism; that the ancient people, whom (without any good reason) we agreed to term Druids, had piled up rough stones, by the exercise of rude, though gigantic force, into some mystic hypæthral court of worship. We find, on more careful investigation, the ruins of carefully-built, accurately-wrought structures, the imperishable remains of which attest such a high degree of masonic skill and science, as well as such an outlay in transport and in labor of all kinds, as to indicate a very high degree of craftsmanship and artistic education. And above all must it be noted, that we find no trace of image or of idol—no indication of any idolatrous form of worship, any more than any structural reference to that astrological creed



which we know to have exercised an important influence over mankind four thousand years ago.

Again, in the circular form of their buildings—a form which we know to have been common to the Celtic builders—we have a distinctive feature of the times before the Roman invaders drew across the island their straight lines of road, and fortified their quadrangular camps. The powerful influence of that conquering people stamped a Roman form on the subsequent architecture of Britain; and when, eleven centuries and a half later than the first invasion of the legions of Cæsar, round temples were again reared by those who had brought the idea from Palestine, the use of that very convenient and eligible plan had been so entirely laid aside, that the relics that then remained had become invested with a very unreasonable degree of mystery.

Buildings of wrought stone and wood did not, however, form the sole objects of the art of the pre-historic builders. Connected with the remains of circular structures are to be found, very generally associated, relics of a much ruder description; although these also, when carefully investigated, tell us that their want of finish did not result from barbarous absence of skill, but from economical avoidance of unnecessary labor.

Over as wide a zone of longitude as that which is defined by what are ordinarily termed "Druidical circles," are to be found examples of that distinct structure known as the "cromlech." Perhaps the most familiar instance of this order of relics is that known by the name of "Kit's Cotyhouse," near Maidstone, a group of enormous blocks of stone, three of which stand more or less erect, while the fourth is supported horizontally on their edges, forming a rough, colossal table. The very numerous megalithic remains in Bretagne throw a remarkable light on the object and nature of these cromlechs, both in our own island and over the widespread abode of the extinct race who piled together these massive blocks. No doubt now remains as to the sepulchral nature of the cromlech. One vertical slab, transversely placed, formed, with the two exterior blocks, placed parallel to each other and at right angles to the former stone, a double tomb. The

corpse, as we find from actual relics, was placed in a kneeling position in the cell thus constructed, and a mound of earth was piled over the massive cell. It is clear that the art of the mason would have been thrown away upon the cromlech. Like the *kist vaen*, a stone chest found in humbler barrows, the stone sepulchre was designed only for the more perfect preservation of the human relics, or for the perpetuation of the name and fame of the distinguished person for whose obsequies so costly a mausoleum was prepared.

The rains of thousands of years have removed the made earth covering from many of these tombs. Many may yet remain undiscovered. In Morbihan no fewer than seven hundred relics of the pre-historic race are to be seen, and the general plan of the sepulchres is placed beyond the reach of question.

This method of interment, in a chamber which served to protect the remains from direct pressure, while the undisturbed character of the long repose was defended by the superposition of a cairn of stones or a lofty mound of earth, bears a close resemblance to the formation of the central sepulchral chambers within the vast mass of the Egyptian Pyramids. It is difficult, and probably unphilosophical, to fail to connect the interment of the body with the hope of resurrection. In ancient Egypt the doctrine of a future life formed the very cardinal point of the whole system of social morality. The pious care devoted to the embalmment of the dead was rendered in the expectation that, "after that long journey of five hundred years" of which Plato tells us, the spirit would return to its former habitation. Certain points in the religious faith of different nations are unmistakably indicated by peculiarities in their mode of sepulture. Thus, the orientation of the grave, and the careful deposit of the corpse in a line lying east and west, is a mark of one or other of the forms of the great Monotheistic faith; the Jew burying his dead with reference to Jerusalem, the Mahomedan with regard to Mecca, and the Christian in the hope of that second coming, which, like the natural sunrise, he expects to dawn from the East.

In the burial-grounds at Cumæ, which were explored by H.R.H. the Count of

Syracuse, and from which many rare relics of Roman and of pre-Roman antiquity were extracted, the difference in the sepulchral method of the successive inhabitants of the country was strongly marked. Christian graves furrowed the surface; Roman tombs, lying north and south, lay beneath; in a yet lower zone, and at irregular angles, lay the Oscan sepulchres, some of which were carefully built of squared stones, which, oversetting one another towards the top, formed a hollow, pyramidal roof.

Speaking with that reserve which is proper on the first raising of an important question, we remark that the absence of any reference to the points of the compass is a peculiarity of the megalithic tombs, as well as of the circular temples. It is extremely desirable that, in the progress of discovery, specific attention should be given to the verification or the correction of this remark.

Again, the burial of the dead in a kneeling posture is a peculiarity alike unknown to either of the Monotheistic races, and to the builders and occupants of the more ancient Egyptian sepulchres. The similarity in the form of the cromlech, wherever it has been found, denotes the general prevalence of this custom among the ancient race that reared these memorials; and the discovery made in Bretagne has thus a very wide significance. Nor is it possible to look without a certain emotion at these ancient and colossal symbols of the prayerful expectation under which the heroes and kings of our forgotten predecessors were solemnly committed to their secular sleep—a sleep guarded by the massy walls of tombs, which the builders might well hope would remain undisturbed till the day of doom.

The cromlechs of Bretagne, however, have preserved a yet more startling message from the depths of their hoary antiquity. In the island of Gaur Innis, on blocks of transported granite which form one of those ancient tombs, are to be found the earliest traces of human art applied to what we must call decorative architecture. The interior face of these slabs is actually incised, in rude patterns, doubtless, but unquestionably, by human skill. The hypothesis that the decoration is of later date than the cromlech (in itself improbable) is precluded by the fact, that

one of the sculptured stones has evidently been broken *after* it was cut, but *before* it was built into place. Mr. Pattison, who gives, in the "Leisure Hour" for 1866, an interesting description of this hitherto unique archaeological treasure, considers the patterns merely decorative, and not symbolic. We cannot hesitate in arriving at an opposite conclusion. The "Celt" is repeatedly represented on these slabs, the smooth Celt, so often formed of jade, of the period when stone was being gradually displaced by bronze, and the cast-bronze Celt, with an eye by which it was to be bound to the helve, and with a tuft of fibres used for the purpose of so binding it. Other representations are more questionable. There is a plant somewhat resembling the *trichomanes* fern; but as to the depiction of two serpents, one on either side of a rod, there can be no mistake. The sculpture of this mysterious emblem in a tomb cannot, surely, be considered a mere decoration! Mr. Fergusson will, we fear, never forgive himself for having overlooked an authentic sculpture of the serpent at a date so very far anterior to the earliest representations, very debatable as they are in their import, with which he has presented us in his recent splendid work. Before the Romans had learned to venerate the serpent of Esculapius, or the Greeks to fear the python destroyed by the Sun God, the Celtic tomb-builders had traced the rude outline of the mystic reptile on the granite cromlech of Morbihan. A fresh chapter in the history of the human race thus opens, again, with an intimation that "the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field."

At Stonehenge, at Avebury, and in the ruins of circular structures in general, we have traced indications of the combined work of the mason and of the joiner. In the cromlechs of Bretagne, and thus in the cromlechs generally, we find the labor of the former, or at least of the transporter and raiser of stones, supplemented by that of the earth-worker, as well as by that of the earliest predecessor of the sculptor. But there is yet another combination of masonry and of earthwork, the investigation of the most remarkable witnesses of which raises a question entirely novel in archæology.

The village of Abury, or Avebury, in Wiltshire, stands on the site of an an-

cient circular temple. A quarto volume, published in 1743, by Dr. Stukely, gives the result of a long and patient investigation of the spot, and is the source from which all subsequent descriptions have been extracted or compiled: being referred to as authoritative even in the painstaking and elaborate work of Sir R. Colt Hoare. Dr. Stukely has illustrated his volume by a carefully-drawn plan to a large scale, a document which would be invaluable as well as conclusive, but for the fact that certain tangible errors raise the doubt how much of the drawing represents the truth of actual survey, and how much is due to the active imagination of the author. Thus we have the portrait, as it were, of each stone that stood erect at the time of Dr. Stukely's survey. We have also indications of the position of the fallen stones, and of the places from which stones had been removed. But we have no means of detecting how the latter points have been determined; whether from depressions in the ground, testimony of eye-witnesses, or Dr. Stukely's ideas of Druidical symmetry. We are entitled to speak with this degree of harshness, from the fact that the avenues leading to the temple, as to which Stukely has an original, unsupported, and, to our view, most absurd theory, are freely sketched in, so as to be directly at variance with the actual position of seventeen enormous blocks yet remaining *in situ*. These blocks form part of a straight avenue, of some 400 yards long, which is drawn by Stukely as a curve.

Forty-four large stones are described and drawn by Stukely. Between 1743 and 1812, the date of Sir R. Colt Hoare's investigation, the number had been reduced to seventeen, so shamefully industrious had been the inhabitants, especially a certain clod-hopping Erostratus, called Tom Robinson, in the destruction of these priceless relics. Without a very careful and special survey, it is impossible now to verify much of the plan of Stukely. But there seems to be no good reason to doubt its substantial accuracy as to the position of the forty-four stones which stood, in his time, within the elliptical moat; and we may, therefore, be safe in adopting his view, that two circular temples adjoined one another within an outer oval enclosure.

But the main difficulty that arises as to the character, and even the relative age of the stonework and the earthworks of Avebury, has hitherto been unperceived. Dr. Stukely's theory, that the avenues leading to the temple were curved, and that this curve was intended to represent the form of an enormous serpent spread over the country, in the centre of the contortions of which the double temple had been founded, has hitherto prevented archaeologists from seeing with their own eyes the actual fact.

The site of the temples of Avebury is surrounded by a deep and wide ditch, and, outside the ditch, by a lofty mound. After so long an exposure to the degradation which the weather causes on all unprotected earthworks, the magnitude of this girdle is yet an object of admiration. From the bottom of the ditch to the top of the mound must have been, when the work was new, at least a hundred feet in elevation.

It is very remarkable that the mound is without the ditch. Viewed as a military defence, the labor incurred in this large earthwork is thus, according to our present ideas, to a great extent wasted. The exterior part of the mound shows no signs of a ditch. It would, no doubt, originally have been protected by a palisade; but this line once passed, and the summit of the *vallum* gained, the sacred enclosure would lie beneath the view, and exposed to the missiles, of the assailants.

If the mound were regarded as an amphitheatre, reared in order to enable the largest number of persons to witness processional or other assemblies within the *enceinte*, the arrangement would be intelligible. But no traces exist of benchings or steps on the bank, such as would have been suitable for such a purpose; and, so far as we can now judge, the steepness of the internal slope is opposed to such an hypothesis.

The most remarkable characteristic, however, of the earthen defence of Avebury, is the want of unity of design which it displays as regards the stonework. The axial line of the twin temples (if we follow Dr. Stukely's views) trended about N.W. and S.E. The direction of the longest diameter of the oval enclosed by the ditch and rampart

lies approximately east and west. But what is the more surprising, is the fact that the avenue of large blocks, which crosses the present road from Kennet, cuts on the line of rampart, without any reference to the apertures in its circuit. This avenue is distinctly marked. About 700 yards to the south, and slightly to the east of Avebury, sixteen enormous blocks of stone remain, sufficiently undisturbed to show that they formed part of a straight avenue of twin blocks or columns, placed 72 feet apart, and at intervals of about 48 feet. Some 200 yards nearer the temple, and on the opposite or eastern side of the present turnpike road, another stone is visible, exactly in line with those which form one side of the avenue. The line thus defined seems to cut on one of the central stones of the eastern temple, but it has no discernible relation whatever to the rampart.

It seems impossible to doubt that the avenue leading straight to the temple formed a portion of the harmonious original design of the ancient masons. How, or when, or why a girdle of ditch and of rampart should have been drawn across this imposing approach is a question not only unanswered, but which appears never hitherto to have been raised.

Thus we find a noble avenue, seventy feet wide, composed of lofty monolithic piles of wrought and transported freestone, pointing directly to the entrance of a temple reared of yet more ponderous blocks. A vast ancient earthen work of defence, peculiar in its section of external *vallum* and internal ditch, runs around the site of the latter, interrupting, and appearing to have no relation whatever to, the line of the former. How can we conceive these two features to form part of one harmonious design? How can we hold the labor of the diggers to have been contemporaneous with that of the builders? And, if not, to what remoteness of antiquity does not this discovery throw back the work of the ancient masons?

We have remains in many parts of the country of the labor of a race of diggers. Those who are familiar with earth-work know how powerful is the action of time in obliterating the work of the spade. The force of gravity, and the slowly decomposing action of the atmosphere, tend to compress all artificial

mounds, from the very moment of their elevation. To this steady action, unless a covering of turf be at once interposed, has to be added the constant effect of the rainfall. Under the combined influence of these levelling forces, tumuli have disappeared, fosses have been filled up, and cromlechs have been laid bare. But the relics of mighty diggers are conspicuous in Wiltshire. The downs are dotted thickly with barrows. The valley of the Kennet is guarded by lofty tumuli, one of a very large size being close to Marlborough; and Silbury Hill, on the line of the stream, south of Avebury, is the largest object of this nature with which we are familiar. Its sharp, unusual outline arrests the eye the moment that it is first seen. It is in the form of a truncated cone, 170 feet high, some 500 feet in diameter at the base, and levelled at the summit. Allowing for the long influence of natural causes, its original size must have been from one-and-a-half to twice its present dimensions; and even now it contains half a million of cubic yards. Early in the course of last century this royal tumulus was pierced, and the human bones and iron bridle-bit found near the surface are held to have been the relics of some ancient king, over whose body, seated, as when in life, on his horse, this giant mole-hill was piled up.

In other parts of England the labors of the earth-working race were devoted to the terracing, levelling, or moating of natural elevations, as is the case at Old Sarum, and on the Malvern Hills. Our habitual identification of these people with the pre-historic masons is a mere assumption, and one which the phenomena observable at Avebury should lead us, at all events, to reconsider. And if the circumvallation of Avebury were the work of another period from that which witnessed its erection (as it certainly was a work of far less difficulty and expense), it is hard to disbelieve that some degree of the awful reverence which clothed the ancient site must have disappeared from men's minds, before a military or civil work would have been executed which was so inconsistent with the architectural and picturesque aspect of the temple.

If we compare the main features of the pre-historic British masonry, so far as they are now to be discerned, with

those of the most ancient buildings of which the date is approximately known, we shall find good reason to ascribe the former to a very remote antiquity. To that antiquity we cannot, indeed, as yet assign historical or astronomical date, but we can, with some precision, indicate its position in the progress of art. We can do so from two distinct methods of inquiry.

The first step in this investigation is to consider the nature of the masonry. We know that the art of the mason has, during a long series of years, followed a definite course of progress and development. The first builders of whom we have any relics, giants in strength if not in size, merely piled together large masses of stone in rude and colossal walls. The design of the cromlech may be carried back to this most archaic of all building epochs; although, as before explained, the habit of burying this rough and substantial work may have allowed of its continued execution down to the time of more highly-finished masonry. Next, the pre-historic builders dressed off the rough angles of their stones, and produced polygonal megalithic masonry. Still later, they coursed the beds, and produced noble tiers of squared, uncemented blocks of stone, finished, in some cases, with admirable truth and delicacy. This method of building had not been forgotten in the time of Solomon, although the invention of lime cement, which is at least as old as the Great Pyramid, led to a slow but certain diminution in the size of the ashlar employed by builders. So we descend to the squared masonry of the date of the kings of Rome, which is not, structurally, very different from that of Imperial times. Seven centuries, therefore, produced little alteration in the style and fashion of the mason.

Stonehenge and Avebury, measured by this scale, belong to the period of megalithic, coursed, uncemented masonry. More modern than the walls of Tiryns or Mycenæ, they yet, as matter of artistic antiquity, precede the Great Pyramid, in which the bulk of the structure is formed of cemented masonry, and only the more important parts, such as the entrance to the central chamber, and the wonderful portcullis, are formed of highly-finished, ponderous, uncemented blocks.

The other line of inquiry derives additional importance from the representation of both stone and bronze Celts on the Morbihan cromlech. We find ourselves in the early part of the bronze age. We cannot admit the possibility that stone should be wrought as it was wrought at Stonehenge without metal tools. But those tools must have been rare, for they had not superseded the use of the far less convenient and durable axe of stone. Unless, therefore, it can be shown that the artistic knowledge of Egypt and of the Mediterranean shores was arrested in the course of travelling to England—an assumption which is at variance with the fact of the close similarity between all the circular ruins, as well as cromlechs, over the entire breadth of the Continent—we seem to roll back the date of Stonehenge to the earliest period of the bronze age, and, further, to date that period before the foundation of Memphis, or, at least, before the era of that fourth Egyptian dynasty, the second king of which, it is now no longer matter of question, was the builder of the Great Pyramid.

A yet further mode of inquiry may serve, if not to cover with confusion, at least gravely to rebuke, those who so readily cast on our pre-historic antecessors the reproach of blind idolatry and of sanguinary rites. Let us remember that the testimony of Julius Cæsar, on which this view mainly rests, is no more reliable, as regards Britain, than is that of Napoleon Buonaparte. Cæsar tells us of the absence of the beech-tree in England, an assertion which, if we would receive it as genuine, would have great botanical value. When he adds the tale of the animal with unjointed legs, and when he asserts that he retired, in all haste, TRIUMPHANT, but desiring hostages to be sent AFTER him, who failed to reach him, we know what to think of his veracity in any matter that would be held to affect his fame.

If we look, then, with eyes that are only prepared to see what is actually visible, we cannot fail to be struck with the absence of any trace of either idolatry or astrology in our pre-historic records. There is good reason to suppose that the degradation of symbolism into idolatry, a process which we see going on beneath our very eyes in the practice of what is

called Ritualism, is a process to which the human mind is peculiarly liable, and has been so in all ages of history. To this predisposition must we attribute the careful prohibition in the ancient Law, not only of the worship, but of the making of images. After the heavy scourge of the Babylonish captivity had eradicated from the minds of the Jews that tendency to revert to the worship of the calves of Egypt, or the grove-haunting gods of Canaan, which marked their early history, this abhorrence of the representation of the human or bestial form became a marked characteristic of their national character. The very introduction of the Roman ensigns into Jerusalem caused an outbreak of the fierce iconoclastic spirit. At this very hour, amid the heraldic emblems of the Knights of the Garter that line the chapel of St. George, lions and eagles, shadowing wings and branching horns, the banner of the Caliph is adorned only by a verse of the Koran.

Again, it is a well-known fact that, while the later tombs and temples of Egypt are covered with symbolic sculpture, the Great Pyramid is unincised. It is not that the builders were unfamiliar with hieroglyphics, which themselves are the results of the conventionalizing of pictorial representations, for the cartouche of Souphis has been found traced on the back of the relieving stones over the central chamber; but the sanctity of the building was unprofaned by the portraiture of living forms. Again, the colossal figures, portraits in the first instance of kings—Memnon, or Thothmes, or Nebuchadnezzar—which afterwards became associated with the reception of Divine honors, date comparatively low in the structural history of Egypt. The absence of anything that resembles a stone idol, and the neglect, before referred to, of structural astrological indication, seems to point to a period of human faith when the invisible object of worship was not represented by gods of stone. Whether we regard what we know of the tendencies of the human mind, or what we see of the structural relics of the past, we are led to believe in the fact, that idolatry was the fruit of comparatively recent degradation of an earlier worship.

Although the tales of the consumption

of human sacrifices, in wicker idols, by the Druids of Britain, may be received with a large amount of philosophic doubt, we yet have evidence of idolatrous practices among some of the Gaulish and Celtic tribes in Imperial times. We have still extant representations of Esus and of Percunos, Celtic gods; but philology, no less than archæology, points back to a purer form of worship. The names of Teut and of Alfader are more ancient than idol or symbol; and, in the absence of the slightest indication of an idolatrous habit, why should we hesitate to believe that the mighty builders of pre-historic times paid a simple reverence to the Father of All?

It may enable the mind to form a more adequate conception as to what manner of men the builders of Avebury must have been, if we inquire what would be the effect of the lapse of twenty centuries over London. The durability of ruins, external influences being alike, depends on three circumstances: the nature of the building material, the size of the component parts of the structure, and the actual mass of the buildings themselves. Brick, although a material capable of unmeasured duration under favorable circumstances, will return to clay if long exposed to the unchecked influences of frost and rain. Limestone, such as that of the Bath, and even the Portland quarries, has a very limited durability. Even the granite of Waterloo Bridge shows the effect of the atmospheric action of half a century, the felspar being so much eroded as to give a rough granulated face to the once smooth ashlar work. The cloisters of Westminster Abbey show that the lapse of rather more than six centuries is sufficient to destroy cusp, and mullion, and delicate stonework of all kinds, even if partially protected from the atmosphere. Crockets and gurgyle and pinnacle of Henry III.'s work are gone. The carefully-chosen and well-wrought capitals of St. Paul's show a thick incrustation of mingled soot and decayed stone, which leads us to estimate how much of the former face must have been washed away from the more exposed portions of the edifice. We must remember, too, that capitals are not abandoned except in cases of great disaster, such as plague, or earthquake, or capture by storm. And in

such cases it rarely happens that fire does not perform its destructive office. The rapidity with which brick structures, or even stone-faced structures, decay in our climate, if neglected, and especially if unroofed, is very great. The probability is, that if a period of solitude and neglect were to pass over London, such as has been experienced by the ruins of our Wiltshire capitals, not even a distinguishable heap would remain to tell of the former city; and yet, till the wanton and wicked destruction of the present century, the lines of the ancient builders were as distinct, the form of their great temples was as precisely defined, as if they were of recent origin. If the power and dignity of earlier races of mankind be marked by the permanence of these monumental memorials, what pigmies now seek to obliterate the work of giants and of heroes!

It is not easy to direct the attention of our readers to readily available sources of information on the subject of Avebury. The work of Dr. Stukely, which is almost or altogether the only literary authority on the subject, is a curious mixture of the old and the new methods of inquiry. It places side by side the results of actual observation and the assumptions of prejudice or the deductions of the most fanciful theory. Had the writer been only at the pains to distinguish between what he saw and what he thought, the work would possess a permanent value, which the inability of the reader to distinguish between fact and fancy signally diminishes.

But the consideration which may justly be extended to an author writing in the year 1743, must be denied to one who is content to follow in his footsteps in 1858. The ignorant and pretentious little handbook, entitled "The Druidical Temples at Abury; with some Account of Silbury, Wilts," makes one blush for the author, whose first observation is:—"It was the custom of the Patriarchs to erect temples and altars wherever they fixed their residences." After this we cannot be surprised to meet with such assertions as that—

"The stones which compose the temples at Abury were evidently brought, like those of Stonehenge, from Marlborough Downs, where they lie on the surface of the ground in great

numbers, and of all dimensions." "The stones must have been conveyed by the Druids from the valley of the Grey Wethers, near Marlborough, with infinite labor, and erected with extraordinary skill: they are none of them more than two feet and a half inserted in the ground. It is probable, therefore, that the British Druids acquired their mechanical skill, together with their religious worship and origin, from the Persian and Chaldean Magi." "Dr. Stukely is of opinion that, as this chalky matter became hardened at Creation, it projected or threw out the most solid body of the stones, of greater specific gravity than itself. How far this may be true is doubtful, though, probably in some local convulsion, such a result may have taken place."

Is it conceivable how, in the year 1858, the Rev. John Ross, M.A., Oxon, should have appended his name to such statements as the above? Surely the governess satirized by Byron, who, by teaching her pupils to read, learned herself to spell, was far more respectable, in a literary point of view, than a professed teacher of mankind who is not ashamed to print the rubbish of which this little volume principally consists. When men undertake to explain to others subjects as to which they have never taken the trouble to learn the A B C, they should be visited with some sort of retribution. The number of these blind teachers is, we fear, on the increase.

Stonehenge has attracted far more literary effort than the more rarely visited site of Avebury. The "Illustrated Guide to Old Sarum and Stonehenge," a local handbook, cites forty-two distinct references, either in books, lectures, articles in periodicals or in cyclopædias, to the Wiltshire temples, commencing with the statement that the earliest notice of Stonehenge occurs in the writings of Nennius, who lived in the ninth century. As far as plans are concerned, especially when we bear in mind the ordnance map, the information available as to this locality is considerable. When we come to description, however, discrepancies of no trifling magnitude abound. Almost every writer appears to have seen pretty much what he chose, or wished, to see. "Modern writers on Stonehenge," says the guide-book, "rejecting all historical evidence, have raised their theories on purely speculative foundations." So it seems. Mr. H. Browne, of Amesbury, in "An Illustration of Stonehenge and

Abury," published in 1823, endeavors "to show that both of these monuments were antediluvian, and even that the latter was formed *under the direction of Adam.*" The idea of Polydore Virgil, that Stonehenge was raised by the Britons to the memory of Aurelius Ambrosius, finds favor in a paper which has been attributed to a well-known authority on Architecture. But the learned writer in question, of whose good service to the historical study of architecture it is not easy to speak in terms of too high respect, may be thought, at times, to seek for relief from the severity of his graver studies in the playful exuberance of his wonderfully original theories. The opinion entertained by some of his professional brethren, to the effect that he is prone to launch an hypothesis, not as really holding it himself, but as an experiment on the unreasoning credulity of his readers, does not appear altogether extravagant when we remember, that he has suggested that the site of a private tomb occupied one of the holiest, and most jealously-guarded, sanctuaries in the world—a spot the very last to be defiled by the admission of a corpse. Somewhat of the same grim humor seems to be displayed in a theory which attributes all the great stone monuments of the country to the very period of extreme depression that intervened between the departure of the Romans and the conquest of the Danes and Saxons. Another writer, full of such quaint learning as that which marks Gale's "Court of the Gentiles," weds the common title of "Druidical" to the yet more imaginative adjective, Arkite. A Bath architect is good enough to give us a more exact date, which, being 100 years before the Christian era, no contemporary history can contradict. Cæsar mentions a Gallic chieftain by the name of Divitiacus. This peg is strong enough to support a theory; and a writer, under the appropriate title of "A Fool's bolt soon shot at Stoneage," "considers" Stonehenge to have been "a British temple, commemorative of a victory gained by the Cangi of Somersetshire over King Divitiacus and his Belgæ!" Another writer considers that "the use of syenite or granite in the inner obeliscal stones showed the existence of friendly relations between the Belgæ, and the powerful tribe of the Damnonii, if these stones

were brought from Devon or Cornwall, or with the Ordovices, if brought from North Wales." He might have added, or with the Pharaohs, if brought from Syene. In fact, these smaller stones, constituting the inner circle, are stated, by a local antiquary, to be all portions of primary igneous rocks. Another geologist says that a fragment submitted to his examination "looked like an African stone." Thus, while a smile may be raised by the author who "ascribes the present dilapidated condition of Stonehenge to the operation of the general deluge," all the writers on the subject are in unison in approaching it as a good butt for the arrow of pure guess-work. The comparison made by Professor Nilsson, the Swedish antiquary, with a temple at Kivik, in Sweden, and the opinion expressed by Sir John Lubbock, in a lecture at Southampton, that Stonehenge and Avebury belonged to the bronze age, are rare instances of an adequately modest and serious treatment of a question of unusual interest.

We must be content, then, to call attention to the facts rather than to the literature of the subject, to awaken our readers to its importance, and to suggest the direction in which the prosecution of well-ordered inquiry may lead to important results. It can no longer be denied that we have in our midst the ancient and indubitable remains of a mighty people, among whom, at a very remote period of antiquity, a high state of civilization was established, as is attested by the evidence of their mechanical skill and of their almost unexampled command of labor. That some light may be thrown on the questions of the age, the intelligence, and even the faith of these people, by a careful study of their works, we trust that we have shown. How far the investigation may be pursued, and with what results in unveiling the lost history of mankind, it is for the future to show. But we cannot doubt that much, very much, will be added to our present knowledge of pre-historic Britain. Even as we write, the announcement of the discovery, in the south of France, of the relics of a gigantic race of *quasi* human beings, marked by osteological peculiarities hitherto undreamed of, has been made with such precision as to attract the attention of the French *Institut*,



and M. Lartet has been commissioned to ascertain and report on the facts. There is much to lead to the belief that we are about to witness the opening of a hitherto unread chapter in the history of our predecessors in the dominion of the planet earth.

That some effort should be made by those who consider history to be something more than an old almanac, and national monuments fit for a nobler destiny than that of being turned into

road-metal, to check the shameless and irreparable havoc which private ignorance and greediness are hourly making amid the relics of a mighty past, is a proposition of which the truth is almost self-evident. It will be no slight reward for our humble labors if they have the effect of directing a more systematic and inquiring attention to a subject which no Englishman should consider wholly foreign to his interests.

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Cornhill Magazine.

#### LA GRANDE MARQUISE.

IN the preface to the *Précieuses Ridicules*, Molière observes that the most excellent things are liable to be copied by "wretched apes who deserve to be tossed in a blanket;" and that these vicious imitations of what is most perfect, have, in all times, furnished materials for comedy. He adds that the really learned and brave have never yet thought of being offended at the conventional "doctor" and "captain" of the stage, any more than judges, princes, and kings have resented witnessing a ridiculous representation of a judge, a prince, or a king; and that thus the "veritable *Précieuses*" ought in nowise to be piqued by the representation of the ridiculous persons who imitate them badly. A modern editor of the great French master of comedy—M. Aimé-Martin—appears to be of opinion that this preface is a mere adroit attempt on the part of Molière to disarm the anger of the "powerful coterie" against whom his satire was directed; and that, despite all that the author says about "excellent things" which are liable to be copied and caricatured, it is nevertheless clear that these *excellent things* are precisely what Molière is about to cover with ridicule. But it may be permitted to us to give Molière credit for more sincerity than irony in his preface. By accepting his words in their plain and literal meaning, we shall, at all events, do Molière no wrong, and the "veritable *Précieuses*" perhaps a little right.

The epithet "*Précieuse*" was at first, and during a long period, a title of hon-

or. It was originally applied to the ladies who frequented the réunions of the "Hôtel Rambouillet." These famous assemblies gathered together during a long series of years all that was witty, learned, brilliant, or distinguished in France; and their presiding genius was Catherine de Vivonne, Marquise de Rambouillet,—long mourned as the "divine Arthénice," "la Grande Marquise," and celebrated in Mademoiselle de Scudéry's romance of *Cyrus*, under the name of Cléomire. In order properly to appreciate the services which the Marquise de Rambouillet rendered to society and to literature, it is necessary to remember what was the condition of both when her influence began to make itself felt in the world.

She was born in the year 1588. Thus the whole of her youth and middle life were passed under the reigns of Henry IV. and Louis XIII. Henry of Navarre neither possessed nor affected refinement. He had the vices as well as the virtues of a soldier; and neither the manners nor the morals of his court offered an example worthy of imitation. Louis XIII., on the other hand, was sickly, timid, and of retired habits. He was as unfit as his father to be a leader of society, although for different reasons. Moreover, he was so little inclined to be a patron of literature that, according to Tallemant de Réaux, immediately after the death of Cardinal Richelieu, the King abolished all pensions to men of letters, saying: "We have nothing more to do with all that." Later, he refused to al-

low Corneille to dedicate his tragedy of *Polyeucte* to him for no other reason than that he knew Montauron to have made the poet a present of two hundred pistoles for *Cinna*, and that he (the King) was afraid of being expected to do at least as much! However, on being assured by M. de Schomberg that Corneille did not offer the dedication *from an interested motive*, Louis the Just exclaimed graciously, "Very well, then; he will do me a pleasure." *Polyeucte* was finally dedicated to the Queen, as Louis died before its publication, in 1643.

Under these circumstances the "Hôtel Rambouillet" offered a focus wherein to concentrate all the scattered rays of intellectual light in France, which the court was far from affording. Madame de Rambouillet conceived the project of gathering together in her own house the most select and distinguished society of the court and city. Her position in the world, her talents, and her virtues, combined to assure the success of her design.

Her father was Jean de Vivonne, Sieur de Saint-Gohard, afterward Marquis de Pisani; her mother, Julia Savelli, of an ancient Italian family. This lady, a Savelli by birth, was the widow of an Orsini when the Marquis Pisani married her; and, through her mother, she was closely connected with the well-known Florentine family of Strozzi. Thus it will be seen that Madame de Rambouillet's lineage was sufficiently distinguished.

One of the very few faults which a contemporary biographer can find to lay to her charge is an undue notion of the importance of the Savelli family, which, in the thirteenth century, gave two Popes to the Church. It does not appear that "Arthénice" had an equal pleasure in referring to the blood of the Strozzi bankers, which also ran in her veins. Nevertheless, it was to this more bourgeois connection that the marriage of her parents was owing. The match was brought about by no less a personage than Catherine de Medicis.

The Marquis de Pisani was Ambassador of France at the court of Pope Sixtus V. During the period of his embassy, the Countess Fieschi, born Strozzi, a lady of honor much beloved by the Queen, died. Catherine de Medicis had a particular affection for the house of

Strozzi, and desired always to have a member of it about her court. She therefore looked for a lady to replace the deceased countess; and, as Tallemant des Réaux quaintly says, "none was found more proper to be transported across the Alps than the young and childless widow Orsini." The Marquis Pisani was selected by the Queen to be her husband: he married her, and at the expiration of his embassy she was "transported across the Alps" accordingly. Catherine de Vivonne, the sole child of this union, was married in the year 1600, when she was but twelve years old, to Charles d'Angennes, Marquis de Rambouillet.

The bridegroom was not of very mature years at the time of the marriage, —little more than three-and-twenty,—but he was nearly twice as old as his wife! Madame de Rambouillet was wont to say that she was conscious of being a mere child beside her husband (whose age possibly appeared venerable in the eyes of a bride of twelve); and the sentiment of respect inspired by this early disparity lasted throughout her married life. And this may account for an observation made by Tallemant des Réaux, that she and her husband lived a little too much *en cérémonie* together; although the Marquis continued to be to the end of his days a most tender and devoted husband, and entertained the highest opinion of his wife's intellect and virtue.

From the period of her first entrance into the great world, Madame de Rambouillet disliked going to court. She had no sympathy with Henry IV., and felt a particular aversion for his successor—an aversion, be it said in passing, which the memoirs of the time amply justify. Thus, soon after she was twenty years old, she ceased to attend the assemblies at the Louvre. This resolution appeared very amazing in the eyes of her compeers, who could not understand such behavior "in a woman young, beautiful, and *of quality*!" But we have her own testimony to the small attraction these assemblies at the Louvre must have had for a person of refinement who enjoyed society, in the best sense of the word. "I find nothing pleasant," said she, "in being pushed and pressed by such a crowd."

From the time of her relinquishing at-

tending the Louvre,—or very little later,—dates the commencement of those receptions which made the “Hôtel Rambouillet” so famous, and which had so powerful and beneficial an influence on the society of their time. All those who frequented the “Hôtel Rambouillet” became speedily remarked for the elegance and nobleness of their manners, and the use of pure and correct language, entirely free from vulgarity and provincialism. The fair sex especially profited by frequent association with the cultivated mind of Madame de Rambouillet, and by the observation of her manners, allowed on all hands to have been at once gracious and dignified.

It was not long before the ladies admitted to the “Hôtel Rambouillet” could be easily distinguished from those who did not enjoy that privilege by their air of superior refinement. To mark the esteem in which they were held they were styled “*Précieuses*,” “*Illustres*,” titles which those to whom they were applied looked upon as the most honorable of distinctions. There is extant a letter of Scarron, addressed to a great lady of whom he is soliciting some favor, in which he protests that he “kisses the hand of her daughter, Mademoiselle de la Vergne, *toute lumineuse, toute précieuse*,” &c. This Mademoiselle de la Vergne was afterward the Countess de la Fayette, who became celebrated as a writer of romances. It is worth noting that the works of Madame de la Fayette,—*Mademoiselle de Montpensier*, *Zaïde*, *La Princesse de Clèves*,—are distinguished by sobriety of style and absence of verbosity; and that the fair author’s mind and literary tastes were formed under the immediate and personal influence of Madame de Rambouillet.

The list of the *habitués* of the “Hôtel Rambouillet” is a long and illustrious one. Among them were Malherbe, Corneille, Balzac, Voiture, Saint-Evremond, Ménage, Chapelain; the brilliant Sévigné, the beautiful Duchess de Chevreuse, Mademoiselle Paulet, renowned for her exquisite voice and skill in music, the virtuous Countess de la Roche-Guyon, of whom it is related that, having resisted the gallantries of Henri Quatre, the king appreciating her noble character, made her *dame d’honneur* to the Queen-Mother, saying, “Since you insist

on being a *lady of honor*, you shall be one.” The idols of this brilliant circle were the Marquise de Rambouillet and her daughter, Julie D’Angennes. The latter was the famous beauty whom her husband, the Marquis de la Salle (afterward Duc de Montausier), wooed for fourteen years with persevering constancy, and for whom he caused to be made the collection of love-verses, illustrated by exquisite paintings on vellum, known as the *Garland of Julia*. She was the eldest and favorite child of her mother,—but sixteen years old at the time of her birth,—and shared with the “Grande Marquise” the admiring homage of all who frequented the “Hôtel Rambouillet.” During the whole of their reign—founded on the most legitimate of all principles, the universal consent of the governed—these two women were the models whom every one quoted, every one praised, and every one desired to imitate. For them even the inflexible etiquette of the French Court broke its rigid bonds; and Segrais remarks, as a thing quite extraordinary in his day, that the princesses of the blood visited Madame de Rambouillet at her own house, *although she was not a duchess*.

It has been mentioned that Madame de Rambouillet was called “the divine Arthénice.” The origin of the name was in this wise:—Racan relates that one day talking with Malherbe, then a very old man, each determined to choose a lady of quality and of merit to be the subject of their verses. Malherbe named the Marquise de Rambouillet, and Racan, Madame de Termes. It turned out that both had the same Christian name, one being Catherine de Vivonne, and the other Catherine Chabot. Malherbe conceived the design of writing an eclogue, or conversation of two shepherds in praise of their mistresses, in which he himself should figure as Melibœus, and Racan as Arcan. But in considering the plan of his eclogue, he feared that the circumstance of both ladies being named Catherine, would cause confusion in the poem; and he passed the whole afternoon with Racan in turning and twisting the name in all fashions in order to get a good anagram of it. They found *Arthénice*, *Eracinte*, and *Carintide*. The first was decided to be the most beautiful. But Racan, writing a pastoral sonnet

time afterward, used the name thus ingeniously discovered. And Madame de Rambouillet used to declare that Malherbe was very angry at being defrauded of the credit of the invention.

Shepherds and Shepherdesses, Melibœus and Arthénice, have long been out of fashion. But the Grande Marquise possessed qualities which must in any age secure respect and admiration. And in selecting her for the divinity of what Des Réaux calls his *amour poétique*, Malherbe was abundantly justified by the almost unanimous suffrage of her contemporaries. In a time of great license of manners, and in which the tongue of scandal spared few personages, high or low, who were at all known in the world, Madame de Rambouillet preserved a perfectly unblemished reputation. She was beautiful, and the peculiar dignity and charm of her manners has already been alluded to. Her intelligence was highly cultivated for her day. She was a perfect mistress of the Italian and Spanish languages, and well read in the best poets of those nations. She had a natural talent for drawing, and a very special love and taste for architecture. She was herself the architect of the "Hotel Rambouillet." Dissatisfied with all the plans that had been presented to her,—and to succeed was not easy, for the building space at disposal was limited and of irregular shape,—she meditated profoundly for some time, and then suddenly seized a pencil and traced a design which was afterward carried out in all its details. It is asserted of her that she was able to understand and remember perfectly the plan of any building she had once seen.

She introduced many improvements in the external and internal arrangement of great houses in France. Her predilection was for the pompous and magnificent, but tempered by exquisite taste and practical good sense. A contemporary states that she was the first who thought of decorating a chamber in any other color than red, or tan-color: and thence it arose that her great chamber was so celebrated by the name of the *Chambre bleu*. Sauval, in his *Antiquities of Paris*, describes it as being furnished with blue velvet relieved by gold and silver. "The large windows, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, made it

very cheerful, and allowed one to enjoy the air and an uninterrupted view of the pleasant garden." It was in this *chambre bleu* that Arthénice received visits. It may not be known to many of our readers that to Madame de Rambouillet is due the introduction of the alcove into France: that large recess in the sleeping-chamber—almost a room within a room—in which the bed was placed. As she advanced toward middle life she found that the heat of a fire caused her great inconvenience, and even made her ill. Despite all the precautions that could be taken, such as placing curtains and screens between her and the stove, she was unable to endure a fire in her immediate neighborhood. "Necessity," says Des Réaux, "made her borrow from the Spaniards the invention of the alcove nowadays" (1657) "so much in vogue in Paris. The company is warmed by a fire in the outer room. When it freezes she remains on her bed, with her legs and feet in a bearskin bag; and she is accustomed to say pleasantly, on account of the great number of coifs she wears in winter, that she grows deaf at the feast of St. Martin (12th of November), and recovers her hearing at Easter."

And now, what solid advantages to literature and society can be said to have accrued from the reunion of the "spiritual" circle that assembled in this blue chamber with its gilt and painted alcove? In the first place the "Hôtel Rambouillet" was the first private house which openly professed to respect and honor men of letters. They were received there on the same footing as the "Grands Seigneurs," who treated them as equals. The Grande Marquise, to her immortal honor be it said, understood how to value genius. And even the lustre of a noble scutcheon (though she valued that too, as was natural in a woman of her birth and surroundings) did not outshine in her eyes the glory which a Corneille or a Bossuet derived from a higher "fountain of honor" than any Louis that ever was crowned. Perhaps her most distinguishing mental characteristic was possessing in a supreme degree the power of refined and discriminating *appreciation*. A modern French writer, a biographer of Madame de Sévigné, observes that the "Hôtel Rambouillet" had a passion for *le beau langage*, and that

this has been, and always will be, a national passion in France. To enrich, ennoble, and refine the French tongue, was, above all, the object of the serious study and constant attention of those who assembled there. Somaize, in his *Dictionnaire des Précieuses*, has preserved some examples of the changes they made in orthography. Here are a few of the words whose orthography has been retained according to the corrections of the *Précieuses* :—

Teste, tête.	Solemnité, solennité.
Escrits, écrits.	Veu, vû.
Goust, goût.	Advis, avis.

It will be perceived that the tendency of these changes was to introduce a more phonetic mode of spelling. But it must be owned that the etymology of the words has suffered in almost every case.

There were numerous other corrections attempted by the *Précieuses* which have not taken root in the language. But whatever we may think of these, it will at least be admitted that the insistence on decency and propriety of speech, which distinguished Madame de Rambouillet, was entirely beneficial to the tone of the society that surrounded her. And on this point again, in order to render full justice to the Grande Marquise, it would be necessary to understand how far the habitual phraseology of the Grands Seigneurs in her young days was from being either proper or decent. Tallemant des Réaux, who was a great friend and sincere admirer of Madame de Rambouillet, naïvely reproaches her with a too great niceness in objecting to the use of certain words. As he gives some of the words in question, the curious reader who will take the trouble to refer to his *Historiettes*, may easily judge whether or no the lady's squeamishness were excessive. Few modern readers will doubt that it was, at all events, real. But the Sieur des Réaux adds with delicious simplicity, "This delicacy is carrying matters to excess, *above all when one is en liberté* ;"—meaning, in intimate society, without the constraint of a great assembly. The worthy cavalier can evidently see no reason why people should take the trouble to be decent except on state occasions !

But it would be a mistake to imagine the *habitués* of the "Hôtel Rambouillet"

exclusively occupied in literary discussions, or grammatical arguments, which could not fail to have a certain flavor of pedantry. On the contrary, there reigned among them at times an almost childish gayety and good-humor. Voiture, whom a contemporary styles "a master of ingenious pleasantry," was the prime mover in all plans of merriment and diversion. This poet was a great favorite at the "Hôtel Rambouillet." The Marquise treated him, it was said, like a spoiled child. He appears to have had a turn for practical joking, which would undoubtedly have lost him the good graces of one of Molière's *Précieuses Ridicules*. One of his tricks may be cited ; not as being either witty or ingenious,—it was the mere frolic of a school-boy,—but as serving to illustrate how far the "divine Arthénice" was from assuming goddess-like airs in season and out of season. Having one day met two bear-leaders with their beasts in the Rue Saint-Thomas, Voiture caused them to enter as quietly as possible into an apartment where Madame de Rambouillet sat reading with her back to a tall screen. The animals are made to climb up it. Madame de Rambouillet hears a noise, turns round, and sees two brown bear-muzzles gravely peering over the top of the screen just above her head !

The Marquise condescended to play a jest on him in return. Voiture had composed a sonnet with which he was highly satisfied, and which he gave to Madame de Rambouillet. She had it printed with all precautions of secrecy, and ingeniously sewn into a collection of poems published a long time previous. Voiture finds the book—purposely left open at that place—and sees the sonnet. He reads and re-reads it several times, occasionally repeating his own under his breath so as to make sure that there is absolutely no difference between the two. Finally he is so completely puzzled that he comes to the conclusion that he must have read the sonnet at some former period, and that while he supposed himself to be inventing, he was only remembering. At length, when the company has been sufficiently diverted with his bewilderment, the trick is explained, and the poet reinstated in his paternal claim to his own offspring.

There exists in a voluminous collection

of his correspondence a letter of Voiture, which, as it is very brief, may be reproduced here; especially since it bears on the architectural taste of the Marquise de Rambouillet, already mentioned. From this taste of hers arose a jesting quarrel she had with Voiture, on the score that he recollected nothing of the architecture of the fine buildings he saw. Voiture made a journey to Italy in the year 1638; and before he set out, Madame de Rambouillet made him promise to give her a description of the beautiful Italian edifices which she would so intensely have enjoyed seeing for herself. The following letter, written to her by Voiture, became quite celebrated, under the name of the pleasant epistle *du Valentin*. What the Valentin—or Valentino—was, the letter itself explains:—

"MADAME,—For your sake I have examined the Valentin with more attention than I ever paid to anything else, and since you desire that I should give you the description of it, I will do so with the greatest exactitude of which I am capable. The Valentin, Madame, is a house about a quarter of a league from Turin, situated in a meadow, and on the banks of the Po. On first arriving you perceive,—may I die if I can tell what it is you perceive on first arriving. I believe it is a flight of steps: no, no, it is a portico: I am mistaken, it is a flight of steps. By my faith, I know not whether it be a flight of steps or a portico! It is but an hour ago that I knew the whole thing admirably, and my memory has failed me. On my way back I will inform myself better, and I will not fail to send you a full report.—I am." &c.

Genoa, October 7, 1638.

It is certainly not among people capable of giving and taking such jokes with good humor that we must look for the originals of the *Fâcheux*, the *Précieuses Ridicules*, or the *Femmes Savantes*. There exists, indeed, a testimony to this effect in the poetical epistle of St. Evremond, to Ninon d'Enclos, written in his old age. He is recalling the "good old times" of the regency of Anne of Austria, when abundance reigned, and court and city breathed nothing but mirth and love. "Then," he adds, "women were learned without playing the pedant; Molière would vainly have searched the court for his affected *Ridicules*. And his comedy of the *Fâcheux* could never have been written, from absolute lack of models to furnish the ideas for it."

If the reader has in mind the admirable comedies above alluded to, he will remember that one marked absurdity of the *Précieuses* and the *Femmes Savantes* is a mania for making their servants as affected and pedantic as themselves. Philaminte, in the latter play, discharges Martine for making false concords, and for "insulting her ears by a low common expression decisively condemned by Vaugelas,"—an authority on grammar from whom there was no appeal; and in the former piece, Madeion severely reproves her country waiting-maid for her ignorance in not understanding that "a counsellor of the graces," means a mirror; and moreover desires her not to "soil the glass by the communication of her image." This is admirable pleasantry, and was doubtless scarcely an exaggerated picture of the absurdities of superfine affectation practised by the "wretched apes" who copied, and spoilt in the copying, "excellent things." But how far it was from reproducing the tone of the "Hôtel Rambouillet" in the days when its mistress was still a power in society, it requires but a cursory examination of contemporary memoirs to discern.

The Marquis de Rambouillet had, it would seem, an unusual number of eccentrics among his domestics. One man in particular, a certain Maitre Claude, who had risen through various grades of service to be the "*Argentier*" of the house (*argentier* at that date signified the person employed to arrange the accounts; as we should say, steward), was a man of singular simplicity. The Marquise used to amuse herself with his oddities, and delighted to make him give her an account of any men, thing, or strange place he had seen. One day when he had been to see the treasury of St. Denis, his mistress required him to describe it to her. "Among other things," said he, "I saw our neighbor's arm." After vainly endeavoring to guess what he meant by this, the Marquise demanded an explanation. "Hé, Madame!" said he, "the arm of the saint who lives at the bottom of our street: the arm of St. Thomas." The "Hôtel Rambouillet" was situated in the *Rue Saint Thomas du Louvre*.

Once in speaking of some one he said, "That man is a goldsmith by nation,"

meaning by profession. Imagine the horror of "Madelon" or "Philaminte" at such an error! On another occasion when the whole family was at Rambouillet, the Marquis's country seat, the household being assembled in the chapel, the "*pain bénit*" (bread blessed by the priest) was carried round and presented successively to every person present. But Maître Claude conceived that a due order of precedence had not been observed in its distribution, and that it was not brought to him soon enough. Accordingly when it came to his turn, instead of respectfully receiving the "*pain bénit*," he exclaimed, to the great scandal of all present, "Carry it to the devil! I'll none of it." Madame de Rambouillet, although she could not help being diverted, would not permit such an insolence to pass unnoticed. She sent for Claude, and gravely remonstrated with him on having thus scandalized everybody. She told him that the occasion had been one for the display of Christian humility rather than arrogance. "You said," she added, "'Carry it to the devil!'" Do you not know that all that is blessed and holy is repugnant to the demon? and that in so speaking you uttered a great impiety?" And in short she gave him a long lecture. After listening with profound attention, he said, "It is true that I did wrong. But, Madame, where in the world is one to assert one's rank, if we may not assert it in church?" This same Maître Claude ended his days in the service of the Rambouillets. When he grew too old for active duties, he was made concierge. Once, while he filled this latter post, Madame de Rambouillet sent him word that he was to see all prepared for the arrival of company at the hôtel. He made up his mind to see half the court; and when there arrived merely members of the family, the Duke and Duchess de Montausier (son-in-law and daughter of the Marquise), and Mademoiselle de Rambouillet, Maître Claude exclaimed, "What! *is it only you?* And I had taken so much trouble! Another time I shall not believe so easily!"

Before quitting the subject we must not omit to say that no one was more beloved by her domestics, and even by the domestics of her friends and relations, than Madame de Rambouillet. A

notable example of this is narrated by Tallemant des Réaux. A gentleman named Patru was supping at the "Hôtel de Nemours" with a certain Abbé de Saint Spire. The Abbé was a frequenter of the "Hôtel Rambouillet." The conversation turned mostly on the Marquise. A butler named Audry, who was present, hearing that Monsieur Patru was also a friend of Madame de Rambouillet, threw himself at his feet, saying, "Oh, sir, I adore you! I was twelve years in the household of M. de Montausier, and since you are a friend of the 'Grande Marquise,' I will allow no one to serve you with wine this evening but myself."

The latter years of Catherine de Rambouillet were peaceful and cheerful. She was able to read throughout the entire day up to the end of her life, and it was her favorite occupation. She preserved a pleasing appearance to the last, and retained in a great degree the delicacy of her singularly fair complexion. When the *Précieuses Ridicules* was performed for the first time in 1659, the "Grande Marquise," then an old woman of seventy-one, was present with nearly all her family, and doubtless enjoyed Molière's wit with the best. The satire directed against vulgar pretensions, and false assumptions of learning and fine breeding, had nothing in it which could wound her. The "Grande Marquise"—let us admit in her what blemishes we may—was thoroughly and essentially a lady.

Her daughter, Madame de Montausier, the beautiful Julie d'Angennes, had a little girl who was the great delight of her grandmother's declining years. Of the precocity and *esprit* of this child many stories are told. When she was about four years old a fox was brought into her father's country-house by some one. No sooner does little Marie perceive it than she claps her hands to her necklace. "Why do you do that, Marie?" she is asked. "Oh, I am afraid the fox might steal my necklace. Foxes are so cunning in *Æsop's Fables!*" Once she confided to her grandmother that she intended to write a comedy. "But, grand-mamma," added she, "we must get Corneille just to cast his eyes over it before it is played." Is there not a delicious flavor of the Hôtel Rambouillet about that?

No less characteristic of a different phase of the life that environed the child is the following :—On her fifth birthday she drew her little chair up to the bedside of Madame de Rambouillet, and said gravely, "Come now, grandmamma, *now that I am five years old*, let us talk a little about State affairs!" Can we not see the whole scene? The pretty fragile child, seated "in her little chair," with all the gravity of an elfin queen ;—the blue chamber with its gold and velvet, its airy windows, and great baskets full of fresh flowers, which, says Mademoiselle de Scudéry, gave the apartment an air of perpetual spring ;—the great bed covered with bearskin wrappings ; and the fair, sweet, aged face of Arthénice smiling down upon her little grandchild !

The Grande Marquise survived her husband some years. Little Marie was greatly touched on witnessing her grandmother's affliction at the death of the Marquis. "Don't be sorry, grandmamma," she said. "God has willed it so. Won't you wish what God wishes?" She spontaneously spoke of having some masses said for the repose of her grandfather. "Ah," said her governess, "if your grandpapa, who loved you so much, could but know it!" "Does he not know it?" returns the six-year-old child. "He, who is in the presence of God!"

We cannot better terminate this paper than by a quotation from the funeral oration spoken at the burial of Madame de Montausier, by the famous Fléchier, bishop of Nîmes. This ecclesiastic rivalled Bossuet as an orator, and his oration on the death of the great Turenne is looked upon as a masterpiece of eloquence. Fléchier had in his youth been present at some of the réunions of the "Hôtel Rambouillet." He is speaking many years after the great day of their glory had departed. Madame de Rambouillet is dead, her daughter is dead ; and the words of the preacher serve to prove how dear the memory of the "Grande Marquise" remained to the generation that succeeded her. "Remember those apartments which are still regarded with so much veneration ; where the mind was purified, where virtue was revered under the name of the incomparable Arthénice ; the rendezvous of so many persons of quality and of merit who composed a select court, numerous without confusion, modest without constraint, learned without pride, polished without affectation."

Such is the testimony of one of the most famous and respected ecclesiastics of his day to the merits of a society which some persons have committed the anachronism of mistaking for the object of Molière's inimitable satire.

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St. Paul's.

#### THE OTTOMAN RULE IN EUROPE.

LOOKING back on the political achievements of the year which has just ended, it must be acknowledged that there is but little reason for congratulation on the progress which has been made in the solution of great European questions. The unification of Germany is impeded at every step by Prussian absolutism and French jealousy. Rome seems further than ever from becoming the capital of Italy. And Europe has again been alarmed, just as she was about the same time in 1868, by the reappearance of that bugbear of diplomacy, the irrepressible Eastern question. One would think that by this time those among us who are accustomed to look upon the Treaty of Paris as the sovereign remedy for all

Turkish troubles, must begin to doubt the virtue of their specific. It was perhaps natural, at a moment when Russia was supposed to have been effectually barred from all further advance towards Constantinople, and while the claims of nationalities were still regarded as subordinate to the interests of what was called high State policy, that it should be thought that a European guarantee would be sufficient to protect the Ottoman rule in Europe, and to give the Sultan an opportunity of making those reforms which it was fondly hoped would consolidate the various nationalities of Turkey into a united and homogeneous State. Such a view had much to recommend it, especially to English



statesmen, because of its apparent practicability and common sense; but it failed to take into account that strong national spirit which, among the excitable populations of the South, is always a more powerful incentive to action than considerations of material interest. Already many events have occurred which clearly prove the insufficiency of the arrangement made in 1856. Moldavia and Wallachia, which were to be ruled separately by native hospodars, have been first united, and have, secondly, been placed under a foreign prince; the Serbian fortresses, then occupied by Turkish garrisons, have since been given over to the national troops; Montenegro, claimed by Ali Pasha at the Paris Conference as a Turkish province, has practically asserted her independence, and the Turkish Government itself is now negotiating with her on a question of frontier, just as it would negotiate with a foreign power. In Turkey proper, though the Sultan has done much and begun more in the way of reform, insurrections are rather more frequent, and no less troublesome, than they were before the Crimean war. In face of such facts it is impossible to resist the conclusion that the present state of things in Turkey is only provisional, and that the Ottoman rule in Europe must fall, sooner or later. Except among a few politicians of the Palmerston school, who have become identified with the Eastern policy of that minister, this seems to be now the general impression of those who have paid any attention to Eastern affairs. What is the real nature and locality, however, of the dangers which threaten the Ottoman dominion is a question on which much uncertainty still prevails. It is the purpose of the present article to furnish materials for a consideration of this question. No clear understanding as to the position of the Turkish Government among the subject races of the Levant can be arrived at, unless the strength and tendency of the national influences at work among them are known with some approach to accuracy.

At the time of the Greek war of independence, and for many years afterwards, it was very generally believed in this country that most, if not all, of the Christians in Turkey proper were Greeks. This error has now been effectually dis-

pelled by the singularly lucid and well-informed writings of the late Lord Strangford, and it was probably the interest created by him and other writers on the Slavonians which has caused us almost entirely to lose sight of the real Greeks in the empire. Yet these Greeks are one of the most important of the Turkish populations; they are the descendants of the former rulers of Constantinople, and still exercise a very considerable influence on the administration; and, which is even more interesting from a political point of view, they must, by their position and nationality, form the basis of any attempt of the Greek kingdom to make conquests in the Balkan peninsula.

The Greeks in Turkey differ in many important respects from their countrymen of the Morea. The language spoken at Athens is far from classical, but it is purity itself compared with the hybrid tongue of the Greeks of Constantinople; and the well-known Greek type of face is much more rarely to be met with among the Romæi,—*Ρωμαίοι*—as the Turkish Greeks call themselves, than among the Hellenes of the Greek peninsula and the islands. But the most important point of difference, in a political sense, is that of national character. Living in the midst of the most famous scenes of ancient Greek history, and thrown, both by circumstances and by natural disposition, into a career of political adventure, the Hellene is entirely absorbed by thoughts of glory and conquest, which are the only means of satisfying his patriotic ambition, and at the same time providing for his material wants. In Turkey the Greek has no such aspirations. He has all the suppleness and versatility of his race, but the traditions of his ancestors and his present position have turned his talents and passions into an entirely different channel from that pursued by his Hellenic brother. As in the days of the Lower Empire, the chief object of the life of the Greek inhabitant of modern Byzantium is money-getting, and nearly all the commerce of the country being in his hands, he has ample opportunities of indulging in his favorite pursuit. Nor can he be said to labor under that bitter sense of wrong and oppression which drives other subject races to rise against

their rulers. For centuries the Turk has been not so much his tyrant as his dupe. The laxity of morals which prevailed among the Byzantine Greeks at the time of the Turkish conquest, combined with the natural craftiness of their race, led them to become the panderers and flatterers of their rulers, and they played this part so cleverly and unscrupulously that many of them soon became the possessors of immense fortunes. The spread of civilization among the other races of the empire, and their admission to a share in political power, have since cut off from the Greeks a fruitful source of wealth, by rendering it impossible to levy exorbitant imposts, as they used to do, on the unfortunate Moldavians, Wallachians, and Bulgarians, who were given over to them like so many cattle by their Turkish patrons; but even now they occupy the most important posts in the Government, the army, the navy, and the embassies, and,—as usual with renegades,—are among the most loyal of the Sultan's subjects.

Of the sort of oppression suffered by the Poles under Russia, or by the Venetians under Austria, neither the Greeks nor the other subject races of the Levant have had any experience, even in the earlier periods of the Turkish rule. The Ottoman conquest brought peace and order into an empire which, under its Byzantine sovereigns, had been in a state of hopeless anarchy. It furnished the strong government which could alone at that time give the necessary security for person and property; and though the first Sultans crushed their enemies with a relentless hand, they ruled on the whole equitably, and watched carefully over the interests of their Christian subjects. Later on, when the successors of the Orkans and Murads, brought up among women and eunuchs, delegated their authority to corrupt favorites, there were, no doubt, many cases of individual oppression; but the oppressors were as often Greeks as Turks. The policy of the Turks toward the peoples they subdued was utterly unlike that of other conquerors. It took centuries to admit the people of ancient Italy to the citizenship of Rome; and afterward, when Rome was invaded by the barbarians, the Romans suffered the same disabilities as they had themselves formerly

inflicted. But the Turks sacrificed everything to their religion and the unity of the State; their government made no distinction between the conquerors and the conquered,—whatever his condition, nationality, or color,—the moment they were united by the same faith. Whenever the Sultans made a grant of land, either to reward their old companions or to attract proselytes, both Mussulmans and Christians received it on the same conditions. They had to give a tithe of their produce to the Sultan, whose right of property to all the land in the country was inalienable, and, as citizens, they were bound either to serve personally in the army or pay a fixed tax.

Thus, even before the reforms of Sultan Mahmoud, the principle of the political equality of the Turkish and Christian subjects of the Porte was recognized by the Government. Unlike too many of his predecessors, Mahmoud had noble instincts and a quick intelligence, and the Greek revolution, added to the constant rebellions of the pashas in the provinces, and the sad experiences of his war with Russia, showed him that nothing but a radical change in the organization of the empire could save it from ruin. He scarcely concealed the contempt he felt for the stolid pride and fatalistic sluggishness of his Turkish subjects, and strove hard to strengthen his government by freeing the Christians from the disabilities under which they labored. The effect produced on the Greeks by his reforms is vividly described in an unpublished manuscript now before us, written by a Greek priest who was living in Turkey at the time. "When," says the writer, "after the massacre of the Janissaries at Constantinople, a chase after them was set on foot in our pashalick, our bosoms began to breathe more freely. The dread of the authorities which had until then been known only to us, was now shared by our Mussulman neighbors. The pasha's gendarmes looked into our village, and carried all the Turks who had committed abuses to Broussa, where their hair was cut off, their beards shaved, and they were thrust into the common prison. Among these were *heys*, *agas*, and other persons of rank. And when the Islam Bey of Derbent, who had killed a Greek priest, had his own head cut off, and it was ex-

posed to the public gaze for forty-eight hours in the public street, we began to believe that better times were coming, and that what had been told us was true,—that the Sultan was the friend of the rayahs. Often great magnates were sent to Broussa, even ladies of the harem; a few only reached their destination, the remainder disappeared on the way. Afterward, when I went to Constantinople, I heard firmans read forbidding the oppression of the poor and the levying of arbitrary contributions. It was proclaimed that in their respective churches a Christian was a Christian, a Jew a Jew, and a Mussulman a Mussulman;—but that before the Sultan they were all equal. This was not precisely the case in practice; but it was a comfort to feel that at least these things were spoken,—things that had not even been dreamt of before. We presented a petition begging that an aga might be sent to keep order in our village. This was done, and though the aga and his assistants cost us a good deal,—killing our sheep and fowls and taking baksheesh without end,—yet they prevented the depredations of others. We took to work on our own account. Formerly there was no possibility of earning anything; now, what is yours is yours, and everybody gets his share,—the priest, the bishop, the patriarch, and the Sultan.”

The practical working of the reforms thus inaugurated may be very clearly seen in any of the numerous Greek villages on the coasts of the Ægean and the Sea of Marmora. These villages, with parts of Thessaly and Epirus, contain nearly the whole of the Greek population of Turkey, which does not exceed a million. Originally built by pirates, who formed the principal element of the Greek colonization on these coasts, they are usually situated in out-of-the-way spots not easily accessible by land. This, however, did not protect them against the incursions of the Turks, who gradually appropriated to themselves the best sites for houses and the most fertile of the adjoining fields, leaving only some small patches of land for the cultivation of the rayahs. In most of the villages traces of this state of things are still visible. The old houses are hidden in narrow streets, painted black so as not to attract notice, and provided with secret passages by

which their inhabitants could communicate with each other without going into the open air. The houses which have been built within the last thirty years present a striking contrast to these relics of the old régime. They are like wooden cages, the interstices being filled up with unprepared brick plastered over with lime. They have windows innumerable, and are often richly adorned with carvings made by Bulgarian artisans. But the greatest change was that effected in the life of the people. The right of possessing property once opened to them, the Greek villagers threw themselves with characteristic eagerness into the pursuit of wealth, and their shrewdness, perseverance, and adventurous spirit insured them success. They formed themselves into companies, subscribed funds to buy ships, conveyed the produce of their villages to the great towns, and carried goods to the ports of the two adjoining seas. In their villages they cultivated gardens, raised silkworms, and planted vineyards and mulberry and olive trees, with which the hills, that twenty years ago were quite bare, are now covered to their summits. The Turkish families, on the other hand, finding their trade taken out of their hands by their more active and enterprising Greek neighbors, gradually disappeared from the villages where they were once dominant, and the few that remain are of the poorest and most ignorant class.

In this way the Greeks have obtained a considerable degree of real power in the country, while still ostensibly acknowledging the supremacy of the Turks; and the latter are often made the victims of the chicanery or superior wealth of the professedly subject race. A striking instance of this occurred in a Greek village a year or two ago. A piece of land in the vicinity of the village, belonging to some Turks, was used by them as a pasture ground for their cattle. All the rest of the land in the district was in the hands of Greeks, and they endeavored to persuade the Turks to sell them this property also, but in vain. The Greeks then began a system of petty persecution in order to gain their object; cutting the grass, turning up the ground with the plough, and beating the shepherds. This expedient would probably

have been effectual; but a Turkish functionary happening to be in the village at the time, he persuaded his countrymen to draw up a complaint to the Government. The Greeks, alarmed at this unusual display of energy, then consented to submit the matter to arbitration, and the petition was withdrawn. Once the danger was over, however, they brought the matter before the local tribunal, where, with the help of a little special pleading, and some liberal presents to the magistrate, they soon got it settled their own way. It was decided that as the land would be more profitable both to the village and the Sultan if it were cultivated, it should no longer be used for pasturage; so that the Turks now had to sell their lands at a much lower price than had been offered them before the trial.\*

The Greeks in Epirus and Thessaly, though not so prosperous as those of Roumelia, are politically on the same footing. In Epirus most of them are to be found in a cluster of about fifty villages lying under a spur of Mount Pindus, in a district called Zagori. Each of these villages elects a magistrate, and the magistrates in their turn elect a president, through whom they communicate with the pasha at Janina, the capital. In this town the Greeks, who form the wealthiest and most intelligent part of the population, have the same sort of self-government as in the villages. The chief authority is in the hands of the Turks, who lodge in the citadel together with the Jews—the latter being, all over Turkey, warm partisans of the Ottoman dominion; but the strongest and most numerous race in the province is the Albanian, which is often very incorrectly confounded with the Greek. The Albanians furnish the Turkish army with its best soldiers, and have repeatedly been employed in Crete and other Greek districts to put down insurrections. Unlike the Greeks, they have very little religious feeling, and there are at least as many Mussulmans among them as Christians. An Albanian often

becomes a Mussulman in order to get some lucrative post under Government, his wife at the same time remaining a Christian; and it not unfrequently happens that during Lent a sort of cake is made, one half of which is flour and water for the Christian wife, and the other half a savory mess of mutton, butter, and vegetables, for the Mussulman husband. The Albanian language, too, which is said to be derived from the ancient Illyrian, is utterly unintelligible to a Greek. There is little doubt that if the Albanians had joined the Greeks during the revolution, both Epirus and Thessaly would have been lost to the Sultan. But Ali Pasha's rebellion was essentially an Albanian one, and was entirely distinct from the Hellenic movement in the Morea. According to M. Poujade, an Albanian chief actually entered Acarnania with the object of joining the insurgents; but hearing the people exclaim, "Long live our race!" he turned back again, well knowing that the race to which he belonged had nothing in common with the Greek.

On the whole, it may fairly be said of the Greeks in the Turkish empire that they enjoy a considerable degree of both political and religious liberty, that they are very prosperous, and that they have great and unusual opportunities of amassing wealth and rising to the highest positions in the State. It is quite certain that if the Ottoman dominion were overthrown the material condition of the Greeks would be far less flourishing than it is now. They form about one-eleventh of the total population of European Turkey, and have therefore, under the present régime, a much greater share of the good things at the disposal of the Government than they are entitled by their numbers to receive. A break-up of the existing organization of the empire would raise a host of rivals—Bulgarians, Servians, Roumans, and Hellenes from the kingdom—who would soon drive them from the advantageous position they now occupy. Whether their patriotism is sufficiently strong to overcome these considerations remains to be seen. Judging by past experience, we should say it was not. Even during the Greek revolution, when they had not a tithe of the privileges they have now, they did not move a step to assist

\* Most of the above facts are taken from some unpublished notes written, during a long residence in the country, by the late General Jordan, a distinguished soldier and diplomatist, who possessed an intimate knowledge of Eastern affairs such as few, if any, Europeans have ever attained.

their brothers of the Hellenic peninsula, and all subsequent rebellions against the Government have found them quite passive. Nor is there any reason to believe that they will ever be more friendly to the "great idea" than they are now. The spread of civilization does not tend to intensify the spirit of patriotism—still less to create it; and it may be expected that, as their material wants increase, they will only become more attached to the existing state of things. Their natural dislike to the Turks and sympathy with the Hellenes would no doubt prevent most of them from actively assisting their Government in the event of a war with Greece; but such negative support would be of little use to the aspiring politicians of Athens, who can only hope to achieve the arduous task of establishing their dominion on the Bosphorus by a determined and unanimous effort of the whole Greek race.

The Philhellenist revival which was produced in this country by the Cretan insurrection, and of which Mr. Hilary Skinner is the ablest exponent, has given a certain encouragement to these aspirations. There is no subject of European politics on which it is so unsafe to theorize as the Eastern question; and our new school of Philhellenes has hit on a solution of it which would be exceedingly simple and ingenious, if it were practical, or even possible. The plan is, in Mr. Skinner's phrase, to reduce "the acreage of profitless land" now in the possession of the Sultan, by giving to Greece those districts of his empire which are inhabited by Greeks, and to Servia those districts which are inhabited by Servians. If this were done, we are told, the Sultan would not waste his troops and treasure in keeping down rebellious subjects, and Greece and Servia, having all they want, would join him in resisting the insidious attacks of Russia, their common enemy.

It is easy to understand that such a theory may appear very plausible to those whose knowledge of Eastern affairs is chiefly derived from Cretan volunteers, but that any independent study of the facts must at once show its utter impracticability. We will first take the first part of the programme, that, namely, which relates to Greece. We are told that the Greek provinces of Turkey

ought to be given up by the Sultan because the inhabitants of these provinces are opposed to his rule. Now, to say nothing of the inapplicability of the word "profitless" to countries which supply the Turkish Government with a good half of its revenues and its best soldiers, it has been shown above that, as regards the Greeks of the Balkan peninsula, there is no such opposition, nor any reason for it; that, as a matter of fact, these Greeks have held aloof from all Greek insurrections; and that in Epirus, which is claimed by Mr. Skinner as one of the Greek provinces, the majority of the population is not even of the Greek nationality. In Crete it is different; but the Cretan question cannot be treated apart from the general question of the Turkish rule in Europe: for any intervention of the powers which should induce or compel Turkey to give up Crete would be a direct incentive to insurrection for the other discontented nationalities. But, even assuming that it would be to the advantage of the Sultan and of Europe if Greece were allowed to extend her northern frontier to Adrianople, no one who understands the real objects of Greek policy can believe that this would satisfy her. The crafty politicians of Athens may attempt to catch the sympathy of English travellers by a show of moderation, but their newspapers and the speeches of their leading politicians in the Athenian Chamber leave no doubt that the possession of Constantinople,—or, as they phrase it, the recovery of the "Hellenic" city of Byzantium,—is the real object of the national aspirations. Yet we do not think that the most enthusiastic of our Philhellenes would follow them so far, although the acquisition of Epirus and Thessaly would only stimulate their appetite for the greater prize.

The second part of the plan,—the enlargement of Servia,—has a provoking vagueness about it which betrays the thoroughly Hellenic idea, that the part to be played by the Slavonians in the Turkey of the future must be comparatively insignificant. Mr. R. Arnold, another Philhellene, seems to share this notion when he says\* that if Greece

\* "From the Levant." By R. Arthur Arnold. 1868.

would improve her finances and communications, she would find "the Christians anxious to replace the waning crescent by the white cross of the Hellenes," though, in another part of his book, he admits that the Bulgarians, who inhabit "one of the finest provinces of Turkey, hate the Greeks with a traditional hatred." The same writer, who, like most politicians of his school, shows an ignorance of the condition of the Slavonic populations which is astonishing, says that the Bulgarians are "a very warlike people,"—from which, and the preceding statement, it is to be inferred that, so far from their feeling "anxious" to join a regenerated Greece, they would rather present a formidable resistance to any such union.

It is needless, however, to examine this incoherent medley of facts and fancies any further. The plain truth is, that whatever may be the case at some future period, the cession of the "north-western provinces" of Turkey to Servia would, under present circumstances, be as fruitful a source of disorder in the East as would that of Epirus and Thessaly to Greece. Let us see what these north-western provinces are. On the Servian frontier are Bosnia, Herzegovina, and the districts of Pritichtina, Prisrend, and Novi-Bazar, containing some of the principal places famous in Servian history. These provinces are inhabited by about 1,200,000 Servians, a third of whom are Mussulmans; they are a turbulent, warlike, insubordinate race, constantly quarrelling among themselves and rising against the Government. Doubtless they would prefer the rule of their own countrymen of Belgrade to that of the Turks; but they would be a dangerous gift to the young Servian principality, which will require many years of good government to put its present small territory in order, and must civilize itself before it can attempt to civilize others.

Supposing, however, that the grant of the above provinces to Servia, and of Epirus and Thessaly to Greece, would have all the effect Mr. Skinner anticipates, how far would this go towards settling the Eastern question? The problem to be solved is who shall be the future masters of European Turkey; but Mr. Skinner leaves the greater part

of European Turkey,—the Bulgarian and Albanian provinces,—out of consideration altogether. The Bulgarian nation alone, which may be said to have been discovered by Lord Strangford in 1863,\* forms full one-half of the whole population of the country, and occupies its largest and most fertile districts between the Danube and the Ægean Sea. Lord Strangford, with the enthusiasm natural to a discoverer, ascribed to this people qualities and an importance which they do not really possess; but there is no doubt that their numbers alone, and the extent of the territory they occupy, entitle them to be carefully studied by any one who desires to obtain even a superficial acquaintance with Eastern affairs. Far from being a "very warlike people," as Mr. Arnold describes them, they are pacific to an extraordinary degree, somewhat slow of intelligence, very superstitious, and fond of a quiet pastoral life. Though their language, and many of their physical and moral characteristics, are Slavonic, they are descended from a Turanian,—Ugrian,—race, and in many respects there is a striking resemblance between them and the peasants of North-Eastern Russia, who, originally, Turanians, have become Slavonianized under the same conditions as themselves. Like the "Great Russians," the Bulgarians are distinguished by their craftiness, their patience, their good-nature, and their blind obedience to authority. They have little capacity for political work, and there are among them no foreign elements such as those to which Russia owes its present greatness. Their most important national movement, that of 1841, was a war of religion against the Mussulmans, and its leading spirit was the able and enthusiastic Servian princess, Lioubitza, mother of the unfortunate Prince Michael, who, aided by a devoted band of Servians and the secret support of Russia, hoped to free Bulgaria and Servia together at one blow from the Turkish rule, and unite them in a single independent kingdom. Her plans failed at least as much from the political apathy of the Bulgarians as through the moderation of her son and

\* See his brilliant essay, entitled "Chaos," in "The Eastern Shores of the Adriatic."

and the diplomatic ability of the Turkish Ministry.

Since then there have been several small risings in Bulgaria, all of which have notoriously been produced by Russian Pan Slavist committees in Roumania and Servia. The last of these occurred in July, 1868. The total number of the insurgents, so far as could be ascertained, was about two thousand, and all the prisoners taken by the Turks were Bulgarian refugees from Bucharest and Belgrade. Numerous copies of an address to the Bulgarian people, urging them to free themselves from the Turkish rule, were circulated in the country, but it does not seem to have produced any impression, as there was no local rising in any part of Bulgaria. One of the insurgent leaders, Stefan, who fell into the hands of the Turks, confessed that his band had been provided with arms in Servia, and that a Servian committee at Belgrade had promised to assist them, "if they would consent to the incorporation of Bulgaria into the Servian State." Here, it will be seen, was another attempt to realize the plan of the Princess Lioubitza, which is now the favorite dream of the Servian Radicals. The Bulgarian chiefs, however, declined to accept their terms, and went to seek further assistance from the Pan Slavist committee at Bucharest.

The only effect of these frequent insurrections has been to stimulate the Turkish Government to improve the condition of its Bulgarian subjects. Under the direction of Mithad Pasha,—one of its ablest and most energetic officials,—new roads have been made, free schools established, English steam-mills and other agricultural improvements introduced, and the finances so economically managed that the revenue of the province is now four times as much as it was formerly. Another reform, which will doubtless be even more appreciated by the Bulgarians, is the liberation of their Church from the control of the Greek patriarch at Constantinople. Like all the Slavonians in Turkey, the Bulgarians detest the Greeks far more than they do the Turks. The latter they merely look upon as strangers, with whom they can have no sympathy; but the Greeks have from time immemorial been their persecutors and tyrants, op-

pressing them under the Byzantine empire, and plundering them under the rule of the Sultans. In Bulgaria the civil administration has for some time been purged of these parasites, but the whole of the ecclesiastical administration is still in Greek hands. It is notorious that the Church funds are scandalously misapplied under the present system, and the movement in favor of a Bulgarian Church, ruled exclusively by Bulgarian ecclesiastics, is, perhaps, the most earnest and unanimous collective effort ever made by the Bulgarians. The question is beset with difficulties, but the Turkish Government seems to have resolutely undertaken its solution, and there is little doubt that the proposed reform will soon be carried out. When that is done, the Sultan need have no fear, for the present at least, of his Bulgarian subjects. There are, it is true, a few enthusiastic theorists among them, who dream of a "Bulgarian kingdom," men who may be ranked in the same category with the followers of Prince Pitzipios,\* who seriously advocate, on behalf of the Greeks of Turkey, the absurd plan of a "Byzantine union," i.e., a restoration of the Lower Empire, with a Greek Ministry, under the present Ottoman dynasty. Such wild and utterly impracticable aspirations can have no influence with large masses of men, and will certainly never furnish a ground for insurrection to either Bulgarians or Greeks.

When people talk about a disruption of Turkey by means of an insurrection of its Christian subjects, they entirely mistake the nature of the danger which threatens the Ottoman rule. In the great plain, interrupted only by the chain of the Balkans, which stretches southward from the Danube to the Aegean Sea, the Christian inhabitants,—Bulgarians, Armenians, and Romaic Greeks,—have no special desire to change their rulers, though they have no attachment for them, and would probably prefer a Christian to a Mussulman Government. Distinct opposition to the Turkish rule, as such, only begins in the mountain regions of Albania. Compared

\* The death of this eccentric adventurer at Constantinople was announced in the German papers a few months ago.

with the rest of the population of European Turkey, the Albanians are insignificant in numbers, there being not much more than 1,300,000 of them; but they have given more trouble to the Turkish Government than all its other subjects put together. Hardy, martial, patriotic, and remarkable for a clear and vigorous intelligence, this splendid, though still half-barbarous race, promises to play an important part in the future history of the Levant. The Albanians have never thoroughly been subdued by the Turks; they still retain many of their national institutions, and are, to a certain degree, independent of the central Government, administering their own local affairs, and fiercely resisting any attempt of the Turkish authorities to interfere with them. At the same time, finding no scope for their ambition and martial spirit in their native mountains, they have furnished the Porte with many of its best soldiers and statesmen; and they will, doubtless, continue to do so until some more congenial field for their energies should offer itself.

Equally jealous of their independence, but more favored by geographical position than the Albanians, are the inhabitants of the principality of Montenegro. This little state has a population of not quite 200,000; yet it has kept at bay the whole power of the Sultans for nearly four centuries. This is due partly to the martial disposition of the Montenegrins, but chiefly to the extraordinary configuration of their country. It may be roughly described as a huge mountain block, half as large as Middlesex, composed mainly of inaccessible rocks and dangerous marshes. The largest plain in Montenegro,—the valley in which is placed Cetinje, the capital,—is about two miles long, and three hundred yards broad. So strong a natural bulwark, if in the hands of the Turks, would make their strategical position on the side of Austria almost unassailable, and enable them to overawe the rebellious populations of Bosnia and Albania north and south of it. Being occupied by a people bitterly hostile to the Ottoman rule, and of the same race as the Servian subjects of Turkey in their immediate vicinity, Montenegro constitutes one of the most formidable of the Sul-

tan's difficulties.\* The chronic state of insurrection, of which this little State is the nucleus, is well illustrated by the present outbreak in Dalmatia. Whether this outbreak was the result of Montenegrin, or which is the same thing—of Russian intrigues, there is no evidence to show; but it is certain that it would have been speedily crushed if the insurgents had not been allowed to pass freely into Montenegrin territory, where they take refuge when pursued by the Austrian troops, returning to provoke a new rising as soon as their enemies have departed. It is by precisely the same tactics that the malcontents of Bosnia and Albania are enabled to defy with impunity the authority of the Sultan. Indeed, nearly the whole of the population of Montenegro is composed either of refugees, or of the descendants of refugees, from Bosnia.

It is not through Bosnian or Albanian risings, however, that Montenegro can do any serious injury to the Porte. What renders her so dangerous is, in the first place, that she acts as the tool of Turkey's greatest enemy—Russia. Since 1766 this power has paid the prince of Montenegro—nominally as compensation for the losses which his subjects sustained in assisting the Russians to drive the French out of Dalmatia—a subsidy of 8,000 ducats, —£4,000,—a year. In 1857, Prince Danilo, when in Paris, persuaded the French Government to add to the above subsidy a further sum of £2,000 a year; but French influence at Cetinje can only hope to be effectual when it does not interfere with Russian designs; and the sort of protectorate which the latter power exercises over Montenegro has now become so generally recognized, that the Government

\* It is commonly, but erroneously, supposed that Montenegro is a dependency of the Porte, like Servia, Roumania, and Egypt. Though the Sultans have always refused to acknowledge her independence, her princes have never paid any tribute, or admitted a Turkish soldier or official into their territory. In the treaty of Sistova (1791), the Montenegrins are, it is true, styled "Ottoman subjects;" but there is no express treaty stipulation on this point, and in the subsequent treaty of Grahovo (1838), Montenegro is described as an "independent power." In 1856-8, the question of suzerainty was raised by the Porte at the international conferences which took place at Constantinople, but it has remained unsettled to this day.



of St. Petersburg only the other day found it necessary to volunteer an assurance to Austria of its having secured Montenegrin neutrality in the Dalmatian insurrection. Another, perhaps even a more important element of danger, is that the Montenegrins are the only people of the Servian race who form an independent State. In Bosnia and Herzegovina the Servians are subjects of the Porte; in the principality of Servia, too, they are still, to a certain extent, dependent upon it; it is only in Montenegro that the aspirations of the Servian nation can be freely and openly declared and fostered. And it is not only because Montenegro is independent that she so warmly supports the national designs. Her people, living on a barren soil, and continually recruited by refugees from the neighboring Turkish districts, find their present territory insufficient to provide them with the means of existence, and they look with a longing eye on the rich plains which lie at their feet. Most of the wars between Turkey and Montenegro have been caused by the Montenegrins having been driven by sheer starvation to rush out of their mountain fastnesses for purposes of plunder. During the last ten years, the Ottoman Government, in order to prevent these raids, has ceded to Montenegro some fertile districts on its frontier, and has permitted merchandise to be imported into the country free of duty through the port of Antivari, on the Adriatic. But these concessions have not sufficed to remedy the evil, and the Montenegrins, who live at a stone's throw from the sea on one side and from their Servian countrymen on the other, eagerly seize upon every opportunity of extending their territory. Thus, besides gratifying their national pride, the establishment of an independent Servian empire would also bring them more material advantages. When the Montenegrin Prince Danilo wrote his celebrated letter to the Servian hospodar, Alexander Karageorgievitch, urging him to make Servia independent, and declare himself king, the patriotism was perhaps not quite disinterested which prompted him to add that, in that case, "he would be proud to mount guard in his Majesty's palace."

Though the Turks call them barbarians and "mountain robbers," the Montene-

grins are really more civilized than most of the populations under the Ottoman rule. They have a civil and criminal code, public schools, and a printing-press, whose establishment dates from the year 1495, when most of the religious books used on the coast of the Adriatic were published in Montenegro. All the germs of civilization are there, but they cannot, of course, be satisfactorily developed, so long as the people remain in their present state of constant warfare. Every able-bodied man between the ages of seventeen and fifty is not only liable to military service, but actually enrolled in the Montenegrin army, and compelled, under pain of death, to present himself fully armed for battle at the first summons of his chief. The standing army consists of 18,000 men, armed with breech-loaders, and drilled by Russian officers, who have also presented the prince with some rifled cannon sent by their Government.

An alliance between Montenegro and Servia, for the purpose of detaching from Turkey the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and forming an independent Servian State, would be a formidable combination which the Porte would find it difficult to resist, even supposing that none of the other Christian nationalities would seize the opportunity of striking a blow against the common enemy on their own account. Much would, of course, depend on the attitude of the great powers on such an occasion; but their policy would probably be shaped by the circumstances under which the alliance would take place. At present there is not much prospect of our hearing of any genuine movement of this kind,—by which we mean not a movement got up by foreign intriguers or the hot-headed students of the "Omladina" Society at Belgrade, who talk of declaring war against both Austria and Turkey in order to gather all the people of the Servian race into the same fold,—but a real national movement, like that of 1815, when all classes rose against the Turkish rule. Montenegro is still in a great measure at the beck and call of Russia, and its half barbarous warriors would be ready to embark in any enterprise for extending their territory and adding to their military glory. The same, or nearly the same, might have been said of Servia.

fifteen years ago, when she was ruled by a prince who could not read, and her people were plunged in ignorance and superstition. But since then she has made great progress. Many of the reforms of the late Prince Michael were no doubt too servile imitations of the institutions of France, where he was educated; but it is unquestionable that he has laid the foundations of a great civilized and constitutional State, and we see the results of his wise policy in the energy with which the Servians are betaking themselves to the development of their material resources, and in their increasing distaste for political adventures. Another consequence of the spread of enlightenment and liberal institutions in Serbia has been a growing tendency to shake off the influence of foreign powers. Up to the date of the Crimean war, Serbia was constantly engaged in conflicts with the Porte, and the assistance given to her by Russia, who then, as now, took every opportunity of diminishing the power of the Sultans, naturally inclined her to look with respect and gratitude on the Czar, and to form an exaggerated estimate of his position among the other European powers. "We esteemed," says a Servian writer, "the military glory of France, we knew that England ruled the seas, we distrusted the Austrians, we hated the Turks, but we were filled with awe at the might of Russia." Since the capture of Sebastopol and the treaty of 1856, by which Serbia was placed under the protection of the Western powers, these opinions have undergone a great change. The Servians now have a greater idea of the power of France than of that of Russia, to whom they have transferred the distrust they formerly felt towards Austria; and the latter power—thanks to the skilful policy of Count Beust in the matter of the removal of the Turkish garrisons—is now even regarded with favor. As for England, it is to be feared that the philo-Turkish traditions which still haunt our Foreign Office prevent our relations with this promising State from being so cordial as might be desired.

Perhaps the least dangerous of the Sultan's enemies is Roumania. The Roumans are very fond of vamping about a "Daco-Rouman Empire," and asserting their claims to Bulgaria and the

Austrian Banat; but their power is ridiculously incommensurate with their pretensions. Vain, corrupt, effeminate, and flighty, they have none of the material out of which strong nations are made. They are torn up into factions, their society is the most dissolute in Europe, and their army is utterly incapable of bearing the fatigues of a campaign. Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, their new hospodar, has many estimable qualities, but his efforts to check the corruption of the officials and render the people more fit for parliamentary government have hitherto only served to make him unpopular. It is very characteristic of the frothy vanity of the Roumans that his marriage with a German lady of high birth,—the Princess of Wied,—instead of, as was hoped, with a Russian grand-duchess,—has so greatly increased his unpopularity that people at Bucharest already talk of a revolution. Such an event would be a serious misfortune for the Rouman nation. Prince Charles is not a man of brilliant abilities; but his German calmness of temperament and love of order have been of great service in checking the busy, intriguing restlessness of his subjects. A native hospodar, like Couza, would only bring back the anarchy which, up to the accession of the present prince, has been for years the chronic state of the country; and a foreigner would hardly venture to renew the hazardous experiment of bidding for the Rouman throne.

Looking at the various Christian nationalities which are thrown together in the Levant, we find, among a mass of conflicting interests and floating, indeterminate aspirations, only one race—the Servian—which has a clear aim and vital national forces for carrying it out. What will be the political programme of the Bulgarians and the Albanians when civilization makes them ripe for political action it is at present impossible to say; certainly neither Greece, with her bankrupt treasury and her army of place-hunters, nor Roumania, with her feeble army and administration, could tempt them to share her fortunes. The present state of Turkey is, as was well said by Lord Strangford, a chaos; and it is idle to speculate as to what will come out of it. A more pertinent question at this moment is whether, supposing that

any of the complications which are now constantly cropping up in the Levant should lead to a war, there is a prospect of a revolution breaking out in Turkey itself. If we are to believe some of our newspapers, the Turkish empire is a house of cards which a breath will knock to pieces. We have more faith in the power of the Sultan, and it will be seen from the preceding pages that anything like a real national revolution is not at all probable. Where, in the first place, is the revolution to break out? The Greeks in Turkey are satisfied. The Bulgarians have nothing to make them fight. The utmost that is to be feared is a few of the usual risings in Bosnia, Albania, and Thessaly, which the Turkish troops could easily put down, as they have done so many times before. Of course, Greece, and perhaps Servia, would show a disposition to attack the Sultan in his hour of difficulty; but it is the business of the guaranteeing powers to prevent that. For, so long as Turkey remains a "chaos," it would be mere folly to leave

the Sultan and his enemies "to fight it out between them," as has been so often proposed by our modern Philhellenists. The present state of things in Turkey is not satisfactory, but it is far preferable to the anarchy and civil war which would be the certain consequence if the European protection given to the Porte by the Treaty of Paris were now withdrawn. When the Christian nationalities of the Levant become able to shift for themselves, when they are agreed as to how they shall be ruled, and strong enough to prevent any aspiring State from closing to the rest of Europe Constantinople and the mouths of the Danube; then, but not till then, will it become both the duty and the interest of the powers to abandon the Ottoman dominion. That such a time will come, and at no very distant period, there is every reason to believe; but in the mean while the interests involved in the preservation of order in the Levant are far too great to be lightly hazarded for the satisfaction of a theory.

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Fraser's Magazine.

#### LUNAR WARMTH AND STELLAR HEAT.

WE have been educated to regard the sun as the one and only source of the earth's heat, and by a gratuitous inference we have come to look upon the rest of the celestial bodies as sources of cold. Although we do not, like the Indians, give to the moon a name that signifies "cold-darter," yet when we see her shining with silvery whiteness we look for atmospheric conditions the reverse of sultry. Similarly of the stars, when they glitter with abnormal brilliancy, we expect extra chilliness and go forth into the night with more than ordinary precautions against cold-catching. We do undoubtedly get eager airs with clear skies; not because the moon and stars shed cold upon us, but because the earth, when there is no cloud-coat to cover it, radiates its warmth freely into surrounding space.

It is tolerably obvious that both moon and stars must impart to the ether, or whatever we may call the interplanetary medium, a certain amount of heat. Not much, but something; and of the

some the earth must receive its tittle. We get their light, and with all known sources of light there is some heat, no cold illuminator having yet been found. When the light from a star is analysed; when, by means of a prism, the beam is, as it were, unravelled, and its separate fibres are arranged in a definite order, as they are in a spectrum, we find that the assorted rays have different properties: some, which are blue to the eye, possess the power of exciting actions in chemical compounds; others, which are yellow, as far as we know only affect us with the impression of light, and have no other property: but others again, which are red, give us the sensation of heat and cause a thermometer to rise under their influence. So the red components of a star's light have come to be regarded as the "heat-rays," and no star has been met with that does not exhibit some proportion of these in its prismatic spectrum. Some, it is true, have them in very small quantity, but these are only the fainter twinklers

that loom far, very far away, and whose comparatively sluggish heat undulations have been absorbed on their long journey to our system, or else those nearer lights whose small magnitude makes them appear remote. The moon, too, reflecting the illumination that it receives from the sun, gives us the proportionate amount of solar warmth, for in the moon-light spectrum there is the persistent red element that indicates caloric.

Now the moon's heat and the stars' heat are not superfluities. They each play a part in the economy of the universe; we on the earth are benefited by each to its degree. It would be hard to say which affects us the most: on first thought one would say the moon, because of her proximity. But she is only a reflector, and not a furnace, like sun or star: although she doubtless gets intensely hot by insolation—having no atmosphere to screen her—yet the heat that she sends to us may be small in amount and of a kind not to be felt at the earth's surface. There is heat and heat. The calorific rays from an original source like sun, star, or furnace, penetrate transparent media, such as glass or the atmosphere; but the heat radiating from a body warmed by those rays will not pass through such media. Upon this principle are formed the reservoirs for storing solar heat, of which we have been hearing lately; and it was in virtue of these diverse properties that a solar oven was constructed, whereby a steak was cooked one sultry day in July, 1868. The hot chamber was formed of a cigar-box blackened inside and covered by a glass lid; the meat was placed within, and the sun was allowed to shine perpendicularly upon the glass; the direct rays passed through, and intensely heated the internal air, but the heat absorbed by this and radiated from the blackened sides of the box was stopped, and, there being no escape for it, it accumulated to such a degree that in something less than half an hour the steak was done. Potatoes, by the way, were included in the baking.

Star-heat pervades space and doubtless perceptibly warms it. Fourier, in his analytical theory of heat, urges that if it were not for this astral heat, the temperature of space would be lower than

it is, and that, as a consequence, our terrestrial extremes of warmth and cold would be wider, and our polar colds much more intense than we find them. Humboldt anticipates objections to the use of the term *beneficial* applied to the frigidity of the interplanetary regions by invoking the imagination of the climatic conditions of our habitable regions if the degree of this frigidity were vastly lower than it is now assumed to be. He points out that the loss of heat which the earth and its atmosphere experience, arises from the difference of temperature between the vault of heaven and the higher atmospheric strata; and, says he, how enormous would be this loss of heat, if the regions of space, instead of the temperature they now possess, and which we designate as  $-76^{\circ}$  of a mercury thermometer, had a temperature of about  $-1400^{\circ}$  or even many thousand times lower! Poisson, another heat-philosopher, was compelled in the course of his investigations to consider the calorific power of stars' light as an important meteorological element; he went so far as to suggest that the changes from time to time witnessed or evidenced in the climatic condition of our globe have been due to its passage through regions of space variously, sometimes more, sometimes less, warmed by it. This conjecture, however, was thrown out before the recent investigations upon the geological effects of certain inequalities of vast period in the orbital motion of the earth and the changes of temperature due to the consequent increments and decrements of solar heat.

We are led to speak of these curious points from noting the impulse that has lately been given to the subject of lunar and stellar thermometry; several observers of note having independently and almost simultaneously attacked it. The Earl of Rosse, taking advantage of the light and heat-grasping power of the stupendous telescope constructed by his illustrious father, has been condensing moon-heat with a view to its measurement, while Mr. Huggins, famed in spectroscopy, and Mr. Stone, a Greenwich astronomer, have been respectively using the telescopic powers at their disposal in attempts to compare the relative calorific effects of the brighter stars. This last is a research entirely novel; the form-

er—the thermometry of the moon—is not unique, a few detached experiments thereon having been made at various times during the past two centuries. The earlier of these were resultless: they could not have been otherwise, from the instruments that were employed. We know this now, but probably the old observers had exaggerated notions of the moon's warmth, and thought they could measure it by an ordinary thermometer. This was the tool employed by one Tschirnausen, who condensed the moonlight by means of burning-glasses in hope of getting measurable warmth, somewhere about the year 1699. Of course he got nothing. The famous La Hire followed suit some half a dozen years after, using a three-foot burning mirror and the most delicate thermometer then known; he too could obtain no indication, though his mirror condensed the light, and any heat with it, some 300 times; that is to say, the quantity of light falling upon the reflector was concentrated upon a spot one three-hundredth of its area. After these failures, a century elapsed, and then Howard, and subsequently Prevost, attempted to gain direct evidence of lunar caloric, but since they had only expansion thermometers at their command, their results were valueless; for one, from some accidental circumstance, brought out a temperature obviously too high, while the other found negative heat!

But with Seebeck's discovery of the excitation of electricity by the action of heat upon certain electrical conductors came a method of detecting changes of temperature infinitesimally small. When plates of two metals, say bismuth and antimony, are soldered together and the point of junction is heated, an electric current is established from one metal to the other; this may be carried off by wires and caused to deflect a galvanometer, the needle of which becomes an index whereby the greater or less intensity of the current can be measured; and since the current varies with the warmth that generates it, the measure of the one becomes a measure of the other, and the metal plates and needle together form a thermometer very different from the instrument to which we generally apply that name. Now, by multiplying the metal plates and increasing the delicacy

of the galvanometer, any degree of sensitiveness can be secured; indeed the instrument may be rendered so acute as to be unmanageable, the warmth of a man's body several yards off sufficing to set the needle a-quivering. Melloni was the first to apply it, and in some of his early experiments he succeeded in measuring the vital heat of different insects and in detecting the warmth accompanying the luminous glow of phosphorus. It was while performing this last test of the powers of his new calorimeter that he bethought himself of trying it upon the moon. So he concentrated the lunar rays, by means of a metallic mirror, upon the face of his thermopile, in the hope of seeing the needle swing in the direction indicating heat; but it turned the opposite way, proving that the anterior and exposed surface of the pile was colder than its posterior face. Here was an anomaly. Did the moon, then, shed cold? No, the reverse action was due to the frigorific effect of a clear sky: the pile cooled more rapidly on one side than on the other, and a current was generated by this disturbance of the thermal equilibrium—a current, however, of opposite character to that which would have been produced if the moon had rendered the exposed face of the pile warmer than that which was turned away from the sky. Melloni's experiments were made about the year 1831.

Two or three years after this, the late Professor Forbes set about some investigations upon the polarization of heat, which involved the use of a very sensitive thermopile, and he was tempted to repeat Melloni's moon-test, with the substitution of a lens for a mirror as a condenser. The diameter of this lens was 30 inches and its focus about 40 inches; of course it was of the polygonal construction familiar to light-house keepers and their visitors, the grinding of a thirty-inch lens of continuous surface not having been contemplated in those days. Allowing for possible losses from surface-reflection or absorption by the glass, it was estimated that the lunar light and heat would be concentrated three thousand times. One fine night in 1834, near the time of full moon, the lens and thermopile were put to the test; first the condensed beam of moon-rays was allowed to fall upon the pile and then it was

screened by an interposed board. The exposures and screenings were repeated many times; but Professor Forbes was always disappointed with the effect, for it was nearly *nil*. There was a suspicion of movement in the galvanometer needle, but the amplitude of the swing was microscopic, possibly not greater than a quarter of a degree. Assuming that this deflection may have resulted, Professor Forbes subsequently proceeded to estimate the amount of heat that it represented. By exposing his pile and a thermometer to one and the same source of artificial heat he was enabled to institute a comparison between the indications of each, and when he had done this and made all allowances for the condensing power of his lens, he concluded that the warming effect of the full moon upon our lower atmosphere was only equal to about the two hundred thousandth part of a centigrade degree!

From what has since been learned it appears strange that, with such a condensing power, such an insignificant result should have come out; but there was one point to which Forbes does not appear to have given the consideration it demanded. The sky was covered, he tells us, with a thin haze. Here was the secret, no doubt, of his comparative failure; this haze entirely cut off the little heat the moon had to give. When Melloni, using a similar lens, repeated his experiments under the pure sky of Naples, he saw his galvanometer swerve three or four degrees whenever the moon's condensed light fell upon the pile; from which he concluded that the moon gave warmth by no means insignificant, though he did not take the pains to infer the actual degree upon any known scale.

This last essay of Melloni's was made in 1846. Ten years elapsed before it was repeated, and then Professor Piazzi Smyth, who was about to test the advantages of a lofty astronomical station by carrying instruments to the summit of Teneriffe, placed this subject upon his programme, thinking reasonably, that in higher regions of the atmosphere he might catch some of the warmth that is intercepted in its passage through these to the earth. He furnished himself with a pile and thermomultiplier, as the sensitive galvanometer has been termed;

but he used no lens, contenting himself with a polished metal cone in front of the pile to collect and reflect the lunar heat upon its face. There was no mistaking the effect at this elevation of 10,000 feet: when the cone was turned toward the moon, the needle swung toward the heat side of the scale through a perceptible angle, and when it was turned toward the sky opposite to the moon, the needle returned to zero. By repeating this alternation of exposures, an average deflection was obtained which was free from the effects of slight disturbing causes. Then it became of interest to learn what this average deflection meant in terms of any terrestrial source of warmth, and Professor Smyth found that it was equivalent to one-seventeenth part of that which his warm hand produced when it was held three feet from the pile, or about twice that of a Price's candle fifteen feet distant. He left as an afterwork the conversion of this warmth into its equivalent on a known scale. The translation was quite recently made in France by M. Marié-Davy, and the result showed that the moon-heat experienced upon the mountain-top amounted to 750 millionths of Centigrade degree.

If proverb-makers based their maxims on strict reasoning, and not, as they too frequently do, on *prima-facie* evidence, we should be justified in ascribing very great heating power to the lunar rays. The sailor says that "the full moon eats clouds;" the Indians have an adage that "the full moon grows fat on clouds;" the French peasants have a similar saying; and even philosophers have asserted that there is a tendency in the full moon to clear a previously cloudy sky. Now if this were true it would evidence considerable evaporative power in the moon's rays, or, in other words, considerable heat. But it has of late been shown that there is no evidence of full moon nights being clearer than any others, so far as we can judge on the lower earth, though Professor Smyth did notice a tendency of the full moon to disperse thin hazy clouds at the summit of Teneriffe. It seems probable that the popular notion about the sky clearing is erroneous, the true explanation being that the full moon so lights up the sky as to make it appear clearer than it was

before the moon rose. Professor Smyth's observation of the evaporation of high fleecy clouds accounts for as much warmth as we can reasonably expect the moon to shed. Yet, if this amount, whatever it may be, comes into our own atmosphere, we ought to feel its effects, even though a thermometer exposed directly to the moon shows no trace of it. There is good reason to believe that we do experience such effects: Mr. Park Harrison, who has devoted a vast amount of time to the collation of meteorological observations, finds unmistakable evidence of them. But a strange apparent anomaly is revealed:—When the moon gives us most warmth we feel the greatest cold! The explanation of this lies in the fact of the slight clearing tendency above alluded to. The clearer the sky the more freely the earth's heat passes away into space, and consequently the colder we feel. So that while the moon warms us she cools us. We have an analogy to this peculiar condition in the case of sun-heat: for it is frequently noticed that thick hazy summer days are hotter than those during which the sky is perfectly clear.

For various reasons, meteorological as well as cosmical, it becomes of interest to measure the radiant heat of the moon. We have sketched the fruitless attempts that have been made to this end, and those which were incomplete or of uncertain result. We come now to touch upon the recent more conclusive experiments of the Earl of Rosse. When we look back upon the old trials, it is easy to see that the instruments employed, sensitive as they were, were yet not sufficiently so for the purpose. It seems that the want of delicacy was not in the thermo-piles that converted the heat into weak electric currents, but in the galvanometers by which the weak currents were sought to be measured. Now these were formed of ordinary magnetic needles, poised upon points or turning upon pivots, the motion of the needle in each case being impeded to some extent by friction at its bearings. Then, again, upon small, that is short, needles, feeble deflections are with difficulty seen, and those caused by the weak currents generated by moon-heat were, perhaps, too small to be seen at all. But it will be remembered that the requirements of

sub-Atlantic telegraphy brought about the invention of an exceedingly delicate galvanometer, in which the needle is suspended by a hair, and its most minute deflections are rendered visible by a small mirror which reflects a beam from an adjacent lamp on to a distant scale, so that an almost imperceptible twist of the needle causes a large displacement of the reflected light-spot. Here, then, was an indicator capable of rendering visible the most feeble of electric currents generated in a thermo-pile. It was not invented long before it was turned to use by the astronomers. The Earl of Rosse was the first to test its capabilities upon the moon; and others, as we shall presently see, have employed its powers upon the measurement of thermal currents, generated by the heat from the stars.

Lord Rosse, using a reflecting telescope, of three feet aperture, set about measuring the lunar warmth, with a view to estimating, first what proportion of it comes from the interior of the moon itself, and is not due to solar heating; second, that which falls from the sun upon the lunar surface, and is then reflected to us; and third, that which falling from the sun upon the moon is first absorbed by the latter and then radiated from it. We need not follow the instrumental details of the processes employed for the various determinations; suffice it for us to know that the moon-heat was clearly felt, and that the quantity of warmth varied with the phase of the moon—greatest at the time of full and least toward the period of new. From this it was evident that little or no heat pertains to the moon *per se*; that our satellite has no proper or internal heat of its own, or at least that it does not radiate any such into space; if it did there would probably have been found evidence of a continuity of warming, independent of the change of phase. Of the heat which came with the light only a small portion would pass through a glass screen in front of the pile; from this it was evident that the greater part of the whole consisted of heat-rays of low refrangibility, from which Lord Rosse concludes that the major portion of the lunar warmth does consist of that solar heat which has first been absorbed by the moon and then radiated from it.

By comparing the estimated proportion of light to dark heat in the moon with that for the sun, and using the accepted ratio of the moon's light to the sun's, which is as one to eight hundred thousand, Lord Rosse arrived at a value for the whole heating effect of the moon upon the earth, which came out to be one eighty-thousandth of that of the sun. Further, by the aid of a vessel containing hot water, subtending the same angle at his pile as the reflector employed to condense the moon's light and heat, he was enabled to judge of the actual temperature which the lunar surface must have to produce the effect that it does; and this was found to be about 500 degrees of Fahrenheit's scale. In this result we have a striking verification of a philosophical deduction reasoned out by Sir John Herschel, many years ago, that "the surface of the full moon exposed to us must necessarily be very much heated, possibly to a degree much exceeding that of boiling water." And now that this is known as an experimental fact, the information will have great value for students of lunar geology, especially when taken in connection with the other fact, discovered by Lord Rosse, that the moon has no proper heat of her own, and with the other inference of Sir John Herschel, that the regions of the moon not exposed to the sun sink to a temperature far exceeding in keen severity the cold of our polar winters. In the alternation from extremes, with perhaps 600 degrees between them, we have a cause of change upon the lunar surface to which we have no analogy on the earth, to wit, a continual disintegrating action produced by the alternate expansion and contraction of the surface material. Have we not here, too, a clenching argument against the fanciful theories of those who would conceive the moon to be an inhabited world?

Lord Rosse's conclusion that the heat increases with the extent of illumination has been confirmed by Marié-Davy, who has even measured the actual warmth day by day of a semi-lunation, and given the results in parts of the Centigrade scale. He finds that the moon at first quarter warms the lower air by 17 millionths of a single degree, and that a regular increase takes place till about the

time of full moon, when the calorific effect reaches 94 millionths of a degree! These insignificant figures refer only to the heat which can penetrate our atmosphere. The greater part of the whole lunar caloric must be absorbed in the high aerial regions. Professor Smyth's Teneriffe observations show that the manifested warmth increases as we rise from the sea level.

And now a few words upon the measurement of heat from the stars. This is a matter of surpassing delicacy, for the amount to be measured is so small, that the least atmospheric change during the measuring process is sufficient to shroud the stellar warmth entirely. Yet is the subject one of some interest, for there is no knowing what data regarding the thermal conditions of the stars may be involved in some of the future questions that may arise out of the spectrum analyses of stellar light. Again, a catalogue of stars, arranged in order of temperatures, might some day be of value in settling the relative distances of them from the earth. Another point of interest which may flow from the observations is the heat-intercepting agency of the interstellar medium. Altogether, there is plenty to stimulate any one possessed of the instrumental means to apply themselves to the thermometry of the more remote lights of the universe.

To Mr. Huggins belongs the credit of having first sought to obtain an indication of stellar heat. His earliest observations were made about three years ago, though they have but quite recently been made known, having been kept back in the hope that they would have been by this time rendered more complete by the determination of the actual value of the degrees on the galvanometer scale in terms of that of Centigrade or Fahrenheit. But this has not yet been done. Nevertheless we have learnt, what in this very early stage of the inquiry it is most important to know, that *the heat of the larger stars is a measurable quantity*. When Mr. Huggins's telescope was turned upon a star and the image was kept for a time upon the face of a thermopile, carefully screened from other sources of warmth, the connected galvanometer almost always swerved a little from its fixed position under the heating influence of the star's beams. And all stars did



not influence it alike—Regulus moved it the most (3 degrees); Sirius rather less (2 degrees), and Pollux less still (a degree and a half), while Castor gave no effect at all. So that we have here evidence of four stars of nearly equal brightness whose heating powers are vastly different. We are of course assuming the reliability of the observations, which are exceedingly delicate; but the reputation of the observer is our justification. We know too, that another observer, Mr. Stone, has obtained heat indications from some stars, and that these have so far encouraged him that he has undertaken a systematic and laborious research into the matter. He has the advantage of a telescope vastly superior to that of Mr. Huggins, for its object-glass is of 13 inches diameter, and thus condenses upon the pile the light and heat shed by a star upon an area of 130 square inches, whereas Mr. Huggins's glass, having a diameter of 8 inches only, collects the heat which is spread over 50 inches. Shortly, however, the two observers will be more equally armed; for the Royal Society is having constructed a lens of 15 inches aperture, which will be forthwith lent to Mr. Huggins for the prosecution of these astronomical researches.

The process of measuring the warmth is easily understood. The object-glass of the telescope employed becomes for the time a burning-glass, the eye-piece is removed, and a thermopile is inserted in its place, wires being led from each pole of the pile to a galvanometer in another

part of the room. All care having been taken to avoid extraneous heat currents, the telescope is turned toward the sky near to the star to be operated upon, and the position of the needle is remarked: then the telescope is turned upon the star and the image cast upon the pile is kept there by the clockwork with which all good gazing telescopes are provided. The needle moves toward heat and presently takes up a fixed position at some distance from that it occupied before the star's light fell upon the pile; and the distance is a measure of the thermal power of the star, for it will be greater or less as the luminary is hotter or cooler. Now for measuring the *relative* warmth of different stars the plan is sufficient, but to determine the *absolute* warmth it becomes necessary to know what the galvanometer degrees mean. This is a difficult point to solve, for it may be that several degrees are only equivalent to the millionth part of one on the Fahrenheit scale, which on ordinary thermometers is only divisible into ten or twenty parts. But philosophers never stuck at difficulties yet. We might almost define science as the search after difficulties for the pleasure of surmounting them. M. Marié-Davy has measured to millionths of a degree the calorific effect of lunar light; and we may rest assured that no long time will elapse before we are told what warmth Orion imparts to us, and how far the ancients were correct in ascribing a parching heat to the *Dog-star*.

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Dublin University Magazine.

#### A GREEK HERCULANEUM.

WE all know how the little cities which have been so financially useful to Naples were discovered. People all along suspected their whereabouts; archaeologists knew pretty well where they must be; but, till the predestined peasant was turning up his predestined field, no one attempted to make sure what their exact position below ground was. As soon as he had found the first stone the work went on, and before long two out of the three—for nobody thinks much of poor little Stabia—were brought to light.

Now, the buried town that I am going to speak about had never been thought of before, because nobody could possibly have known of its existence; it is (as we shall see by and by) pre-historic, it was and it ceased to be before the earliest men whose traditions have come down to us had come into being. It was found quite lately in Therasia, close to Santorin, the island of which Mr. Derman talks so much in his "Greek wines," and which furnishes not only its namesake wine, but also that mysterious beverage, which he catalogues as "St. Elie,

the wine of night." The whole district is volcanic;—there is some sympathy between vine juice and those hidden forces which cause earthquakes and eruptions; does not Moselle chiefly come from the Eifel, a country of extinct volcanoes?

Not long ago there was a good deal of active disturbance under the sea round Santorin, a new island was formed, and in time duly figured in the *Illustrated News*. There were submarine eruptions, and the Santoriners felt something like the people of Catania do when *Ætna* is getting restless. This time, however, the volcanic power was merciful, and merely did what it had done 196 years B.C., when the islet of Palæa Kameni (old chimneys) was thrown up, and what it has repeated at intervals since, when reefs have been raised in various parts of the bay. Far different must have been the eruption which buried our little pre-historic town; it covered the whole island (considerably bigger then than it is now) with a shroud of pumice stone, twenty or thirty yards thick, and under this the ruins might have remained till the end of time, but for M. de Lesseps and his works.

From time immemorial the tufa or pumice of these islands has been quarried and mixed with lime to make a cement, something like the Italian *pouzzolano*, which has the property of hardening under water. Santorin stone, therefore, was as indispensable wherever any harbor works were going on in the Mediterranean as our lias lime is in Holland whenever a dike wants mending. The isthmus of Suez has made the fortune of the islanders; they have been cutting away whole cliffs, "selling the picturesque at so much the cubic foot;" and getting down at last to the original surface of the island, have discovered the remains of which I spoke, and of which M. Fouqué, a French engineer employed on the spot, has just given a very full account.

First, then, let us get our geographical notions settled. Santorin is the most southern of the Cyclades, due south of Naxos and south-east of Melos. It is quite a large island compared with Therasia; and as for Aspropisi, it is but a little molehill, of which the soil is so wanting in cohesion that every year it

gets smaller and smaller. The three islands form the frame of a circular bay about seven miles across, which occupies in fact the place of a vast crater, into which the larger part of the original island tumbled, as soon as, by successive eruptions, its shell was sufficiently undermined. Toward the open sea the islands slope gently, and are covered with populous villages set amid the vineyards; for, as we said, the vine grows luxuriantly, though it has no soil but the dust of the pumice stone, which the equinoctial gales raise in such thick clouds that you would fancy all the land was going to be blown away.

Round the bay the coast is very steep, rising in several places to a perpendicular height of four or five hundred feet. These cliffs are continuous, and the only way of landing on this side is by step-ladders cut in the rock. They consist of horizontal beds of deep, black lava, alternating with layers of reddish scoriæ and violet-gray ashes, and, capping all, is a stratum of pumice stone of a brilliant white. The effect is most remarkable. Here and there along the face of the cliff you see blackish streaks, more or less vertical; these are the "dykes" of more recent material, showing how the igneous matter made its way through the older beds, just as in England we see trap dykes intersecting granite and mountain limestone. Altogether, it looks more like a picture in a geological treatise than a real cliff; even Alum Bay, with its varied bands of color, is nothing to the bay of Santorin.

Till M. de Lesseps increased so vastly the demand for calcareous tufa, only the upper and better beds had been worked. Lower down there seemed to be a mixture of stones in the pumice; and when they came lately to dig into these lower beds they soon found that the stones were laid in regular courses—were, in fact, the tops of walls. The workmen, accustomed to come upon remains of all kinds, thought they had struck the site of some old cemetery, and that the walls belonged to vaults dug down in the pumice, after the fashion employed in Santorin in early Greek times. But when M. Christomanos, chemistry professor at the University of Athens, saw the rows of stones, he at once came to the conclusion, that they must have been built before

the pumice stone was deposited. This, of course, set the savants on the alert.

Diggings began; and several rooms were soon discovered, all built of irregular blocks of lava, put together without cement of any kind, but having their interstices filled in with the red volcanic earth, which also served as a wash to decorate the interiors. Between the stones were laid in all directions long tortuous branches of olive, so charred that they generally crumbled away at the slightest touch. Doors and windows, too, had been surmounted by olive boughs, and their place was discovered by the falling-in of the stones which these boughs had supported, and by a few attempts at squaring among the lintels. Of course, the roofs had all fallen in; they had been built of thin stones covered with a bed of volcanic earth, and resting on cross timbers fixed in the walls. One roof had been supported by a wooden post, resting on a cylindrical block of stone, into which post all the roof timbers were fixed like the spokes of a wheel. Only one of the rooms seems to have had a second floor. Outside one of the walls was discovered a curious set of hewn blocks of large size, laid regularly on one another; in the top block was a cylindrical cavity about an inch deep, and near it were several markings, the explanation of which we shall see directly.

Now, these discoveries warrant certain conclusions. First, since most of the windows look to the interior, where the ground now rises, from the low sea-cliffs where these quarries are, right up to the edge of the variegated cliffs already described as facing the circular bay, it is clear that the houses must have been built before the coat of tufa had covered the island. Had they been built at the foot of the low sea-cliffs they would not have had any windows landward; besides, who, even in the pre-historic age, would build at the foot of a heap of pumice which holds together so loosely that landslips are always occurring? But it was not a landslip which overwhelmed these buildings, for the ground around shows no signs of displacement, the strata are perfectly horizontal (how remarkable, by the way, this horizontality of the strata in such a volcanic neighborhood) and, besides, the heaps of

pumice which filled the rooms were angular and rough with spines, just as pumice would not be had it been subjected to any rolling or crushing. Moreover, everywhere under the upper coating of pumice there is, in Santorin as well as in Therasia, a bed of the red earth of which I have spoken, made up of volcanic ashes, decomposed lava, and vegetable mould; and this must have taken a long time to accumulate, so that, before the pumice stone which now forms the surface was laid down, there was a long period of quiet, when trees were growing and when, therefore, houses may have been built on the islands.

Therasia, then, in those days was a mass of lava, covered with a deposit of volcanic ash, not a trace existing of the pumice which forms its present surface. How, then, did the people get the pottery, which forms the largest item among the articles found in the buried houses? You can't make clay of ashes; so clearly there must have been foreign trade when these old Therasians lived. The things found were various. There were large terra-cotta jars, some big enough to hold ten quarts—in fact, the very counterparts of those in which the modern islanders store their corn. These jars contained barley, chick-pease, and coriander seed. Heaps of barley were, moreover, found in several of the rooms; it was evidently the grain of these people. Smaller vases, too, were found, of much finer workmanship, and ornamented with circular bands and rows of vertical flutings. These had been colored red with some ochreous earth, but the color was not at all burnt in. They resemble neither the Greek, nor the Etruscan, nor the Egyptian vases of our museums. M. Fouqué says the only two at all like them in France are a vase from the Syrian desert, in the museum of the Louvre, and one found near Autun and placed among the Gallic antiquities at St. Germain. We shall see by and by what theory has been based on this peculiarity of the Therasian vases.

Another kind of vase is still more artistic—bright yellow, and covered with beautiful arabesques, showing in their arrangement much skill as well as taste on the part of the workman. Besides the vases there is a great mass of other pottery—broad basins with little han-

dles, cups, platters, &c., all coarsely made and quite unornamented. Some were used in stables, chopped straw being still found in them. The mangers and horse-troughs are large blocks of lava, with shallow rectangular cavities cut in them. House-lamb seems to have been a Therasian institution, for skeletons of sheep, young and old, have been found in the rooms where the lava mangers were discovered.

Lava was used for many other purposes; a lava oil-press has been found, and several lava hand-mills (most of them singularly small), and also stone disks like those still in use among weavers in the Archipelago to keep their woof taught. These puzzled M. Fouqué immensely, but his navvies recognized them at once. There were also sets of blocks, whose weight was found to be in a certain proportion—evidently “weights,” showing that these old Therasians had risen to the commercial state. Flint implements were very rare; M. Fouqué speaks of two—a triangular knife or lance head, and a little saw, with very regular teeth. The only animal bones found were those of the sheep aforesaid. One human skeleton was found, of a man, apparently crushed at once by the falling-in of the roof. He was an old man, for the sutures of the skull are hardened, and the teeth very much worn. His skull shows him to have belonged to the same race as that which still inhabits the islands.

Diggings made in Santorin have brought to light a quantity of articles like those found in Therasia, all lying in the same way on this bed of vegetable mould mixed with volcanic ash, which underlies the bed of pumice. Besides pottery of all the kinds mentioned, long terra-cotta funnels with little handles have been found, and also obsidian arrow-heads—chipped, not cut—and obsidian knives, or currier’s scrapers. These things do not necessarily carry us back to the Stone Age, for in volcanic regions this kind of stone has been employed at all times. Peruvian ladies still make their scissors of obsidian; but in Greece the use of stone seems to have gone out very soon after metal was introduced. Nowhere in the diggings has a morsel of iron or bronze been found—no metal, in fact, except two

small gold rings, evidently links of a chain, drilled with holes for stringing, and formed by hammering a lump of gold into a circular plate, and then punching out the middle and rolling the rest round into a hollow ring.

And now for the theory that M. Fouqué has based on these discoveries. There was a time, toward the beginning of the Tertiary period, when Greece was joined to Africa, and both formed part of a vast marshy continent which stretched where the Mediterranean now is. This continent was inhabited by some of the great pachyderms who seem then to have had the world pretty much to themselves, and whose bones are found in the London clay, while their bodies are sometimes discovered entire in the ice blocks about Siberian rivers. Large deposits of these bones are found in Attica, but the great pastures of these dinotheriums, mastodons, and elephants with their tusks turned the wrong way, were submerged when, toward the end of the Tertiary period, the ground sank, Europe was separated from Asia, and the shores of the Mediterranean took their present shape. The islands of the Archipelago are the mountain-tops of this land, the vague remembrance of which (if there were any men there, as there certainly were in Auvergne about the same time) may perhaps account for the persistent tradition of an Atlantis.

Of course, while all this subsidence was going on, the earth’s crust (as it is called) must have been strained a good deal. It split in several places, and where it split the “igneous matter” below came boiling up, forming the volcanic rocks so common in Greece and the islands. Some of these chinks were broken out in the side of what is now Mount St. Elie (whence friend Denman gets his “wine of night” aforesaid)—a mass of schist and marble rising some 2,400 feet above the sea. Of course, discharges of scorix began at once—submarine at first, for shells and polypi are found in the lower beds of pumice; and these went on until a volcanic island was soldered to the mountain-islet of St. Elie. This filled up the whole of Santorin bay, and had two peaks—St. Elie at one end, and a volcanic cone (at least 3,000 feet high, we are told) at the other.

During the Pliocene-Tertiary and the Quaternary periods, this isle grew bigger and bigger; new conelets broke out over the flanks of the chief cone, and with each successive eruption fresh beds of lava and scorix and ashes were deposited. At last came the great catastrophe. Every outpouring of "igneous matter" had made the inside hollower and hollower; and at last down sank all the island except the narrow border formed by the three isles of Santorin, Therasia, and Aspronisi. In the centre of the bay there are at least 1,200 feet of water, and close to the variegated cliffs the depth is so great that there is no anchorage; ships have to be moored to a quite recent reef which has risen to within a few yards of the surface.

This sudden subsidence had been immediately preceded by a wonderful discharge of pumice stone, which was indeed the cause of the catastrophe. It had covered the whole island to a great depth. In spite of the rapid denudation which such material suffers, it still maintains a thickness of from twenty to thirty yards. St. Elie was covered; pumice stones are found at the present day on its highest peaks, and that is why we are certain the cone which shot them out must have been a good high one, though it surely is not necessary for it to have been (as M. Fouqué supposes) actually higher than the mountain over which it shot its projectiles. And this "cataclysm" took place, as these buildings and remains of which I have been speaking show, when man (tolerably civilized) had already been settled on the island; for they are found under the pumice-bed which was deposited before the final eruption and consequent subsidence.

The catastrophe was sudden, for nothing seems to have been taken out of the rooms; and skeletons enough will be found (we are told) when the diggings are continued further. That the pumice-stone shower fell before the subsidence of the greater part of the old volcanic island is proved—first, by the presence of pumice on the highest points of land, which could hardly have been the case had the eruption been submarine; next, by the fact that the layer of pumice which caps the lava cliffs is cut as sheer down as the lava itself, and must, there-

fore, have been broken away by the same falling-in which left them standing up so precipitously. In fact this vast outpouring of pumice was the cause of the subsidence; the inside of the mountain was clean emptied out, and so the whole collapsed. As to the remains discovered in these pre-historic houses, they show that the island was well wooded, and that it was subject to earthquakes; for the boughs of olive worked in among the stones must have been used (as they still are in the Archipelago) to give the walls a chance against a shock.

The vine does not seem to have been known, but the inhabitants understood oil-pressing, cattle rearing, weaving. They belonged to the Stone Age, for the purity of the gold in the two rings above mentioned makes it probable that metallurgy was as yet unknown; yet they were able to shape blocks of lava into various useful objects—a great feat when we consider that their only tools were flint chisels. Besides the troughs and other vessels there was the block which was spoken of as having a curious cylindrical depression. This, placed in a prominent position, and raised on two steps also hewn, is supposed to have been an altar; therefore these people were not, like Tasmanians and some Africans, in that state in which man has not yet attained to religious ideas. I said before that the pottery proves foreign trade, seeing that there never was any clay in any of the group.

Melos is the nearest isle where such ware as the large coarse jars could be made. The finer ware, unlike any of the ordinary museum types, seems to have come from the east; the similar vase found near Autun can be accounted for as having been brought in through the Phœnician colony of Marseilles. The gold rings seem to point to Asia Minor, where gold dust was found (we remember) in the Pactolus and other rivers. As for the tools of flint and obsidian, they too must have been imported; so that we may be certain the Mediterranean was a commercial highway before the bay of Santorin had settled into its present shape. How long ago was that? The deposit of lava and scorix beds went on (as we said) all through the quaternary period, which brings us into what the geologists call modern

times. But their periods are so long, and their ideas about time so magnificent, that "modern times" may mean ever so many thousand years ago.

The state of civilization, however, implied by the remains points to a really recent date, toward fixing which we have only the very unsatisfactory conjecture that perhaps the eruptions took place at fixed intervals; but surely this is too rash a supposition, for an eruption of greater intensity would probably be followed by a longer period of calm, and *vice versâ*. History does something toward settling a limit, more recent than which the catastrophe cannot have been. The Phœnicians invaded the Greek islands in the fifteenth century B.C.; all their remains, which are numerous, are found *above* the pumice bed, as are also remains of exactly the same kind as those dug out from the buildings below the pumice bed, showing that, after the great eruption had destroyed the first inhabitants, what was left of the island was re-occupied by a similar race from some neighboring isle.

Who destroyed this early civilization of the Hellenes of the Stone Age? Not the Phœnicians, for they came not as warriors, but as traders and colonists. Yet none of the Stone Age remains, though (as we have just said) many of them exist above the pumice, are found in connection with the Phœnician antiquities. Hence M. Fouqué supposes a period of warfare and internal struggles, dating some time between the second peopling of the islands and the coming of the Phœnicians. This, of course, would throw the catastrophe considerably further back than the fifteenth century B.C. It is also remarkable that some of the Phœnician buildings stand on beds of shingle and recent shells fifteen or twenty yards thick. These must have been below the sea when the great eruption took place; and, as land never rises very fast from the bottom, a good many centuries must have been required to give this thickness of old sea beach. Did, then, these old Therasians flourish even before the Egyptians had begun to be civilized? M. Fouqué says, "Yes," because, otherwise, some trace of Egyptian art or manufacture would have been found among the remains, whereas they show no sign whatever of Egyptian influence.

However, as he remarks, the search has not yet been carried far enough to enable us to be absolutely confident about anything of this kind. For any one who wants to get a plentiful harvest of vases and other tourist objects the field is an inviting one—a splendid climate, lovely scenery, and "the wine of night" on the spot, and the hope that his diggings may be rewarded by finding out something certain about those pre-historic Greeks.

What a wonderful man M. de Lesseps is; not only will he have made the canal, in spite of all that the *Times* and Lord Palmerston said about its being impossible to make it; not only will he have altered the climate of Egypt—for they say his sweet and bitter water lakes will draw down water from the clouds and convert into a showery climate one which has hitherto been rainless, making thereby the fortunes of Egyptian graziers, but ruining the old interiors of tombs which have only retained their freshness on account of the exceptionally dry air; not only will he have made Egypt a new country and have ruined Liverpool and perhaps even Marseilles for the sake of Trieste and the east German trading towns; but he has even given an impetus to archaeology and reminded us that the fate which befel Herculaneum and Pompeii (not forgetting Stabiæ) was by no means an exceptional one. Since the Swiss lake-dwellings were explored there has not been a more instructive "find" than this in Therasia. It shows how very old civilization is in the Mediterranean basin; it shows, too, how all those many hints about terrible earthquakes and wild work among the volcanoes which occur in the old Greek poets had a foundation in truth. By and by we may find the dwellings of the pre-historic Sicilians under the lowest lava beds of *Ætna*, thrown out when the giant who lies underneath it made his first restless plunge. Anyhow, it is a new "fact" to learn that there were civilized (though stone-using) Greeks in the Archipelago 2,000 years B.C. Minos lived long ago, so long that he has come to be thought a mere myth; but Minos was later than the Phœnicians (drove them out in fact), and our Greeks were, certainly, though nobody knows exactly how much, earlier than they.

Tinsley's Magazine.

## THE LEGEND OF THE HOLY GRAAL.

AMONG the most striking attractions of the last exhibition of the Royal Academy, Count G. Kalkreuth's picture, "The Castle of the Holy Graal," was well adapted to challenge the closest study, and to satisfy the most cultivated taste. In dealing with a subject preëminently calculated to arrest the attention of genius, whether in the domain of poetry or of art, Count Kalkreuth seems to have succeeded in realizing to a great extent, through the medium of sensible representation, the various elements which have entered into the composition of the ancient romance, the spirit of which he may claim to have recreated in a new form of beauty. This wonderful piece of landscape-painting is in all the details perfectly in harmony with the traditional character of its subject. The solitary castle standing out in mid-air in a strange weird kind of relief against fretted masses of illumined clouds; the gray mist rising up from the far-off valley and timidly stealing about the castle's base; the giant cliffs of the Pyrenees enveloped in sombre shadow—all combine to constitute a remarkably faithful illustration of the poetic unreality, the vague mysticism, and the superstitious solemnity which are so strongly developed in the legend of the Sancgreal.

Nor has the sister art of poetry failed to lend its powerful assistance toward enhancing the interest which naturally attaches to this important relic of the scanty records of English mythology. Of the works of Tennyson, those, probably, which have been most frequently reprinted, and have most largely contributed to the poet's reputation, treat of the national era to which the legend of the Holy Graal belongs. This era we have, though somewhat inaccurately, perhaps, as far as the Sancgreal is concerned, characterized as mythological; because, while the basis of the story is founded on the acknowledged truths and facts of Christian theology, the superstructure is wrought of materials conveyed from the impalpable region of pure myth.

To be overlaid with a mass of legen-

dary superstition has been, in greater or less degrees of extent, the fate of all the religious systems which have ever flourished in the history of mankind. Some few among the religious systems of the world have been founded upon, or, at least, closely allied with, philosophical systems of being and of morals, characterized by a high standard of simplicity and purity respectively; yet even this ground of vantage has failed to secure them entirely against the consummation in question. The myths or legends which have thus in all ages fastened, parasite-like, upon the body of religion, though in some cases they clearly declare themselves of purely foreign extraction, have yet been more frequently of home growth, begotten of national imagination, and stamped with the impress of national character. The universal existence of such myths—to which even the Christian religion, in the earlier stages of its development at any rate, did not succeed in establishing an exception—admits of perfectly philosophical explanation, upon which, however, we are precluded from entering by the scope of this essay, which is limited to an illustration of the fact itself derived from the history of Christianity.

The legend of the Sancgreal, or Holy Graal, saturated as it is with the spirit of religious mysticism and allegory, is largely mixed up with the marvellous adventures of knight-errantry and wild stories of eastern magic, which are impertinent, nevertheless, to the matter in hand, as being merely subsidiary to the course of the narrative.

The word "graal," "greal," or "grail," all modified forms of the same word, is said to have been derived, etymologically, from the Latin "crater," and signified in the Romance languages a drinking-vessel, dish, or tureen. The legend of the Sancgreal, or Holy Graal, is contained in the romances of British chivalry which have handed down to posterity the famous doings of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. Of these the romances of "Le S. Greal," "Lancelot du Lac," "Perceforest," and

the "Morte Arthur," which will be found somewhat extensively referred to and collated in Southey's edition of *The Byrth, Lyf, and Actes of Kyng Arthur, &c.*, constitute the authorities on the present subject. According to these authorities, the Holy Graal was the golden dish in which the paschal lamb had been served up at the last supper of our Lord with his disciples. Joseph of Arimathea, whom the old chroniclers of chivalry quaintly describe as "that gentle knight who took down our Lord off the holy cross," repaired on the following day to the house wherein that mystic supper had been partaken of, and took away with him the consecrated dish, destined to become thereafter awful in the adoration of Christendom. The title of this vessel to the epithet "holy" was rendered complete forever by the farther access of religious veneration with which it was invested, in consequence of the melancholy part it played at the scene of the Crucifixion. When the sacrilegious spear of the Roman soldier had pierced the side of the Redeemer, Joseph of Arimathea, we are told, received in the Holy Graal the blood which gushed from his Divine Master's wound. The legend goes on to relate how our Lord, after his resurrection, upon the occasion of assigning to his disciples their several spheres of future missionary labor, finding that he had omitted to appoint an apostle to England, sent Joseph of Arimathea thither to disseminate the doctrines of Christianity among the people of the land. Accordingly, Joseph, thus divinely ordained, came over to England, bringing with him the Holy Graal, containing a portion of the sacred blood, and the spear with which that blood was shed. The Graal, which, by reason of the wondrous miracles wrought through its means, proved a powerful instrument for the conversion of the heathen inhabitants of the island, was carefully guarded in a strong tower, built expressly for the purpose, at Corbenicy, or Carbonek.

For a space of nine generations the Castle of Carbonek, together with the sacred treasure enshrined within it, remained in the possession of the descendants of Joseph of Arimathea, and at the period with which the romance of Le S.

Greal opens, was in the hands of King Pelles, eighth of the line, who is somewhat vaguely described as reigning over the foreign country. But the Graal, although domiciled, as it were, in the castle of the king, does not appear to have been in any way under the control of himself or of his family. From the course of the legend, and from an ancient prophecy, we gather that the sacred vessel was destined to remain on the earth until the 457th anniversary of the last feast of Pentecost celebrated by our Lord. Up to the commencement of the third year from the close of this period, it continued in the Castle of Carbonek, but was never visible to the inmates except when, on rare and special occasions, it condescended to appear to human vision, for the purpose of exerting its miraculous powers in feeding the hungry or healing the sick. Nay, even on such occasions it was but dimly and indistinctly discerned, for none but they whose souls were free from the slightest stain of sin might behold in clear and perfect light the divine splendor of the Holy Graal. These manifestations of the sacred vessel were always surrounded with solemn and imposing circumstance.

The occasion of a visit by Sir Lancelot du Lac, the most famous of the Knights of the Round Table, to the Castle of Carbonek, introduces the reader of the Romances to the Sancgreal in a most attractive mode of mystery. As the knight stood with his host, King Pelles, in the hall of the castle, a dove flew in at the window, bearing in its bill a small golden censer, from which rose thick clouds of incense and spicery, diffusing themselves around, and filling all the place with odors of richest perfume. Thereupon, in the twinkling of an eye, the tables were covered by unseen hands with the rarest viands and choicest wines. Scarcely had these wonders been wrought before the knight's astonished gaze, when a maiden of exquisite and youthful beauty entered the hall, carrying in her hands a golden vessel, to which the king and all those present with him devoutly knelt in prayer. This tribute of adoration having been duly paid, the dove flew away through the window, and the maiden vanished from sight in the same strange fashion as she had come, leaving the highly-favored worshippers to enjoy



the feast so mysteriously provided for them.

The next appearance of the Holy Graal occurs in the midst of harsher scenes. Two knights of prowess, having in mortal combat wounded each other to the death, prayed earnestly to the second Person of the Trinity, as they lay bleeding on the ground, that their lives might be prolonged until such time as some priest or hermit should chance to come by, who would bestow upon them the last rites of religion. In answer to their petitions, a maiden draped all in white stood suddenly beside the expiring warriors in a cloud of incense, bearing in her arms the potent Graal, which by its mere presence instantaneously healed them of their grievous wounds. The mysterious maiden vanished as suddenly as she had appeared, nor had the knights been able to discern aught beyond the shimmer of her white drapery, and the faint flash of the golden vessel which she bore. To the same mystic virtue, and under somewhat similar circumstances, Sir Lancelot also was indebted for recovery from insanity of mind and disease of body at one and the same moment of time.

Immediately after the miraculous healing of Sir Lancelot, the Sangreal abandoned the Castle of Carbonek, in which it had taken up its abode for upward of 450 years; and during the three following years wandered at random through the world. This event, in fulfilment of an ancient prophecy to which allusion has already been made, led to the breaking-up of the Round Table, and in great measure

"unsoldered all  
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights  
Whereof this world holds record."

The adventures, or, to employ the phrase of the romances, the quest, of the Sangreal commenced at Camelot, the seat of King Arthur's court, upon the 454th anniversary of the Crucifixion. Upon that day a new knight was, through the agency of a marvellous portent, elected to fill the most conspicuous seat, "the siege perilous," as it was called, among the chivalry of the Round Table. About noon a sword rising out of a stone, in which it was firmly rooted, was beheld floating down the river

to Camelot. As the king and his court wondered what this strange sight might betoken, a holy man, far advanced in years, announced to them that the knight who should succeed in pulling the sword out of the stone, was he who of old had been destined to sit in the perilous seat and to achieve the Holy Graal. After all the king's knights had failed to satisfy this test, a comely youth of noble aspect presented himself to the assemblage, and having with ease possessed himself of the sword was forthwith installed as of right in the perilous seat, which had till then remained vacant for lack of a man sufficiently worthy to fill it. This knight was Sir Galahad, son of Lancelot and Elaine, daughter of King Pelles. Sir Galahad consequently was the ninth, and as it turned out, last descendant of Joseph of Arimathea.

The adventures of that day were not yet complete; for while the king and his knights sat at supper at the Round Table, they were suddenly startled by a loud and terrible peal of thunder, which had no sooner died away than a sunbeam, seven times brighter than the light of the brightest day, filled the hall where they sat with supernatural radiance, and transfigured their countenances into a semblance of unearthly beauty. As they gazed on each other, trembling and stricken dumb with awe, the Holy Graal covered with samite entered the hall; and forthwith the whole place became fragrant with rich odors, and each man found placed before him such meats and drinks as his soul loved best. So, slowly traversing the hall, the Sangreal vanished away. Then the spell of silence was broken, and all with one accord thanked Jesu for his grace. But forasmuch as the sacred vessel had been concealed from view, and none had been able to discern it or the hands which had borne it, the assembled knights, to the number of 154, rose up and solemnly vowed to roam through the world for a year and a day, if haply heaven might vouchsafe to them a more perfect view of the mystic relic.

Four only of the 154 seem to have met with any success in their quest. These four were Sir Lancelot, Sir Galahad, Sir Percivale, and Sir Bors. On two occasions, Sir Lancelot was favored with a near approach to the object of his

toils and vow. But although, under the guidance of an ancient hermit, he underwent a rigorous purification of six months' duration, in constant fastings, mortification, and prayer; although during all that time he ate no flesh and drank no wine; although he tortured himself by the wearing of hair-cloth, and gave daily attendance at the ceremony of the mass—still the sin of impurity adhered to his soul, for his heart clung to the memory of a guilty passion for Guinevere, King Arthur's queen. In consequence of his imperfection in this one respect, the knight, even though admitted to the mysterious presence of the precious vessel, was not suffered to raise the covering of red samite which concealed it from his view; and once, when he would rashly have attempted to do so, he was struck suddenly down to the earth by a subtle breath as of fire, in punishment of his presumption. To Sir Galahad alone, in company with his friends, Sir Percivale and Sir Bors, was it granted to achieve completely the object of his pious wanderings. The three were men of blameless lives; more especially Sir Galahad, the "maiden knight," was distinguished by purity of spirit and life as stainless and impregnable as his valor in arms was dauntless and irresistible. The religious fervor and purity of this youthful knight, so highly favored by heaven, are depicted with equal accuracy and beauty in the language which has been put into his mouth by the great poet of our own day:

"But all my heart is drawn above,  
My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine:  
I never felt the kiss of love,  
Nor maiden's hand in mine.

More bounteous aspects on me beam,  
Me mightier transports move and thrill:  
So keep I fair through faith and prayer,  
A virgin heart in work and will."

Such was the character of the knight whose brief career was devoted to the quest of the Sancgreal, which, after he had encountered many dangers in the pursuit of it, revealed itself to him for the first time in his grandsire's castle of Carbonek.

It befell on a certain day that, as Sir Galahad sat with his two friends in the castle-hall, there entered to them from a

chamber which opened into the hall four angels, who carried in a chair an old man clad in episcopal vestments, and bearing a large cross in his hands. This old man was Joseph, the first bishop of Christendom, who had then been dead for more than 300 years. Having set down the venerable saint before a silver table on which stood the Holy Graal, the angels again retired into the chamber. Upon opening the door of this apartment, the knights perceived that two of the angels were supporting great candles of wax, while a third held a towel, and the fourth grasped in one hand a spear marvellously distilling blood, three drops of which fell into a box which he held in his other hand. The candles having been placed on the table and the towel drawn over the Graal, in which the spear had been set upright, the bishop Joseph proceeded to celebrate the mass. As he held the sacramental bread in his hands, a being, wearing the blooming figure and roseate face of a child-boy, suddenly appeared, and "smote himself" (to use the language of the romance) "into the bread," which, thus miraculously transmuted into "fleshly" or corporeal man, the bishop placed in the Sancgreal and immediately vanished out of sight. After the bishop had withdrawn from the scene, the awful figure of Christ, bleeding and crowned with thorns, emerged from the holy vessel and distributed the eucharist to the three knights as they knelt at his feet. Having given them directions to proceed to the city of Sarras, in Babylon, carrying with them the Sancgreal and a portion of the sacred blood distilled by the spear, the Saviour blessed them and disappeared.

In obedience to the divine command, the three knights rode night and day for the space of three days, at the end of which they arrived at a certain river, where a ship awaited them. Embarking forthwith, they beheld on the deck the spear, the silver table, and the Sancgreal covered over with red samite. Arrived at Sarras, they placed the holy things on the silver table, and so put them on shore. Among the crowd which thronged round the strangers was a dwarf who had been for ten years a cripple, but now found himself suddenly restored to pristine activity and vigor by the virtue of

the Holy Graal. The King of Sarraz, into whose presence Sir Galahad was conducted by the people of the city, proved to be an infidel tyrant; for, on being informed by the knight of the history and wonderful potency of the Sangreal, he ordered him to be shut up with his two companions in a deep hole within the city prison, to the intent that they might perish of hunger. From this fate they were rescued only by the intervention of the Sangreal, which penetrated to the place of their captivity, and for an entire year ministered to their necessities. At the expiration of that period they were set at liberty by command of the repentant monarch, to whose death-bed they were summoned in order that he might crave their forgiveness for the injuries which they had sustained at his hands. Upon the king's death the people, warned by a voice from heaven, chose Sir Galahad as his successor. The first act of the new king after he had ascended the throne was to enclose the Holy Graal, together with the silver table on which it generally stood, within a chest of gold, which he caused to be made for the purpose, and which was adorned with precious stones. At this chest, for the space of a year, the three knights offered up their daily orisons. On the last day of that year Sir Galahad rose up early in the morning, and roused Sir Percivale and Sir Bors, and the three came together to the palace, where an awful spectacle presented itself to their view. The chest which had been wrought with so much care and skill lay open before them; the silver table, with the Graal upon it as of old, had been set on the palace-floor, and beside it stood an old man in the likeness of a bishop. The first and last of a sainted line were face to face with each other; for that old man was Joseph of Arimathea, and Sir Galahad was his latest descendant. Surrounded by a company of angels, Joseph of Arimathea proceeded to say a mass of the Virgin; and when he had duly finished, he called upon Sir Galahad to draw near unto the mysteries he had so yearned to behold. The young knight feared exceedingly and trembled, when his mortal flesh began to look upon spiritual things; but as he gazed upon them his spirit saw *clearly, and comprehended the awful*

mystery of the sacrament. Then was he filled with a sense of ineffable joy, so that he prayed to heaven that his soul might in that moment depart from earth. A supernatural voice whispered in his ear that his petition was granted; he arose, and bade adieu to Sir Percivale and Sir Bors. Then he knelt down again at the table and prayed; and while he prayed, a host of angels came down, and in the sight of his two friends bore away the soul of Sir Galahad to heaven. Nor did the Holy Graal remain long behind, for it too was carried up to heaven before their eyes; though the hand and body which bore it they were unable to discern.

Such is the legend of the Holy Graal. Sir Percivale became a hermit, and so continued to the day of his death, which took place within a year from the events which have been just narrated. Sir Bors returned to Camelot, and detailed the adventures of the Sangreal to King Arthur, who caused them to be committed to writing by the great clerks of his kingdom. That the legend of the Holy Graal was long accepted as historical, even by the more learned classes of the people, is rendered evident by a bold assertion of one Robert de Berron, who is said to have translated the last volume of the history of the Sangreal from Latin into French by command of Holy Church. This gentleman, whose ideas on the subject of chronology would seem to be slightly confused, inveighs in strong language against the utter foolhardiness of any one who would dare to call in question the authenticity or truth "of that sacred history, which the true Crucifix wrote with his proper hand after his ascension, when he had laid aside his mortal life and re clothed himself with celestial majesty."

It may, perhaps, be doubted, authority so weighty notwithstanding, whether the entire legend be not an interpolation of a date posterior to the general narrative of the romances. In the first place, it lacks the air of spontaneity almost universally characteristic of that class of myths, which seem to have formed from all time a personal part, as it were, of the people among whom they are found. In the next place, the complexion of the legend is purely ecclesiastical. The Persons of the Trinity, the Virgin Mary, the

saints, angels, holy relics, monasticism, and the discipline of the Church, constitute the warp and woof of which the web is spun. The merely military adventures, if we may use the term, found in connection with it, are but adventitious additions to the legend proper, except so far as they go to illustrate the general maxim respecting the difficulties which wait on all lofty enterprises.

The legend of the Holy Graal was probably the pious invention of an individual mind, put forward with the twofold object of impressing upon human intelligence, through the medium of a lively, though decidedly material, picture, the truth of the doctrine of transubstantiation, and of enforcing the universal

principle, alike of revealed religion as of natural ethics, that the favor of heaven is to be won, or a high degree of moral perfection to be attained, only by a constant course of self-denial and striving after purity. That the legend was well calculated to achieve the former of these objects in an age when the human mind was poorly fitted for grappling with abstract ideas, need scarcely be doubted. Again, from the ethical point of view, the story of the Holy Graal is marked by a certain force of truth and by an exquisite beauty which belong alike to all time, and will be felt and appreciated in every age and under all conditions of civilization.

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Saturday Review.

#### THE EARTHLY PARADISE.\*

At a season opportune for its due appreciation in circles where one reads and the rest listen during the long winter evenings, comes a new instalment of Mr. William Morris's *Earthly Paradise*. Those who found the charm of his first volume so rare and novel that they were fain to sigh when the last page was finished may now congratulate themselves upon the publication of a third part, as well as look forward to the yet unfulfilled promise of a fourth. Nor will they, in what is now presented to them, deem that aught of this charm is diminished through the circumstance that style and manner are no longer novel; for, good story-teller as he is, the author of "Jason" has abundance of tales in his repertory, and whether he weaves them close or loose, the ear drinks in with unalloyed delight the simple, sweet, picture-like rhapsodies of a practised gestour. Variety is, as in the former portions of the poem, ensured by the interchange of classical fables with Northern myths; and such variety, too, that no tale of Greece can be charged with being like its predecessors, no Norse or Icelandic legend can lie under that imputation of sameness which can often be laid with

too much truth at the door of our prose story-tellers. It is therefore with a cordial welcome that we greet what is truly a Christmas Book—one that will satisfy the lighter traditions of the season by delighting without wearying, and one that perchance, for all its professed "earthliness," will to rightly-strung hearts suggest the lesson of not resting in things sublunary, from the very force of contrast, the insufficiency of the brightest mortal fortunes, the elements of perishableness, which each tale exhibits as inseparable from the joys of earth and of things earthly. The "Death of Paris" illustrates the brittle nature of human love and the selfishness of man, which mars and frustrates such self-abnegation as is personified in the nymph CEnone. In the dreamlike poem of the "Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon," although we have a picture of perfect constancy under the most trying conditions, the course of true love is very far from being smooth enough to justify a plenary belief in the sufficiency of earthly satisfactions. In "Acontius and Cydippe," though all comes right in the end, the delays and hindrances to true love's free course are painted in colors quite the reverse of deceptive; while in the legend of the "Man who never Laughed again" it is human curiosity, and inability to be content with

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\* *The Earthly Paradise*. Part III. A Poem. By William Morris, author of the "Life and Death of Jason." London: F. S. Ellis. Boston: Roberts Bros.

what is within the ken of ordinary knowledge, that brings the hapless Bham to the same slough of despond and despair as those whose lesson was set before him to take warning by. In "Rhodope" we have set up the memorial of one whose high aspirings unfit her, before their fulfilment, for the home duties, loves, and charities, and, when fulfilled, debar her from the intercourse of her sire, who "is fain still to dwell among his own folk," and cannot brook the strange eyes that shall watch his altered fortunes when his daughter's queenhood sets him above himself.

And no one will say that a Paradise on earth would have transcendent attractions were it such as was shared by "Gudrun and her Lovers," the longest and in many points the most romantic tale in the present volume. If Mr. Morris had accepted a brief as *Advocatus Diaboli*, he could scarcely have given more prominence to the dissuasives which forbid the acceptance of an earthly Paradise as a "be-all and end-all" than he does in the quarrels, treacheries, jealousies, and misunderstandings, which in the tale referred to set the nearest and dearest perpetually by the ears. Thus, indirectly at least, this "Earthly Paradise" subserves a higher and loftier purpose; and it is scarcely fair to say of it that it is too entirely "of the earth earthy," until we have well considered the scope and the obligations of the story-teller. It has been more than once noticed that there is little or nothing of a "better hope" evinced in Mr. Morris's conspectus of an earthly Paradise; and it does strike one at first sight as odd that, though Yule-tide and Christmas come in again and again in the volume before us, and the New Faith is represented as gradually supplanting Odin, Thor, and the rest, the birth of a Saviour and the regeneration of a world are scarcely ever alluded to with any enthusiasm—the one being regarded rather as a dream of the learned, the other as the work and result of the strong persuasion of the sword. But the explanation of all this is clearly the author's assumption for the time being of the character of his interlocutor, his rigid and dramatic acting-out of a part which would lose its *vraisemblance* if there arose the suspicion of another mind informing the puppet of the

passing hour. Proposing to himself this rule, it is but very seldom that he suffers the personages who fill his canvas to speculate on what lies beyond their present and palpable condition; but in such exceptional cases it is with an appropriateness to the character portrayed which at once does away with any impression of inconsistency. An illustration of this may be drawn from the "Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon," a tale to which, as one of the most successful poems in the volume, we shall have to revert. The mother of its star-gazing hero—who somewhat like Thomas the Rhymer is spirited away, and only comes back to his Norwegian home after a long lapse of time—being more speculative and devout than her ruder consort and elder sons, falls a-thinking whether the "dead-alive" has not perchance come back from beyond the gates of death, and puts to him a question influenced by that instinctive yearning to religion which distinguishes especially the female heart. She adjures him by his debt to her who bore him:—

If thou hast been so far, that thou  
Canst tell to me—grown old, son, now,  
Through weary life, unsatisfied  
Desires, and lingering hope untried—  
If thou canst tell me of thy ruth,  
What thing there is of lies or truth,  
In what the *new faith* saith of those  
Great glories of the heavenly close,  
And how that poor folk twinned on earth  
Shall meet therein in joy and mirth.

Contrast this appeal and this devout curiosity with the duller and more matter-of-fact fashion in which the Icelandic hero Kiartan, in the last tale of the volume, accepts Christianity, when spoken fair by Olaf of Denmark, with a skin-deep kind of conversion, but will not be bullied into it by king or priest, although he is so hedged in and entrapped that death is imminent on his refusal; note too how carelessly and superficially he, and indeed all the personages in the "Lovers of Gudrun" put off their old faith, and put on Christianity, as if it were a mere matter of change of coats; and it will be evident how completely for the time being the author wraps himself up in each of his creations, and how little—while true and staunch to his definite ideal of it—he cares to find room for those subjective disquisitions which are quite alien to the character of his Muse.

Our readers will not need to be reminded of the framework into which these stories are inwoven, or to be told again how pilgrims, come to a long standstill in a fruitless quest, find a monthly beguilement of their growing despondency in an interchange of tales with their kindly and Greek-descended entertainers. These latter in the present volume contribute the "Death of Paris," "Acontius" (why on earth should Mr. Morris provoke the shade of Ovid, and the wrath of every one who is familiar with Latin poetry, by spelling this worthy's name with a double "cc?") "and Cydippe," and the "Story of Rhodope;" and in doing so they borrow from classic fable just so much of what is written as serves their purpose. In the first-named, the narrator lays hold of the legend of CEnone's refusal to heal her faithless lover, when he is carried to her in sore stress, stricken by the poisoned arrow of Philoctetes. It is a fine field for working out of character, this contrast between the quenchless love of the mountain nymph and the irresolute, unstable, volatile selfishness of Paris, only partially redeemed by his tongue's refusal to be false to his later and more lawless love when life or death hang upon his word. The stanza adopted for this poem, as well as the "Story of Rhodope," is very congenial to the subject, and affords scope not only for the gusts of passion which are stirred by the meeting of CEnone with her recreant lover, but also for the fine descriptions of the journey of the litter-bearers from doomed Ilion to the pine-groves of Ida. Some of the touches of pathos in CEnone's appeals have a wonderful echo of Greek poetry—as witness that in pp. 15-16 beginning

Thou sleepest, Paris? would that I could sleep,  
&c., &c.;

and the unadorned simplicity of language which clothes these outbursts is worthy the study and imitation of all who seek to win unsophisticated ears to their poetry. We must not indulge, however, in quotations from the "Death of Paris;" nor from "Acontius and Cydippe," of which story Mr. Morris's version so far differs from Ovid's as there is no betrothal here of the maiden, except to Diana, and no fever ensues on Cydippe's resolve to be bound by the pious fraud whereby

Acontius had made her unwittingly pledge herself to him. In Lord Lytton's "Lost Tales of Miletus" the same classic story forms a part, and it is worth a comparison with the less elaborate vision given by Mr. Morris. After the "Story of Rhodope" (was she not rather Rhodopis?), and the expansion which our author makes of the less familiar legend of an eagle snatching away one of her slippers as she bathed at Naucratis, and dropping it in the lap of the King of Egypt as he sate dispensing justice at Memphis, the issue being a successful search for the owner, who is taken for partner on the throne, we may linger at least long enough to draw attention to a pretty picture—the bathing-place whose margin is the scene of the eagle's theft:—

Shallow it was; a shore of hard white sand  
Met the green herbage, and as clear as glass  
The water ran in ripples o'er that strand,  
Until it well-nigh touched the flowery grass;  
A dainty bath for weary limbs it was,  
And so our maiden thought belike, for she  
'Gan put her raiment from her languidly.

Until at last from out her poor array  
Pure did she rise, e'en as that other Ono  
Rose up from out the ragged billows grey  
For earth's dull days and heavy to atone;  
How like another sun her gold hair shone;  
In the green place, as down she knelt, and raised  
The glittering shoes, and long time on them gazed.

If this quotation has the effect of attracting any readers to a more intimate acquaintance with this poem—wherein Rhodope, by the way, though almost a beggar-maid, is in purity a laudable contrast to her classic prototype—and of leading them on to the pretty and tender farewell she utters to her old haunts and folk when she is about to be borne away by ship to her higher destiny, we have no fear but such a reader will arise from his study of the tale with an enhanced conviction of Mr. Morris's title to the wreath of a modern Chaucer, as a poet who, whilst unrivalled as a story-teller, finds the way to the heart at the same time that he enchains the ear.

Between the two best tales narrated by the wanderers, which are also without question the best in the present volume, it is hard to say which most deserves the palm. There is more of stir and action in "Gudrun and her Lovers," and the hero of it, Kiartan, is a creation of the highest merit—a blending of some of the finest characteristics of chivalry

with a Christian-like temper, singularly hard "to be provoked," although nowise slack when there is no longer a choice of forbearing. The sole drawback to him is the rather hero-like forgetfulness of Gudrun, his love in Iceland, which he exhibits under the influence of the smiles of Ingibiorg, the King of Denmark's sister—a weakness which costs him the hand of her whom alone he loves, and which serves as a tool for Bodli his foster-brother to use against his interests with the peerless Gudrun. It may possibly strike some readers as somewhat too long a tale, filling as it does two hundred pages out of five hundred; yet this will be condoned on the score of the wonderful skill with which, in seemingly artless story-telling, are depicted Kiar-tan's magnanimity, Bodli's treachery and self-accusings, and the conflicting love and jealousy of the heroine:—

Whose birth the wondering world no more might  
blame  
Than her's who erst called Tyndarus her sire.  
What hearts soe'er, what roof-trees she might  
fire,  
What hearts soe'er, what hearts she might leave  
cold,  
Before the ending of the tale be told.

Our preference, indeed, is for the "Land East of the Sun" as a whole, but it would be hard to find in it, though abounding in beautiful passages, a more perfect picture than this of "Gudrun asleep," from the poem to which we have been just referring. Its beauty must plead an excuse for its citation:—

But while in peace these through the night did  
go.  
Vexed by new thoughts and old thoughts, Gudrun  
lay  
Upon her bod: she watched him go away,  
And her heart sank within her, and there came,  
With pain of that departing, pity and shame,  
That, struggling with her love, yet made it strong,  
That called her longing blind, yet made her long  
Yet more for more desire, what seeds soe'er  
Of sorrow, hate, and ill were hidden there.  
So with her strong heart wrestled love, till she  
Sank 'neath the hand of sleep, and quietly  
Beneath the new-risen sun she lay at rest,  
The bed-gear fallen away from her white breast,  
One arm deep buried in her hair, one spread  
Abroad, across the 'broideries of the bed,

A smile upon her lips, and yet a tear,  
Scarce dry, but stayed anigh her dainty ear—  
How fair, how soft, how kind she seem'd that  
morn,  
Ere she anew to love and life was born.

But we must turn from this vision of a heroine who at best is of the earth—we had almost said "earthly"—to another in the "Land East of the Sun," whose pure, perfect, tender, suffering nature is of a more mysterious and heavenly kind, the nameless queen of some far-off and unearthly country, whose love a mere mortal is privileged to gain, and though, through a lingering desire to get back to his native soil and kinsfolk, he runs sore risk of losing it irreparably, at last recovers, after years of wandering and yearning. This story runs in octo-syllabic couplets, and is readable from beginning to end without a pause. It is scarcely an allegory, though it seems akin to that form of tale. It is scarcely a legend, for it is the record of a mystery. But it is most truly what it professes to be—a dream; and a dream told to the life. As such it illustrates very thoroughly the gift, which Mr. Morris pre-eminently possesses, of ability to throw himself into the scene and circumstances which he would describe. All about it is of a dreamland complexion; the pureness and, as it were, angelic nature of the mystic queen, as white almost to contemplate as the swan's plumage which enwraps her form when the churl's son first beholds her. And the impression of this is very skilfully heightened by the contrast of the sensual passion of Thorgerd, his brother's wife, for the beloved of the queen of the land east of the sun, when he revisits his home in wealth and shining garments. We are not sorry that space forbids any extracts from this very beautiful dream, because no extracts could do it even faint justice. Every one should read it entire. It is calculated to raise higher Mr. Morris's already high rank among our younger and latter-day poets. And—as a last word—we have pleasure in adding that, in correctness of rhyme and other evidences of care and polish, this volume of Mr. Morris excels his former ones.

All the Year Round.

## TENANTS OF SAINT DENIS.

IN the completion of the difficult and delicate task of restoring the royal church of St. Denis, will lie M. Viollet-Leduc's chief claim to consideration as an able and clever architect. The undertaking was one demanding the greatest possible care, judgment, and labor, and M. Viollet-Leduc has brought all these to bear, with a result that leaves nothing to be desired. It was not merely a question of replacing displaced tombs, raising fallen columns, and mending statues, but the notions of former governments had evidently been very vague and indistinct on the subject of "restoration," and those notions had all tended to spoil St. Denis rather than to improve it, so that it has been now necessary to destroy much, before the work of restoration could be begun. Yet it was this disfigured church that was the glory of the sight-seers of the reigns of Louis the Eighteenth, Charles the Tenth, and Louis Philippe! The lightness and elevation of its dome were vaunted by our fathers, yet its flooring had been raised more than a yard above the ground, to avoid damp; its windows had given place to mediæval portraits of kings and abbés, whose likeness to the originals was very doubtful; and its tombs had been removed into a dark, damp crypt, exposed to the indiscretion of visitors. There were columns, statues, and busts—some among them of persons who had never been buried at St. Denis—all unchronologically and incorrectly arranged. The St. Denis of to-day presents a very different appearance, even in its unfinished state.

The royal mausoleum stands before us, brilliant in renewed beauty and freshness, and carries us back at once to the days of its past glory. With this difference, however; that it is now less a mausoleum than a museum. M. Georges d'Heilly, in a very interesting account lately published in Paris of the extraction of the royal coffins from St. Denis in 1793, says: "Death no longer surrounds us when visiting St. Denis. The tombs which once sheltered the bodies of our kings are empty, many of them re-made, the ashes of Dagobert and Henry the Second thrown to the winds,

and their bones burnt in quick-lime. The fault, therefore, of this admirable restoration is, that the royal church is no longer a church, nor a necropolis. It is simply a museum which we visit, as we visit the Louvre, and the difference between the old tombs, painted windows, and chapels of the past, and those of the present, which are the work of M. Viollet-Leduc, is the difference which exists between an admirably executed copy and an utterly lost original.

"On the 31st of July, 1793, at a sitting of the Convention, Barrère, in the name of the Comité du Salut Public, read a paper in which he proposed that the anniversary of the 10th of August—the day on which the throne had been levelled—should be celebrated by the destruction of the royal tombs of St. Denis: the sumptuousness of which, he argued, was vanity tending to the flattery and glory of monarchy. The Convention unanimously gave assent to the proposition, and the work of destruction commenced on the 6th, and finished on the 8th of August, to the end that on the 10th it might be publicly announced that a great and just act had been accomplished, and that it only now remained to open the coffins and disperse the remains of the royal tyrants, which would be effected as soon as circumstances permitted. Accordingly, in the following October commenced the opening of the coffins—the first being that of the great Turenne. The shape of his body was well preserved, and his features were very little altered. He appeared like a dried mummy of a light shade of bistre. A large opening was then made in the vault in which lay the Bourbon princes and princesses, and the coffin of Henri the Fourth was discovered. His body was perfectly preserved, and his face recognizable. At the moment of opening, an enthusiastic soldier threw himself before the corps, and, after a long and silent worship, drew his sword and cut off a lock of his beard, which he held to his own lip, crying in loud tones, 'And I also am a French soldier! And I am henceforth sure of conquering the enemies of France, and marching to victory.'



"On the same day, 14th of October, the other members of the House of Bourbon, to the number of forty-seven, were taken out of their coffins. The body of Louis the Thirteenth was whole, and surprisingly well preserved; he was recognizable by his moustache, called à la royale, which remained intact. The body of Louis the Fourteenth was black as ink, and the skin shiny. The coffin of Louis the Fifteenth was opened at the entrance to the pit, which had been dug ready for the reception of the royal remains in the court-yard of the church where formerly stood the beautiful chapel of the Valois. This chapel was destroyed in 1719, being unsafe; but some of its finest remains, consisting of arched columns, &c., are to be seen at the present day in the Parc Monceaux. The body of the royal lover of the Du Barry was entire, and well bandaged: the skin white, the nose violet; some portions of the trunk, red. It floated in water formed by the dissolving of the sea salt in which it had lain. The bodies of the other princes and princesses were in a state of liquid putrefaction, and gave forth a black and thick vapor, the odor of which burnt vinegar and gunpowder hardly dissipated. The intestines of the illustrious dead were placed in leaden vessels attached to the iron trestles that supported the coffins, which were also of lead. The whole was despatched to the melter's, after the contents had been emptied into the pit.

"In the vault of Charles the Fifth, several members of his family had been buried. In his coffin, besides some dried bones, were a crown and sceptre of gold, and a hand of Justice beautifully carved in silver. In the coffin of Jeanne de Bourbon, his wife, were the remains of a crown, a gold ring, a spindle in gilt wood half eaten away, and some pointed shoes covered with gold and silver embroidery. Part of a crown and a gilt sceptre were also found in the coffins of Charles the Seventh and his wife Marie d'Anjou. The tomb of Henri the Second held nine coffins, containing the bones and decomposed remains of the princes and princesses of his line. Louis the Tenth had no coffin. His body had been simply placed in a stone hollowed into the form of a trough, and lined with plates of

lead. Bones, and part of a sceptre and brass crown, were found in it, much rusted. Charles le Chauve had been placed in a similar receptacle, as had also Philippe-Auguste. In the coffin of the latter, nothing but dust was found. The body of Louis the Eighth was enveloped in a leather sack, beside which was part of a wooden sceptre, a diadem of gold tissue, and a satin cap. Philippe le Bel was in a stone coffin—an entire skeleton; a gold ring was on one of his fingers, and beside him lay a diadem of gold tissue, and a brass gilt sceptre. A statue of Dagobert stood in front of his tomb, and this the workmen were obliged to break in order to get at the coffin. In the tomb was a wooden coffer two feet long, containing the bones of Dagobert and of Nantilde, his wife. These remains were wrapped in some silken stuff, and separated one from the other by a plank, dividing the coffer in two. The head of the queen was missing; that of the king was complete, even to the teeth. The skeleton of Duguesclin—buried by favor at St. Denis—was found intact in a lead coffin, the head perfect and the bones wonderfully white. The vault of François the First contained six coffins. All the bodies were in a state of liquid putrefaction, and a sort of black water issued from the coffins during their carriage to the pit. The body of François himself was of extraordinary stature and build. In the coffin of Philippe le Long was his complete skeleton, clothed in royal robes. On his head was a gold crown, enriched by precious stones; his mantle was decorated with gold and silver. After the completion of the ghastly work at St. Denis, the coffin of Madame Louise, daughter of Louis the Fifteenth, was fetched from the Carmelite convent, of which she was superior. Her body was in the dress of a Carmelite nun, and in a state of putrefaction. It was taken to the cemetery of Valois, and thrown with the rest into the fosse commune. On the 12th of October a grand ceremony and procession took place, in order to transport the gold and treasure found at St. Denis, with becoming dignity, to the Convention Nationale."

In this way Revolution scattered the treasured dust of kings!

Quarterly Review.

## SACERDOTAL CELIBACY.\*

ALTHOUGH the rule of clerical celibacy has often been maintained with a show of Scriptural grounds,† both during the Middle Ages and by the advocates of the Roman Church since the Reformation—although Henry VIII's Act of Six Articles asserted that "priests after the order of priesthood might not marry by the Law of God"—the authoritative decree of the Council of Trent seems to allow that the matter belongs merely to ecclesiastical regulation.‡ Without, therefore, either relying absolutely on Mr. Lea's statement that St. Peter is "admitted on all hands" to have had a daughter, St. Petronilla§ (p. 25), or thinking it necessary to discuss the perplexities of one of our late ultra-ritualists, who cannot imagine how the notion of clerical celibacy could have arisen in the early Church, unless the Apostles had forsaken their wives (!)¶ we may assume that, in the words of our Church's XXXII<sup>nd</sup> Article, "Bishops, priests, and deacons are not commanded by God's Law either to vow the estate of single life, or to abstain from marriage."¶ In this, as in some other things, the Church was first led by circumstances to take a certain course, and afterwards attempted to justify that course by professing to rest it on the authority of Scripture.

There were many influences early at work among the Christian community which tended to produce a high estimation of celibacy, in addition to those passages of Scripture on which its advocates rely as showing it to be superior to the married state. There was the

duty of presenting a strong contrast to the vices which were rampant in heathen society. There was the feeling that, in opposition to the vulgar notions of the Jews, the faithful ought to look, not to present enjoyment, but to the world which is to come; and hence came the principle of self-denial, which tended to run out into asceticism. The Baptist crying in the wilderness was chosen as the favorite model of sanctity, in forgetfulness that the Saviour had expressly contrasted His own manner of life with that of His forerunner, and had declared the less austere cause to be the higher of the two. And from many quarters the ascetic tendency was likely to draw support. The idea of annihilating the flesh for the sake of the spirit—of rising through neglect of the body into communion with the Divinity—was common to many Eastern systems which had their points of contact with Christianity.\* And while Gnosticism, in all its forms, taught that the body was the work of a creator inferior, and perhaps hostile, to the supreme Creator of the soul, although some turned this doctrine into a sanction for licentiousness, others made it a ground for severe precepts of renunciation.† Montanism and Manichæism, in their different ways, took up the ascetic idea, and the Church, while in some things it was influenced directly by such principles, must also doubtless have been strongly affected by a desire to avoid the reproach of self-indulgence which the sectaries were ready to cast on it.

But the application of these principles was not limited to the clergy. Throughout the first three centuries we

\* *An Historical Sketch of Sacerdotal Celibacy in the Christian Church.* By Henry C. Lea. Philadelphia, 1867.

† For specimens of these, see Lea, p. 25.

‡ Sess. xxiv. De Sacram. Matrim., c. 9.

§ That St. Peter was married, appears from Scripture, and Eusebius says that he and St. Philip *ἠνδρὶσθησαν* (Hist. Eccl. iii. 30); but the name and history of St. Petronilla are legendary.

¶ Rev. J. E. Vaux, in "The Church and the World," 1866, p. 147.

¶ This is evidently directed not only against popular notions (as is supposed by the writer just quoted, p. 162), but against the Act of Six Articles.

\* See Lecky's "History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne," i. 107-112. We must say that in this very able book we have been disappointed by the part which relates to our special subject (vol. ii. pp. 347, *seqq.*). Mr. Lecky here draws his materials almost entirely from Mr. Lea.

† One of Mr. Lea's singularities is, that, while referring to Epiphanius, Philastrius, and other comparatively late writers, as his authorities for Gnosticism, he has left out the two primary sources—Irenæus and the author of the "Philosophumena."

see instances of ecclesiastics living in marriage unblamed, and as a matter of course; and it was not as having received any special law that the clergy were expected to refrain from marriage, but simply because it was natural to look to them as examples of a virtue which was regarded by the age with admiration, although there was no attempt to enforce it. Thus we find the ascetic system dominant in opinion and in practice alike among the Alexandrian school and among the North Africans, such as Tertullian and Cyprian; and by the end of the second century the only writer of note in whom such ideas are not strongly marked is St. Irenæus, bishop of Lyons.\* Already, too, we see that the popular admiration which waited on the practice of asceticism produced much religious profession of an unwholesome and dangerous kind, much hypocrisy, and strange developments of fanaticism. The scandalous intercourse which took place at Carthage between the clergy and the professed virgins of the Church, is but one instance of a class of aberrations which has often since reappeared, and sometimes with circumstances yet darker and more revolting.

It was not until the beginning of the fourth century that the restraints which until then had been recommended by moral influence alone began to take the form of ecclesiastical legislation. The earliest canon on the subject is the 33d of the council of Illiberis,† forbidding the connubial intercourse of bishops, priests, deacons, and subdeacons, with their wives—a canon of which a Roman Catholic writer, quoted by Messrs. Theiner (i. 79), says, that it shows a want not only of knowledge of mankind, but of common sense; that no canon of the ancient Church has done so much as this to undermine morality. The decree of Illiberis was speedily followed by others in the same direction; but the mischief of too great rigor in such matters soon became manifest to the more considerate members of the Church, and we find some ecclesiastical assemblies legislating with a view to moderate the

austerer tendencies of the time. Such was the effect of the synods of Ancyra and of Neocæsarea, held about ten years after the Spanish council which has just been mentioned;\* and in a like spirit one of the so-called Apostolical canons, which probably belongs to the same period, "forbids any bishop, priest, or deacon to put away his wife on the plea of religion under penalty of excommunication."† So too, when a proposal for the enforcement of clerical celibacy was brought before the great council of Nicæa (A.D. 325), it was defeated, as is well known, by the opposition of the Egyptian bishop, Paphnutius, whose story, like everything else that is inconvenient for the Roman theories, has been denied by controversialists in the interest of Rome, but may be regarded as established by the consent of the more candid Roman writers, such as Professor Hefele, in his valuable "History of Councils."‡ The Nicene fathers, therefore, contented themselves with forbidding the clergy to entertain in their houses any women except near relations, or such as should otherwise be above suspicion; yet from a misunderstanding of the word which they used—*συνιστάμεν*, which was rendered in Latin by *sub-introductam*—it was very generally believed throughout the Middle Ages that the imposition of celibacy on the clergy had been sanctioned by that council which, although only the first of many which claimed the title of general, enjoyed a peculiar veneration above all the rest.

In the mean time the influence of monachism, which had originated in the latter part of the third century, began to be largely felt. Even among monks it would seem that marriage was not at first absolutely forbidden; but celibacy became the rule with them, although it was not without exceptions, and the practice of the monks in this respect af-

\* Lea, 48-9.

† "Church and World" i. 147. We ought, however, to mention that Mr. Vaux speaks of these canons as "generally believed to have been delivered to the Church by St. Clement of Rome, and thus to rank amongst the earliest Christian records."

‡ i. 417-8. Mr. Lea talks of Paphnutius's "sightless eyes" (p. 54). But the confessor had lost only one eye in the late persecution. Socrates, i. 11.

\* Theiner, i. 68.

† We need hardly say that the date of this Council is disputed: but it seems to have been about the year 365.

fected the secular clergy. The superior pretensions of the monks to sanctity, which often took the form of fanatical eccentricity, drew to them the admiring reverence of the multitude, and even of persons who might have been supposed exempt from the influences of vulgar popularity; and the clergy, in order to protect themselves against an entire loss of influence and consideration, found it expedient to imitate the peculiarities which were so greatly revered. Thus celibacy came to be regarded as an attribute of the clerical character, so that the religious ministrations of ecclesiastics who did not satisfy the popular requirements in this respect were liable to be despised and rejected. With a view to counteract the prevailing tendency, the council of Gangra (held about the middle of the fourth century, although the precise date is uncertain) condemned, among other extravagances of a like sort, the refusal to communicate with married priests. Yet the popular notion continued to prevail over the liberty which was still allowed by the ecclesiastical laws; and some centuries later, that which the council of Gangra had denounced as an error became a principle in the hierarchical system of Hildebrand.

Very early in the connection of the Christian Church with the Empire, the legislation of Constantine gives evidence of the estimation in which celibacy had come to be held, by the abolition of certain disabilities and burdens to which unmarried men had been subject under the laws of heathen Rome. In order to secure this exemption from the pressure of grievances which had been felt as very heavy, it is said that great multitudes entered into the monastic state, which very many of them were ill fitted to adorn; and that the withdrawal of such numbers from the obligations of their duty as citizens gave the Arian emperor Valens a pretext for annoying the orthodox, by decreeing that the able-bodied and indolent monks should be dragged from their places of retirement, and should be compelled to perform military service.

There was already abundant evidence to show the inexpediency of enforcing a strictness which, while it was plainly contrary to nature, derived its warrant, not from the teaching of the Christian

Scriptures, but from such fanciful developments of the idea of sanctity as might rather be traced to the influence of other systems of religion. The profession of celibacy was too often connected with hypocrisy; scandals of many kinds arose, and there were continual instances of that levity which, even in the first age of the Gospel, had been censured by St. Paul in the younger widows, and for which he had prescribed marriage and its occupations as the suitable remedy (1 Tim. v. 14). It was found that, although celibacy had been voluntarily embraced,—perhaps in an excited state of mind, which was stimulated at once by religious enthusiasm and by the glory which in that age was attached to the virgin character—it afterwards became in many cases necessary to bind down those who had taken such obligations on them to a compulsory observance of their engagements. Hence we find councils passing such rules as that no woman shall take the monastic veil under the age of forty; a regulation which was, no doubt, founded on the experience that in women of less mature years there was a great danger of relapse into the vanities of the world, or of fretting miserably under the restraints of a life to which, even so early as the latter part of the fourth century, the name of *religious* began to be exclusively applied.\* The clergy were forbidden to enter the houses of widows and virgins unaccompanied; not necessarily, as Messrs. Theiner suppose (i. 297), because those who ought especially to have been examples and guides to others were the class most suspected of being dangerous to female virtue, but perhaps rather lest, however guiltless in intentions and in conduct, they should be assailed by scandalous imputations.

The idea of the excellence of virginity and celibacy, as being holier than the married state, was continually advancing under the influence of such teachers as St. Ambrose and St. Jerome, favored by the authority of such popes as Damasus and Siricius. This last-named pope is famous

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\* It seems as if Mr. Lea did not apprehend this sense of the word in Salvian's description of those who were "changed by faith and religion" as the only exception to the general depravity of the Africans (p. 86). In any case the translation of *mutatos* by "regenerated" is objectionable.

in history as the author of a document (A.D. 385) which is at once the earliest specimen of a genuine decretal epistle, and the earliest attempt to enforce a general rule of celibacy on the clergy of the Western Church. For the extravagant flights of Jerome and Ambrose in the praise of celibacy, the reader may be referred to the collection of passages by Messrs. Theiner. The parable of the sower was pressed into the service, in order to furnish a comparative estimate of the various states of Christian life; while marriage was at best as the ground which brought forth thirty-fold, the spiritual fruit of widowhood was as sixty-fold, and that of virginity as an hundred-fold.\* But although the style of thought and language which was then common might appear to set forth religious celibacy as an object for the endeavors of both sexes alike, we hear little of the profession of celibacy on the part of laymen who remained in secular life; and it would seem that these were content to devolve their supposed duty, in this as in other matters, on the monks and clergy.

Opponents of the system which was growing on the Church arose here and there in such teachers as Jovinian, † Vigilantius, and Helvidius,—the last of whom was especially provoked by the exaggerated reverence which, in the general exaltation of celibacy and virginity, was paid to her who was regarded as the especial type of the virgin life. But all such attempts to check the prevailing tendency were overpowered by the furious vehemence of Jerome, and by the graver authority of Augustine. The secular clergy were, indeed, still allowed to retain the wives whom they had married before ordination; "for," says a remarkable law of Honorius, A.D.

420, "those are not unfitly joined to clerks who have by their conversation made their husbands worthy of the priesthood." Yet as to such matters the current of opinion was strongly running in the direction opposite to this law; and, where marriage was still practised, there was usually either some personal circumstance which was regarded as an excuse (as in the well-known case of Synesius), or the practice was connived at from a feeling on the part of the ecclesiastical authorities that the rule of celibacy was too severe for general observance. Already it began to be found that severe enactments acted as a temptation to disobedience and evasion; and there are many canons which show that the restrictions by which the clergy were debarred from all female companionship except that of their nearest kindred, were sometimes found to act as a temptation to sins of a dark and horrible kind.

In the East the system of restraint had not advanced so rapidly as in the West. Yet we find that St. John Chrysostom is strong in the denunciation of clerical marriage, while, at the same time, he is an undeniable witness to the prevalence of disorders connected with the institution of *subintroductæ*. St. Gregory of Nazianzum, too, has much to say as to the association of monks with professed virgins, and its results; but here, as in other parts of our survey, we feel ourselves debarred from entering into the details from which alone it would be possible to gain a sufficient idea of the effects which followed from the establishment of the law of celibacy.

The reign of Justinian is important in the history of the subject, inasmuch as it was then that the ecclesiastical regulations were for the first time confirmed by the civil law, and, in accordance with the spirit of the age, the prohibition of marriage was now extended to the subdiaconate. Yet the attempt to enforce celibacy on the clergy of the Greek Church by general law proved a failure. The discipline of that Church is to this day regulated by the canons of the council "in Trullo," which was held within the last years of the seventh century; and this council, at the same time that it lays down many limitations—forbidding (for example) the cohabitation

\* Mr. Lea seems to overlook the scriptural origin of this comparison, and to suppose that it began with an Irish synod under St. Patrick (p. 44). But it is at least as old as St. Jerome, Epist. (lxvi. 2).

† Mr. Lea assumes the identity of Jovinian with a person who is styled Jovian, and who in 412 was severely punished for disturbing the Roman Church by his schismatical proceedings (p. 73). But Jerome says clearly that Jovinian was dead in 404, and the coarseness of his language is no good ground for questioning the statement,—"*Inter phasides aves et carnes suiles non tam emisit spiritum quam eructavit.*"—"Adv. Vigilant," c. 1.

of bishops with their wives\*—yet sanctions the marriage of the inferior clergy, and in so doing expressly reprobates the opposite practice of Rome.

The Western world was now engaged in the great transition from the old to the new civilization; and between these the monks and clergy were the especial means of connection.

"The Latin Church," says Mr. Lea, "found itself confronted with a new task. The Barbarians who wrenched province after province from the feeble grasp of the Cæsars had to be conquered, or religion and culture would be involved in the wreck which blotted out the political system of the empire. The destinies of the future hung trembling in the balance, and it might not be an uninteresting speculation to consider what had been the present condition of the world if Western Europe had shared the fate of the East, and had fallen under the domination of a race bigoted in its own belief, and incapable of learning from its subjects. Fortunately for mankind, the invaders of the West were not semi-civilized and self-satisfied; their belief was not a burning zeal for a faith sufficiently elevated to meet many of the wants of the soul. They were simple barbarians, who, while they might despise the cowardly voluptuaries on whom they trampled, could not fail to recognize the superiority of a civilization awful even in its ruins. Fortunately, too, the Latin Church was a more compact and independently organized body than its Eastern rival, inspired by a warmer faith and a more resolute ambition. It faced the difficulties of its new position with consummate tact and tireless energy; and whether its adversaries were Pagans like the Franks, or Arians like the Goths and Burgundians, by alternate pious zeal and artful energy it triumphed where success seemed hopeless, and where bare toleration would have appeared a sufficient victory."—p. 120.

The celibacy of the clergy was enforced for reasons additional to those which had recommended it in earlier times; among other things, because, as the clergy of the West were chiefly taken from the conquered races and from the servile orders of society, it was especially desirable that such persons should not have the power to make over the property of the Church as an inheritance to their chil-

dren. And the remark (which, we believe, was first made by John von Müller) has often been repeated—that to the enforcement of celibacy during what are styled the Dark Ages is due the preservation of the Western clergy from becoming a hereditary caste.

"By the overruling tendency of the age," says Mr. Lea, "all possessions previously held by laymen on precarious tenure were rapidly becoming hereditary. As the royal power slipped from hands unable to retain it, offices, dignities, and lands became the property of the holders, and were transmitted from father to son. Had marriage been openly permitted to ecclesiastics, their functions and benefices would undoubtedly have followed the example. An hereditary caste would have been established, who would have held their churches and lands of right. . . . The struggle lasted for centuries, and it is indeed most fortunate for our civilization that sacerdotalism triumphed, even at the expense of what at the moment may appear of greater importance."—p. 149.

Yet, although the hereditary principle was excluded, it may be said that in another sense the enforcement of celibacy tended to make the clergy a separate caste by isolating them in character and in interest from the great mass of society, by teaching them to regard themselves as united one to another, and all to one head, by a bond closer than the ties of kindred or country, inconsistent with those ties, and superior to them. Many canons show how greatly the establishment of celibacy was desired, and at the same time how imperfectly it was attained. Indeed the continual re-enactment of canons is a witness to their inefficacy, while in many cases the later canons throw a strange light—often of a ludicrous sort, but sometimes very far otherwise—on the manner in which the older rules had been transgressed or eluded. Thus on the one hand we find such orders as that the clergy shall not harbor women in cellars or secret places, that in nunneries there shall be no dark corners to favor prohibited endearments, and that all doors which look suspicious shall be walled up; and on the other hand there are frequent references to violations of the laws of nature, to infanticide and other frightful crimes, as the results of forbidding marriage where Holy Scripture allows it. Perhaps, too, the Messrs. Theiner may be right in ascribing to the

\* "Although all wives of those promoted to the episcopate are directed to be placed in nunneries at a distance from their husbands, yet the remarkable admission is made that this is done for the sake of the people, who regarded such things as a scandal, and not for the purpose of changing that which had been ordained by the Apostles."—Lea, 95.

enforcement of celibacy a bad effect of another kind, of which, according to them, the proofs were only too common in the Roman Catholic parts of Germany forty years ago—that the exclusion of the clergy from domestic society produced much coarseness of manners, and drove them to seek relief from their loneliness in low associations and indulgences (i. 396).

In Spain, after its conversion from Arianism in the end of the sixth century, many canons were directed to the abolition of the liberty of marriage, which had formerly been allowed to the heretical clergy; and to some of these canons strange penalties are annexed. Thus a council at Toledo in 589 enacts that if any of the clergy should be found to entertain suspicious female companions, the women should be sold by the bishops, and the price of them should be given to the poor; and in the following year another council, after stating that some bishops had neglected to carry out this order, enacts that the judges should seize the “extraneous women” for their own profit, and should swear to the bishops that they would not restore them to their clerical protectors.

It has usually been noticeable that those popes who were most zealous for the exaltation of the Roman See were also strenuous for the celibacy of the clergy; and thus it was with Gregory the Great (A.D. 590), who labored earnestly towards this purpose. Of him it is related that, on causing his fish-pond to be drained, he found in it the heads of 6000 children—the offspring of clerical amours, and victims of the legislation by which he had forbidden the marriage of the clergy. The story has, in our own time and country, been set forth, with all the charms of Irish eloquence, before audiences whose anti-papal enthusiasm was raised by it to a prodigious height; and the exposure of its utter impossibility, and of the spuriousness of the document on which it rests, is one of the most brilliant passages among the writings of that keen and unsparing enemy of literary imposture, the late Dr. Maitland. Strange to say, both Messrs. Theiner and Mr. Lea appear to adopt this tale, although giving up some of its more startling absurdities; and Mr. Lea (p. 154) quotes the censure

of it by Gregory VII. as a testimony to its having been related by St. Ulric, bishop of Augsburg, whereas the words “Scriptum quod dicitur sancti Udalrici” clearly mean that the Pope discredited the alleged authorship. The epistle in which it is told is now generally supposed to have been forged, in the time of this later Gregory (about 1076), by some member of the party which opposed him; Zaccaria, somewhat to our surprise, is inclined to refer the manufacture of it to England.

Notwithstanding the labors of Gregory the Great, marriage continued to be everywhere common among the clergy, and the laws against it, as they were not enforced, came to be regarded as invalid or obsolete. Not only priests, deacons, and the inferior orders of clergy, but even bishops, are found to have lived in wedlock without loss of reputation. Thus we are told that Gewillieb, Bishop of Mentz, was son of his predecessor in that see, and avenged his father's death by killing the Saxon who had slain him; and it was on account of this “irregular” exploit that Gewillieb was compelled to make way for the great English missionary St. Boniface, by whom Mentz was erected into the seat of the German primacy. Among the disorders from which Boniface labored to deliver the Frankish Church, the concubinage (as it was styled) of the clergy was prominent; but it is impossible to say in how far the connections which are stigmatized by this name really deserved it, or whether they were not really marriages, encouraged by the Irish who rivalled Boniface in his missionary exertions, and in whose native Church the marriage of the secular clergy appears to have been allowed.

Under the Carolingians, the celibacy of the clergy seems to have been little or not at all enforced, although it was regarded as a matter of decency. Charlemagne himself, in some sarcastic questions aimed at the defects of the clergy, asks whether they are distinguishable from the laity by anything else than that they do not wear arms, and do not *openly* live in matrimony. But from the time when the False Decretals were published and generally received, about the middle of the ninth century, as the idea of a papal monarchy was developed, so

also was that of compelling the clergy to celibacy, as a means of detaching them from the interests of family and of country, and of thus connecting them more strongly with the Roman See. Yet how unwillingly this law was borne, or rather how boldly it was set at nought, we see from the history of such reformers as RATHERIUS of Verona, ATTO of Vercelli, and DUNSTAN of Canterbury. The gross disorders of which Atto and RATHERIUS complain, the stubborn resistance which they encountered when they attempted to interfere with the existing state of things, the unsatisfactory compromises to which they were obliged to submit in order to evade the acknowledgment of utter failure in their exertions, are all deeply significant and instructive. In England, Dunstan, supported not only by the royal authority but by the supposed aid of miracle—the speaking crucifix at Winchester, and the sinking of the floor at the Council of Calne—was victorious for the time; and his associates, Ethelwold of Winchester and Oswald of Worcester, carried out his policy with rigor and success in their respective spheres. The English monasteries had fallen into the hands of the secular clergy in consequence of the disorders which resulted from the Danish invasions, and the first object of Dunstan was to eject these intruders and to restore the regulars; but he seems also to have entertained a further design of binding the secular clergy generally to single life. Yet within a few years after the death of Dunstan, things had fallen back into the old course, so that—

“About the year 1006 we find the chief monastery of England,\* Christchurch at Canterbury, in full possession of the secular clergy, whose irregularities were so flagrant that even Ethelred was forced to expel them, and to fill their places with monks. What was the condition of discipline among the secular priests may be guessed from the reformatory efforts of St. Aelfric, who was Archbishop of Canterbury from 995 to 1006. In his series of canons the first eight are devoted to inculcating the necessity of continence; after quoting the Nicene canon, he feels it to be so much at variance with the habits and customs of the age, that he actually deprecates the

surprise of his clergy at hearing a rule so novel and so oppugnant to the received practice, “as though there was no danger in priests living as married men;” he anticipates the arguments which they will bring against him, and refutes them with more gravity than success.”—Lea, p. 177.

So fruitless was the energy of the most vehement and most strenuous reformers when directed against the natural feelings and affections of mankind. Mr. Lea thus sums up the result at the opening of the eleventh century:—

“Though the ancient canons were still theoretically in force, they were practically obsolete everywhere. Legitimate marriage or promiscuous profligacy was almost universal—in some places unconcealed, in others covered with a thin veil of hypocrisy, according as the temper of the ruling prelate might be indulgent or severe. So far, therefore, Latin Christianity had gained but little in its struggle of six centuries with human nature.”—p. 162.

But still the struggle continued; and in proportion as the inefficacy of laws for compulsory celibacy became more manifest from experience, the authorities of the Church, instead of desisting from the attempt to enforce it, became more zealous in the cause. Thus, with respect to the children of ecclesiastics, who, at the time which we have reached, formed a numerous class, and may not unnaturally have looked to the clerical profession as suitable for them, Benedict VIII., at the Council of Pavia, in 1022, declared himself rigorously, and with much vehemence of language, “Let the sons of the clergy be null. Yea, let them—let them, I say,—I say they shall—be null.” The council condemned these unfortunates to perpetual servitude, and its canons were confirmed, and were enforced with the weight of civil penalties, by the saintly Emperor Henry the Second.

The Hildebrandine era was now at hand, and Mr. Lea well sketches the different characters and motives of the two chief agents in the advancement of clerical celibacy—the fervent, simple-minded, wrong-headed Peter Damiani, who, without any further view, contributed to the cause one strange and strangely-titled tract after another; and the far-sighted Hildebrand (or Gregory VII.), with whom celibacy was but one part of a great scheme for detaching the clergy from all secular connections, and forming

\* This, we need hardly say, is not quite a correct description, although Christchurch at Canterbury was the first cathedral of England, and was properly a Benedictine monastery.



them into an army, dispersed throughout every country, but knit together by a common discipline and devoted to the papacy alone (pp. 201-2, 213, 235-6). In order to this, Gregory did not hesitate to violate principles which had long been held sacred in the Church. In direct contradiction to the ancient Council of Gangra, to his own great predecessor Nicholas I., and to all the canonists down to his own time, he denounced the ministrations of concubinary priests as being invalidated by their sin. In contradiction to the hierarchical doctrine of the False Decretals, and to the established policy of Rome, he excited the laity against the clergy, and made them judges and executioners of the decrees which denounced concubinage. This was, indeed, only for a time; for, when the laity had served the turn of the papacy against the priesthood, Paschal II. receded from the Hildebrandine doctrine as to the nullity of the ministrations of sinful clergy, and reduced the laity to their old duty of submissively listening to their spiritual teachers. But, so long as such deviations from the system of the Church could be turned to account, Gregory made use of them without scruple. For the time, the confusion produced by his decrees was frightful. In some places the married clergy were able to hold their ground and to defy the Pope; in other places, the licence which had been proclaimed was eagerly caught at; furious mobs, with violence and insult, drove out the victims of Gregory's denunciations, and the ordinances of religion were treated with mockery and contempt. But the papal policy was triumphant. The great church of Milan, where the marriage of the clergy had been allowed, and even had been defended by the alleged authority of St. Ambrose, the glory of Milan,\* was compelled, after long and violent struggles, to give up its peculiar usages; and in other quarters—as Spain,† Brittany, Normandy, and the British

islands\*—the enforcement of celibacy on the clergy marks a new degree of subjugation to the authority of Rome.

Meanwhile the popes continued to pursue the course on which Gregory VII. had entered. Urban II. went beyond his master by enacting at the council of Melfi, in 1089, that the female companions of the clergy should be sold as slaves, and that the price of them should go to the temporal nobles, whose services it was thus intended to enlist for the purification of the Church. The first council of Lateran, under Calixtus II., in 1123, introduced a remarkable novelty. Until then the marriage of the clergy had been held valid, while those ecclesiastics who were found to have contracted such marriages were degraded from their orders; but according to the Lateran canon the orders were to be retained, while the culprits were to be subject to penance, and the marriage was to be dissolved.

Yet, although councils might legislate to such purpose, their decrees very commonly remained a dead letter. Radmer acknowledges that the prohibitory legislation of his patron, St. Anselm, was found within a few years to be a failure; and when John of Crema, Cardinal of St. Chrysogonus, came to England in 1125 as a censor of the morals of the clergy, his exertions in the cause of celibacy were discredited by the discovery of his personal frailty. Clergymen of all grades, including bishops, continued to take to themselves concubines; even an archbishop of Canterbury, Reginald, was the son of a bishop. A century after Anselm's time, Giraldus Cambrensis

"speaks of [female] companions as being publicly maintained by nearly all the parish priests in England and Wales. They arranged to have their benefices transmitted to their sons, while their daughters were married to the sons of other priests, thus establishing an hereditary sacerdotal caste, in which marriage appears to have been a matter of course. The propriety of this connection, and the heredi-

\* We cannot think, with Mr. Lea (pp. 217-8), that the influence of the Cathari, who are sometimes mentioned as existing in the Milanese territory, had anything to do with this.

† From the fact that in 1127 Alfonso VIII. of Castile was made a canon of Compostella, Mr. Lea infers that canons in general were not bound to celibacy (p. 321). But in truth royal person-

ages were admitted to canonries without incurring the obligations of those canons who were in holy orders; thus the kings of France were canons of Tours and of St. Quentin.

\* The first absolute rule against the marriage of the secular clergy in England was that of a council under St. Anselm in 1108.

tary ecclesiastical functions of the offspring, are quaintly alluded to in a poem of the period, wherein a logician takes a priest to task for entertaining such a partner."—Lea, p. 300.

But for this passage we must refer the reader to Mr. Lea's book, or to Mr. Thomas Wright's edition of the poems attributed to Walter Mapes (p. 256).

The lay view of the effect of enforcing celibacy on the clergy would seem to have been for the most part unfavorable. Thus we find that when the system had been established in Denmark, about the year 1180, the peasantry broke out into insurrection, and demanded that the clergy should be compelled to marry, as otherwise no man's wife or daughters would be safe. So it is said to have been common in Switzerland, at a later time, for the inhabitants of a parish, on the arrival of a new pastor, to oblige him to choose a concubine. Nicolas of Clamenges, one of the liberal or reforming school which arose in the French Church during the great schism of the West, tells us that in *most* parishes this was insisted on, although, after all, the precaution was not always sufficient to secure the virtue of the female parishioners; and a synod at Palencia, in 1322, is evidence for the existence of a similar custom in Spain. But, on the other hand, the civil authorities of Zurich, in 1230, required the clergy to put away their wives, and the mob of the town brought its aid for the enforcement of the order.

The title of *wife* was no longer given to the female companions of the clergy, who were now styled concubines or *fo-cariæ*, i.e., hearth-keepers, for which last word, by an odd allusion to Scripture, the name of *Martha* was sometimes substituted; yet these women were not regarded as infamous except by the extreme zealots, such as Peter Damiani. Their status was like that of the concubine under the old Roman law; their connection with the clergy was permanent, and, while it was not officially dignified with the name of marriage, it was most likely cemented by the nuptial ceremony.\* Very curious results are recorded as having followed from this state of things. In some cases the priests were allowed to entertain their concubines on paying for a license either to the bishop, or (as

under Henry I. of England) to the sovereign. About 1180, we find Pope Alexander III. addressing some remarkable instructions to a bishop of Exeter, in whose diocese sub-deacons (who had gradually come to be reckoned among the major orders) had been in the habit of openly marrying. The Pope directs that an inquiry shall be made into the character of the offenders. If steady and regular in their habits, so that there may be a reasonable expectation of their living decently without their wives, they are to be forcibly separated from them, while those of a more disorderly character shall be allowed to retain their partners, although they must be excluded from the ministry of the altar, and from promotion to ecclesiastical benefices. (Lea, 333.)

Although the marriage of the clergy was not acknowledged by law, it appears that in some cases their concubines made the connection a ground for claiming a share in the special privileges of the hierarchy.

"They came to be invested with a quasi-ecclesiastical character, and to enjoy the dearly-loved immunities attached to that position at a time when the Church was vigorously striving to uphold and to extend the privileges which the civil lawyers were systematically laboring to undermine. Nor was the pretension thus advanced suffered to lapse. Towards the close of the [fourteenth] century, Carlo Malatesta, of Rimini, applied to Ancorano, a celebrated doctor of canon and of civil law ('*juris canonici speculum, et civilis anchora*'), to know whether he could impose penalties on the concubines of priests, and the learned jurist replied decidedly in the negative; while other legal authorities have not hesitated to state that such women are fully entitled to immunity from secular jurisdiction, as belonging to the families of clerks—*de familia clericorum*."—Lea, 350–1.

When the marriage of the clergy was forbidden, it is natural to suppose that the parochial clergy (who themselves did not occupy any high position) would have been obliged to choose their female companions from a very low order of society; and this would seem to have been the case generally, so that Messrs. Theiner describe the concubines as having been commonly a very degraded class (ii. 810). Yet Chaucer, in a well-known passage, represents the miller of Trumpington's wife as an important personage in her way, because she was a

\* See Theiner, ii. 252; Lea, 204, 299.

parson's daughter; and both Mr. Lea and Mr. Vaux argue successfully against the attempt of a late editor, Mr. Robert Bell, to explain away the natural meaning of the poet's words.

Be this as it may, it is certain that, as time went on, the law of celibacy was generally neglected, and that the clergy were getting more and more deeply into disrepute.\* We learn this from satirical poetry—Latin, French, German, and English; from the tales of Boccaccio and Chaucer; from the grave invectives of divines; from the canons of councils, to whose members it would seem never to have occurred that the remedy was to be sought, not in increased rigor, but in relaxation; from the annalists of the age, from contemporary letters, and from other authorities of many kinds. In some countries the tax for leave to entertain concubines was now levied by the bishops from their clergy as a thing of course, every man being left to choose for himself whether he would or would not avail himself of the liberty which he had been obliged to pay for (Lea, 422-425). The morality of the papal court at Avignon was so grossly bad that Petrarch—himself no pattern of ascetic ecclesiastical virtue—describes it in the strongest terms of horror and detestation. Some of the popes themselves were openly charged with the most infamous laxity of life, which seems to have reached its extreme in John XXIII., who was deposed by the council of Constance.

With regard to the question of celibacy, the great theological authorities of the time, Albertus Magnus, Thomas Aquinas, Scotus, Bonaventura, the younger Durandus,† Panormitanus, and others, were more moderate than might probably be expected; indeed quotations from some of these writers have been among the stock materials of Anglican controversialists on the subject, from the time of Bishop Jewel downwards.

In all demands and projects for a reformation of the Church "in head and members," the incontinence of the clergy

was a chief ground of complaint. Some of the reformers, such as Peter D'Ailly and Gerson, were in favor of avowed concubinage, as being less dangerous than the profession of compulsory celibacy, and proposals were repeatedly made for assimilating the discipline of the Western Church to that of the Greeks, as it had been settled by the council in Trullo. The wits and scholars of the early part of the sixteenth century—Erasmus, Rabelais, Budé, and the authors of the "*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*"—were unsparing in their denunciations of the immorality of the clergy. It seems to us, looking back on the state of things which then existed, as if in any reforming movement the restriction of celibacy—a restriction which was generally admitted to rest on no warrant of Scripture, and to belong to that class of disciplinary rules which the Church might alter at will, while overwhelming experience had shown it to be a fruitful source of evils alike fearful and unnecessary—must inevitably have been prominent among the subjects as to which a change was likely to be demanded.

Yet, although some of the English Lollards had advocated the marriage of the clergy, it had not been taught either by their founder, Wickliff, or by Huss; nor was it one of the points on which Luther insisted in the manifesto by which he first signalized his name as a reformer. It was, however, speedily put forward by some of his associates; and from the year 1520 Luther himself included it in his scheme, denouncing the ecclesiastical restrictions as "devilish," and enforcing his belief in the lawfulness of marriage by taking a nun who had renounced her vows, Catharine von Bora, to be his wife, in 1525. In Germany and in Switzerland, priests, monks, and nuns married in great numbers, and the practice was strongly defended by argument. Archbishop Hermann, of Cologne, wished to include the liberty of marriage among the reforms to be authorized by his "*Simplex et Pia Deliberatio*;" but he found the chapter of his cathedral, the university, and the municipal council too strong for him in this respect, and concubinage remained the established usage among the clergy of Cologne. On the other hand, a council at Paris, in 1528, gave for the first time an authoritative

\* Theiner, ii. 773.

† It is no special blame to Mr. Lea that he confounds the younger Durandus of Meude with the elder (p. 398). To distinguish these from each other, and each of them from their namesake and contemporary, Durandus of St. Pourçain, Bishop of Meaux, is a feat in which few have succeeded.

sanction to a notion which had been long before broached by Peter Damiani—that to maintain the lawfulness of marriage for the clergy is heresy; although the council did not think it necessary, like Damiani, to identify this with the heresy of the Nicolaitans, which is denounced in the Apocalypse.

In Germany there was much negotiation and there was much vacillation with regard to this subject. The Interim allowed married priests to retain their wives until the question should be decided by the general council of Trent, which had already begun its sessions. Discussions arose in the council as to the papal power of dispensing the clergy from the obligation of celibacy, and some members recommended that this power should be admitted and should be exercised, as the best means of escaping from the difficulties of the question; but it was remarked in answer, that “if priests were permitted to marry, their affections would be concentrated on their family and country in place of the Church; their subjection to the Holy See would be diminished, the whole system of the hierarchy destroyed, and the Pope himself would eventually become a simple Bishop of Rome” (Lea, 453). The council, therefore, pronounced the sentence of anathema on all who should assert that clerks in holy orders, or persons bound by monastic rules, might marry; and on all who should deny the superiority of the single to the married estate. The emperor Ferdinand and his son Maximilian were favorable to a removal of the prohibitions, and exerted themselves to obtain it from one Pope after another, even after the council had decided to the contrary; but to this day the decrees of Trent remain as the law of the Roman communion.

In England the establishment of the liberty of marriage was effected by slow degrees. Henry VIII. himself was strongly opposed to it, and it was forbidden by the Act of Six Articles (A.D. 1539); nay, although the immorality of the clergy had long been a subject of complaint (as we may learn from Chaucer and Piers the Plowman), it would seem that the popular feeling was against allowing them to marry; at least, we find the Devonshire insurgents of 1549 demanding, among other points of the old

ecclesiastical system, the enforcement of celibacy on the clergy. The Articles of Religion in 1551, and still more decidedly the revised Articles of 1562, pronounced for the lawfulness of marriage, and an Act was passed in 1552 by which such marriages were recognized as good and valid. Yet the prejudices of Elizabeth left them in a state of toleration rather than of full sanction, so that the position of a clergyman's wife was still lower than the very humble place which was occupied by the clergyman himself; and even the highest members of the clerical order were liable to see their wives insulted, as the wife of Archbishop Parker was by the Queen, after having enjoyed the hospitalities of Lambeth: “Madam I may not call you; mistress I will not call you; but whatsoever you be, I thank you.” It was long before the general feeling could be entirely done away with; and the satirists who lived a century after Elizabeth's time had, no doubt, considerable grounds for those humorous exaggerations as to the social position and the matrimonial relations of the clergy, which the most popular historian of our own time has reproduced as if they were authentic and trustworthy statements of fact.

Although the decree of Trent had fixed the rule of discipline for the Roman Church, the old difficulties still remained in the way. After the great council, as well as before it, the evidence of bishops and of provincial synods, as well as that of secular literature, proves abundantly that the rule of celibacy found but a partial and unwilling obedience; that the evils and scandals which had formerly been matter of complaint, were not to be abolished by the simple act of renewing in a more solemn form the old ineffectual regulations. There is overwhelming proof that by putting an end to marriage the council of Trent had not succeeded in establishing purity, but rather that the severity of the law had ensured a very extensive neglect of it; and the Messrs. Theiner, themselves members of the Roman communion, speak of it as a notorious fact, for which they produce evidence from all quarters of the world, that the morality of the Latin clergy had not on the whole been improved by the regulations of the council (ii. 1022, *seq.*).

Although the clergy of the Roman

Church could not now write freely on this subject, except with the anathema of heresy hanging over them, the spirit of the eighteenth century produced some declarations from clerical pens in favor of relaxing the rule of celibacy; and the cause found among its advocates reforming sovereigns such as the emperor Joseph II., and reforming prelates such as Scipio de Ricci. In France, the Revolution, in its hostility to all religion, set the mob on enforcing marriage by way of persecution against those whom their ecclesiastical profession had bound to compulsory celibacy; but, although the measures of this time are related at considerable length by Mr. Lea, they can hardly be said to belong to his proper subject, so that we need not go into the details.

In our own day, so far as we are aware, the scandals of earlier centuries are very greatly mitigated, and in some countries may be said to exist no longer. The Roman Catholic clergy of France enjoy a good reputation: so, according to Mr. Lea, do those of the United States; and Mr. Lecky states that the Irish priesthood is absolutely free from all imputations in this respect (i. 113); but in Italy and elsewhere—nowhere more strongly than at Rome,—the clergy still labor under general suspicion and disrepute. Mr. Lea attributes the improved condition of things in his own country and in France to the effects of hard work and low pay, together with the force of public opinion, to which influences is added in France that of state-payment, and a consequent measure of supervision by the State (pp. 558-560); and he hopes that, as things have so far improved since the Middle Ages, the requirement of celibacy may be found tolerable; for he is not so sanguine as to expect that the prohibition of clerical marriage will be repealed within the Roman communion. This is, we must say, but cold comfort for us to take to ourselves as the result of the whole inquiry; yet it is not easy to imagine that the papacy would voluntarily give up an institution in which it has for centuries found its chief support, and which it has hitherto maintained in disregard of the misery and of the sin which have beyond all doubt resulted from the rule of compulsory celibacy. Yet the late

proceedings in the Neapolitan courts, which have attracted so much notice in England, serve to indicate such a feeling on the part of the laity in southern Italy as the authorities of the Church can hardly disregard; and if a demonstration of lay feeling should force the consideration of the question on the ecclesiastical authorities in an aspect which it has never yet presented to them, the consequences may possibly be more favorable to the liberty of the clergy than anything that we should otherwise venture to hope for.

Messrs. Theiner and Mr. Lea confine themselves to the question whether the enforcement of single life on the whole body of the clergy be likely to have a good or a bad effect with regard to purity of morals; and this is necessarily the limit of historical inquiry. But there is, further, the very important question whether the effect of such a rule, supposing it to be faithfully observed, would be favorable to the general development of character, or the reverse; whether, on the whole, it would be more likely to fit or to unfit the clergy for their duties. And this may be described as the chief subject of Mr. Vaux's paper in the first volume of "The Church and the World;" for he yields to the overwhelming force of the historical evidence by which it is proved that compulsory celibacy, as a means for securing the moral purity of the clergy, is bad and ineffective. We need hardly say that Mr. Vaux would not be true to his brother essayists if he did not regard the system of a married clergy in its defects only, while the opposite system is viewed in the brightness of its ideal. To argue with such a writer would be a waste of time; but we may mention, as an instance of his lofty superiority to facts, the belief which he enounces, that unmarried clergymen are not liable, like the married, to the temptation of heaping up money (p. 171). Surely in writing thus Mr. Vaux must have forgotten all experience. He has forgotten the enormous treasures of such popes as Clement V. and John XXII.: he has forgotten that the nepotism of popes has immeasurably exceeded everything else that has ever been known in the way of misappropriating the property of the Church to family uses; he has

forgotten that even in the history of the monastic orders, where all possession of individual property was forbidden and forsworn, there are frequent tales of hoards secretly accumulated without any apparent object, and discovered only after the death of the owners. Nay, we believe that even at this day the desire of accumulation is recognized as a special temptation of the Roman Catholic clergy; that for the very reason that they have no wife or family they are often found to concentrate their affections on the multiplication of their money.\*

It is utterly a mistake to assume (as writers on Mr. Vaux's side commonly do) that a married life is all indulgence, and that celibacy is all self-denial. On the contrary, marriage is a discipline of self-denial in tempers, in expenses, in amusements; and it does good by bringing out affections which in the celibate state can find no exercise. As celibacy may be the means of setting a man above all selfish objects, and of leading him to give himself wholly to the work of his office and to the good of his fellow-men, so on the other hand it may become the means of making him intensely selfish, to a degree which is quite impossible for one who is compelled to turn his thoughts from himself to the duty of providing for others who depend on him.

For the effects of our actual system we may quote the eloquent words of Mr. Lecky:—

"In Protestant countries, where the marriage of the clergy is fully recognized, it has, indeed, been productive of the greatest and most unequivocal benefits. Nowhere, it may be confidently asserted, does Christianity assume a more beneficial or a more winning form than in those gentle clerical households which stud our land, constituting, as Coleridge said, 'the one idyll of modern life,' the most perfect type of domestic peace, and the centres of civilization in the remotest village. Notwithstanding some class narrowness and professional bigotry, notwithstanding some unworthy but half-unconscious mannerism, which is often most unjustly stigmatized as hypocrisy, it would be difficult to find in any other quarter so much happiness at once diffused and enjoyed, or so much virtue at-

tained with so little tension or struggle. Combining with his sacred calling a warm sympathy with the intellectual, social, and political movements of his time—possessing the enlarged practical knowledge of a father of a family, and entering with a keen zest into the occupations and amusements of his parishioners, a good clergyman will rarely obtrude his religious convictions into secular spheres, but yet will make them apparent in all. They will be revealed by a higher and deeper moral tone—by a more scrupulous purity in word and action—by an all-persuasive gentleness, which refines, and softens, and mellows, and adds as much to the charm as to the excellence of the character in which it is displayed. In visiting the sick, relieving the poor, instructing the young, and discharging a thousand delicate offices for which a woman's tact is especially needed, his wife finds a sphere of labor which is at once intensely active and intensely feminine, and her example is not less beneficial than her ministrations."\*

When such a picture as this can be drawn by one who is certainly not to be suspected of any unduly favorable bias, we may well look with distrust on such theories of reform as involve a different idea of the clerical character and life from that which has hitherto been established among us. If the office of a clergyman be made something widely unlike what it has hitherto been in this country—if it be made criminal in him to give any part of his time or of his thoughts to anything but his strictly clerical work; if the decent social position, the comforts of family life, and other such things which have hitherto been enjoyed without blame, be proscribed—the altered conditions will alter the character of the body by excluding from the ministry of the Church many such as have hitherto been attracted to it. Instead of the "*clero dotto e civile*," eulogized by Gioberti, there will be men drawn from an inferior class of society in the great majority of cases; men of inferior culture, of an education narrowly and exclusively professional, ill-fitted either to associate with the higher of the laity, or to secure the respect of the poorer classes. Whether such men would be really more laborious or more effective than the present race of clergy, we cannot pretend to say; but they would certainly be more

\* For the proof of this we may refer to the well-known French works on the pastoral care—M. Dubois's "*Pratique du Zèle Ecclésiastique*" and M. Réaume's "*Guide du Jeune Prêtre*."

\* "*History of European Morals*," ii. 353.

free from misgivings as to their own merits and efficiency, and, being thrown on their sacerdotal character as their only means of influence, they would

probably make it the foundation for pretensions which would be regarded as intolerable, and would alienate multitudes from the Church.

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Cornhill Magazine.

#### NATIONAL ANTIPATHIES.

IF any one should ask what is the quality which most powerfully attracts our affections to our neighbors, it would not, perhaps, be a gross misrepresentation to say that it is success. Without any thought of flattery, or still less of private advantage, we have an instinctive love of prosperity. So long as thou doest well unto thyself, we are told on high authority, men will speak good of thee. Make a fortune in business, rise to be a chancellor or an archbishop, become a popular novelist or poet, and it is surprising how much benevolence will naturally be developed in the hearts of your neighbors. On the other hand, it is no less true that our bitterest dislikes are generally owing to jealousy. The man who made the successful speech when we broke down, or the lady who had the splendid offer which we for good reasons did not decline, must be found guilty of some glaring defects in order at all to reconcile us to ourselves. It depends upon other circumstances whether our sympathy or our jealousy prevails in any given case. Each successful man, for example, may live surrounded by a small circle of irritated rivals; but those who are at a little greater distance take as much pleasure in the discomfiture of his competitors as in his own success. The mass of mankind are sufficiently unselfish to admire great virtues and talents in people far removed from them, however much they may dislike those qualities in their immediate neighbors. Ten-pound householders like a great statesman, when second-rate officials exhaust themselves in picking holes in his character; but they might not be so fond of one of their own neighbors who had risen from a ten-pound to a fifty-pound tenement.

Some such conflict of sentiments seems often to govern our feeling towards rival nations. Every true Englishman at the bottom of his soul hates a foreigner,—or, if that expression be a trifle too strong,

has a keen perception of the notorious inferiority of all other races. The feeling, however, fluctuates strangely in intensity. Probably, if the truth were known, our normal state of feeling is one of contempt towards every one who does not speak English—and, moreover, the English of England—tempered by uncomfortable doubts as to the perfect security of our position. We don't think a Frenchman our equal, but we rather shrink from comparing Paris to London. We treat a German with affable contempt, but we have a vague awe for his supposed authority on philological or metaphysical inquiries, and some suspicion of his growing practical abilities. An American is, of course, a bad imitation of a Briton, but he certainly inhabits a large country, and though we sneer at his amazing statistics, they do convey some unpleasantly significant facts. The dislike or the admiration comes uppermost at different times. We generally regard the chief nations of the earth as our rivals, and dislike them accordingly—especially if we fancy that we are passing them in the race. It is pleasant to be able to point to our next-door neighbors as illustrations of the failings from which we are exempt. Our grandfathers used to contemplate the miserable French slaves to an arbitrary monarchy as living illustrations of the evils produced by the want of a British Constitution. If they had been perfectly certain of their own indisputable superiority, their antipathy would have been swallowed up in their conceit. Nobody dislikes a chimpanzee or a negro in Africa. But once admit the possibility that the chimpanzee may claim the right of suffrage, or the negro propose to stand for a presidency, and we shall come to counting over every shortcoming they may exhibit with a feeling strongly approaching to hatred. We should make pointed remarks as to the shape of the chimpanzee's skull, and

challenge him very frequently to stand upright on his hind-legs. Imagine, however, that the chimpanzee makes a further step in advance; that he learns to dress and live cleanly like a gentleman, gets into our pulpits and preaches brilliant sermons, rises at the bar, and is permitted to grace his ugly countenance with a judge's wig, and we should begin to see things in a different light. We should begin to remark his singular activity in spite of some external awkwardness; we should admire the strength of his jaws and recognize the obvious marks of intelligence in his face; and that, not because we should expect to get anything by flattering him, but simply as a part of the homage spontaneously paid to success. At least, it is only in this way that I can account for the curious changes of opinion which we have lately witnessed. What high moral ground we took in condemning Prussian ambition until the battle of Sadowa! How speedily we changed our view of the American contest after the surrender of Richmond! Neither of those events made any difference to the rights of the cause, but they converted people more rapidly than cartloads of tracts. Providence, we all hold, is on the side of the strongest battalions; I know not if that be an orthodox sentiment, but perhaps it may be explained by the singular uniformity with which the strongest battalions always prove to have been on the right side of the question. Providence may, without profanity, be supposed to help those who had so clearly the best of the argument. I believe, indeed, that most people are a little ashamed of the rapidity with which we have occasionally changed front. I cannot here argue the point—more difficult than may appear at first sight—whether that change has not some substantial grounds, and whether success in such cases as I have noticed, does not indicate some qualities which may properly challenge our esteem. The prosperity of a nation, unlike that of an individual, is a pretty good test of its morality and intelligence. Such arguments, however, whatever may be their weight, do not tell for much on the public mind. We admire success on its own account; we like to be on the winning side; and as the people who hold a party to be in the right generally prophesy that it will

be victorious, they naturally claim the fulfilments of their predictions as demonstrating the truth of their convictions. I am content to remark that there is something rather absurd and undignified in these spasmodic outbursts of congratulation. It may be sensible, but it does not appear to be high-minded, to abuse people as long as they are rather out of luck, and to break forth in jubilant pæans and songs of triumph the moment they have established, not their right, but their power. There is such a thing as the logic of facts; but a man with any depth of conviction does not yield at once to every syllogism of the strong-battalion kind. He yields the less readily, because he knows that it is not always one victory which decides a war. Our *Te Deums* are sometimes premature as well as undignified, and it is very awkward when, in the course of a few years, we sing them alternately in honor of the different combatants.

What, then, is at the bottom of this weakness? It is, in two words, that, as a rule, we haven't got any convictions worthy the name; our likes and dislikes, our sympathies and antipathies, as applied to foreign nations, are, for the most part, mere fancies, which do not deserve the compliment of serious discussion. Of course, I except the reader and the writer of this article. They have profoundly considered the complex question involved, and can pronounce with some confidence on the merits of the different races of mankind. But then their opinions are widely different from those of the mob, and are mere insignificant drops compared with the huge current of prejudices and predilections which go to make up what we call public opinion. When we inquire into the real value of the general sentiment, when we try to frame it into definite propositions, and to assign its true grounds, we see how singularly worthless it must be in the eyes of a real philosopher. The good old John Bull prejudice, which expressed itself in the poetical maxim, "Down with Jews and wooden shoes," was intelligible enough as a mere inarticulate cry of wrath. It meant to say, not that the French were more wicked and stupid than ourselves (and no reasonable man supposed that they were one or the other), but simply that we had been in



the habit of fighting them for several centuries with varying success. It was not a judgment founded on evidence, but merely a roundabout way of asserting the geographical fact that France is divided from England by a narrow arm of the sea, and that many disputes have arisen in consequence. Nelson, who had a fine turn for pithy expressions of sentiment, told his midshipmen that the whole duty of man was for them summed up in the two great commandments to do as they were bid, and to hate the French as they did the devil. Philosophically considered, that merely meant to say that, for the time being, the teaching of the Christian religion was superseded by the Admiralty orders, in pursuance of which it was the main business of an English sailor to burn, sink, and destroy every French ship that he happened to meet. As a rule of practice, there were obvious conveniences in this condensed summary of national sentiment. As an expression of a general truth, it is unnecessary to point out the various qualifications necessary to give it even a temporary validity. The old warlike creed has gone partly out of fashion, and though it survives here and there, it need not be seriously discussed. The hatred of two neighboring nations proves no more as to their merit than the antipathy of a dog and cat proves as to their respective values. It indicates a blind instinct, not a reasonable conviction. But there is a more refined method of reaching certain similar conclusions, which deserves a rather fuller consideration. The expression of simple hostility is converted by skilful writers into a theory, which is not, on the face of it, absurd. Some of our ablest speculative reasoners profess a dislike to foreigners, not because they are intrinsically inferior to ourselves, but because their laws embody certain political or social principles. The French are assailed because they give the ordinary example of over-centralization; the Americans because they show, on a large scale, the effect of unbridled democracy; and similarly each people is regarded as an experiment in which the working of certain ideas is practically illustrated. It would, however, be apparently unreasonable to dislike a people merely because they were the victims of circumstances; and, there-

fore, each victim is credited further with the possession of a certain national character, which makes them specially susceptible to a given set of theories. The French, for example, are, by the innate turn of their minds, unduly attracted by symmetrical system; Englishmen by practical considerations, without a proper regard for theory; and so on. And I do not doubt for a moment that this view is founded on a most important truth. There are such things as natural character and influence of race. If we could analyze the character of an individual, and say precisely what is owing to the circumstances under which he has been placed, and what is owing to the qualities which he has inherited, I fully believe that the hereditary influences would turn out to be by far the most important. The same principle is, in all probability, exemplified on a large scale in nations. There is a profound difference between the character of the Teuton and the Celt, and a difference which would make itself felt if they were placed in precisely similar situations, if only we could say what it was. For it is here that my difficulty begins. I listen with great pleasure to the plausible gentlemen who tell us so confidently what peculiarities in our national character are owing to the Celtic or the Teutonic infusion in our blood, or who even go into finer distinctions, and trace out provincial shades of character with the utmost precision. But I confess that my pleasure is mixed with an utter scepticism. It is all very pretty and exceedingly neat; and when you have got the trick of it, nothing can be easier. I would undertake to show, if anybody would listen, that the national peculiarities could be traced in the different fashions, say, of French and English boots, or in the fact that hansom cabs are popular in London, and never take root on the continent. The ingenuity displayed in such speculations is, to my mind, much clearer than their solid value. Some truths are probably struck out by the discussion; but, granting even, which I most vehemently doubt, that some very acute observers may make valuable inferences, it is certain that the popular notions are never correct, and often preposterous in the highest degree. If we could analyze human character as we can analyze a drop of water, and say

that it was made up of certain qualities in certain definite proportions: if we could say that the formula for an Englishman was two atoms of courage to two of fine intellect, and one of imagination, whilst for a Frenchman we must substitute other known numbers, just as we can tell how many items of hydrogen, oxygen, and carbon go to make water or atmospheric air, the problem would be comparatively easy. But no one, not even the profoundest philosopher, has really discovered the chemical composition of human character; and all that most of us can do is to make very rough guesses at the nature of a few obvious peculiarities. We cannot give a scientific account of the matter; but we can draw a rough caricature; we can stick a bowie-knife into the hand of the American, and provide the German with a glass of Bavarian beer, though we are profoundly ignorant of the occult causes which make beer congenial to Germans or bowie-knives to Americans. But when we get beyond the mere external oddity, our judgments are at least as full of palpable error as of truth. Take, for example, that old-fashioned notion that Englishmen were specially "practical." Can any human being say exactly what it means, or what is its value if it means anything? Is it practical to have the streets of London worse swept and cleaned and paved than those of any continental capital? Is it practical to have got all our charitable institutions into such a muddle that nobody knows whether they do more good or harm? Is it practical to retain old-fashioned institutions and theories for a longer time than any people in Europe, merely because they are old-fashioned? There is, I dare say, some answer to those questions, and others which go very deeply into some of our political theories; but it is plain that "practical" must have some interpretation very different from that which it bears in ordinary life. Unluckily, having made the general assertion, we are quite as much given to rely upon it in cases where it is evidently false as in those where it may be approximately true. To take a different case: I have often read lamentations over the prosaic and unimaginative nature of Englishmen, and I believe that those lamentations refer to some real evils; but it is strange that we should be

content with such an imputation upon a race, whose most indisputable claim to intellectual merit is precisely the extraordinary value of its poetical literature. We are unimaginative it may be, but that epithet must be interpreted in a sense compatible with the fact that we are exceptionally fertile in Shakespeares, Spensers, Miltons, Wordsworths, Byrons, Shelleys, and other names which every one may supply according to his tastes. The Irish, who have scarcely produced a single second-rate poet, or, what is even stranger in regard of some of the qualities ascribed to them, a second-rate humorist, are frequently contrasted with us to our disadvantage in this particular excellence. A better case might be made out for their oratorical capacities; and the difference suggests that possibly (for I propound no theory myself whilst condemning others) we ought to substitute for our fine sweeping assertion about imagination, one resting on a far more delicate distinction between the rhetorical and the poetical faculties. To come to a point more closely connected with our immediate subject, there are, or were, a whole set of current commonplaces about the differences between the French and English races, of which we may boldly say that there is not one which does not contain as much falsehood as truth. We used to boast about our exclusive possession of the word "home," and to infer that French family life was a hollow sham, and that French domestic affections were less warm than our own. Now it is notorious that in many ways this is the very reverse of the truth; and that, to take only one instance, French families manage to live together on terms of intimacy which we find to be totally impracticable in England. Probably the assertion was due, in part, to a superficial study of a small but conspicuous class of French society, and to the dissolution of certain opinions in France under the influence of the eighteenth century, and partly to a simple misinterpretation of facts. A man who spends his evenings at a public-house in London is generally a bad husband and father. Hasty tourists inferred that a Frenchman who frequented a café must necessarily be driven from his home by quarrels with his wife and children, or his own ill-regulated tastes, which is, perhaps, as ab-

surd an inference as has often been drawn, and yet was once accepted as an undeniable truth. The proverbial remark about our own shopkeeping propensities is often supposed by the vulgar to mean that we, as a nation, are more attentive than our neighbors to pounds, shillings, and pence. Yet, as a matter of fact, everybody may observe that an ordinary Frenchman thinks more about a franc than his parallel in England about a half-crown, and that our faults and our actions are both connected with a propensity to extravagance or liberality (it matters not which it is called) which leads to many conspicuous results; as, for example, to so palpable a difference as that which makes Frenchmen heaven-born cooks and Englishmen quite the reverse. I advance even this statement with diffidence: for it is only a guess at a possible solution of a difficult problem.

Without further illustration, it seems to be sufficiently clear that, when we venture to make any distinct proposition about national characteristics, we are as often wrong as right; and generally make a hazardous inference from a particular case the ground of a sweeping assertion, which, in most of its applications, is wrong, and is often the very reverse of the truth. The philosophy of national character has yet to be discovered. Unluckily, however, this collection of loose, inaccurate, and often absurd statements, forms the justification, if not the cause, of our national antipathies. We hate, or used to hate, a Frenchman, for the sufficient, if unsatisfactory, reason that he was our neighbor. We justified our hatred by attributing to him a set of qualities which he did not really possess, and which, as a rule, were merely conjectural explanations of phenomena, which sometimes existed in reality, and sometimes only in our imaginations. Although educated people have grown wiser, the Frenchman of the popular fancy is still a mere bundle of qualities thus invented; the real being is as different as possible, although even the wisest of us are far from knowing what he precisely is. The political theories founded on this untrustworthy groundwork of guesses and exaggerations are, to my mind, worth little or nothing; but, at any rate, the national antipathies founded upon them are equally foolish and in-

jurious. I doubt our real possession of any one of the qualities on which we plume ourselves, or our liability to any of the faults for which we most frequently do penance. I do not, indeed, deny that we have made some rough approximations to the truth, but I hold them to be utterly frivolous as the basis of national imputations or self-glorifications.

Supposing, however, that those opinions have more value than I can admit, there is still another consideration. Stated shortly, it is this—that we are all so much alike that we have no reason for vanity or humility. A book which made some sensation rather more than a century ago, argued, with great naïveté, in defence of two propositions: the first was that the British Constitution was the noblest invention of man, and the pride and envy of the world; the second, that the English people were utterly degraded and demoralized, and going to ruin as fast as possible, whilst the French, though equally bad by nature, were kept by their Government in some degree of efficiency and respectability. It was odd that the writer did not observe the difficulty of reconciling his propositions; but the same contradiction is involved in half the commonplace dissertations on the subject. The English race, they tell us, is the finest in the world; the English institutions are the happiest system ever known. And yet, when we look for the natural conclusion, that the English people are the wisest and happiest on the face of the earth, we are cruelly disappointed. We find that more often peoples made of inferior materials and governed abominably ill, are nevertheless held up for our imitation, as clearly ahead of us in all sorts of important matters. They are better educated, more moral, and generally more capable of leading rational and civilized lives. Obviously there must be some mistake in the premises which lead to such admittedly erroneous conclusions. Perhaps our institutions may not be absolutely perfect; but, as I shrink from such a heresy, I would rather say that other races have probably some good qualities, of which we have failed to take account. It is plain that, with the best will in the world, we cannot venture to assert that we are really, on a general and impartial view of the subject, distinctly better than

our neighbors. There is some law of compensation which makes up one way what is wanting in others, and forbids any one to say, without the grossest presumption, that any civilized race is fairly at the head of the world. Each has quite as much to learn as to teach, and, in the long run, must be content with asserting its claims to being an important member of the great family. This being so, the prejudices of which we are so proud are necessarily ridiculous. I hate a man in private life, for I confess to hating some people, for excellent reasons; I hate the man at the club who always engages the particular newspaper that I want, because he shows a revolting selfishness; I hate the man who abuses me, because he is obviously insensible to a high class of merit; I hate the man whose theological or political opinions are opposite to my own, because he must plainly be stupid or insincere. All this may be unchristian, but it is not illogical. But to hate (or, indeed, to love) a nation must, on the face of it, be foolish. Such a sentiment implies that the nation is in its nature worse than our own; whereas, as we have just admitted, one nation is in the long run pretty much as good as another. Some very excellent writers whom I could name, think that they display their wisdom by systematically abusing French principles, and by implication the race which asserts them. Unless they could prove, what is quite impossible to prove, that the French are, as a whole, inferior to ourselves, their virtuous warmth only demonstrates that there are certain good qualities to which they are invariably blind. It was very proper, some time ago, when nobody read German books, to impress upon Englishmen generally that the Germans had really some remarkably good qualities both in literature and practical life. The people who undertook that task naturally grew fond of their clients, and it became common to contrast, in all kinds of ways, German simplicity and earnestness, and imaginative power with the supposed defects of Frenchmen in the same capacities. Now that the balance has been redressed, this zeal seems to be out of place, and to tend to an equal exaggeration of the opposite kind. When our writers were absurdly given to Johnsonese, and the elaborate pomposity of

Latinized sentences, it was as well to point out the value of the Saxon elements of our language; we may now be content to admit that a good writer should show an equal command of all our resources. When the negative philosophy of Voltaire and his school threatened to be in the ascendant, it was a good service to set forth, as Coleridge did amongst others, that there was in existence a philosophy of different tendencies. We may now speak without fear of the great and most valuable excellencies of the French intellect. It is time that we should endeavor to do justice to every one, and abandon the attempt to find exclusive merit in any of the great divisions of the European races.

It is true that there are many nations to whom this does not apply. We are sufficiently superior to some savage tribes to justify us, if we please, in regarding their malpractices as indications of generally lower morality, as well as lower intelligence. We might hate them with the same right as we hate a malevolent fool—assuming, for the moment, that we ought ever to hate anybody. But it is precisely in this case, where dislike might be justified on logical grounds, that we cease to feel it. We admit when people are clearly weaker, and probably worse than ourselves, that their errors are to be excused on the ground of their temptations and their weakness. The remote settler hates the native, who takes his scalp, or occasionally dines off his family. But we, being conscious of our perfect security, can afford to regard the perishing races of the world, like the chimpanzee, as objects neither of love nor hatred, though, it may be, of more or less humane feeling. We wish them to be treated kindly, but they are not near enough to our own level to excite any jealousy, or any strong antipathy. To make out a good cause for aversion, we should prove that with the same powers and the same opportunities as ourselves, a nation or an individual has gone wrong, from what Artemus Ward described as "pure cussedness." And that is precisely the phenomenon which, common as it is in private life—especially amongst our partners in business, our children, and generally our intimates in any capacity—is not exemplified amongst any existing nations.

In this, as in many other ways, we

cherish absurd feelings, owing to our prevailing trick of personification. We attribute all our virtues and failings to an imaginary Leviathan, as Hobbes would have called him, known as John Bull. He is not only the ideal embodiment of our supposed peculiarities, but answers as a kind of tangible symbol, by the contemplation of which our enemies work up their wrath into a proper white heat. He does the same duty as that unlucky figurehead upon which Mr. Quilp exhausted his overflowings of unattached fury; and is as useful, in his way, as Guy Faux's effigy to the genuine Protestant bigot. When Fenians and their friends denounce England in the American newspapers, they instinctively bring out this concrete image to be exposed to the storms of their rhetoric. There is felt to be a certain absurdity in abusing twenty millions of a population which, in the main, is good-tempered, ignorant, and profoundly innocent of any overt actions or any opinions on the subject; but when they are all symbolized as a single bloated and arrogant monster, with top-boots and a bull-dog, it seems only natural to belabor him and plaster him with filth. Pascal tells us how absurd it is that two men should take the utmost pride in killing each other because they happen to live on opposite sides of a river; and, after making all the obvious deductions, it must be admitted that war is, at bottom, a very shocking system in many ways. But its atrocity is concealed by our habit of talking habitually, as if a nation were really one man, and responsible for all the bad language or acts of folly that its officials may commit. Were it not for this habit we should get rid of the common error of believing that foreign politics should be decided by motives of gratitude and resentment. There is ground for such feelings toward individuals, because individuals do act, more or less, from spite or from unselfish benevolence. But a nation is, and ought to be, systematically selfish. It may show more or less regard to certain conventional rules of behavior towards its neighbors, but at bottom it does what it thinks, on the whole, will answer best for its own prosperity, and its views upon such matters are determined by its position and circumstances. It acts,

at best, as a selfish man acts who does not want to get into trouble with the police, but is thoroughly determined to make his own fortune, without caring much about his influence on his neighbor. There are excellent reasons why such conduct is, on the whole, the best for mankind at large, and we have quite enough to do in looking after our own interests. But, obviously, gratitude or resentment is as much out of place in dealing with such a body as in an ordinary commercial transaction. To buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest is not the highest ideal of Christian duty; but it is all that a nation can properly or habitually do. If our plans have been crossed or aided by a rival power, it is simply because it was their interest to do so. France did not help America to independence from any romantic notions, but because they thought, according to the politics of the time, that it was their interest to upset the English empire; and Washington very properly inferred that Americans owed no particular gratitude to Frenchmen. When a nation abuses us, it is merely the abuse of a large number of people talking about matters on which they are specially ignorant, and uttering opinions which are the inevitable consequence of their position in the world. Why should we care to resent their empty phrases? The sooner we get rid of any infusion of sentiment in such matters the sooner we shall understand each other, and be able to come to a reasonable agreement not to cut throats and blow up ships unnecessarily.

So far as this argument goes to imply the unreasonableness of animosity against foreigners, it would perhaps be generally accepted. We are all anxious to enter upon the period of universal philanthropy, it being well understood that we may begin it by clearing away a few savages, rectifying a few frontiers, upsetting half-a-dozen kingdoms, and remodelling the map of the world. These preliminaries once settled, we earnestly desire to sit down under our own vines and fig trees, and listen peacefully to such revilings or eulogies as foreigners may be disposed to bestow upon ourselves and others. There is, however, one more conclusion which is still a little unpleasant. If hatred and love of a

nation are alike unreasonable, it follows that we ought not to like our own. We ought to be graceful cosmopolites, acknowledging no ties of country, free from all vulgar prejudices, and regarding the kingdoms of the world, and their intrigues and squabbles, in the spirit with which we should look upon the doings in another planet. International prejudices, from this point of view, may be a folly, and patriotism must be a vice. I confess that I am inclined to accept the conclusion. Patriots, as a general rule, seem to me to be a very hotheaded and noxious set of people; and their favorite virtue to be a convenient cloak for all the most mischievous prejudices that are current in the world. Why should I "glory in the name of Briton?" Is there any particular satisfaction in being the inhabitant of an island to which nobody denies a good many virtues, but which certainly has as many faults as it can conveniently manage to get along with? People tell me that this, and that, and the other thing is grossly wrong; that our prevailing beliefs are narrow and provincial, that our government is a muddle, that our education is contemptible, that our politics are petty, and, after saying a great deal more of the same kind, and much more, indeed, than I believe to be true, they turn round upon me with immense indignation, if I venture to sum up all these criticisms in one, and say that Englishmen are no better than their neighbors, and that they ought not to give themselves airs as if they were. We may find fault with every particular detail in the country, and be praised for doing it; but the inference that the whole is faulty is regarded as a crime against patriotism and as an unpardonable sin. If we put the criticism with any force, we are finally assured, by way of an unanswerable condemnation, that our views are un-English. Yet, as an honest man, I can't avoid certain conclusions. Every national commonplace has its counterpart. We boast, or used to boast, that when a slave put his foot on English soil his chains dropped off. When a similar question was argued in France a hundred years ago it was met by a similar sentiment. "*Dès qu'un esclave est entré en France,*" said the lawyers, "*il y devient libre.*" Is England or

France the land of liberty? Every nation, again, in Europe, so far as I know, asserts with a unanimous voice that, whatever other faults it may possess, its soldiers are the bravest in the world. In other matters they may have their equals, but once let them come to the bayonet, and then it will be seen that English, or French, or German, or Russian, or Swedish, or Dutch, or Spanish, or, it may be, Portuguese soldiers, are invincible. From which it may be confessed, that it is unfortunate that the bayonet is so seldom used that the point can hardly be decided; and also that one or other of these assertions must be false. I have a suspicion, founded partly on my own consciousness, and partly on avowals not often made in print, that the real contest on a battle field is one not of courage but of cowardice. I believe that military history is really what all history has been declared to be, a conspiracy to conceal the truth. There is every inducement to enormous lying about battles, and nobody has any interest in giving us the plain facts without the gloss, as the smoke and the roar of cannons conceal for a time half the horrors of the occasion. The bombastic rhetoric of military historians conceals the cowardice, and the meanness, and the brutality by which these horrors are produced. Whenever I have had an opportunity of seeing men in dangerous positions, I have remarked that even animal courage, so far from being common, is one of the rarest of qualities. Our instinct, whatever we may say, is to look another way when we hear cries of murder, and to be unavoidably occupied in important business when there is likely to be a row in the streets. Discipline works wonders in a crowd of cowards, by providing them with as good motives for standing still as for running away, and by forming an artificial instinct for obeying orders in moments of confusion. But I never met a brave man who did not confess to being terribly frightened in his first action, whilst it is a well-known truth that the more you see of such things the less you like them. From all which I infer that the prevailing opinion of the courage of each particular race must be a measure as much of its powers of lying as of its natural disposition to fight. I would rather not

stake my patriotic feelings on the existence of a quality which is the chosen subject for the most monstrous self-deception. Take any set of men, dress them in one color, and accustom them to stand in a row, and they will, in all probability, be more afraid of running away than of anything else. Their merit will depend on the intelligence with which they are combined much more than on any intrinsic pugnacity. What is generally called patriotism leads us to sink these notorious facts, and to brag intolerably about the most doubtful of all merits. And consequently our politics too often resemble the behavior of a couple of cowardly dogs, who growl at each other with every hair bristling by way of concealing their real state of mind, till at last one of them bites the other from sheer nervous irritability. It will be long before we venture to tell the truth about our extreme unwillingness to be shot, and we shall continue to boast of the patriotism involved in keeping up a childish game of brag. Often as the absurdity of the proceeding may be exposed, it will not be really weakened till the spirit of patriotism is more or less sapped at its base.

Of course, I might be easily answered by a long string of statements about the beneficial results which patriotism has at different times produced. I would willingly admit every one of them; but they only prove, what no sensible man denies, that many false opinions have been of essential service to mankind. The great majority of the existing race of mankind still believes in religious creeds which we know to be false; yet it would be an incalculable evil if they were deprived of those creeds, without receiving anything better in their place. The inhabitants of a certain small island, known by the nickname of Bimshire, believe, I am told, that they are the very cream of the world. They exclaim, "Bimshire, with all thy faults we love thee still!" They think that Bimshire could, if it liked, rule the main; and that after the decay of other nations Bimshire will flourish, great and free, the dread and envy of them all. If the effect of these opinions is to make the Bims more energetic and reforming than they would otherwise be, it would be a poor service to Bimshire to prove to its

inhabitants, in the clearest way, that other nations possess nearly as much virtue and talent as they do themselves. It is a good thing that a man should stick by his brother, even when his brother has been convicted of picking pockets; and if his fraternal affection is kept up by the belief that the pick-pocket is a perfect character in spite of his little failings, we need not be too anxious to dispel so pleasant an illusion. But this does not prove that we might not be at once wiser and better, that we might not get rid of the illusion without sacrificing the good feeling. We have been placed for good or for evil in a certain small island and brought into the closest connection with its inhabitants; we may surely be profoundly attached to them and willing to devote our lives to their improvement without believing that they are one bit better or cleverer than their neighbors. Being an Englishman, I recognize the duties which my position imposes upon me, and am yet satisfied that Englishmen are full of the grossest faults and stupidities. I don't think that they are in any serious degree the superiors of any of the nations with which they come in contact; but practically, it may be, I would do as much to improve them as those who talk the greatest nonsense about their supposed good qualities, and especially, I should be willing to do them the proverbially unpleasant service of exposing their faults; but whenever I come in contact with any specially notorious evil, I am put down with solemn appeals to local self-government, or the British Constitution, or the interests of this great empire, or some other idol to which we have been accustomed to pay a blind reverence. I am bound to swear by every abuse, and to defend every possible misconduct at home or abroad, so long as it can be brought under one of these sacred principles, or be described as, in some sense, the act of the collective people. This is the obligation which I altogether repudiate, for the simple reason that we know, as clearly as we know anything, that neither our institutions nor our character are, as a whole, better than those of our neighbors. The duties which are imposed upon us in the name of patriotism might be urged, with at least equal force, on

the ground that we are specially stupid and immoral; and though I consider such an assertion to be as erroneous as its opposite, I should not try to howl down anybody who made it. We suffer grievously from a supposed necessity of omniscience in such matters. The number of people who can really form any judgment as to the comparative merits of English and foreign nations might be reckoned almost on one's fingers. The number of people who make the most confident and dogmatic assertions about

it, and who fancy that they are specially virtuous for so doing, is almost incalculable. Of all European countries England is probably that where the most utter ignorance prevails as to the history, statistics, institutions, and politics of every other country; and, therefore, I don't see the virtue of cherishing opinions which can only be verified or refuted by an amount of investigation which is scarcely within human capacity, and most unequivocally beyond our own.

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Fraser's Magazine.

### STRANGE DISCOVERIES RESPECTING THE AURORA.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.A.S.

ONE of the most mysterious and beautiful of nature's manifestations promises soon to disclose its secret. The brilliant streamers of colored light which wave at certain seasons over the heavens have long since been recognized as among the most singular and impressive of all the phenomena which the skies present to our view. There is something surpassingly beautiful in the appearance of the true "auroral curtain." Fringed with colored streamers it waves to and fro as though shaken by some unseen hand. Then from end to end there pass a succession of undulations, the folds of the curtain interwrapping and forming a series of graceful curves. Suddenly, and as by magic, there succeeds a perfect stillness, as though the unseen power which had been displaying the varied beauties of the auroral curtain were resting for a moment. But even while the motion of the curtain is stilled we see its light mysteriously waxing and waning. Then, as we gaze, fresh waves of disturbance traverse the magic canopy. Startling coruscations add splendor to the scene, while the noble span of the auroral arch from which the waving curtain seems to depend, gives a grandeur to the spectacle which no words can adequately describe. Gradually, however, the celestial fires which have illuminated the gorgeous arch seem to die out. The luminous zone breaks up. The scene of the display becomes covered with scattered

streaks and patches of ashen grey light, which hang like clouds over the northern heavens. Then these in turn disappear, and nothing remains of the brilliant spectacle but a dark smoke-like segment on the horizon.

Such is the aurora as seen in arctic or antarctic regions, where the phenomenon appears in its fullest beauty. Even in our own latitudes, however, strikingly beautiful auroral displays may sometimes be witnessed. Yet those who have seen the spectacle presented near the true home of the aurora, recognize in other auroras a want of the fulness and splendor of color which form the most striking features of the arctic and antarctic auroral curtains.

Hitherto the nature of the aurora has been a mystery to men of science; nor, indeed, does the discovery we are about to describe throw even now full light on the character of the phenomenon. That discovery, however, affords promise of a speedy solution of the perplexing problems presented by auroral displays; and in itself, it is so full of interest and so suggestive, that our physicists already recognize it as one of the most important which have been made in recent times.

A few brief words in explanation of the progress which had been effected in the study of auroral phenomena, will serve to render the interest and importance of the discovery we have to describe more apparent.



Let it be premised, then, that physicists had long since recognized in the aurora a phenomenon of more than local, of more even than terrestrial significance. They had learned to associate it with relations which affect the whole planetary scheme. Let us inquire how this had come about.

So long as men merely studied the appearances presented by the aurora, so long in fact as they merely regarded the phenomenon as a local display, they could form no adequate conception of its importance. The circumstance which revealed something of the true character of the aurora was one which seems at first sight to promise little.

Arago was engaged in watching from day to day, and from year to year, the vibrations of the magnetic needle in the Paris Observatory. He detected the slow progress of the needle to its extreme westerly variation, and watched its course as it began to retrace its way towards the true north. He discovered the minute vibration which the needle makes each day across its mean position. He noticed that this vibration is variable in extent; and so he was led to watch it more closely. Thus he had occasion to observe more attentively than had yet been done the sudden irregularities which occasionally characterize the daily movements of the needle.

All this seems to have nothing to do with the auroral streamers; but we now reach the important discovery which rewarded Arago's patient watchfulness.

In January, 1819, he published a statement to the effect that the sudden changes of the magnetic needle are often associated with the occurrence of an aurora. I give the statement in his own words, as translated by General Sabine:—"Auroras ought to be placed in the first rank among the causes which sometimes disturb the regular march of the diurnal changes of the magnetic needle. These do not, even in summer, exceed a quarter of a degree, but when an aurora appears, the magnetic needle is often seen to move in a few instants over several degrees." "During an aurora," he adds, "one often sees in the northern region of the heavens luminous streamers of different colors shoot from all points of the horizon. The point in the sky to which these streamers con-

verge is precisely the point to which a magnetized needle suspended by its centre of gravity directs itself. . . . It has, moreover, been shown that the concentric circular segments, almost similar in form to the rainbow, which are usually seen previous to the appearance of the luminous streamers, have their two extremities resting on two parts of the horizon which are equally distant from the direction towards which the needle turns; and the summit of each arc lies exactly in that direction. *From all this it appears, incontestably, that there is an intimate connection between the causes of auroras and those of terrestrial magnetism.*"

This strange hypothesis was, at first, much opposed by scientific men. Amongst others, the late Sir David Brewster pointed out a variety of objections, some of which appeared at first sight of great force. Thus, he remarked that magnetic disturbances of the most remarkable character have often been observed when no aurora has been visible; and he noticed certain peculiarities in the auroras observed near the polar regions, which did not seem to accord with Arago's view.

But gradually it was found that physicists had mistaken the character of the auroral display. It appeared that the magnetic needle not only swayed responsively to auroras observable in the immediate neighborhood, but to auroras in progress hundreds or even thousands of miles away. Nay, as inquiry progressed, it was discovered that the needles in our northern observatories are swayed by influences associated even with the occurrence of auroras around the southern polar regions.

In fact, not only have the difficulties pointed out (very properly, it need hardly be remarked) by Sir David Brewster, been wholly removed; but it has been found that a much closer bond of sympathy exists between the magnetized needle and the auroral streamers than even Arago had supposed. It is not merely the case that while an auroral display is in progress the needle is subject to unusual disturbance, but the movements of the needle are actually synchronous with the waving movements of the mysterious streamers. An aurora may be in progress in the north of Europe, or even in

Asia or America, and as the colored banners wave to and fro, the tiny needle, watched by patient observers at Greenwich or Paris, will respond to every phase of the display.

And I may notice in passing that two very interesting conclusions follow from this peculiarity. First, every magnetic needle over the whole earth must be simultaneously disturbed; and secondly, the auroral streamers which wave across the skies of one country must move synchronously with those which are visible in the skies of another country, even though thousands of miles may separate the two regions.

But I must pass on to consider further the circumstances which give interest and significance to the strange discovery which is the subject of this paper.

Could we only associate auroras with terrestrial magnetism, we should still have done much to enhance the interest which the beautiful phenomenon is calculated to excite. But when once this association has been established, others of even greater interest are brought into recognition. For terrestrial magnetism has been clearly shown to be influenced directly by the action of the sun. The needle in its daily vibration follows the sun, not indeed through a complete revolution, but as far as the influence of other forces will permit. This has been abundantly confirmed, and is a fact of extreme importance in the theory of terrestrial magnetism. Whenever the sun may be, either on the visible heavens or on that half of the celestial sphere which is at the moment beneath the horizon, the end of the needle nearest to the sun makes an effort (so to speak) to point more directly towards the great ruling centre of the planetary scheme. Seeing then that the daily vibration of the needle is thus caused, we recognize the fact that the disturbances of the daily vibration may be referred to some peculiarity of the solar action.

It was not, therefore, so surprising as many have supposed that the increase and diminution of these disturbances, in a period of about eleven years, should be found to correspond with the increase and diminution of the number of solar spots in a period of equal length.

We already begin to see, then, that auroras are associated in some mysteri-

ous way with the action of the solar rays. The phenomenon which had been looked on for so many ages as a mere spectacle, caused perhaps by some process in the upper regions of the air, of a simply local character, has been brought into the range of planetary phenomena. As surely as the brilliant planets which deck the nocturnal skies are illuminated by the same orb which gives us our days and seasons, so are they subject to the same mysterious influence which causes the northern banners to wave resplendently over the star-lit depths of heaven. Nay, it is even probable that every flicker and coruscation of our auroral displays corresponds with similar manifestations upon every planet which travels round the sun. It becomes, then, a question of exceeding interest to inquire what is the nature of the mysterious apparition which from time to time illuminates our skies. We have learnt something of the laws according to which auroras appear; but what is their true nature? What sort of light is that which illumines the heavens? Is there some process of combustion going on in the upper regions of our atmosphere? Or are the auroral streamers electric or phosphorescent? Or, lastly, is the light simply solar light reflected from some substance which exists at an enormous elevation above the earth?

All these views have from time to time found supporters among scientific men. It need hardly be said that what we now know of the association between auroral action and some form of solar disturbance, would at once enable us to reject some of these hypotheses. But we need not discuss the subject from this point of view; because a mode of research has recently been rendered available which at once answers our inquiries as to the general character of any kind of light. I proceed to consider the application of this method to the light from the auroral streamers.

The spectroscope, or, as we may term the instrument, the "light-sifter," tells us of what nature an object which is a source of light may be. If the object is a luminous solid or liquid, the instrument converts its light into a rainbow-colored streak. If the object is a luminous vapor, its light is converted into a few bright lines. And, lastly, if the object is a lu-

minous solid or liquid shining through any vapors, the rainbow-colored streak again makes its appearance, but it is now crossed by dark lines corresponding to the vapors which surround the object and absorb a portion of its light.

But I must not omit to notice two circumstances which render the interpretation of a spectrum somewhat less simple than it would otherwise be.

In the first place, if an object is shining by reflected light its spectrum is precisely similar to that of the object whose light illuminates it. Thus we cannot pronounce positively as to the nature of an object merely from the appearance of its spectrum, unless we are quite certain that the object is self-luminous. For example, we observe the solar spectrum to be a rainbow-colored streak crossed by a multitude of dark lines, and we conclude accordingly that the sun is an incandescent globe shining through a complex vaporous atmosphere. We feel no doubt on this point, because we are absolutely certain that the sun is self-luminous. Again, we observe the spectrum of the moon to be exactly similar to the solar spectrum, only, of course, much less brilliant. And here also we feel no doubt in interpreting the result. We know, certainly, that the moon is not self-luminous, and therefore we conclude with the utmost certainty that the light we receive from her is simply reflected solar light. So far all is clear. But now take the case of an object like a comet, which may or may not be self-luminous. If we find that a comet's spectrum resembles the sun's—and this is not altogether a hypothetical case, for a portion of the light of every comet yet examined does in reality give a rainbow-colored streak resembling the solar spectrum—we cannot form, in that case, any such positive conclusion. The comet may be a self-luminous body, but, on the other hand, its light may be due merely to the reflection of the solar beams. Accordingly we find that our spectroscopists always accompany the record of such an observation with an expression of doubt as to the real nature of the object which is the source of light.

Secondly, when an electric spark flashes through any vapor, its light gives a spectrum which indicates the nature, not only of the vapor through which the

spark has passed, but of the substances between which the spark has travelled. Thus, if we cause an electric flash to pass from an iron conductor through common air, we see in the spectrum the numerous bright lines which form the spectrum of iron, and in addition we see the bright lines belonging to the gases which form our atmosphere.

Both the considerations above discussed are of the utmost importance in studying the subject of the auroral light as analyzed by the spectroscope, because there are many difficulties in forming a general opinion as to the nature of the auroral light, while there are circumstances which would lead us to anticipate that the light is electric.

We notice also in passing that we owe to the German physicist Angström a large share of the researches on which the above results respecting the spectrum of the electric spark are founded. The reader will presently see why we have brought Angström's name prominently forward in connection with the interesting branch of spectroscopic analysis just referred to. If the discovery we are approaching had been effected by a tyro in the use of the spectroscope, doubts might very reasonably have been entertained respecting the exactness of the observations on which the discovery rests.

It was suggested many years ago, long indeed before the true powers of spectroscopic analysis had been revealed, that perhaps if the light of the aurora were analyzed by the prism, evidence could be obtained of its electric nature. The eminent meteorologist Dové remarked, for instance, that "the peculiarities presented by the electric light are so marked that it appears easy to decide definitely, by prismatic analysis, whether the light of the aurora is or is not electric." Singularly enough, however, the first proof that the auroral light is of an electric nature was derived from a very different mode of inquiry. Dr. Robinson, of Armagh, discovered in 1858 (a year before Kirchhoff's recognition of the powers of spectroscopic analysis) that the light of the aurora possesses in a peculiar degree a property termed fluorescence, which is a recognized and characteristic property of the light produced by electrical discharges.

"These effects," he remarks of the appearances presented by the auroral light under the tests he applied, "were so strong in relation to the actual intensity of the light, that they appear to afford an additional evidence of the electric origin of the phenomenon."

Passing over this ingenious application of one of the most singular and interesting properties of light, we find that the earliest determination of the real nature of the auroral light—or rather of its spectrum—was that effected by Angström. This observer took advantage of the occurrence of a brilliant aurora in the winter of 1867-68 to analyze the spectrum of the colored streamers. *A single bright line only was seen!* Otto Struve, an eminent Russian astronomer, shortly afterwards made confirmatory observations. At the meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society in June, 1868, Mr. Huggins, F.R.S., thus described Struve's results: "In a letter, M. Otto Struve has informed me that he has had two good opportunities of observing the spectrum of the aurora borealis. The spectrum consists of one line, and the light is therefore monochromatic. The line falls near the margin of the yellow and green portions of the spectrum. . . . This shows that the monochromatic light is greenish, which surprised me; but General Sabine tells me that in his polar expeditions he has frequently seen the aurora tinged with green, and this appearance corresponds with the portion of the line seen by M. Struve."

The general import of this observation there is no mistaking. It teaches us that the light of the aurora is due to luminous vapor, and we may conclude, with every appearance of probability, that the luminosity of the vapor is due to the passage of electric discharges through it. It is, however, possible that the position of the bright line may be due to the character of the particles between which the discharge takes place.

But the view we are to take must depend upon the position of the line. Here a difficulty presents itself. There is no known terrestrial element whose spectrum has a bright line precisely in the position of the line in the auroral spectrum. And mere proximity has no

significance whatever in spectroscopic analysis. Two elements differing as much from each other in character as iron and hydrogen may have lines so closely approximating in position that only the most powerful spectroscope can indicate the difference. So that when Angström remarks that the bright line he has seen lies slightly to the left of a well-known group of lines belonging to the metal calcium (the principal ingredient of common chalk), we are by no means to infer that he supposes the substance which causes the presence of the bright line has any resemblance to that element. Until we can find an element which has a bright line in its spectrum absolutely coincident with the bright line detected by Angström in the spectrum of the aurora, all speculation as to the real nature of the vapor in which the auroral electric discharge takes place, or of the substance between which the spark travels, is altogether precluded.

But the discovery of Angström's bright line is not the one which is the subject of this paper. Interesting as that discovery undoubtedly is, its significance is as yet too little understood for us to dwell upon it at any length. The discovery we have now to deal with is of a very different character.

Most of my readers have doubtless heard of the zodiacal light, and many of them have perhaps seen that mysterious meteor, pointing obliquely upwards from the western horizon soon after sunset in the spring months, or in autumn shortly before sunrise, above the eastern horizon. The light, as its name indeed implies, lies upon that region of the heavens along which the planets travel. Accordingly astronomers have associated it with the planetary orbits, and have come to look on it as formed by the light reflected from a multitude of minute bodies travelling around the sun within the orbit of our earth.

Yet it had long been recognized that there are difficulties in the way of this theory. Passing over those which depend on the position of the zodiacal light upon the heavens, there are difficulties connected with the appearance of the object. For example, its light has often been observed to flicker or coruscate in a manner which it seemed

difficult to ascribe to the motions of our own atmosphere. Then again there have been seasons when the zodiacal light has shown with unusual intensity for months together, and there is nothing in the received theory which can account for such a peculiarity. Lastly, there is the strange circumstance recorded by Baron Humboldt, that the zodiacal light is often invisible when night first sets in, and then suddenly appears with full splendor; a phenomenon which is utterly inexplicable if the received theory be accepted. The whole account of the phenomenon, as given by Baron Humboldt, is so interesting, and for my present purpose so significant, that I give it at full length:

"In the tropical climate of South America," he remarks, "the variable strength of the light of the zodiacal gleam struck me at times with utter amazement. As I there passed the beautiful nights, in the open air, on the banks of rivers, and in the grassy plains for several months together, I had opportunities of observing the phenomenon with attention. When the zodiacal light was at its very brightest, it sometimes happened that but a few minutes afterwards it became notably weakened, and then it suddenly gleamed up again with its former brilliancy. In particular instances, I believed that I remarked, not anything of a ruddy tinge, or an inferior arobed obscuration, or an emission of sparks, such as Mairan describes, but a kind of unsteadiness and flickering of the light."

Despite these and similar observations, very little doubt had been felt by astronomers that the zodiacal light really indicates the presence of minute bodies travelling in almost circular paths round the sun. And it was confidently expected that whenever a spectroscope of sufficient delicacy to analyze the faint light of the zodiacal gleam was applied to that purpose, the resulting spectrum would be merely a very faint reproduction of the solar spectrum.

Recently, however, the zodiacal light has been analyzed by Angström, with a result altogether unexpected, and at present almost unintelligible. *Its spectrum exhibits a bright line, and this bright line is the same that is seen in the spectrum of the aurora borealis!*

How are we to understand this most surprising result? Remembering that the aurora is undoubtedly a terrestrial light, whencesoever it derives its luminosity—in other words, that the electric discharges, however excited, really take place in the upper regions of our own atmosphere, while as certainly the zodiacal light is an extra-terrestrial phenomenon, the observed correlation becomes one of the most perplexing discoveries ever made by man. That it will before long be interpreted we have no doubt whatever; nor do we doubt that the interpretation will involve the explanation of a whole series of phenomena which have lately perplexed astronomers. Recalling the association between auroras and terrestrial magnetism, and that between terrestrial magnetism and the solar spots, and remembering further that our physicists have recently detected well-marked signs that the planets in their courses influence the sun's solar atmosphere and generate his spots in some manner as yet unexplained, we see that the one fact wanting to explain Angström's discovery is undoubtedly not an isolated fact, but must be associated in the most intimate manner with a variety of important cosmical relations. To speculate as to the nature of the as yet undiscovered interpretation of Angström's researches would at present be an idle task, perhaps. But one feature of the solar scheme with which we cannot doubt that it will be found to be associated, must be mentioned before we conclude.

Of all the phenomena presented to the contemplation of astronomers, the tails of comets are undoubtedly the most perplexing. Their rapid formation, their swift motions (if, indeed, we could believe that their changes of position are due to a real transmission of their material substance) and the enormous variety of configuration and of structure which they present to our contemplation, render them not merely amazing but altogether unintelligible.

Now there is one feature of comets' tails which has long since attracted attention, and will remind the reader of the peculiarities common to the zodiacal and the auroral light. We refer to the sudden changes of brilliancy, the flickerings or coruscations, and the instantan-

eous lengthening and shortening of these mysterious appendages. Olbers spoke of "explosions and pulsations, which in a few seconds went trembling through the whole length of a comet's tail, with the effect now of lengthening now of abridging it by several degrees." And the eminent mathematician Euler was led by the observation of similar appearances to put forward the theory "*that there is a great affinity between these tails, the zodiacal light, and the aurora borealis.*" The late Admiral Smyth, commenting on this opinion of Euler's, remarks that "most reasoners seem now to consider comets' tails as consisting of electric matter;" adding that "this would account for the undulations and other appearances which have been noticed, as, for instance, that extraordinary one seen by M. Chladni in the comet of 1811, when certain undulatory ebullitions rushed from the nucleus to the end of the tail, a distance of more than ten millions of miles, in two or three seconds of time." To this we may add the somewhat bizarre theory suggested by Sir John Herschel, that the matter forming the zodiacal light is "loaded, perhaps, with the actual materials of the tails of millions of comets, which have been stripped of these appendages in the course of successive passages round the immediate neighborhood of the sun."

Now hitherto no comet with a sufficiently brilliant tail for spectroscopic analysis has appeared since Kirchhoff's invention of that mode of research. Already our physicists have been looking forward anxiously for the appearance of such a comet as Donati's or Halley's. But Angström's recent discovery, and the evidence which seems to associate the tails of comets with the auroral and zodiacal lights, renders our spectroscopists doubly anxious to submit a comet's tail to spectroscopic analysis. It is far from being unlikely that three long-vexed questions—the nature of the aurora, that of the zodiacal light, and that of comets' tails—will receive their solution simultaneously.

I had scarcely completed the above pages when news was brought from America that the spectrum of the sun's corona, as seen during the recent total solar eclipse, exhibited the same bright

lines as the aurora. The fact that auroral *lines* are mentioned will at once be noticed; but it is to be remarked that the two faint lines which have been lately seen in the auroral spectrum, correspond to but a very small portion of the light we receive from the northern streamers. In the spectrum of the corona the same three lines appear, but their relative brightness is different. The brightest line of the auroral spectrum is faint in the spectrum of the corona, while the latter exhibits a bright line where the former has a faint one.

News has also been received that from a comparison of the photographs of the eclipse, it is evident that the corona, or at any rate its brightest part, belongs to the sun.

Lastly, it has been found recently that the peculiar phosphorescent light sometimes visible all over the sky at night, gives the same spectrum (very faint, of course) as the aurora and the zodiacal light.

It is impossible not to recognize the fact that these discoveries point to relations of the utmost importance. The teachings of the spectroscope are too certain to be mistaken. When it shows us such and such lines bright or dark, we may conclude, without fear of being misled, that such and such substances are emitting or absorbing light. What we learn certainly, therefore, from the facts above stated, is this, that substances of the same sort emit the light of the aurora, of the zodiacal gleam, of the sun's corona, and of the phosphorescence which illuminates at times the nocturnal skies. We may conclude, but not so certainly, that the manner in which the light is emitted is also the same in each case. We know certainly that the auroral light is excited by the solar action. We know certainly that it is associated with the earth's magnetism. The opinion, then, which we should form of the source to which the other lights are due is tolerably obvious. So long as electricity was merely used as a convenient way of accounting for any perplexing phenomenon, it was impossible to accept explanations of cosmical peculiarities as due to electrical action. But when once we have reason—as in the case of the aurora we undoubtedly have—to associate electricity with any particular form

of luminosity, we seem clearly justified in extending the explanation to the same form of luminosity wherever it may appear.

I believe that the key to the whole series of phenomena dealt with above, lies in the existence of myriads of meteoric bodies travelling separately or in systems around the sun. They are consumed in thousands daily by our own

atmosphere, they probably pour in countless millions upon the solar atmosphere; and from what we know of their numbers in our own neighborhood, and of the probability of their being infinitely more numerous in the neighborhood of the sun, we have excellent reasons for believing that to them principally is due the appearance of the zodiacal light and the solar corona.

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St. Paul's.

#### MY MASTER.

NOR my Lord and Master; there was nothing lordly about him; neither was he my Master in the social sense. We have heard too much about "Woman and her Master" for me to care to write on that subject. I think I should prefer "Man and his Wrongs," if I were disposed to take a leap into social ethics. There was nothing masterful or even masterly about him in a general sense. He was simply what the caressing Italian term, "il Maestro," "the Meister," conveys: a Master in his glorious Art;—in everything else simple, humble, childlike. I see him now as I saw him for the first time, and as I shall always see him; his grand, intellectual head; the full, open brow, pregnant with thought, set well upon the square, muscular shoulders; the long, thin, light hair thrown back from a brow which was already slightly bald; the calm, steadfast, true-blue eyes, out of which shone the honest, upright, simple German soul that was in him; the large, well-shaped mouth and fine, regular teeth, which, when he laughed, gave an air of sparkling enjoyment to his honest mirth, corroborated by the merry twinkle of his otherwise thoughtful grey-blue eyes.

He came to me in this wise.—I was directed by my aunt to look out for a music-master, or rather, a singing-master, for my cousin, who, whilst waiting for his commission, had come to spend the winter with us at R—. Every one who knows R— knows also that every inch of its ground is classic. There is not a spot but has been trod by the chivalry of Germany; sung by her bards; painted by her poets; made familiar by her painters; celebrated by her beauties

and her beaux, her wits and her philosophers. History dwells proudly upon her; biography loiters lingeringly within her gates; art and science dwell within her borders; and knowledge and wisdom are in her king's palaces.

"Der Herr Musik-meister ist da!" said Johann, throwing wide open the door of my sitting-room, and jerking his head over his shoulder in the direction of the salon.

The "Herr Musik-lehrer" did not in any way concern me. I had been told that he taught singing well, and I had written to him for his terms, and had arranged that he should come and develop my cousin's musical faculties twice a week. Clearly I had done my duty, and could peacefully accomplish my English letters.

"Tell Mr. Hetherington to go down to the gentleman; I will come presently," was all I said; and Johann disappeared.

When, after a quarter of an hour I entered the drawing-room, a scene met my gaze and sounds assailed my ears which I do not ever wish to forget, both were so irrepressibly comic. A few words had passed between master and pupil as to the musical attainments of the latter, very much, as I afterwards learned, in this wise:—

"You sing?"

"Yes."

"Have you had a master already?"

"Yes."

"Are you fond of music? I mean do you love music for herself?"

Charlie Hetherington, slightly bewildered, "Oh, I like a good toon."

Herr Reichardt, with misgivings, "Oh,

ab, yes! Well, let us try. What can you sing?"

"Oh, anything."

"Anything?" gasped the Maestro, abashed before the genius of eighteen who could sing "anything." "Come, let us begin. You shall choose; what one loves best, one sings best."

"Here, this'll do," said Charlie Hetherington, and out of a huge packet of music he took a song not altogether unfamiliar to the British public, called "Beautiful Star."

"'Beautiful Star'? Perhaps a new Auffassung of a rather hackneyed idea? We will see; but Wagner has not done it amiss in Wolfram's song."

It was just towards the conclusion of "Beautiful Star" that I entered the room. Behind the Maestro's chair stood Charlie, roaring out, with sublime indifference as to time or tune, that gem of American sentiment.

From moment to moment Herr Reichardt's keen eyes glanced wildly up at him, but "never a word spoke he." The veins in his forehead, swollen up into great cords, seemed to work at his temples; an expression of intense agony and yet determined endurance was about his mouth, whilst his hair appeared to quiver round his head in a state of electrified agony. As he came to the end of the accompaniment, just seven bars and three-quarters before Charlie had finished his triumphant pæan, the perspiration broke out in great beads of anguish on his brow, and he threw himself back in his chair, whilst he clasped his forehead, exclaiming, with a groan, "Mein Gott! Es ist unmöglich!"

Even to me it appeared almost "impossible."

"Nein! es ist unmöglich!" said he again to himself, "rein unmöglich! So etwas ist mir noch ni vorgekommen!" and he took out a great linen pocket handkerchief and buried his face in it, and mopped his forehead. Then, after a pause, reflectively, as one who communes with himself, "Was fang' ich nun aber an? Ja! Das ist die Frage? That's the question."

"Never mind about getting out of time, old fellow," said Charlie, patronizingly; "you ain't used to our kind of music, you know. But I always make Martha play the air, it's easier than the

accompaniment, and I don't mind if you like to do the same."

I don't think Herr Reichardt ever understood much English, even when well spoken, though he knew our literature and loved it well. But Charlie's vernacular was not quite that of Shakespeare and Shelley, or of Wordsworth and Tennyson,—with all of whose works Herr Reichardt was familiar;—and then his rolling, rollicking voice, and a habit he had of dropping all his r's and of stumbling with a lisp over all his s's, made me devoutly trust that he was unintelligible. "Charlie!" I cried, abashed, mortified, and ashamed.

At the sound of my voice Herr Reichardt sprang up. Consternation was vividly depicted on his countenance, although he attempted to conceal his dismay. "A thousand pardons, most gracious; but I was not quite myself, or I should have perceived your presence; and then the,—the noise,—and the,—well,—the musical fervor of my pupil, let us say,—made me unconscious; for this is really something very remarkable," said the Maestro, with a pleasing vagueness as to demonstrative pronouns, and, now that his oral nerves were abating somewhat of their agony, with a twinkle of sly humor in his friendly eyes. It was, in truth, "remarkable," even to me, and I felt very much ashamed of Charlie. There was a pause, after which, looking at his pupil and bowing slightly to me, Herr Reichardt requested the favor of a few minutes' private conversation with me.

"Now don't be long, Mary; time's money, you know," said Charlie, with that odious commercial view of things with which he had come into the world, as other babies come with silver spoons in their mouths. "Don't be long. I have given him a specimen of my sentimental style, and now we'll go in for something cheerful." I knew he meant "Paddle your own Canoe," or "Camping Races," and I felt positively sick with horror; but I rose with all the self-possession I could assume, and led the way to my boudoir. How was I to apologize for my mistake? how explain that I had been quite ignorant of what he would have to endure? But I had no need to take the initiative. I did not know the man. He sat down on



the chair to which I pointed, and then said, gently, "I see that it is all a mistake; do not be distressed; it is a new experience for me, nothing more; but you will understand my motives when I decline to repeat my visit of to-day. I shall esteem it an honor if you will allow me to regard it as a visit, and to consider our engagement cancelled. To your cousin, who appears to be a young man equally endowed with courage, confidence, and strength, you will recommend repose, absolute repose, for his voice, and for the rest, time will bring counsel."

I felt that no sum of money could compensate Herr Reichardt for such torture as would be his, if the proposed plan were carried out; and he was not a man to whom it was easy to offer excessive remuneration. There was a simple dignity about him, which made one at once feel how art elevated the artist. I had lived long enough in R—— to have caught somewhat of the spirit of the place, and to know how to give honor where honor was due; but I had never felt so much at a loss before for words of soothing and reverence wherewith to make my sorrow and contrition known. The only thing I could think of was to apologize very heartily, and to express a hope that Herr Reichardt would show me he harbored no resentment against me, by coming to us in a friendly way, whenever time and inclination would allow of his doing so.

As he left, he said, smiling, simply,—  
"I feel, gracious lady, that you would gladly have offered me compensation; but life has too many discords for one to seek voluntarily such as can be avoided; and, besides, I am an honest man. Nature will do her own work in her own good time; but Art, in that courageous young gentleman's case, can do nothing. He will have a good voice for his escadron,—and that, after all, will be of more use in his profession and generation than though he had cultivated the tenderest tenor!" But as I looked over the rail of the staircase after he had departed, I saw him again clasp his forehead convulsively, whilst he uttered a groan of relief, saying to himself, "Gott sei dank! Ich bin noch glücklich davon gekommen!"

From that day he was a frequent and

honored guest in our house, coming when he would, going when he liked, speaking simply and earnestly of himself, his cares, his troubles, his little professional grievances, his domestic sorrows, as though confident of our ready sympathy and spontaneous interest. But when he spoke of his art he was grand. There was a quiet warmth about him, which never degenerated into rant, or soared into hyperbole. A poet conversing with Nature, a painter lost in contemplation of the magic powers of sunset, a babe at its mother's breast, a devotee at his prayers, could not have been more at one with the object of his contemplation, more absorbed and self-forgetful than he was at such times. There was then something infinitely elevating and inspiring in his manner, and when he rose, like one in a dream, and wandered to the piano, we all sat spell-bound, entranced by the sounds he drew out of that poor, mean, little instrument. We grew to love the man; and he felt, without knowing or analyzing it, that we loved him. The warm rays of tenderness and affection in which he basked, expanded his soul; he opened his great loving heart, and drew us into it, and sent us back into the world again with a scintillation of the "divine spark" in our bosoms.

Even the irrepressible Charlie was unconsciously influenced by him, and actually took the trouble to drop his lisp and his drawl when he wanted our beloved Maestro to understand him. And so he came and went amongst us, smiling on the little children, playing them charming "Kinderlieder," and telling them wonderful rhythmical stories, whilst he made the piano sing the songs to which he supplied the words. Charlie was told he would learn more by going to the opera and hearing cultivated singers, than by mere private instruction. Herr Reichardt had said he would leave it to my "tact" to manage the question; and this was all my tact could suggest of a soothing nature. So Charlie, good-naturedly confident of his own capabilities, took a stall at the theatre, and cultivated the ballet.

What marvellous stories our Meister told us of his youthful days at the Leipzig Conservatorium! how, with the spirit of music strong within him, he

had endured slow torture in his uncle's house of business: and how at length, unable to bear the life of dull commercial drudgery he was leading, he had thrown care and consideration to the winds, and sacrificing all prospect of future affluence to his love for his art, had braved his uncle's wrath and his parents' indignant disappointment, and shouldering his knapsack, had gone forth with a light and happy heart to meet his destiny! What marvellous tales he told us of the great Gewand-Haus concerts, to which all the famous Musici came from the uttermost parts of the earth; old members of the Conservatory, men from foreign lands, rich amateurs; kings, princes, and nobles, to hear the perfection of musical art; how at first he sat amongst the neophytes, trembling with fear, and hope, and awe, and delight, as one great name after another would be whispered amongst the students, running with a thrill through the ranks of the eager aspirants for favor; how he rose by degrees, and took his place among the second violins; and how on a grand day, when the greatest of modern composers had come with his amiable, refined, genial presence, to lead the performance of one of his own immortal compositions, the orchestra, maddened with enthusiasm, had cast themselves at his feet, and had only been restored to calm by the quiet yet heart-felt address which the great composer had given to his worshippers; how, when once again repressed emotion had settled down into a fervid determination in each breast to do "the best," and all eyes were breathlessly fixed on their leader's bâton, the voices of that mighty orchestra had spoken in a way that they had never spoken before, as though some electric current had passed through every hand, and but one desire, one soul, one passion had animated each heart.

Veterans were in tears; the younger men, carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, cast their bows aside, and springing over the benches, flocked round the conductor's desk; ladies, sobbing and fainting, were being carried out of the hall; an empress presented the composer with her bouquet; an emperor, taking the decoration from his breast, had adorned him with his own hand. Kings and princes of the people

came to congratulate him; great men, delighting to honor greatness in another, grasped him by the hand; beautiful women, overcome with emotion, laid their worship at his feet; and through it all,—through the excitement and the flattery, and the acclamations, and the intoxication, and the triumph, said our beloved Meister, "he bore himself with the angelic simplicity of a child, who sees the wonders of God's majesty in the mighty deep; in the sun, and moon, and earth, and stars; in the voice of the thunder, and the mysteries of the firmament; and gives the glory to Him, for whose pleasure they are, and were, created. Only, as he came down amongst us after the ovation he had received, he stretched forth his hands to all of us,—yes,—he held this very hand!" said our Meister, marvelling at his own delicate, flexible digits, "and said he owed his triumph to us, as much as to himself; nay, more so, for that without us his ideas would have been simply blots of ink on wasted paper."

And then he would tell us of the friendships he had formed with many whose names have since become famous; of those "lesser lights" of lyrical genius; of the meteor-like brilliancy of the marvellous and too little known and appreciated Fesca, that son of the gods, made of fire, and touched into such flame as soon wrought ruin and desolation where once all had been fair. He would speak to us of Schubert, and his poverty, and his struggles, and his blindness; of Mathfessel, and Silcher, and Reissiger, and Lortzing, and Schumann, and Marschner, and Lindpainter, and a score of others, until the only relief appeared to be in opening the piano, and wandering into melody. Sometimes he would sit there playing in the twilight, his head thrown back, his eyes upraised, his delicate hands drawing forth such wonderful tones, that it appeared almost as though he were playing on our very heart-strings. One evening I remember well. I had drawn my chair into the corner, and was sitting close up against the piano. I did not feel content to hear him from a distance. Something drew me to look upon his face. It was growing so rapidly dark that I could scarcely see more than its outlines, and he played on, unconscious

alike of my gaze as of my presence. We had been speaking of one of his friends, long since dead; and as he played, I felt that he was telling us a life-history;—the history of the cheerful dawn, the early promise, the brilliant noontide; the laughter and the yearnings; the aspirations and the tears; and then,—the disappointment, settling down into a minor key, through the chords and discords of which wailed grief and sorrow, and all the infinite pain of unfulfilled hopes,—fulfilled fears,—shame, disgrace, death; of defeated aims; light gone out in darkness; a sorrow's crown of sorrow, and a sober certainty that the fiat had gone forth. The solemn refrain of pious prayers, and funeral intercessions for the lost dead, seemed to re-echo in the dim corners of the dusky room, as the sobbing, sighing wind moans round lonely and dishonored graves.

Stillness and silence fell upon us. We felt as though we had seen and heard terrible things. Reichardt, too, was silent, absorbed in thoughts of the past, when he had loved young David with a love passing the love of women, when as yet the golden-haired youth was pure from the poisonous breath of the world, and his golden harp-strings unsullied by the evil touch that in later days wrung from them wild disharmonies which put all his good angels to flight. When Johann brought in the lamp, I saw that our Master's eyes were full of tears. "You too are pained," he said, stretching out his hand; "but how could it be otherwise? What a fair and noble young life it was! So full of promise; so full of love, and light, and genius,—to end in such a way! Ah, these memories teach us how our hearts can ache! Years, long years after the wound has healed, and even the scar has almost disappeared, the pain, the sting remains."

But our Master was not always melancholy; he had too large, and loving, and genial a nature for that. He would often brush away what he called his "cobwebs," and declare that since this was the day the Lord had made, "we ought to rejoice and be glad in it." At such times all Nature seemed to him to be one hymn of praise; and we caught the happy reflection of his sunshine, and

rejoiced in his simple guileless happiness. Sometimes he came toiling through the long dusty avenues, with huge volumes under his arm, for he liked nothing better than that I should sit near him, and follow him through the often intricate pages. "You shall learn to know our marvellous treasure of German lyric songs," he said. "Our operas you know; Mozart, Weber, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, are familiar to you; but these you know not, though they are well worthy of your knowledge;" and he would sit down and play to me, softly humming the melody in a wonderful mezzo voce, repeating pieces I liked, and always looking pleased and happy when I appreciated this passage or that. "Ganz recht!" he would say, smiling; "sollen wir's wiederholen?" and forthwith he would repeat it, lingering on its delicacies of expression, and accentuating the peculiarity which had charmed us.

And then he would speak to me of his wife and his children. He loved his Linchen very tenderly, as a good man loves the faithful helpmate, and sweet gentle mother of his children. He never spoke as though he were a genius incompris; he did not for a moment disguise that her sober household ways, her untiring thrift and care, had made her very dear and precious to him; nor did I ever offer to go and see her, or ask him to bring her to see us. I knew that there was a great social gulf between us, which his art bridged over, but which her homeliness could not span. It was so much the fashion at R—— for poets, and painters, and singers, and sculptors, to mix with the courtly crowd, that no one coming to our house would have taken exception at finding Reichardt there, or have marvelled at his intimacy in our family circle. But, simple as he was, he would not have brooked condescension. "You love me for my art," he would say; "if I were still the grocer's boy I was, I should not be sitting in the drawing-rooms of ambassadors and fine court-ladies. But that does not wound or vex me. The priest is not humiliated because his religion and his God are worshipped, and not he himself." Yet, notwithstanding this, he told us freely all about his household joys and cares, and would sometimes make us laugh by the way in which he

l off, saying his Linchen would him if he kept the Kartoffel-breig, or snubbed the Saur-krout. More little anecdote I must tell before I have done. We knew story, for we had inquired much of his friends and admirers. After ing an eminent violinist, he married a young girl of the bourgeois and had had a long struggle for success. His lessons brought him in nothing, and although he was recently engaged in the orchestra theatre at X—, petty jealousies and the thousand intrigues which about such places, had pared his down to the merest pittance. A wife and delicate child made his hard one, but he never lost hope or rage.

There was consternation one night at the little theatre at X—. A great crowd who was staring it in the proscenium had been engaged by order of the Grand Duke to sing on a certain evening; but when that evening arrived, Drossel was lying in what appeared to be a very hopeless condition in an inn some twenty miles from the village. Booted and spurred messengers came riding, all beflecked with mud, into the courtyard of the Herr Baron's house. Drossel was dead, and would be utterly "incapable" for the next fortnight. But when the Grand Duke was told this, he only stepped on the table, swore a big oath, and said he wanted Drossel, and he must come. There was fresh ringing of boots and spurs, and red intimations that Herr Drossel's "old-forgetting" state rendered his entrance an impossibility for that evening.

And Dukes were allowed to be grand and very ducal in those times; in fact, they were absolute, impious, despotic; for as yet Bismarck was not, and Berlin was simply the town of a German province. "Tel quel est le plaisir" was an awful sentence at the time of which I write; and when the royal master had said he would have the singing, Baron Henckel, the intendant of the theatre, knew that the caprice of a monarch was as little amenable to the influence of change as the laws of the Medes and Persians. It was at this

juncture that Reichardt stepped forward.

"I can take the part," he said.

"You, — who are you?" asked Baron Henckel, looking the young man over from head to foot.

"I am your second violinist, Reichardt."

"But that gives me no guarantee of your being able to sing. And besides, if you could sing like a nightingale it would avail nothing. The Grand Duke wants Drossel, and Drossel he must have."

"I shall do as well as Drossel."

"You?" said Henckel, who appeared struck by the calm assurance of Reichardt's manner; "then you must be a rara avis indeed."

"Try me, Herr Baron."

"There is no time to be lost. There, — take his grand aria. Sing it."

Reichardt did as he was told. Baron Henckel, like Herr von Hülsen, knew a good singer from a bad one. "By Jove, Drossel's days are numbered if you can keep up to anything like this," he said. "You shall act Drossel; mind, Drossel, not Max; don't think of the free-shooter, only think of the be-devilled tenor."

Reichardt had seen the celebrated tenor scores of times, he knew all his tricks of voice and manner, and he resolved to imitate them.

"Stop!" cried Baron Henckel, as he was hurrying out of the room. "How about your get-up? Drossel is dark and wiry; you are blonde, with the shoulders of a Hercules."

"Leave that to me and the costumier, Herr Baron," said Reichardt gayly. He was playing for a great stake, and he meant to win.

The next day the town was in an uproar; some said that Drossel was still drunk and incapable; "but I tell you that I saw him in 'Der Freischütz' with my own eyes last night, more himself than ever, in charming voice, full of verve, younger, more active, more delightful than he ever was," cried one.

"Yes, it was all a false report about his being ill," said another; "the courier who was seen was out on the duke's business, not for the theatre. The intendant makes all his arrangements in person."

"As if any one could mistake the peculiar timbre of Drossel's voice?" said a third. And so the war of words

waged, and the disputants waxed furious, until Reichardt—who had been sitting, an amused spectator, in a corner of the café—rose and came amongst them, and so put an end to the mystification.

His fame grew; brilliant engagements were offered to him; managers bowed down before him; he made his own terms, and seemed to be mounting the ladder of fortune with seven-leagued boots. He was the rage, the fashion; and whilst ladies lamented that he was married, and prima-donnas did their best to sing him into captivity, he went on his way rejoicing with single-heartedness over his good luck and rising fortunes. He laid aside his bow; for, dearly as he loved his violin, such brilliant prospects were not to be neglected. But an enemy was lurking in ambush. One day, when he was advertised to sing in the Dresden theatre, the doors were closed, and bills posted up to the effect that serious indisposition would prevent Herr Reichardt from appearing as announced that night. A year passed, and his name was never heard; but when, at the end of that time, a wan shadow appeared in public, with the same eyes and expression, the same genial smile, but, alas! without the voice, men said it was the ghost of Reichardt, and sadly shook their heads when he had passed by. Brain fever, followed by half a dozen of those obscure, mysterious complications which no doctor can fathom, had done its work. They talked of over excitement, of nervous exhaustion, of an irritable brain; but through all their learned jargon one fact was patent,—Reichardt would never be himself again. He came to R—, took once more to his beloved violin, and lived by giving lessons. To the brilliant period of his life he never willingly alluded, unless it were to say simply, "You see, it was not the work that was too much for my brain; it was the flattery and the vanity. I never thought less of my art and more of myself than during that period of success. The true artist is always humble, and I,—was punished for my arrogance." It was strange to hear him speaking thus. There was something godlike about the man, with his noble, earnest face, and grand, quiet manner.

Sudden affliction came upon me, then

severe illness, and during a period of twelve months I heard nothing of the outside world. Absolute repose seemed the only good that earth still had to offer, and I shrank from all contact with the outer world with a dread that was rapidly growing into a morbid terror of my kind, when my good old doctor ordered me to the South. Before making this journey it was absolutely necessary that I should gather strength, and so in the dim twilight of the early autumn evenings I crept out, and leaning on the arm of a tried and faithful friend, prepared to leave my garden for the first time. On the bridge, just where the river bends and tall Italian villas are reflected in the gliding waters; where the watch stands at the town gates, through which the tired burghers and their families are passing in a continuous stream from the coffee gardens beyond the town,—whence a happy hum of finished toil arises,—on the bridge, the golden harvest moon shining full upon us, and one great star in the purple heavens, Reichardt and I met again. He said nothing of my illness, no word of sympathy as to my sorrows. He had no need. It was all in the tone of his voice, in the grasp of his hand, in the pitying tenderness of his eyes; and when he spoke his voice was as the voice of an angel. "And you are going?"

"Yes; so the doctors say."

"And to Italy;—the land of art, of song! Well says the proverb, 'Vedi Napoli'—" But here he stopped suddenly.

"E poi mori," I added. "Well, one grows indifferent."

"I shall see you once more," he said, and we parted.

A week later he came to me. Everything was ready: our trunks were packed and corded; all the little familiar ornaments and trifles were put away; paper, and string, and luggage labels were lying about the room; a few half-withered flowers in a glass lay upon the table; discomfort and desolation were all around. The leaves were dropping off a great walnut tree close to the windows, and the flowers all hung their heads in a hopeless, downcast way; dead leaves blew about the garden-paths; the lawn was all ragged and untrimmed; the walks dank and neglected. I sat there

in a state of blunted indifference, thinking of nothing, caring for nothing, wishing for nothing. In fact, the utter nullity and void in my heart made it ache for want of better occupants. Just then Reichardt came in. I was almost unwilling to see him. I remembered, in an unreasoning, unconscious kind of way, that he or his art had been able to stir up some sort of emotion in me; I scarcely remembered whether pleasurable or otherwise now, and the vague remembrance alarmed and annoyed me. Repose, absolute repose, was all I wanted; to be let alone, to be given

"Long rest, or death, dark death, or dreamful ease; "

anything, anything but emotion. Reichardt drew a chair near to me, and sat down. I saw that his brow was troubled, but his troubles could not reach me. And then he began to speak. I listened to the sound, but not to the sense of the words. In my selfish indifference that would have fatigued me; but his voice was infinitely soothing, and fell on my heart like

"Music that gentlier on the spirit lies,  
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes."

Once he looked at the piano. He had spent many happy hours drawing forth marvels from its otherwise mediocre tones. "Not that," I said. "Don't play to me; my heart would break."

"Here," he said; "I have brought you something which I hope in happier hours may yet give you pleasure. I have often played you songs, unpublished, and which now probably never will be published, composed by my old friends L—, and L—, and F—, in the far-off Leipsic days. This 'Weaver's Song,' I remember, you liked. I could not venture to offer you anything worthy of your acceptance in a general sense; these have a modest worth; they are good in themselves, and they cannot be bought; they are not a gift, but a souvenir of the many happy hours I have spent in your house." He laid a book upon the table as he spoke. I saw my own name in gilt letters on the cover, and opening it, I recognized eight of my favorite songs, copied in so marvellous a manner, and with such quaint and exquisite conceits of allegory and imagery, that it appear-

ed to me as though the notes of music and the words were dancing through Fairy-land. I saw that the thing was costly, and precious,—a work of art. I shrank from accepting anything so valuable at the hands of one ill able to afford such a gift. But whilst I was pondering what I should say, whether I could really venture to accept it, or how to refuse it so as not to wound the gentle heart of the donor, Reichardt spoke again. "See, here is your favorite 'Cradle-song,'—the song to which you have so often sung the dear little ones to sleep."

A beautiful child played amongst the flowers, whilst bees and butterflies peopled the air; and then the child, tired with play, had sunk to sleep, its rosy hands relaxed, and the already fading flowers dropping from its little pinafore; and further on, a beautiful angel kissed the tired little one on the smiling, innocent brow; and yet further, the white-winged messenger had gathered the little flower to his bosom, and was bearing it through the calm star-lit sky to the great eternal flower-garden. As I looked at the child, I saw it was a portrait of My Master's little son,—a rare and lovely boy, with great questioning blue eyes, and a golden glory round his head. A child I had,—yes,—sometimes almost envied him. "It is your little Ernst!" I cried.

"Yes; still my Ernst, but not as you knew him. He is gone from us. He listens now to those eternal melodies which ear hath not heard. He sees those wondrous beauties which eye hath not seen. He has passed for ever from the pain of this world, to the perfect life which has no end." There was a pause. What could I say? I found no words. "I thought it would please you," he went on after a moment, "and you see I have taken care that you should not forget us. You will find us all somewhere in these homely heart-felt songs. I was once a tolerable draughtsman, and you see I have given a free rein to fancy, for my margins have all, if not more than all a painter's license. But, humble though my offering be, I wished it to be unique of its kind, and that no other hand than mine should touch it. If only you are a little pleased, I am more than satisfied."

"My Master; my dear Master!"

"And my beloved pupil!"

"But oh, my hateful selfishness! And you, wearied and worn, sorrowing for your sweet angel-child;—you have done this for me? How can I thank you?"

"Take it, and think sometimes of me,—of us,—of him."

The thin light hair, like a halo about his noble head,—the calm resignation, yet inspired faith of his voice, the grand yet gentle aspect of the whole man, smote on me with a sense of wild regret,

for that "death in life,—the days that were no more,"—and falling on my knees, I reverently, but with grief and love unspeakable, kissed those delicate hands whose cunning had revealed to me so many marvellous things. He remained calm, speaking only some few sweet, serious, earnest words, wherewith to sooth my grief; then laying his hand upon my head, he prayed God to bless me, and so passed from my presence into the unknown future.

Colburn's Monthly.

#### SHADOW-HUNTED SHADOWS.

WHAT shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue! This reflection of an elder statesman and a greater, was often in the mind of the late Sir James Graham, and, towards the close of his life, not unfrequently on his lips, *O curas hominum! o quantum est in rebus inane!* Men were ever of old, and they are found to be now, the willing victims of illusion in all stages of life: children, youths, adults, and old men, all, as Emerson puts it, are led by one bauble or another: Yoganidra, the goddess of illusion, Proteus, or Momus, or Gylfi's Mocking—for the Power has many names—is stronger than the Titans, stronger than Apollo. "There are as many pillows of illusion as flakes in a snow-storm. We wake from one dream into another dream. The toys, to be sure, are various, and are graduated in refinement to the quality of the dupe." For instance, the intellectual man requires a fine bait, while the sots are easily amused. "But everybody is drugged with his own frenzy, and the pageant marches at all hours, with music and banner and badge." False glozing pleasures, to adopt George Herbert's diction,

—tasks of happiness

Foolish night-fires, women's and children's wishes,  
Chases in arras, gilded emptiness,  
Shadows well mounted, dreams in a career.  
Embroider'd lies, nothing between two dishes,  
These are the pleasures here.

Marcus Antoninus, in his Meditations, harps on the note of Shadow-hunting or Shadow-hunted Shadows. You will soon be reduced to ashes and skeleton, he

keeps telling himself; and even if you leave a name,—what is a name? *vox et præterea nihil*. The shadows you, a shade, pursue, are miserably shadowy. The prizes of life are so mean, he says, that to scuffle for them is ridiculous, and puts him in mind of a parcel of puppies snarling for a bone, or of the contests of children for a toy. Wherever he looks, the wide world over, and in whatever age of its history, he sees abundance of people very busy, and big with their projects, who drop off presently, and moulder to dust and ashes. The freshest laurels wither apace, and the echoes of Fame are soon silenced. The "insect youth" that people the air and make it murmurous with busy life,—is not their close resemblance to the children of men one of poetry's commonplaces?

To Contemplation's sober eye

Such is the race of Man;

And they that creep, and they that fly,

Shall end where they began.

Alike the busy and the gay

But flutter through life's little day

In fortune's varying colors drest;

Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance

Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance

They leave, in dust to rest.

Having asked to be told her fortune by the Wise Wight of Mucklestane Moor, Miss Ilderton, in Scott's story, is told by the cynical Recluse that it is a simple one; an endless chase through life after follies not worth catching, and when caught, successively thrown away—a chase, pursued from the days of tottering infancy to those of old age upon his crutches. "Toys and merry-makings in childhood—love and its absurdities in

youth—spadille and basto in age, shall succeed each other as objects of pursuit—flowers and butterflies in spring—butterflies and thistledown in summer—withered leaves in autumn and winter—all pursued, all caught, all flung aside.” Mrs. Battle’s philosophy of life, as expounded in her opinions on whist, is at one with that of graver and greater authorities. She regards man as a gaming animal, who must be always trying to get the better in something or other—a passion that can scarcely, she contends, be more safely expounded than in a game at cards—cards being a temporary illusion; in truth, a mere drama; “for we do but *play* at being mightily concerned, where a few idle shillings are at stake, yet, during the illusion, we *are* as mightily concerned as those whose stake is crowns and kingdoms.” They are a sort of dream-fighting, she argues; much ado, great battling, and little bloodshed; mighty means for disproportioned ends; quite as diverting, and a great deal more innoxious, than many of those more serious *games* of life, which men play, without esteeming them to be such. *Telle est la vie*, as most of us live it.

Dream after dream ensues,  
And still they dream that they shall still succeed,  
And still are disappointed,

writes William Cowper. Not at all in the same measure or manner, but pretty much to the same effect, writes the picturesque poet of Bells and Pomegranates:

It is but to keep the nerves at strain,  
To dry one’s eyes and laugh at a fall,  
And baffled, get up to begin again,—  
So the chase take up one’s life, that’s all.  
While, look but once from your farthest bound,  
At me so deep in the dust and dark,  
No sooner the old hope drops to ground  
Than a new one, straight to the self-same mark,  
I shape me—  
Ever  
Removed!

Side by side with the massiveness of the Roman Past, muses Mr. Hawthorne, all matters that we handle or dream of now-a-days look evanescent and visionary alike; and he pictures accordingly his four chief figures in “Transformation” as persons conscious of this dreamy character of the present, as compared with the square blocks of granite where-with the Romans built their lives. “Perhaps it even contributed to the fanciful

merriment which was just now their mood. When we feel ourselves fading into shadows and unrealities, it seems hardly worth while to be sad, but rather to laugh as gayly as we can, and ask little reason wherefore.”

He says, in what has been called a commentary on Bossuet’s *mot*, that the corpse of a man becomes a *je ne sais quoi*, for which there is no name in any language.

What shadows we are! Ashes to ashes ends, even in Westminster Abbey, man’s noblest story; and dust to dust concludes his noblest song.

O death all-cloquent! you only prove  
What dust we doat on, when ’tis man we love.

Hawthorne’s Gervayse Hastings is a type and symbol, when he describes himself as depressed by a haunting perception of unreality; as one to whom all things, all persons, are like shadows flickering on the wall. “Neither have I myself any real existence,” he says, “but am a shadow like the rest.” And the end—not to say the moral—of his story may serve to remind us of the Abbé Gerbet’s words. Gervayse Hastings is seated with other guests at a feast—of very odd fellows—over whom is suspended the skeleton of the oddest of all, the founder of the feast. As the speaker ceased his confession of shadowy experiences, “it so chanced that at this juncture the decayed ligaments of the skeleton gave way, and the dry bones fell together in a heap. . . . The attention of the company being thus diverted, for a single instant, from Gervayse Hastings, they perceived, on turning again towards him, that the old man had undergone a change. His shadow had ceased to flicker on the wall.” The woe of this old man was, that to him the world to come was all shadow too.

Mrs. Schimmelpenninck expresses her belief that in youth and middle age there is often a real conviction of the transitory nature of the most established temporal things, but that in old age it is not merely a conviction, but a vivid palpable reality, and that the eternal mountains do then indeed appear near at hand, while all the campaign around seems faded into shadowy distance; and she inclines to say, like the monk, who for forty



years had exhibited the picture of the Last Supper, that he had seen so many pass away, that himself and those he spoke to seemed a shadow, while the blessed institution of the Holy Supper stood before him alone a reality. But many is the young heart that feels as Margaret Hale felt, in Mrs. Gaskell's story, when to her life seemed a vain show, so unsubstantial, and flickering, and fleeting, and when "it was as if from some aerial belfry, high up above the stir and jar of the earth, there was a bell continually tolling, 'All are shadows!—all are passing!—all is past!'"

*Le tems même sera détruit*, as La Bruyère says: "ce n'est qu'un point dans les espaces immenses de l'éternité, et il sera effacé. Il y a de légères et frivoles circonstances du tems, qui ne sont pas stables, qui passent, et que j'appelle des modes, la grandeur, la faveur, les richesses, la puissance, l'autorité, l'indépendance, le plaisir, les joies, la superfluité. Que deviendront ces modes, quand le tems même aura disparu? La vertu seule, si peu à la mode, va au-delà des tems."

Between two worlds life hovers like a star  
Twixt night and morn, upon the horizon's verge:  
How little do we know that which we are!  
How less what we may be! The eternal surge  
Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar  
Our bubbles; as the old burst, new emerge,  
Lash'd from the foam of ages; while the graves  
Of empire heave but like some passing waves.

So writes Byron in the poem that contains perhaps his grandest and most powerful strains, interspersed among his wittiest and most wicked ones. If ever man was haunted by the conviction that we are shadows all, and that shadows are our pursuit, it was he. But with him there was nothing of a "saving faith" in this. As Shakspeare's Prince of Arragon reads on the scroll at Belmont,

Some there be that shadows kiss;  
Such have but a shadow's bliss;

and of such was Byron. And he knew it. Not more alive to this philosophy was Cowper himself, when he pictured men

For threescore years employed with ceaseless care  
In catching smoke and feeding upon air;

or when he pointed with this moral his lines on the felled poplars that once lent him a shade, beneath which he had so

often been charmed by the blackbird's sweet flowing ditty:

'Tis a sight to engage me, if anything can,  
To muse on the perishing pleasures of man;  
Though his life be a dream, his enjoyments, I see,  
Have a being less durable even than he.

One great amusement of the household in the Castle of Indolence, on the testimony of its poet-laureate, was,

In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,  
Still as you turned it, all things that do pass  
Upon this ant-hill earth; where constantly  
Of idly busy men the restless fry  
Run bustling to and fro with foolish haste,  
In search of pleasures vain that from them fly,  
Or which, obtained, the caitiffs do not taste.

If, with Churchill, we stand as

Spectators only on this bustling stage,  
We see what vain designs mankind engage:  
Vice after vice with ardor they pursue,  
And one old folly brings forth twenty new.

Squirrels for nuts contend, and wrong or right,  
For the world's empire, kings, ambitious, fight.  
What odds?—to us 'tis all the selfsame thing,  
A nut, a world, a squirrel, and a king.

In other verses, and another measure, the same poet justifies his use of the expression "whatever shadows we pursue," by the interpolated comment,

For our pursuits, be what they will,  
Are little more than shadows still;  
Too swift they fly, too swift and strong,  
For man to catch or hold them long.

Of world-wide application is what Bernardin de Saint-Pierre said of himself by way of private interpretation.

Goldsmith was not altogether in sport when he made Croaker in the comedy pronounce life to be, at the greatest and best, but a froward child, that must be humored and coaxed a little till it falls asleep, and then all the care is over; while Honeywood assents—Good-natured Man that he is—with a ready "Very true, sir; nothing can exceed the vanity of our existence, but the folly of our pursuits." For Goldsmith was in sad earnest when he wrote of himself as one

Impelled with steps unceasing to pursue  
Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view;  
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,  
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies.

Shadow-hunted shadows is the very text for Mr. Carlyle. World's memory is very whimsical now and then he says, in recording the forgotten exploits of Johann, King of Bohemia, "all which have proved voiceless in the World's

ry; while the casual Shadow of a  
er he once wore has proved vocal  
" And a whole chapter is devoted  
d entitled, a Kaiser hunting Shad-  
-Kaiser Karl with his Pragmatic  
on to wit, and similar projects,  
or hobbies, more or less shadowy  
nsubstantial, all. "There was an-  
vast Shadow, or confused high-  
continent of shadows, to which  
or Kaiser held with his customary  
ty. To procure adherences and  
nces to this dear Pragmatic Sanc-  
vas, even more than the shadow  
Spanish crown," the one grand  
ss of his life henceforth. "Sha-  
f Pragmatic Sanction, shadow of  
anish Crown,—it was such shadow-  
gs of the Kaiser in Vienna" that  
ted the Prussian Double-Marriage.  
ier object which Kaiser Karl pur-  
with some diligence, and which  
wise proved a shadow," was his  
d East India Company, which gave  
disturbance to mankind. "This  
e third grand shadow which the  
r chased, shaking all the world,  
rank world, as he strode after it."  
l in this, as in another and another  
no wonder he grew more and  
saturnine, and "addicted to solid  
rn field sports. His Political  
orce Hunt (*Parforce Jagd*)", with  
ny two-footed terriers, and lega-  
y beagles, distressing all the world  
eir baying and their burrowing,  
proved to be of Shadows; and  
d into thin air, to a very singular  
e!" Many chapters later Mr.  
le recurs to his picture of the  
ser in his Shadow-hunt, coursing  
ragmatic Sanction chiefly, as he has  
these twenty years past"—and so  
s a chapter entitled, by a mixed  
shor, "Kaiser's Shadow-hunt has  
t Fire"—by contact, namely, with  
mable Poland. And a subsequent  
er details the damages the poor  
r had to pay for meddling in Polish  
ons,—“for galloping thither in  
of Shadows. . . . This may  
sidered as the consummation of  
Kaiser's Shadow-hunt; or at least  
ning and exploding point. . . .  
ow-hunt is now all gone to Prag-  
Sanction, as it were: that is now  
e thing left in Nature for a Kaiser;  
hat he will love, and chase, as the

summary of all things." From this  
point we see him go steadily down, and  
at a rapid rate,—getting into disastrous  
Turkish wars, "with as little prepara-  
tion for War or Fact as a life-long  
Hunt of *Shadows* presupposes."

Or let us take our stand, with the  
same philosopher, in that *Œil-de-Bœuf*,  
in the Versailles Palace Gallery—through  
which what Figures have passed, and  
vanished! "Figures? Men? They  
are fast-fleeting Shadows; fast chasing  
each other: it is not a Palace, but a  
Caravansery."

Macaulay has his Sermon in a Church-  
yard. To that spot the homilist invites  
all and sundry, and he takes his stand-  
point for his text. Come to this school  
of his, he bids us, with the promise that  
there we shall learn, "in one short hour  
of placid thought, a stoicism more deep,  
more stern, than ever Zeno's porch hath  
taught:"

The plots and seats of those that press  
To seize on titles, wealth or power,  
Shall seem to thee a game of chess,  
Devised to pass a tedious hour.  
What matters it to him who fights  
For shows of unsubstantial good,  
Whether his kings, and queens, and knights,  
Be things of flesh, or things of wood?

We check and take, exult, and fret;  
Our plans extend, our passions rise,  
Till in our ardor we forget  
How worthless is the victor's prize.  
Soon fades the spell, soon comes the night:  
Say will it not be then the same,  
Whether we played the black or white,  
Whether we lost or won the game?

This may remind us of Mrs. Battle's  
apology for whist, or of the concluding  
sentence in a characteristic confession  
by Benjamin Constant—who, by the  
way, had said of himself in a previous  
letter, *Je passerai comme une ombre sur  
la terre entre le malheur et l'ennui*—he  
records his *sentiment profond et* (like  
his name) *constant* of the shortness of  
life—a sentiment, he says, so deep and  
so constant that it makes the pen or  
the book drop from his hand whenever  
he takes to study. And readers of M.  
de Tocqueville's letters will remember  
how often that philosophic writer con-  
fides to his correspondents his convic-  
tion that there is no one thing in the  
world capable of fixing and satisfying  
him. He had attained a success un-  
hoped for at the beginning of his ca-

reer, but was far from happy. Often, in imagination, he would fancy himself at the summit of human greatness; and when there, the conviction would force itself irrepressibly upon him, that the same painful sensations would follow him to that sublime altitude.

Succeeding? What is the great use of succeeding? muses the master showman of Vanity Fair. Failing? Where is the great harm? "Psha! These things appear as nought, when Time passes—Time the consoler—Time the anodyne—Time the gray calm satirist, whose sad smile seems to say, Look, O man, at the vanity of the objects you pursue, and of yourself who pursue them!"

Dust are our frames; and, gilded dust, our pride  
Looks only for a moment whole and sound;  
Like that long-buried body of the king,  
Found lying with his urns and ornaments,  
Which at a touch of light, an air of heaven,  
Slit into ashes and was found no more.

The professed cynic, remarks an essayist on the theme of Occasional Cynicism, has reached the delightful conclusion that "the whole thing," by which he means life and all its interests, is a sheer mistake and piece of confusion. And as it presents itself to the grander and loftier type of mind, this difficulty is held by the same writer to be the "starting-point of all systems of religion and philosophy, of which it is the object to show either that aims exist before men's eyes that are solid realities worth pursuing, and not mere shadows, or else that even shadows are better worth pursuing in some one way than in all others."

Jeffrey's earlier letters abound in almost cynical reflections on the folly of ambition; and the "ridiculous self-importance" implied in "heroic toils." The whole game of life seemed to him a little childish, "and the puppets that strut and look lofty very nearly as ridiculous as those that value themselves on their airs and graces—poor little bits of rattling timber—to be jostled in a bag as soon as the curtain drops." "God help us, it is a foolish little thing this human life at the best; and it is half ridiculous and half pitiful to see what importance we ascribe to it, and to its little ornaments and distinctions," &c. We are, as a modern poet of name and

promise puts it, forever at hide-and-seek with our souls:

— Not in Hades alone

Doth Sisyphus roll, ever frustrate, the stone,  
Do the Danaids ply, ever vainly, the sieve.  
Tasks as futile does earth to its denizens give.

When we reflect on the shortness and uncertainty of life, how despicable, exclaims David Hume, seem all our pursuits of happiness! And even if we would extend our concern beyond our own life, he goes on to say, how frivolous appear our most enlarged and most generous projects, when we consider the incessant changes and revolutions of human affairs, by which laws and learning, books and governments, are hurried away by time, as by a rapid stream, and are lost in the immense ocean of matter. If such a reflection certainly tends to mortify all our passions, does it not, asks the essayist, thereby counterwork the artifice of nature, by which we are "happily deceived into an opinion that human life is of some importance? And may not such a reflection be employed with success by voluptuous reasoners, in order to lead us from the paths of action and virtue into the flowery fields of indolence and pleasure?" The Chinese have been pointed to, by a moral philosopher, to point his moral, which is, the desolating tendency of Secularism—they having learnt practically, as well as theoretically, to think of themselves as mere transitory beings, who have no future life to expect, and no present Providence to reverence or fear; and the result he takes to be, that they are the meanest, the most deceitful, and one of the most vicious nations in the world—a people who literally sit in darkness, and whose lives are passed in the shadow of death. "In all the world there is no more terrible or instructive example of the practical results of looking upon men as mere passing shadows, who have no superior and no hereafter." Once succeed, this writer argues, in persuading men that they are mere passing phenomena, possessing no more distinctive qualities than the successive waves of the sea, and the consequence is inevitable. "They will cease—gradually, imperceptibly, and with all sorts of moral, and perhaps religious, reflections on their lips—to care for what is great, permanent, and noble, and they will become, in the

fullest sense of the words, beasts that perish."

Many men, says Archdeacon Hare, spend their lives in gazing at their own shadows, and so dwindle away into shadows thereof. And one of his companion guessers at truth remarks, that instead of watching the bird as it flies above our heads, we chase his shadow along the ground; and, finding we cannot grasp it, we conclude it to be nothing.

If man be a reality, says John Sterling, no empty vision in the dreaming soul of nature, but inwardly substantial and personal, that which he most earnestly desires, which best satisfies his whole being, must be real too. And here is a parallel passage from a later author:

Yes, this life is the war of the False and the True.  
Yet this life is a truth; though so complex to view  
That its latent veracity few of us find.

Ay, the world but a frivolous phantasm seems,  
And mankind in the mass but as motes in sun-beams;

But when Fate, from the midst of this frivolous nature,

Selects for her purpose some frail human creature,  
And the Angel of Sorrow, outstretching a wan  
Forefinger to mark him, strikes down from the man  
The false life that hid him, the man's self appears

A solemn reality: Him the dread spheres  
Of heaven and hell with their forces dispute,  
And dare *we* be indifferent? Hence, and be mute,  
Light scoffer, vain trifler! Through all thou discernest

A Greater than thou is at work, and in earnest;  
And he who dares trifle with man, trifles too  
With man's awful Maker.

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St. Paul's.

#### PROVERBS.

A PROVERB has been called—and very happily—"the wisdom of many; the wit of one."

One or two of the features which belong to proverbial sayings may, perhaps, be most clearly exhibited by the aid of a comparison between such expressions and certain legal maxims with which most people are familiar. These two kinds of phrases closely resemble one another in the popular notions about their origin. Both are commonly held to have been first put forth by some unquestionable authority,—and very much of the credit attached to them is based on this opinion. We suspect, nevertheless, that for the fame of the authors of these maxims, and for the influence of their utterances too, it is quite as well that we don't know who they were.

If we could trace the legal adage to the particular be-wigged lawyer who first pronounced it; or the wise saw to the particular be-capped old woman who first put her good-man to silence with it, however proud we might be of our success in research, we should find the reputation of the saying irreparably marred. There is another resemblance between the two sorts of expression we are comparing. They are alike in possessing an estimation and weight in the minds of the vulgar, which the initiated disallow.

There is an "esoteric" doctrine of proverbs, as well as of their semblances

in law. The common opinion about some of the tritest maxims of our law-books ascribes to them a most portentous importance. They are supposed to have been first promulgated by some authority greater than any that now exists, and to have been ordained, by an irrevocable decree, to be the foundation of all jurisprudence. More sacred than a coronation oath, not even an hereditary legislator must meddle with them; for an attempt to limit their operation to the slightest extent would be a sort of profanity, akin to moving the repeal of the Decalogue.

A lawyer knows better. He sees that these broad general rules have to be applied with so many qualifications that, practically, they are only really useful in instructing tyros or bamboozling juries. So, only be cold enough, indifferent enough to the picturesque and the hoary, to look critically at the wise sayings of your forefathers, and how hollow the most venerable will seem!

If it is right to argue that "badgers were made to be dror'd," from the frequency with which they are devoted to that use, and from their behavior under such circumstances, we may certainly infer that proverbs were designed for contentious persons and controversial subjects.

We are, however, instantly reminded of one serious drawback to their use in

argument, by the analogy we have instituted between the aphorisms of common life and those of the Bar. If you hear a counsel for the plaintiff quote some legal maxim in support of his plea, however pertinent and conclusive it may seem, you may be quite sure that when the time comes his opponent will be ready with another of equal authority and just as much to the point, but as different from the former as "yes" from "no" in its bearing upon the matter in hand. It is indeed not a little singular that evidence and argument, alike of the most pretentious sort, almost invariably presents itself in about equal strength on both sides of a question. This will commonly be found to hold good of the evidence of experts and scientific men, and of the arguments of such young pleaders as retain a weakness for broad general principles and theoretical maxims. Is it not just the same when we resort to proverbs in our unwigged private disputations? Is not this almost invariably our fate? We deal our adversary a knock-down blow,—as we think; when, to our dismay, we find we have but taught him how to strike; for the very adage, on which we counted so much, in a moment suggests another to our foe, and therewith he puts us quite out of argumentative time. If there is ever a moment in which a person engaged in controversy should present offerings to "Nemesis," it is when he transfixes his opponent with a proverb. The man who harpoons a whale is not more thrilled with the excitement of triumph, and is scarcely in more desperate peril though the next moment he may be in the air.

To venture upon the use of proverbial sayings in discussion is to run much the same risks as our ancestors in a certain old sport of theirs. Whilst riding on horseback at full speed, they used to aim with their lances at a mark cunningly fixed upon a pole. To miss the mark was, of course, shameful failure, but to hit it was but chequered glory; for the blow caused a bag of flour to swing round about the ears of the rider.

Indian travellers tell us of a tree, whose branches, bending to the ground, strike root and become fresh parent stems. This tree forms an admirable illustration of those discussions in which

"wise saws" are resorted to; for every adage uttered gives rise to a fresh crop of differences, and the disputant who utters it finds that he is only cutting out work for himself.

If my opponent backs up his argument with a proverb, at once two modes of reply are open to me. I may join issue with the "major" or the "minor" of my adversary. I may question the intrinsic truth or soundness of his maxim. And this a man readily inclines to do; for when a proverb is quoted against us, we, of course, regard it not as the "wisdom of many; the wit of one," but rather as many people's folly, and one man's impudence. But, on the other hand, I may prefer to criticise the particular application of the saying. And the futility of proverbial sayings in discussion is strikingly shown by the fact that this latter course almost invariably reopens the whole question in dispute. If I am told, as persons of genius and enterprise very often are told, to "let well alone," it is open to me to deny that things at present are "well;" or I may urge that letting them alone is not the best way to make them better.

If a proverb is used as an instrument of rebuke,—and wonderfully well suited for rebuke many people think them,—it is certain to excite wrath. For we look upon such a course as a cool assumption that the whole world's wisdom and prudence combine to condemn us. Proverbs are not vulgarly regarded as the speeches of fallible men, or as dicta which may be unsound; but they are held to be the writs and decrees of universal sagacity, and to carry with them all the authority of the court from which they issue. They are public servants,—arguments dressed in civic uniform,—and we resent their intrusion into our private controversies, just as we should be affronted if a policeman were called in to adjust any little personal difference.

A fair share of our antipathy to proverbs—and we are afraid it must be added, of our fondness for them too—is to be accounted for by their wonderful capacity for mischief. They furnish admirable opportunities for insinuation, and insinuation we all dislike. We prefer to be told of our failings boldly and candidly, or at any rate we think so,—which is of course just the same thing. What

sting can be given to an adage by a tone! What definiteness of direction by a sly look! What calumny can be smuggled under its flag! Yet how innocent it is! Who can blame a man for quoting the wise sayings of his forefathers?

There is a superfluity of offensiveness about the most esteemed proverbial sayings. A comment or criticism couched in such language has as much a tone of challenge as if it began with, "Come, sir!" "Never mind, sir!" "Do you mean to say, sir!" or such like aggravations. If I am innocently pluming myself a little on some bravery of attire, or a trifling social distinction, I may take in good part a gentle hint that such things are not to be mistaken for intrinsic worth. But to tell me that "fine feathers make fine birds," is to say that I am no better than a plucked fowl; or, upon the mildest interpretation, to compare me to a jackdaw. When I make protestations of fidelity, or wax generous in assurances for the future, I may be disposed to listen patiently to some comparison between promise and fulfilment; but let a man tell me that "hell is paved with good intentions," and I set down his language at once as an unfriendly prognostication as to my remoter future, and as first-cousin to a malediction of the direst and coarsest sort.

If the object of all discussion were to incite men to quarrel, the most successful controversialist would undoubtedly be the man who has many proverbs at his tongue's end. For the tendency of such phrases to irritate is far more powerful than their tendency to convince. They are stings which annoy us much more than the thrusts of logic. They have the same relation to proof as an insult to an injury. For this reason they are regarded by prudent men as an argumentative unthriftiness, and are avoided by those who abstain from calling names, and for much the same reason. But they are the main resource of those who are not regularly armed with reason and wit, just as stones are resorted to by a mob. For, like stones, they may be picked up anywhere; and, unfortunately, like stones, they may be thrown back again.

Since proverbial expressions are attended by so many disadvantages, it becomes a question what are the counter-

veiling charms which incline men to use them?

In endeavoring to answer this question, we must first ask our readers to bear with a somewhat whimsical illustration. In every inn there will be found in some old closet or cupboard, conveniently situated, a store of slippers. Like our proverbs, they bear clear tokens of great age; and, just as many infer from our adages that our ancestors were men of capacious brains, so these slippers suggest to the traveller of to-day that his predecessors were men of enormous feet. There is little beauty in them; in fact, they are coarse in material, rude in make, and display a tendency towards uncouth archaism of shape. In all these particulars proverbial expressions resemble them.

Most of us, however, have a kindly feeling toward hotel slippers. They are presented to us when the day's work or travel is over, and are associated in our recollection with a bright fire, an easy chair, and certain other creature comforts, which few despise. Not seldom, indeed, these mean and clumsy foot-coverings touch our tenderest sensibilities, and in an affecting manner recall times and faces long passed away. Might we not speak of proverbs in almost exactly the same words?

The absence of all grace and adornment in our aphorisms, as in the articles of clothing we liken them to, only heightens our admiration for their more substantial qualities, and homeliness in its combined sense of worth and endearment atones for every fault in a slipper or an adage.

One slight circumstance, however, would render us utterly indifferent to all these virtues which reside in the slippers of our inn. We should utterly despise them if we could produce from our travelling bag a pair of our own, chastely embroidered, and fitting us exactly. Does not the repute of a proverb rest upon a like treacherous foundation? If we could do without it, we should despise it as coarse and rude. But it has the merit of being ready to our use, and it is smarter and more pointed than anything our own wit could at the instant supply.

But the distinctive feature of hotel slippers has not yet been noticed. They

have been worn in the course of years by thousands of wayfarers, and not one have they failed to fit. Their credit rests on precisely the same basis as our forefathers' wise sayings. They have often been used, and each occasion of using them has seemed to supply fresh testimony to their capability and worth. It must, however, be confessed that this universal adaptability is purchased at the cost of comfort and convenience. They fit everybody, because they fit nobody exactly. In precisely the same manner does it come about that proverbs are so often quoted with such seeming pertinence. They express a great deal too much, if they express anything at all. If our dinner has no relish, or can't be digested, we may think it pertinent and witty to say: "God sends meat, and the devil sends cooks." But we should not like to commit ourselves to the full meaning of the saying, and forever after eat our meat raw.

It must be allowed that many proverbial expressions serve as pleasant

memorials of old customs; as, "Good wine needs no bush." There is often a poetical sentiment embodied in them: "No rose without a thorn." But more frequently a lower taste is appealed to. Rhyme and alliteration, as they impress a saying with memory, contribute also its chief attraction. "Little cattle, little care," may be taken as a not unfavorable specimen of this class. While it may be charitably hoped that "wedlock's a padlock" owes its popularity chiefly to the same fact.

In spite of the many charms which proverbs possess for persons of a certain order of mind, the use of them is on the wane. Even now the man famous for them is the old man. And soon we shall think of them, not as current money with which we carry on our intellectual commerce, but rather as ancient coins whose standard value has gone, but which have acquired another and more precious interest for us as relics of the talk-thoughts of ages long gone by.

The Spectator.

#### THE MODERN POETRY OF DOUBT.

SOME fine anonymous stanzas in the February number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, written on occasion of the meeting of the Oecumenical Council on the feast of the Epiphany, give us a fresh illustration of one of the most curiously marked and constantly recurring features of the unbroken succession of English poets between Shelley's day and our own,—the always bitter and sometimes almost tragic cry of desolation, with which one after the other, as they gaze eagerly into the spiritual world, they nerve themselves to confess what they have not found and cannot find there. It is true that the Laureate, with that comprehension of grasp, that deliberate rejection of single strands of feeling, which always distinguishes him, has rarely allowed himself to echo the mere wail of agonizing doubt without shedding some glimpse of faith, some ray of light from Him whom he "deems the Lord of all," upon the darkness, but even Mr. Tennyson's gleams of light have rarely quite equalled his "shadow-streaks of rain." There is no lyric in

all his volumes quite equal to that which tells us how

"The stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill,  
But oh for the touch of a vanished hand  
And the sound of a voice which is still!"

If the greatest of our living poets is unequalled in touching the dreariest landscape with some beam of living hope, he is even greater in creating the passionate need and craving for it, the almost unspeakable fear that we may be left alone with that Nature utterly careless of the "single life," and almost equally careless of "the type,"—of Nature "red in tooth and claw" ravaging on the lives she sacrifices in millions, in that process of selection which science has so triumphantly established, but which only a poet can picture to us in all its terror. Yet no one can fairly deem the Poet Laureate one who takes any pleasure in depicting such moods of desolation as Shelley abounds in. He has saved the higher poetry of our generation from despair, and it is remarkable enough that every other poet of

note has so far felt either *his* influence, or some influence which he and they have felt in common, as to mingle with even the most profound expressions of unsatisfied longing, a tacit assumption that it is something of the nature of faith—as surely it is—which confers the power to pour out doubt so truthfully and yet so sadly to the silent skies. There was nothing of this in Shelley's song as he shuddered on the edge of the void he thought he saw. The English language does not contain lines of despair at once so calm and so poignant, as those with which he closed the unequal but marvellous poem of "Alastor," and painted the immeasurable emptiness, the piercing vacancy, which so often robs the whole universe of its meaning when one mortal life dies out:—

"It is a woe 'too deep for tears' when all  
Is reft at once, when some surpassing Spirit  
Whose light adorned the world around it, leaves  
Those who remain behind not sobs or groans,  
The passionate tumult of a clinging hope,  
But pale despair and cold tranquillity,  
Nature's vast frame, the web of human things,  
Birth and the grave, that are not as they were."

Nor was it, of course, only in a passage here and there that this vivid sense of unutterable desolation of spirit, boldly faced and confessed to himself, found expression in Shelley. It was a thread of pain running through his whole poetry, though now and then, as in "Adonais," it was replaced for a moment by flashes of almost triumphant hope. Passionate but hopeless desire wailed like the wind in an Æolian harp in more than half his lyrics. When will any chord be struck of a despair deeper than this?—

"When the lamp is shattered  
The light in the dust lies dead;  
When the cloud is scattered  
The rainbow's glory is shed;  
When the lute is broken,  
Sweet notes are remembered not;  
When the lips have spoken,  
Loved accents are soon forgot.

"As music and splendor  
Survive not the lamp and the lute,  
The heart's echoes render  
No song when the spirit is mute:—  
No song but sad dirges  
Like the wind in a ruined cell,  
Or the mournful surges  
That ring the dead seaman's knell."

No doubt, the two modern poets who

have most nearly taken up the same intellectual ground as Shelley in gazing into the spiritual world, Mr. Clough and Mr. Arnold, have, as has been already intimated, interwoven with his tone of utter desolation a thread of manly and solemn conviction that "there is more faith in honest doubt," as Tennyson himself says, than in all the creeds. The student of their poetry is not unnerved by their boldest confessions as he is by Shelley's desolate cry. Even when Mr. Clough paces about the "great sinful streets of Naples," murmuring to himself,—in order to relieve the wonder and the heat with which his heart burns within him as he gazes on all that fermenting mass of evil,—

"Christ is not risen. No,  
He lies and moulders low;  
Christ is not risen,"

—there is an under-current of faith in the power which enables him to confess his doubt. Nay, even as he goes over the familiar old ground of those "evidences" which he had imprinted on his heart in his intense desire to believe in the Gospel, and link by link declares them all untrustworthy, there is a burning remnant of hope, very different from Shelley's thrilling desolation, in the ascetic minuteness of the vigilance with which he cuts away his own hope from under him:—

"What if the women ere the dawn was gray,  
Saw one or more great angels, as they say, [then,  
(Angels or Him Himself)? Yet neither there nor  
Nor afterwards, nor elsewhere, nor at all,  
Hath He appeared to Peter and the ten,  
Nor save in thunderous terrors to blind Saul;  
Save in an after Gospel and late Creed,  
He is not risen indeed,—  
Christ is not risen."

Nor are we surprised to find this wonderfully fine piece of spiritual asceticism, in which a great mind filled with a passionate love for Christ flings away one after another the grounds of hope which he thought he could not honestly retain, followed by one—of far less poetical intensity, indeed,—but of evident sincerity, in which the poet asserts his confidence that,—

"Though He be dead, He is not dead,  
Nor gone though fled,  
Not lost, though vanished;  
Though He return not, though  
He lies and moulders low;



In the true creed,  
He is yet risen indeed,  
Christ is yet risen."

For of Mr. Clough it is plain that though the doubt and difficulty and denial were immense, though the intellect of the poet sternly denied his heart many a once cherished and still longed-for faith, yet beneath the doubt and difficulty and denial there was a residuum of victorious trust which alone—if we may so express it—gave him heart to doubt. And so again in some true sense it is with Mr. Arnold. His poetry, indeed, is not so full of bitter and almost heart-rending resolve to surrender every grain of belief its author cannot justify. And as the confession is the confession of a milder pain, so the reassertion of the faith behind the doubt is less triumphant. But there is nothing in our modern poetry more touching in its quiet sadness than this:—

"While we believed, on earth He went  
And open stood His grave;  
Men called from chamber, church, and tent,  
And Christ was by to save.

"Now He is dead. Far hence he lies  
In the lorn Syrian town,  
And on His grave with shining eyes  
The Syrian stars look down.

"In vain men still, with hoping new,  
Regard His death-place dumb,  
And say the stone is not yet to,  
And wait for words to come.

"Ah from that silent sacred land  
Of sun and arid stone,  
And crumbling wall, and sultry sand,  
Comes now one word alone!

"From David's lips this word did roll,  
'Tis true and living yet;  
'No man can save his brother's soul  
Nor pay his brother's debt.'

"Alone, self-poised, henceforward man  
Must labor; must resign  
His all too human creeds, and scan  
Simply the way divine."

Yet, here, too,—and it is a fair specimen of a whole thread of feeling penetrating everywhere Mr. Arnold's poetry,—this confession of a great doubt is mellowed by the confession of a fainter yet deeper trust.

And it is just the same with the fine poem just published in *Macmillan*, which gives out evanescent flavors of many other poets,—of Clough, of Arnold, even of Morris. The author de-

scribes first, in a far from Roman Catholic spirit, and with something of the Chaucerian pity of the last-named poet, the procession of the Bishops:—

"Thereby the conclave of the Bishops went,  
With grave brows, cherishing a dim intent,  
As men who travelled on their eve of death  
From everywhere that man inhabiteth,  
Not knowing wherefore, for the former things  
Faded from old eyes of bishops and of kings."

And then, after a very picturesque passage on the various elements of the conclave, and a digression in eulogy of St. Francis and his Franciscans, he draws a picture of two figures seen by him, though not by every eye, in the great Council Hall. One of them is but a faint vision, a vision, as the prophet says, "neither clear nor dark":—

"To my purged eyes before the altar lay  
A figure dreamlike in the noon of day;  
Nor changed the still face, nor the look thereon,  
At ending of the endless antiphon,  
Nor for the summoned saints and holy hymn  
Grew to my sight less delicate and dim:—  
How faint, how fair that immaterial wraith!  
But looking long I saw that she was Faith."

But the other figure is neither delicate nor dim. It is the figure of some Oriental seer, who for a hundred years had sought passionately for truth and rejected dreams:—

"His brows black yet and white unfallen hair  
Set in strange frame the face of his despair,  
And I despised not, nor can God despise,  
The silent splendid anger of his eyes.  
A hundred years of search for flying Truth  
Had left them glowing with no gleam of youth,  
A hundred years of vast and vain desire  
Had lit and filled them with consuming fire."

And it is this eager and angry seer who first stamps his mark on the assembly, addressing them in lines of which we extract the greater part:—

"Better for us to have been, as men may be,  
Sages and silent by the Eastern sea,  
Than thus in new delusion to have brought  
Myrrh of our prayer, frankincense of our thought,  
For One whom knowing not we held so dear,  
For One who sware it, but who is not here.  
Better for you, this shrine when ye began,  
An earthquake should have hidden it from men,  
Than thus through centuries of pomp and pain,  
To have founded and have finished it in vain,—  
To have vainly arched the labyrinthine shade,  
And vainly vaulted it, and vainly made  
For saints and kings an everlasting home  
High in the dizzying glories of the dome.  
For not one minute over hall or Host  
Flutters the peerless presence of the Ghost,  
Nor falls at all, for art or man's device,  
On mumbled charm and mumming sacrifices,—

But either cares not, or forspent with care  
Has flown into the infinite of air.

Apollo left you when the Christ was born,  
Jehovah when the Temple's veil was torn,  
And now, even now, this last time and again,  
The presence of a God has gone from men.  
Live in your dreams, if ye must live, but I  
Will find the light, and in the light will die."

But while his speech still paralyzes the  
Council, Faith rises in the likeness of  
the Virgin Mary, and is rapt away,—  
her "translation" to heaven—the poet's  
equivalent for the assumption of the  
body of the Virgin, which it is supposed  
that the Council will decree—being thus  
described in some fine lines, containing  
more than an echo of Mr. Clough's:—

"And yet, translated from the Pontiff's side,  
She did not die, O say not that she died!  
She died not, died not, O the faint and fair!  
She could not die, but melted into air!"

And with that hope that Faith had only  
become invisible, had not died,—a hope  
weaker than Mr. Clough's, less definite  
than Mr. Arnold's, but yet containing  
no echo of Shelley's poignant wail, the  
poet leaves us to content ourselves as  
we may.

Is there not something striking about  
this consensus of the higher poets of our  
day in this frank and sad confession of  
Doubt with an undertone of faith,—an

undertone that varies with the individual  
strength of the poet,—rising in Mr.  
Tennyson to the assertion that "the  
strong Son of God, immortal Love,"  
will unquestionably prevail even over all  
those doubts which he sings in so un-  
flinching and yet sad a strain,—falling  
in the poet of these new and beautiful  
stanzas, as he records the disappearance  
of Faith from mortal sight, to the trem-  
bling entreaty, "O say not that she  
died!" It seems to us to show one of  
two things,—either that we are on the  
eve of a long and uncertain era of  
spiritual suspense,—scepticism qualified  
by a yearning hope,—or that the way is  
preparing for a day of clearer and more  
solid trust than the world has yet known.  
And for which issue of the two it is that  
"the generations are prepared," every  
man will decide according as he per-  
ceives, or fails to perceive, that when  
the great controversy between faith  
and suspense has been pleaded to its last  
plea, a supernatural Power steps in  
which fastens upon every really candid  
and open heart a final compulsion of  
faith, enabling the soul to beat up  
against the strongest head-winds of scept-  
tical theory, and "flee unto the moun-  
tain" where from all these troublings  
there is rest.

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London Society.

#### QUESTIONABLE FACES.

MEN, in their own persons, have so  
little to do with our questions that it  
would perhaps have been honestier to  
have called this paper, "Questionable  
women's faces;" for the first question is  
whether or not it is well, in any sense,  
for women to paint their faces in the  
styles known to certain fashionable cir-  
cles, and gazed on with bewilderment by  
outsiders; and the next question is,  
What is the end aimed at by female  
fashionables who paint their faces in this  
year of grace, 1869?

It is certain that women painted their  
faces a long time ago. The women men-  
tioned in the Old Testament, who paint-  
ed their faces and stippled the skin at  
the corners of their eyes, were not good

women, or women to be, by any stretch  
of charity, tolerated. We hear of

"Troy's proud dames, whose garments swept the  
ground,"

but nowhere are they written of as paint-  
ing their faces; and Roman matrons  
were above suspicion of this peculiar  
adornment. But Evelyn, in his *Diary*,  
at the date June 11th, 1654, says—"I  
now observed that the women began to  
paint themselves, formerly a most igno-  
minious thing;" yet our countrywomen  
paint their faces, and to an amount  
which excites astonishment and may  
lawfully be thought to command inquiry.

People tell us that to paint the skin  
of the face blue at the corners of the  
eyes for a small space, shading off in the

direction of the ear, gives a languishing softness to the countenance, and that it will make the greatest of shrews look lovely, mild, and meek. Are all the ladies, then, who paint in this way constitutionally given to look daggers? And, if so, which is better for mankind in general—that they should scowl by Nature, or soften away all signs of sullenness by art?

We are also told that darkening the eyelids and the skin under the eyes is an Eastern custom, adding greatly to female beauty, and so to the pleasure of life and the gratification of the lookers-on. But when it is replied that the ladies spoken of are not domestic characters, nor, in fact, Christians, an answer by acclamation declares that in the question of face-painting there is neither right nor wrong—that it belongs to the inferior considerations of pretty or ugly—and that it cannot be treated on serious grounds. Well, be it so; and when

"Affectation, with a sickly mien,  
Shows on her cheek the roses of eighteen,"

let us only inquire why she does it? She does it unblushingly, as might be expected, but does she do it to command admiration? Of course we speak of the painters of to-day, not of those who belonged to a past generation.

Of those painters of past times the present writer had the honor, about thirty years ago, of dining with one who was supposed to be the last of them. She was then nearer eighty than seventy, and she died full of years and good works, painted to the last.

"And, Betty, give this cheek a little red;  
One would not sure look ugly though one's  
dead."

She might have said the words, and probably did in plain prose give some such instruction. Anyhow, what was done was done respectfully. I was young when I saw this venerable—no, I do not think that painted old age can ever be venerable, let me say this variegated old lady; she lived in a great country house, and had a husband and children. She had not changed her style of dress for the evening for many years. She was not eccentric in any other way, and she had undoubtedly been a beauty. She was an active woman, who could walk about briskly

with no other help than that of a toy-like gold-headed cane. She wore a flaxen wig with short curls, and two strings of Roman pearls round her head. She had a Roman pearl necklace on her enamelled neck, and her white satin gown was edged round the skirt with a gold fringe. Her whole complexion was exactly the pink and white of a delicately colored doll, and the only defect was in her eyebrows; they had grown bushy with age, and they had not taken the dye well. She had no objection to talk of herself. She had always painted. She painted white and red to the extreme dinner-party point which was called for by the white satin, but a certain amount of pearl-powder and rouge was as much a part of her dress as her shoes and stockings. She had no idea, neither perhaps had her husband or her children, of the effect she produced upon strangers; she never dined out, and they were a family who did not lead lives very full of human beings: they were certainly not ashamed—on the contrary, I should say they were rather proud of her.

Extraordinary as all this may read, it is the kind of painting most easy to understand. That girls worn out with balls and hot rooms, and too much croquet playing in the summer, and constant excitement of one sort or other, should so far fade as to take to painting, very gently, just to make up for lost charms till they can get back to the country and renovate their natural roses—this can easily be understood, and even pardoned: for as to the face-painting practice, people are, in their opinions, like the faces themselves, of every shade. The practice is dangerous, even when used as a temporary embellishment. Rouge and its accompaniments hurt the skin, and after a time make all natural renovation impossible; still its use can be understood and forgiven, though not recommended. But the high art of blue, brown, and yellow; the get-up of artificial veins and eyes painted into softness, and lids made languishing by the help of bistre and a camel-hair brush—all that is too wonderful—and yet *all that* is on the increase, and there is more painting in London among respectable people than in Paris or Vienna.

The really mystifying fact belonging

to this style of painting is, that such persons as devote themselves to it, do not paint to deceive. No one can be in the near neighborhood of such a face and not know that it is painted. Nobody ever pretends that people are stippled blue by nature. It is not, then, done to deceive, but because, on deliberation, Art is preferred to Nature. Some women would rather be artificial than real. Can there be anything in this world more astonishing? Let the fact be chronicled and kept. Let the deed be considered and pronounced upon. We are not going to say here that the practice is ugly in its results. There is undoubtedly a certain strange sort of beauty in the performance. But is this unreality to be admired and encouraged? If face-painting is on the increase in this country, are we to be glad, or sorry, or indifferent? How can we be indifferent when every hour of every day men and women are

forming opinions of each other which are to influence all future life? The subject is so suggestive that questions multiply under our pen. Who are the assisting powers in this great work of face-decoration? Can it be true that a fine lady who refuses to acquiesce in the work of her Creator can trust her maid to color her into something else? We know how the thorough-paced lady's maid enjoys dressing "her lady"—if it be not too curious an inquiry, Who paints her?

Up to this period it has been supposed that one part of women's rights is to be worshipped. Are the ladies going to exchange worship for wonder? Are they going to prefer being looked at to being loved? These last are the really great questions that belong to our subject. Let ladies who contemplate painting stay their hands till they are honestly answered.

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Contemporary Review.

#### BELLS.

THE long, winding staircase seems to have no end. Two hundred steps are already below us. The higher we go the more broken and rugged are the stairs. Suddenly it grows very dark, and clutching the rope more firmly we struggle upwards. Light dawns again, through a narrow Gothic slit in the tower—let us pause and look out for a moment. The glare is blinding, but from the deep, cool recess a wondrous spectacle unfolds itself. We are almost on a level with the roof of a noble cathedral. We have come close upon a fearful dragon. He seems to spring straight out of the wall. We have often seen his lean, gaunt form from below—he passed almost unnoticed with a hundred brother gurgoyles—but now we are so close to him our feelings are different; we seem like intruders in his lawful domains. His face is horribly grotesque and earnest. His proportions, which seemed so diminutive in the distance, are really colossal—but here everything is colossal. This huge scroll, this clump of stone cannon-balls, are, in fact, the little vine tendrils and grapes that looked so frail and delicately carved from below. Amongst the petals of yonder mighty rose a couple of pigeons are

busy building their nest; seeds of grasses and wild flowers have been blown up, and here and there a tiny garden has been laid out by the capricious winds on certain wide stone hemlock leaves; the fringe of yonder cornice is a waste of lilies. As we try to realize detail after detail the heart is almost pained by the excessive beauty of all this petrified bloom, stretching away over flying buttresses, and breaking out upon column and architrave, and the eye at last turns away weary with wonder. A few more steps up the dark tower, and we are in a large dim space, illuminated only by the feeblest glimmer. Around us and overhead rise huge timbers, inclining towards each other at every possible angle, and hewn, centuries ago, from the neighboring forests, which have long since disappeared. They support the roof of the building. Just glancing through a trap-door at our feet we seem to look some miles down into another world. A few foreshortened, but moving specks, we are told are people on the floor of the cathedral, and a bunch of tiny tubes, about the size of a pan-pipe, really belong to an organ of immense size and power. At this moment a noise

like a powerful engine in motion recalls our attention to the tower. The great clock is about to strike, and begins to prepare by winding itself up five minutes before the hour. Groping amongst the wilderness of cross beams and timbers, we reach another staircase, which leads to a vast square but lofty fabric, filled with the same mighty scaffolding. Are not these most dull and dreary solitudes—the dust of ages lies everywhere around us, and the place which now receives the print of our feet has, perhaps, not been touched for five hundred years? And yet these ancient towers and the inner heights and recesses of these old roofs and belfries soon acquire a strong hold over the few who care to explore them. Lonely and deserted as they may appear, there are hardly five minutes of the day or the night up there that do not see strange sights or hear strange sounds. As the eye gets accustomed to the twilight, we may watch the large bats flit by. Every now and then a poor lost bird darts about, screaming wildly like a soul in purgatory that cannot find its way out. Then we may come upon an ancient rat, who seems as much at home there as if he had taken a lease of the roof for ninety-nine years. We have been assured by the carillonneur at Louvain that both rats and mice are not uncommon at such considerable elevations. Overhead hang the huge bells, several of which are devoted to the clock—others are rung by hand from below, whilst somewhere near, besides the clock machinery, there will be a room fitted up, like a vast musical box, containing a barrel, which acts upon thirty or forty of the bells up in the tower, and plays tunes every hour of the day and night. You cannot pass many minutes in such a place without the clicking of machinery, and the chiming of some bell—even the quarters are divided by two or three notes, or half-quarter bells. Double the number are rung for the quarter, four times as many for the half-hour, whilst at the hour, a storm of music breaks from such towers as Mechlin and Antwerp, and continues for three or four minutes to float for miles over the surrounding country. The bells, with their elaborate and complicated striking apparatus, are the life of these old towers—a life that goes on from century to century, undisturbed by many a convul-

sion in the streets below. These patriarchs, in their tower, hold constant converse with man, but they are not of him; they call him to his duties, they vibrate to his woes and joys, his perils and victories, but they are at once sympathetic and passionless; chiming at his will, but hanging far above him; ringing out the old generation, and ringing in the new, with a mechanical, almost oppressive, regularity, and an iron constancy which often makes them and their gray towers the most revered and ancient things in a large city. The great clock strikes—it is the only music, except the thunder, that can fill the air. Indeed, there is something almost elemental in the sound of these colossal and many-centuried bells. As the wind howls at night through their belfries, the great beams seem to groan with delight, the heavy wheels, which sway the bells, begin to move and creak; and the enormous clappers swing slowly, as though longing to respond before the time. At Tournay there is a famous old belfry. It dates from the twelfth century, and is said to be built on a Roman base. It now possesses forty bells. It commands the town and the country round, and from its summit is obtained a near view of the largest and finest cathedral in Belgium, with its five magnificent towers. Four brothers guard the summit of the belfry at Tournay, and relieve each other day and night, at intervals of ten hours. All through the night a light is seen burning in the topmost gallery, and when a fire breaks out the tocsin, or big bell, is tolled up aloft by the watchman. He is never allowed to sleep—indeed, as he informed us, showing us his scanty accommodation, it would be difficult to sleep up there. On stormy nights a whirlwind seems to select that watchman and his tower for its most violent attacks; the darkness is often so great that nothing of the town below can be seen. The tower rocks to and fro, and startled birds dash themselves upon the shaking light, like sea birds upon a lighthouse lantern. Such seasons are not without real danger—more than once the lightning has melted and twisted the iron hasps about the tower, and within the memory of man the masonry itself has been struck. During the long peals of thunder that come rolling with the black

rain clouds over the level plains of Belgium the belfry begins to vibrate like a huge musical instrument, as it is; the bells peal out, and seem to claim affinity with the deep bass of the thunder, whilst the shrill wind shrieks a demoniac treble to the wild and stormy music. All through the still summer night the belfry lamp burns like a star. It is the only point of yellow light that can be seen up so high, and when the moon is bright it looks almost red in the silvery atmosphere. Then it is that the music of the bells floats farthest over the plains, and the postilion hears the sound as he hurries along the high road from Brussels or Lille, and, smacking his whip loudly, he shouts to his weary steed as he sees the light of the old tower of Tournay come in sight. Bells are heard best when they are rung upon a slope or in a valley. The traveller may well wonder at the distinctness with which he can hear the monastery bells on the Lake of Lugano or the church bells over some of the long reaches of the Rhine. Next to valleys, plains carry the sound farthest. Fortunately, many of the finest bell-towers in existence are so situated. It is well known how freely the sound of the bells travels over Salisbury Plain. The same music steals far and wide over the Lombard Plains from Milan Cathedral; over the Campagna from St. Peter's at Rome; over the flats of Alsatia to the Vosges Mountains and the Black Forest from the Strasbourg spire; and, lastly, over the plain of Belgium from the towers of Tournay, Ghent, Brussels, Louvain, and Antwerp. The belfry at Bruges lies in a hollow, and can only be seen and heard along the line of its own valley. To take one's stand at the summit of Strasbourg Cathedral at the ringing of the sunset bell, just at the close of some effulgent summer's day, is to witness one of the finest sights in the world. The moment is one of brief but ineffable splendor, when, between the mountains and the plain, just as the sun is setting, the mists rise suddenly in strange sweeps and spirals, and are smitten through with the golden fire which, melting down

through a thousand tints, passes, with the rapidity of a dream, into the cold purples of the night. Pass for a moment, in imagination, from such a scene to the summit of Antwerp Cathedral at sunrise. Delicately tall, and not dissimilar in character, the Antwerp spire exceeds in height its sister at Strasbourg, which is commonly supposed to be the highest in the world. The Antwerp spire is 403 feet high from the foot of the tower. Strasbourg measures 468 feet from the level of the sea: but less than 403 feet from the level of the plain. By the clear morning light, the panorama from the steeple of Notre Dame at Antwerp can hardly be surpassed. One hundred and twenty-six steeples may be counted, far and near. Facing northward, the Scheldt winds away until it loses itself in a white line, which is none other than the North Sea. By the aid of a telescope ships can be distinguished out on the horizon, and the captains declare they can see the lofty spire at one hundred and fifty miles distant. Middleburg at seventy-five, and Flessing at sixty-five miles, are also visible from the steeple. Looking towards Holland, we can distinguish Breda and Walladuc, each about fifty-four miles off. Turning southward, we cannot help being struck by the fact that almost all the Belgian towers are within sight of each other. The two lordly and massive towers of St. Gudule's Church at Brussels, the noble fragment at Mechlin, that has stood for centuries awaiting its companion, besides many others, with carillons of less importance can be seen from Antwerp. So these mighty spires, gray and changeless in the air, seem to hold converse together over the heads of puny mortals, and their language is rolled from tower to tower by the music of the bells. "Non sunt loquellæ neque sermones audiantur voces eorum." ("There is neither speech nor language, but their voices are heard among them.") Such is the inscription we copied from one bell in the tower at Anvers, signed "F. Hemony, Amstelodamia (Amsterdam), 1658."

## HORACE GREELEY.

BY THE EDITOR.

MR. GREELEY, during the past thirty-five years, has been so intimately connected with that portion of our national life which awakens most general interest—every step of his career has been subjected to such thorough discussion, and all that part of his life which the public has any right to know has been so entirely public—that the attempt to prepare a biographical sketch of him at this late day is like confiding to our readers some venerable tale with which they have been familiar since their nursery days. However, it has not been the habit of biographers to refrain from the pen in consideration of the trifling fact that they have nothing new to communicate; and we respond to the custom as adequately as we may, feeling that in this case the life of Mr. Greeley is not one of which, though a twice-told tale, those who feel an interest in our political history during the past three decades, and in the development of American journalism, are likely soon to grow tired.

Horace Greeley was born at Amherst, N. H., on the 3d of February, 1811. His father was a farmer, and on the unwilling soil of "the Granite State" farming was a stern and laborious occupation even at the best, when not encumbered by debt and other untoward circumstances, as Zaccheus Greeley seems to have been.

Mr. Greeley, in his interesting "Recollections of a Busy Life," gives a painful sketch of his early experiences on the farm at Amherst, and subsequently at Westhaven, Vt., and indicates the difficulties with which he had to contend in acquiring even such a rudimentary education as could be obtained in the public schools of those days. Like most men, however, who have been remarkable for intellectual power, he had a mother to whom he was indebted for that early mental training which is of infinitely more importance than any subsequent routine of the schools, and from her he acquired, almost in infancy, the habits of reading and study for which he has been distinguished through life. "His childhood," says one writer, "was characterized by eagerness as well as

aptitude in the acquisition of knowledge, fondness for study rather than play, and a habit of closely scrutinizing whatever phenomena came in his way. He was hardly ten years old before he had read, chiefly by the light of pine-knots, every readable book that he could borrow within seven miles of his father's house." It was this delight in books probably, and a consciousness of power in himself, that led him, while yet very young, to the determination to become a printer, which he felt would afford him wider opportunities than he could find in wrestling crops from the stony bosom of New England. In 1826, at the age of fifteen, he became an apprentice to the art in the office of the "*Northern Spectator*," in East Poultney, Vt., where he remained until the suspension of the paper, in 1830. He was now in his twentieth year, had become a first-class journeyman printer, and had acquired a thorough knowledge of political affairs, and the questions which at that time claimed the attention of the country. There was but one sphere of action for a man of his calibre, and the youth seemed to know it intuitively. After a brief visit to his parents in Erie, Penn., whither they had removed during his apprenticeship in the office of the "*Northern Spectator*," and a few months spent in working at his trade in various places in Pennsylvania and New York, he came to the city of New York "with a scanty wardrobe, and only \$10 in his pocket." He worked as a journeyman in different offices until the beginning of 1833, when he went into business for himself, taking as his partner Mr. Francis Story. This partnership being dissolved, after an existence of only six months, by the death of the junior member of the firm, Mr. Greeley took for partners Mr. Winchester and Mr. E. Sibbett, and commenced on March 22d, 1834, the publication of the "*New Yorker*," of which he became Editor. The scant income from this paper being insufficient for his needs, Mr. Greeley engaged in various other editorial and literary work, and in 1840 conducted the "*Log Cabin*," a weekly paper established to promote the election

of General Harrison to the presidency. The "*Log Cabin*" obtained a wide circulation, and was an important political influence in its day, supplying the Whig papers with the ammunition which they used with such good effect in the exciting presidential campaign of that year. In the spring of 1841 Mr. Greeley commenced the publication of the "*New York Daily Tribune*," and the "*Weekly Tribune*" in the following autumn. Into the latter were merged the "*Log Cabin*" and the "*New Yorker*." Since 1841, Mr. Greeley has been most prominently known as Editor of the "*Tribune*," though as lecturer, essayist, historian, and orator, he has done more, and more various work, than almost any other man of his time.

We must glance briefly at the interval from 1841 to the commencement of our great Civil War, when the "*Tribune*" became the most potent political agency in America, and the leading organ of the great party which has controlled the affairs of the nation during the past ten years.

In 1848 Mr. Greeley was elected to Congress to fill an unexpired term, and served in that body from Dec. 1st to March 4th, 1849, distinguishing himself chiefly by his attack upon the abuses of the mileage system. In 1851 he went to England, where he was appointed jurymen at the great Crystal Palace Exhibition. Revisiting Europe in 1855, he stayed for a while in Paris, lingered for a few weeks in Switzerland, and crossed the Alps into Italy. During all this period, in fact from the very commencement of the agitation, Mr. Greeley participated warmly in the great Anti-Slavery struggle, and in 1856 published a "*History of the Struggle for Slavery Extension or Restriction in the United States from 1787 to 1856*," a work in which he propounded the theory which was afterward elaborated in his "*History of the American Conflict*."

When the Southern States seceded in 1861, Mr. Greeley hesitated for a time, and seemed to lean toward the "let-alone policy;" but when the war had actually begun, he adopted the war-cry of "On to Richmond," which became the motto of the "*Tribune*" until the collapse of the Confederacy in 1865. It would be difficult to overestimate the assistance

which the "*Tribune*" afforded the Administration during those years of trouble and gloom, and it secured for itself a position which it has since retained, notwithstanding the unpopularity of some of its Editor's acts, and its occasional dissent from the policy of the leaders of the party of which it is the principal organ.

Since the war, Mr. Greeley, while agreeing generally with the Reconstruction policy of his party, and its system of "protection to home industry," has steered an independent course; and has on the whole exerted a mollifying influence upon the passions aroused by the late fearful conflict between the States. His becoming bail for Jefferson Davis in 1867 brought such a storm of popular indignation, calumny, and misrepresentation upon his head as few individuals in this country have ever been called upon to meet, but he weathered it in scornful silence, and now, at the distance of scarcely three years, it seems almost laughably baseless and foolish. The bailing of Jefferson Davis will yet be recognized as one of the most sagacious and statesman-like acts of Mr. Greeley's life.

We have said that Mr. Greeley has done much literary work besides his heavy editorial labors. In addition to his history of the slavery struggle referred to above, he has published at various times "*Hints toward Reforms*," "*Glances at Europe*," "*The American Conflict*," "*Recollections of a Busy Life*," and "*Political Economy*," besides performing an immense amount of work as lecturer, essayist, and public speaker. The American Conflict is his principal work; but though a laborious and able partisan plea, it can scarcely be considered an appreciable addition to our historical literature. "*Political Economy*" is his latest publication, and is probably the best popular exposition of the peculiar doctrines of the Protectionist School of Political Economy. It is as a journalist, however, that Mr. Greeley has been most prominently and permanently identified with the history of his time; and through the "*Tribune*" to-day he wields a wider influence than any other individual in America.

And it may be said of him that, notwithstanding his advocacy of some measures which would have brought reproach upon our political history, he has



wielded this influence with a not altogether inadequate sense of the vast responsibility which in our day rests upon the Press—an agency which has distanced the rostrum, the platform, and the drama, and from the “Fourth Estate” has become the First. He is even now engaged in advocating, in opposition to the majority of his party, the policy of “Universal Amnesty and Universal Suffrage,”—a policy which would relieve the thousands in the Southern States from the political disabilities imposed upon them by an unconstitutional bill of attainder, and finally extinguish the smouldering embers of the civil war. Upon this subject Mr. Greeley has recently addressed a couple of letters to General Butler, which are among the happiest efforts of his life; and the final paragraph of the second will, from its moral grandeur, bring this sketch to a fitting close. Mr. Greeley could desire no finer epitaph, as he has left no nobler record of his principles.

“There are passages in your letter which might provoke a sharp retort; but my object being to win you to a kindlier spirit, I must repress the temptation. Let me close, then, with a thought suggested by your plausible claim that public sentiment is overwhelmingly with you and against me on the issue which divides us:

“I think you will not, on reflection, insist that your view prevails outside of the Republican party or outside of our own country. On the contrary, you must be aware that it has absolutely no champions save among those to whose passions it appeals, whose personal grievances it proposes (after a fashion) to redress. Grant that our political adver-

saries, whether here or abroad, are partial judges, you must have read the stirring appeal of Victor Hugo to Juarez, imploring him to spare the life of Maximilian, and must have discovered therein the voice of European Democracy, entreating us not to stain our great triumph with one drop of blood not inevitably shed in battle. I have heard no expression of opinion from a European Liberal adverse to this; I think *you* have heard none. On the contrary, our friends across the Atlantic are proud of the lesson of humanity and mercy we have taught alike to insurgents and oppressors. And while I concede that a majority of our party here are decidedly with you, I rejoice in the faith that it is a smaller majority than it was last year, smaller still than it was the year before, and must steadily waste away until it ceases to be any majority at all. ‘The murderer has but his hour; his victim has all eternity,’ says Lamartine, contemplating the lawless execution of the duc d’Enghien; and seeing how *passion* cool and wrath abates, I confidently look forward to the time when thousands who have cursed will thank me for what have done and dared in resistance to their own sanguinary impulses. And though I know that the prophet’s vision outruns the dubious, halting, wayward steps of the multitude, I am sure it does not mistake their general direction, and that the greatest poet of your own State and vicinage is only in advance of the millions, not in conflict with them, when he sings,

“Thank God that I have lived to see the time,  
When the great truth begins at last to find  
An utterance from the deep heart of mankind,  
Earnest and clear, that ALL REVENGE IS CRIME.”

## POETRY.

### THE STREAM THAT HURRIES BY.

#### I.

THE stream that hurries by yon fixed shore  
Returns no more;  
The wind that dries at morn yon dewy lawn  
Breathes, and is gone;  
Those wither'd flow'rs to summer's ripening glow  
No more shall blow;  
Those fallen leaves that strew yon garden bed  
For aye are dead.

#### II.

Of laugh, of jest, of mirth, of pleasure past,  
Nothing shall last;

On shore, on sea, on hill, on vale, on plain,  
Naught shall remain;  
Of all for which poor mortals vainly mourn,  
Naught shall return;  
Life hath his hour in heav'n and earth beneath,  
And so hath Death.

#### III.

Not all the chains that clank in eastern clime  
Can fetter Time;  
For all the phials in the doctor's store  
Youth comes no more;  
No drug on Age's wrinkled cheek renews  
Life's early hues;

all the tears by pious mourners shed  
Can wake the dead.

## IV.

all Spring gives, and Winter takes again,  
We grieve in vain:  
ly for sunshine fled, and joys gone by,  
We heave the sigh;  
ver on, with unexhausted breath,  
Time hastes to Death:  
with each word we speak, a moment flies,  
Is born, and dies.

## V.

us, through lesser Nature's empire wide  
Nothing abide,—  
ind, and wave, and leaf, and sun, and flow'r,  
Have each their hour,—  
talks on ice whose dallying spirit clings  
To earthly things;  
he alone is wise whose well-taught love  
Is fix'd above.

## VI.

as firm as bright, but oft to mortal ear  
Chilling and drear,  
h as the raven's croak the sounds that tell  
Of pleasure's knell;  
reader, that at least the minstrel's strain  
Not all be vain;  
when thou bend'st to God the suppliant knee,  
Remember me!

GERALD GRIFFIN.

## IN SORROW.

n thou art sorrowful, and cares around  
crowd fast upon the steps of happier days;  
n thou believ'st e'en brightest things can lend  
e saddest echo to the gayest lays—  
As men of old were fed with angels' food,  
Go, seek thy remedy in doing good.

n those to thee the dearest shall have died,  
id each fresh day grow weary to thine eyes;  
n every hope that others build upon  
mes to thy senses with a sad surprise—  
Take up the burden of another's grief;  
Learn from another's pain thy woo's relief.

ner, believe that sorrow may be bribed  
ith tribute from the heart, not sighs nor tears,  
obler sacrifice—of helping hands,  
cheering smiles, of sympathetic ears.  
Oft have the saddest words the sweeter strain;  
In angels' music let thy soul complain.

Grief shall stand with half-averted foot  
on the threshold of a brighter day;  
Hope shall take her sweetly by the hand,  
id both kneel down with Faith to meekly pray.  
Lifted from earth, Peace shall immortalize  
The heart that its own anguish purifies.

## SACRED.

I GAZE upon her from afar,  
But dare not venture near;  
Her beauty is so sweet and pure,  
It fills my heart with fear:

For what am I to dream of her—  
A goddess robed in white;  
What right have I to hope to stand  
Beside a thing so bright?  
She comes and passes where I watch;  
I see her noble face,  
The gentle birth that shows itself  
In every nameless grace.  
But what am I to gaze on her?  
How false beside her truth!  
Oh, God! to beckon back the years  
Of wasted life and youth!  
A sinner listening from afar,  
Outside a quiet church,  
While music from within floats out  
Beneath the silent porch;  
So standing by the nameless graves,  
Estranged by time and sin,  
He hears the grand old sacred songs,  
But dares not enter in.

## LA MUSICA TRIONFANTE.

BY T. W. PARSONS.

In the storm, in the smoke, in the flight I come  
To help thee, dear, with my life and my drum.  
My name is Music; and when the bell  
Rings for the dead man, I rule the knell,  
And whenever the mariner wrecked, through the  
blast

Hears the fog-bell sound... it was I who passed.  
The poet hath told you how I, a young maid,  
Came fresh from the gods to the myrtle shade;  
And thence, by a power divine, I stole  
To where the waters of the Mincius roll.  
Then down by Clitumnus and Arno's vale  
I wandered, passionate and pale,  
Until I found me at sacred Rome.  
Where one of the Medici gave me a home.  
Leo—great Leo—he worshipped me,  
And the Vatican stairs for my foot were free;  
And now I am come to your glorious land,  
Give me good greeting with open hand.  
Remember Beethoven—I gave him his art—  
And Sebastian Bach, and superb Mozart:  
Join *those* in my worship! and when you go  
Wherever their mighty organs blow,  
Hear in them Heaven's trumpets to men below.  
—*Old and New, for March.*

## A WINTER EVENING.

TO-DAY Eve quits betimes a sullen sea,  
A sunset still more drear; the chill sharp wind  
Huddles the sheep their wattled cotes behind,  
And strips the last leaf from the brave old tree  
That erstwhile held its own. On this wide lea  
Falls sudden gloom, which clouds the shepherd's  
mind  
With coming storm; and now dense snow-flakes  
blind  
The day and smother earth in cruel glee:  
Whiteness now grows apace.—Nature! farewell!  
Sleep thy long spell-bound slumber! I will hie  
Me home with haste, and by the hearth will tell  
Alasclid's nightly wanderings to my boys,  
Or pensive start at Hector's battle-cry:  
Most prize we now sweet Fancy's simple joys.

## LOVE THAT IS LOVE.

LET me not to the marriage of true minds  
 Admit impediments. Love is not love  
 Which alters when it alteration finds;  
 Or bends, with the remover to remove;  
 O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,  
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;  
 It is the star to every wandering bark,

Whose worth's unknown, although his height  
 be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and  
 cheeks

Within his bending sickle's compass come;  
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks  
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

If this be error and upon me prov'd,  
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

The greater portion of the space which can be devoted to current literature being occupied this month by the new department, "Foreign Literary Notes," our remarks on books must necessarily be brief and cursory in character, confined to a simple suggestion of their contents. The department of "Foreign Literary Notes" is one which the Editor has had in contemplation for some time, and, with those of Science, Art, and Varieties, will, it is believed, render the miscellaneous departments of the ECLECTIC a complete record of the various intellectual movements which are transpiring beyond the limits of our own country. It will be continued at irregular intervals as information of interest can be accumulated.

Looking over the books upon our table we commence with two which treat of the same general topic: *Moral, Intellectual, and Physical Culture*. By Prof. F. G. WELCH. (New York. *Wood & Holbrook*), and *Health by Good Living*. By Dr. HALL. (New York. *Hurd & Houghton*.)

There is probably but one other subject on which so much has been written and so little said, that is, so little that is worth the reading, as that of the Laws of Health.

It seems to have fallen into the hands of a class of writers which is given over to the vain imagining that the way to impress the sanitary laws, which they profess to have discovered, upon the average heads of families (who must be reached before any general improvement can be hoped for), it is only necessary to revive the feverish, hortatory style which has long been relegated to the popular pulpit and political hustings; to accumulate "wise saws and modern instances," interspersed here and there with choice Scriptural texts; and to indulge at every opportunity in the wildest verbal gymnastics. It would seem to be enough to point out to these writers the fact that the average paterfamilias is, in nine cases out of ten, a cold, practical, unimpassioned man, incapable of feeling enthusiasm himself, and equally incapable of understanding it in others,—a man who will simply laugh at a considerable portion of Professor Welch's book, or be repelled by it, unless he has acquired the knack of detecting such pages and turning them over unread. But this fact has been pointed out before without commending itself to the attention of those who take up the pen in behalf of muscular humanity, and with every new volume criticism has to begin *ab initio*.

Another objection which might be made to these expounders of the Laws of Health is that they almost never base their suggestions upon existing facts. Even if their theories had the force of natural laws, if living in accordance with

them would require a complete revolution in our methods of doing business and in social life; surely they might be convinced that a more feasible task could be undertaken. Such, for instance, as, accepting the fact that business men in our large cities eat their principal meal at six o'clock P.M., from a kind of necessity, they should point out how this meal, and breakfast, and the mid-day lunch, can best be regulated in accordance with the laws of nutrition and digestion. This is fact Dr. Hall does,—Dr. Hall is one of the ablest, most practical, and suggestive writers upon the subject that we have, and no one can read his book without profit,—but we are speaking in general terms of the large majority of writers on sanitary laws, who vex us with a sanitary Utopia by us utterly unattainable, and with vehement denunciations of habits into which we are dragged by circumstances which we cannot escape.

Still, however much the chaff, there is usually some wheat to be found, and both the volumes before us contain many very valuable suggestions. The authors, it is true, do not always agree even on the cardinal rules of their science. Prof. Welch says that *two* meals a day are most conducive to health, while Dr. Hall holds that the habit of eating *three* meals a day is in accordance not only with custom but with instinct, and that the digestive apparatus ought never to be unsupplied with fresh food for more than seven hours at a time,—but in this case the reader can (and doubtless will) consult his stomach and take his choice; and there is general agreement in essentials. Prof. Welch is teacher of gymnastics in Yale College, and the first half of his work is devoted to a series of formal exercises for the gymnasium. Dr. Hall's book treats almost exclusively of food, and is decidedly the best work on the subject that has fallen under our notice.

*The Life of Mary Russell Mitford*. By A. G. K. L'ESTRANGE. 2 vols. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

REASONING *a priori*, a life of that most charming writer, Miss Mitford, composed almost exclusively of her own letters, might have been pronounced an interesting contribution to biographical literature, and such proves to be the case. These volumes, compiled with taste and skill by her cousin, the Rev. Mr. L'Estrange, will form a more lasting monument to Miss Mitford's fame than "Our Village," or "Atherton," or her dramas, or any other of her more formal literary productions. The letters extend over the long period from the beginning of the century to 1855, and contain references to and comments on nearly every author, literary production, and political event of that most pre-

life period. They do not seem to indicate the possession by Miss Mitford of sound critical judgment or any very marked originality, but they bring us in contact with a charming, noble, refined, and rarely cultured woman.

*The Andes and the Amazon.* By JAMES ORTON, M.A. New York: Harper & Brothers.

PROFESSOR ORTON formed one of a scientific expedition, which, starting from New York in July, 1867, crossed the continent of South America from Guayaquil on the Pacific to Para on the Atlantic coast. Stopping at Quito, "nearest to the equator of any capital in the world," they crossed the "Western Cordillera (Andes), and through the forest on foot to Napo; down the Rio Napo by canoe to Pebas, on the Marañon (Amazon); and thence by steamer to Para." Much interesting information is given concerning Quito and the customs of the people; the vast volcanic system of the Andes, comprising Chimborazo and Pichincha, receives appropriate description; and the valley of the Amazon, "in whose vast area the United States might be packed without touching its boundaries," is glanced at in a few casual chapters; but surely the book as a whole is a very inadequate and unsatisfactory result of an expedition which seems to have been so entirely successful as that of Prof. Orton. The execution of the whole in its purely literary features is exceedingly unskilful, and much of this seems to be fairly attributable to haste and indifference on the part of the author. The illustrations are good, and, what is not always the case, materially supplement the text.

*Mrs. Jerningham's Journal.* New York: Scribner & Co.

THIS is a novelette in verse, which has been recently published in London, by an author who chooses to be anonymous, but who, if we mistake not, will not be long permitted to remain in obscurity. The Journal is that of a young, light-hearted and light-headed girl who has entered upon matrimony with as little knowledge of the responsibilities of life as—well, as young girls usually have; who married because her father gave her a husband, and who gets into just such difficulties with her passionately devoted husband as might have been predicted from the first. The plan in itself is so refreshingly novel as almost to claim the merit of originality, and the execution shows true poetic insight and no mean skill and resource in the art of versification. Mrs. Jerningham is the freshest, most joyous, brilliant, and altogether charming character that we have met in fiction for many a day, and we know of nothing more enlivening than a perusal of her Journal, unless it be contact with innocent light-hearted girlhood itself. If this is a first effort, we predict that the world will hear more of the author.

*The Oral Method with French.* By PROF. JEAN GUSTAVE KEETELS. New York: Sheldon & Co.

THIS is a practical text-book by a practical and experienced teacher. It is based on the common-sense principle that the proper method of learning any language is that by which children learn their mother tongue, viz., by associating names with things and by exclusive use in conversation. According to Prof. Keetels places English as far into

the background as possible, and accustoms the student to French in both questions and answers from the first, differing here from Ollendorff's method, in which translation from English into French, and *vice versa*, is the leading feature. The "Oral Method" is also simpler and burdened with fewer grammatical details than that of Ollendorff, which especially adapts it to the younger scholars. There are some principles and rules of grammar, however, which must be learned some time, and which it seems to us had best be learned as early as possible. This appears to be Ollendorff's idea, and while Keetel's "Oral Method" is easier and better adapted to children, we would on the whole prefer Ollendorff for adults and scholars who are somewhat advanced. There is but little room, however, for disparaging comparison on behalf of either. A good teacher will find all he requires in either.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The Publisher will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage prepaid, on receipt of price.]

*T. Macci Plauti, Captivi, Trinummus, et Rudens, with English Notes, Critical and Explanatory.* By C. S. HARRINGTON, M.A. New York: Harper & Bros. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, pp. 278. Illustrated.

*Hirell.* A Novel. By the author of "Abel Drake's Wife," &c., &c. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, paper, pp. 157.

*The Bible and the School Fund.* By RUFUS W. CLARK, D.D. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1 vol. 16mo, paper, pp. 127.

*A Roman Lawyer in Jerusalem.* First Century. By W. W. STORY. Boston: Loring. 18mo, paper, pp. 32.

*The Unkind Word and other Stories.* By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." New York: Harper & Bros. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, pp. 418.

*Under Foot.* A Novel. By ALLEN CLYDE. New York: Harper & Bros. 1 vol. 8vo, paper, pp. 134. Illustrated.

#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

The Queen of Prussia has a religious novel in press.

Dumas is writing a play on the Traupman murders.

De Lesseps is writing his own account of the Suez Canal.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany has written a book on Job.

Tachnitz sold seven thousand copies of Longfellow's last poem.

A native of South Africa has translated the *Pilgrim's Progress* into Caffre.

A collection of over 1,100 Chinese books has been given to the British Museum.

Doré's Sketches in London are to appear serially, in forty parts, beginning in the spring.

The Duc d'Aumale has authorized the translation of the History of the House of Condé.

The circulation of the London *Times* is only half what it was three years ago.

The walls of Rome are pasted over with placards of ecclesiastical books lately published.

There are announced to be 200 books in existence upon the philosophy of August Comte.

A translation of the Talmud by M. Schwab is about to issue from the Imperial press at Paris.

A new work on the *Life of Christ* is announced from the pen of Bishop Doupanloup, of Orleans.

J. E. Schmidt, of Vienna, has completed his atlas of the moon. He has been at it nearly thirty years.

August Barbren, who wrote the famous "*Curse of Napoleon First*," has been elected to the French Academy.

The third and concluding volume of the late Baron Bunsen's *God in History* is nearly ready for publication.

Mr. W. B. Rye has been appointed to succeed the late Mr. T. Watts, as Keeper of the Printed Books, in the British Museum.

The Mythology of the Aryan Nations, by the Rev. George W. Cox, will be published in London, in the spring.

A new edition of Tennyson, now in press in London, will contain a portrait of Arthur Hallam—the first ever published.

No less than four biographies of Humboldt have appeared since the recent celebration of the centennial birthday of the great naturalist.

*Fraser's Magazine* begins a new series with the January number, and bears upon its cover the name of James Anthony Froude as editor.

The University of Oxford is reviving the experiment of issuing a *Gazette* of its own, to its own members, and for its own purposes.

Garibaldi's work, "The Rule of the Monk," is now nearly ready. It is to appear in Italian, Spanish, Hungarian, and Dutch, as well as in English.

The *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which is generally considered the best European magazine, has a circulation of twenty-one thousand copies.

Bayard Taylor's latest works have not been translated into German, the previous translations of his books not having paid expenses.

It is proposed to establish a society in London for the promotion of Hebrew literature. Its design is to publish Hebrew texts and translations.

"Light" is the title of the new paper which is about to be edited by Mr. W. Hepworth Dixon, the late editor of the *Athenæum*.

The "Pall Mall Gazette" now appears in a much enlarged form as a morning as well as an evening paper, at its old price of twopence.

The leader of the Red River insurgents, Louis Rielle, is a lad of some literary talent, who contributed to the Canadian papers while at school at Montreal.

Among the recent additions to the Humboldt literature is a collection of letters entitled *In the Ural and the Altai*, written by Humboldt to Count Cancrin.

The whole amount received by Miss Austen for her novels was £700; just *one-tenth* of the sum paid for *one work* (*Romola*) to another authoress, "George Eliot."

The acts of the Œcumenical Council are to be commemorated in a history, which is to be published in six magnificent folio volumes, in a most luxurious style.

The extent of musical culture in Germany may be guessed from the fact that two new encyclopedias, devoted specially to music, are now in the course of publication there.

A book has been published in England entitled, *Experiences in Spiritualism with Mr. D. D. Home*, by Viscount Adair, with introductory remarks by the Earl of Dunraven.

Mr. George Hodder, a well-known contributor to the London press, is about to publish his reminiscences, with a "full, true, and particular account of the origin of *Punch*."

*Public Opinion* says that a fragment of about eight hundred lines of an early *History of the Holy Grail*, in alliterative verse, has been found in the Vernon MS. in the Bodleian.

The earliest book extant which contains the name of the publisher and printer, and the date (1457), is a beautiful edition of the *Latin Psalter*, published by Faust and Schoeffer, Mentz.

The Byron scandal has given rise to innumerable articles in the literary journals of Germany. Mrs. Stowe is bitterly denounced by the German critics, as guilty of "the greatest literary crime of the century."

Carl Vogt, who is the leader of those who give man the extremest antiquity, is giving a course of six lectures, before a Roman Catholic College in Vienna, on the "Primitive Condition of Man," which will be published in a volume.

The new edition of Shelley's works, on which Mr. W. M. Rossetti has been engaged for some time past, will be published this month by Messrs. Moxon. The volume will contain two short poems of his maturest time, hitherto unpublished.

All of John Stuart Mill's writings have been translated and published in Russia, except his essays *On Liberty* and *On Utilitarianism*, and we learn that governmental permission has at last been granted for the publication of these.

A third volume of Max Müller's "*Chips from a German Workshop*" is in the press. It is of a lighter character than the preceding volumes, and comprises papers on the ancient and modern literature of France, Germany, and England.

Speaking of *The Holy Grail*, the London *Illustrator* says: "Mr. Tennyson is distinctively the poet of sadness; and his present poem is the very saddest thing he has ever written. *The Holy Grail* might have been called the *History of an Enthusiasm* by a sympathetic unbeliever."

Berthold Auerbach has a new novel in manuscript, for the general copyright of which it is said he asks \$45,000. Auerbach has been invited to visit the United States to give, like Dickens, a series of readings from his own works.

On the first appearance of "Paradise Lost," now considered a gem of the purest water, Waller wrote concerning it: "The old blind schoolmaster, John Milton, hath published a tedious poem on the fall of man; if its length be not considered a merit, it has no other."

The "Athenæum" appears, since January 1st, in larger type and in larger form—that in which it originally appeared more than forty years ago. The size, however, of the journal in 1870, at the price of three pence, is exactly double its size in 1829, at the price of eight pence.

The late Paris election added one pun to the literature of wit. "Pour qui votez-vous?" asked one elector of another. "Pour Raspail," was the reply. Now Raspail has made a fortune by selling a preparation of camphor as a panacea. So the second elector rejoined, "Pour Raspail? Qu'en ferez-vous?" (*Camphrez-vous?*)

We see from the *Globe* that the municipality of Verona is about to purchase the Sirmio of Catullus, and that Signora Louisa Grace Bartolini's posthumous Italian translation of Macaulay's *Lays* has appeared. The Italian is said to be pure, but the metre—a kind of blank verse—makes the translation read tamely.

The Royal Asiatic Society has received from Capt. Miles, Assistant-Resident at Aden, a transcript of some Himyaritic inscriptions found near Sanaa, together with two bronze tablets, and an Arabic MS. on Himyaritic history. The MS. also contains an alphabet, but many of the letters are hardly recognizable.

Hebrew Literature.—It is proposed to form a Society for publishing in a popular form the most important monuments of Jewish intellect, in the post-Biblical phases of its development. These will be translated, sometimes with the original texts; public lectures will also be organized, and periodical meetings.

It is estimated that, in the course of the last two years, upward of five hundred thousand volumes and pamphlets of anti-Bonapartistic writings, such as Rogeard's books, etc., have been clandestinely circulated in France. Three or four hundred pedlars, in all parts of the country, do a very profitable business in this kind of literature.

Mrs. Louisa Mühlbach still continues to evolve historical novels from the depths of her inner consciousness, and has just published a new one in Leipzig. This time it is *The Emperor Joseph and his Landsknecht*, and his unfortunate Majesty, after figuring in the author's peculiar history on one or two other occasions, is "drawn out thin" in four more volumes.

An unprinted alliterative Anglo-Saxon poem, called "Passiones Machabeorum," is to be edited for the Early English Text Society, by the Rev. Walter W. Skeet, M.A., from five manuscripts, two Cottons in the British Museum, Julius E 7 and D

17; two Corpus ones at Cambridge, Nos. 198 and 303, and one in the Cambridge University Library, li. 1, 33.

The young Grand Duke of Tuscany has spent three years of authorship upon a great scientific work on the Antilles, which has been sent, magnificently printed, to the courts of Europe. The work will not appear in the book-stores, as the price of a single copy, with the maps, is \$250. Fortunately, he is not entirely dependent on the sale of his works for a livelihood.

A letter from Goethe was found the other day in the firm of the publisher Vieweg, in Braunschweig. It runs as follows:—"I send you a manuscript in a sealed cover. If Herr Vieweg will not pay 200 Friedrichs d'or for it he will have the goodness to return the package without unsealing it." The enclosures turned out to be no less a work than the poem *Hermann und Dorothea*.

It is rumored that a new weekly paper is in contemplation, of which an advocate of giving Parliamentary suffrago to women is to be the editor. Women are to be employed as compositors, and are to use the American type-setting machine, by which it is estimated that the work will be done at about one-third present prices. In view of this new enterprise, a number of young women have been in training for some time.

Syed Ahmed, a learned Mohammedan scholar, will shortly publish a new life of Mohammed. The author has perused the various biographies which have been written by Christian authors, but finds that none of them have distinguished the apocryphal traditions from the genuine and accepted ones. This is probably the quarter from which we may look for an authentic and satisfactory life of the great Prophet.

There is, or ought to be, somewhere a book which is almost as well worth inquiring after as the Charlemagne Bible. The mother of Lord Byron collected all the criticisms on her son's "Hours of Idleness." She had the whole bound and interleaved. On the blank leaves so inserted she wrote her own comments on the poet, the poem, and the reviewers. These are said to have been written with wit and ability. Does any one know of the whereabouts of this volume?

A uniform edition of the early Scotch historians is announced. The "Scoticronicon" of John Fordun is to be the first of the set, and will be edited by Mr. W. F. Skene, from the Wolfenbüttel MS. The continuations of Fordun by various writers will be given, including one hitherto unpublished, which is wrongly attributed to Bishop Elphinstone. Mr. D. Laing will edit Andrew of Wyntoun, and John Major and Hector Boethius are also promised. English translations and notes will accompany the texts.

Dr. Blochmann, Secretary to the Royal Asiatic Society of Bengal, writes:—"Among the Delhi, Arabic, and Persian manuscripts, the cataloguing of which has been intrusted to me by the Governor of India, I have discovered two autographs of a gigantic Thesaurus of the Persian language, compiled at Delhi, by a Hindu of the name of Jairám Dás, son of Lalál Mangal Sen. The work is entitled *Miftáhal Khazín*, and was composed

during A. D. 1220 to 1240. Unfortunately it only goes up to the end of the letter Sin. The first two letters, Alif, Be, alone extend over 732 leaves quarto, closely written.

A revival of the classics seems to be in progress in England, and many of the ancient authors are being revised and adapted to popular use. The Messrs. Blackwood will issue a series, commencing with the *Iliad*, which is just out. It is eclectic, containing the most important portions of the poem from the text of various translators, with a prose condensation of the heraldry and other tedious matter. The *Saturday Review* speaks very highly of the volume, and it is to be hoped that some American publisher may find it to his advantage to reissue it.

Ludwig Hanter, the special artist sent by the *Gartenlaube* and the *Illustrirte Zeitung* of Leipzig to the scene of the Dalmatian insurrection, had the misfortune of being made prisoner by the Bocchese on November 28, and after having robbed him of his money and other valuables they cut off his ears and set him at liberty. The artist put his ears in his pocket, and it is said has repaired to the Court of Vienna to demand damages, so it is possible that the ears of Hanter may crop up into history as prominently as the famous "ears of Jenkins."

General Biographical Index.—Mr. T. Satchell, an English author, has in hand a most important cyclopedic work, namely, a Biographical Index, designed to furnish a guide to the contents of the principal biographical dictionaries in English, French, German, Dutch, Italian, Spanish, &c.; to the biographical matter contained in special collections of biography, in miscellaneous works, and in periodicals; and to all the separate lives with which he has been able to meet. Mr. Satchell has been above ten years engaged on this work, which will contain upwards of 100,000 names.

Chinese will soon become one of the languages with which scholars are expected to be familiar. Messrs. Trübner and Co. announce a Pali-English Dictionary, by R. C. Childers; a Chinese-English Dictionary, arranged according to the Radicals, by W. Lobscheid; a Handbook for the student of Chinese Buddhism, by E. J. Eitel; and a new edition of the Rig-Veda, without Sāyana's commentary. The first-mentioned work will be of very great importance, as opening the study of the Pali language and literature to many who have been hitherto deterred by the want of a dictionary.

The total number of new books and new editions issued in Great Britain during the year 1869, according to the *London Publishers' Circular*, was 4,569. This represents the growth of the library of the British Museum by act of Parliament, exclusive of purchases and bequests, each publisher being required to deposit a copy of every new book and new edition issued from his house in that library before copyright will be awarded him. Of the 4,569, theology claims more than 1,000, while 461 are novels. For the rest there are 500 works for children, 288 books of travel, 292 biographies or histories, 160 medical treatises, 142 law books, and 274 works under the class of poetry and drama.

The *Athenæum*, speaking of a new edition of Poe's works, says:—"Edgar Poe affected to have a thorough contempt for the 'paltry commendations' of writers, and for the 'paltry compensations' to be had from the public. Of his own collection of poems, he protested that there was nothing of much value in them to readers or that was creditable to himself. He revised them, however, carefully, and sent them forth for the compensation and the commendations he affected to despise! A new edition, a small quarto, printed and illustrated with great taste, has been issued by Haislop & Co., of Edinburgh. They who read the well-written memoir as well as the poems will not be slow to affirm, that if Poe was a more heartless vagabond than Savage, he was a much better poet."

FRENCH JOURNALISM.—The French paper, the *Gaulois*, which is doing all it can to rival and supplant the *Figaro*, offers two bottles of champagne to every one who will subscribe to it for the next six months. The *Figaro*, to trump the *Gaulois'* premium of a case of champagne, has made arrangements with an armorer to supply all its subscribers with a waistcoat-pocket six-barrelled revolver at half-price—namely, 15 francs—so that all readers of the *Figaro*, when travelling by railway, may escape the fate of Dr. Constantine James. But the possession of a pistol may bring some of the subscribers to the gallies, and thus subscribers be lost. The *Figaro* pathetically says it will feel richly rewarded if its idea should save only one life from a railway assassin.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.—Several weeks ago the *Athenæum* announced the approaching publication of a complete catalogue of the works of Mr. George Cruikshank. This book will be issued by Messrs. Bell & Daldy. Few persons are able to form an idea of the abundance of the artist's genius, which, second only to his works, it effectually exhibits. General readers will therefore thank us for the following summary of its contents. Mr. G. W. Reid, the compiler, has included in it descriptions of 4,618 works, comprising 2,657 etchings, 1,000 woodcuts, 72 glyptographs, 60 lithographs, and lists of nearly 400 books, tracts, chap-books, &c., and of the various editions of the same, which the designer has illustrated. Mr. Reid has added to the above a list of 130 works which have been executed after the designs of his subject.

THE HEINE MANUSCRIPTS.—The publishing firm of Hoffmann & Campe have just bought from the widow of the poet all the MSS. in her possession, and committed the editing of them to Herr Strohmman, the biographer of Heine. On the poet's death the family declined the publication of the MSS. in their hands; the widow then offered a selection, made arbitrarily and badly copied, for the enormous price of 30,000 francs. The MSS. were in the hands of Gustav Heine, of Vienna, the poet's brother, who peremptorily declined to give them to the world; and a story went the round of the German papers some years ago, that Prince Richard Metternich had negotiated the sale of them to the Austrian Government, and that they were probably forever lost in the Archives of the Imperial Royal Library.

The visit of the Emperor of Austria to the Sultan was attended with a characteristic act of cour-

teasy on the part of the latter. It is well known that the library of Matthew Corvinus, King of Hungary, was captured during the old wars and transferred to the Seraglio. This has been a matter of wonder to Europeans, as being supposed to comprise many classic treatises. This, however, is not, we believe, the case, but the books are chiefly ecclesiastical. The Sultan presented to the Emperor four of the handsomest of these books, bearing the arms of their former owners. They are, states the *Levant Herald*, a folio of St. Augustine, *De Civitate Dei*; twelve comedies of Plautus; a treatise on Rhetoric, by George, of Trebizond; and a portion of a Latin translation of the History of Polybius. The Emperor has achieved popularity in Hungary by placing these volumes in the National Library at Pesth.

A volume of Henry Ward Beecher's *Sermons* has been translated into German by Licentiate Tollin, of Berlin, and published, with a preface by Dr. Lisco, the celebrated *Theologian*, by Müller, of Berlin. Dr. Lisco had previously translated Beecher's *Life Thoughts* and *Royal Truths*, and was prevented from translating the *Sermons*, by the theological conflicts of the past year in Prussia. Dr. Lisco says: "I hoped that the depth and vitality, that the height of the poetical gifts and the moral earnestness with which Beecher announces evangelical truth, would win him friends in Germany as well as in America, and would promote that true piety which among us strives for a new formation of the church. The reception of his writings by the German public, and numerous personal letters, give me the assurance that this hope was no vain one."

**THE ARMENIAN GIANT.**—Mr. Freshfield, in a recent work which has met with great favor at the hands of English critics, has the following graphic description of Mount Ararat.

"Ararat is a huge, gracefully-sloped mass, rising to a height of 16,916 feet, from a base of about 3,000 feet. It stands perfectly isolated from all the other ranges, with the still more perfect cone of little Ararat (12,840 feet) at its side. Seen thus early in the season, with at least 2,000 feet of snow on its slopes, from the distance and height well calculated to permit the eye to take in its true proportions, we agreed that no single mountain we knew presented such a magnificent and impressive appearance as the Armenian giant. I can only compare it to the popular idea of Atlas—a huge head and shoulders supporting the sky. One is ready immediately to admit that the Ark must have grounded there, if it grounded anywhere in these parts."

**THE NEW CHINESE COLLECTION AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.**—A large collection of valuable Chinese works, consisting of upwards of 1,100 volumes, has recently been added to the British Museum. They were originally selected with a view to their bearing on the translation of the Chinese Classics, now in course of preparation by Dr. Legge, and the object for which they were imported having been accomplished, they were offered to the Trustees of the Museum. The value of these works to the student of Chinese can hardly be over-estimated. For in the classics alone are to be found the models of style and the germs of philosophical and political ideas, without a knowledge of which the structure of the later literature of China cannot but be unin-

telligible, and its references obscure. For more than 1800 years these Classics have received the most minute criticism at the hands of the best native scholars, and some valuable commentaries on many of the more obscure and highly-prized of the varied books are contained in the collection referred to.

**M. SAINTE-BEUVE'S LIBRARY.**—M. Sainte-Beuve's library is soon to be sold; it numbers nearly 30,000 volumes and possesses considerable interest. M. Sainte-Beuve was a laborious student and an elaborate annotator; the margins of his books are filled with notes written in a beautiful hand, but which almost requires the use of a magnifying glass to read it. In his early days M. Sainte-Beuve was not a severe critic, but he went against the stream. Being rather sneeringly buffeted, he soon learned to say sharp things, and his criticisms became trenchant, so that there is much curiosity, which will not be disappointed, respecting his opinions of his contemporaries. But these posthumous criticisms are not the only attractions which the library possesses; M. Sainte-Beuve's religious opinions are well known, but some of his comments and annotations will prove a little startling. Moreover, the collection contains a certain number of volumes which passed through other hands before they reached M. Sainte-Beuve's, and retain marks of their former masters. Amongst the latter is Châteaubriand, whose annotations appear here and there, and the tone of some of them will probably rather surprise the admirers of that somewhat pompous genius.

**MOTTOES AND APHORISMS FROM SHAKESPEARE.**—This is a book just published in England, of which it may be fairly predicated, that, "if the author had taken more pains, he would have done better." With "less haste" there might have been "more speed," for, having completed one set of mottoes under one alphabetical arrangement, the author discovers another set which ought to have been included, and which accordingly are placed at the end, under a separate heading. The "mottoes and aphorisms" here collected are 2,700 in number, and an index containing nearly 2,000 references to the varied ideas and words of the mottoes is given at the end of the volume. We have only to find fault with the book for not going far enough, some of Shakespeare's most striking passages not being included in it at all. One instance will serve for many. Every one who knows Shakespeare must remember the exclamation of Gloucester in "King Lear," when his old tenant leads him in blind, and would show him his way:—

"I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;  
I stumbled when I saw: Full oft 'tis seen  
Our mean secures us; and our mere defects  
Prove our commodities."

A more thoroughly Shakspearian passage, imbued with that subtle and wonderful knowledge of the human heart and mind which is Shakespeare's inspiration, cannot be found in his whole works. If such a passage is left altogether without reference, what may we expect in other less striking and important instances?

**NEW CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.**—*Punch* is our authority for the following:—The loves of eminent men have often been romantic and remarkable.



Dr. Busby's early passion for the lady who afterwards became Mrs. Trimmer, and by whom he was refused three times—in a travelling menagerie, at Madame Tussaud's, and in Birch's shop on Cornhill—was never mastered. He always remained in bed on the anniversary of her wedding-day, eating nothing but stewed prunes and charcoal biscuits, and reading all the letters he had received from the lady, which he kept at his banker's during the rest of the year in an old pocket-book given him by Grainger, who wrote *The Sugar Cane*.

Paley was constantly in love, and as often, with an excess of fastidiousness, discovering some imperfection which deterred him from proposing marriage. One lady sneezed three times in three minutes; another looked too stout on horseback; a third horrified him by partaking twice of liver and bacon; a fourth could not tell what caviare was; and a fifth, who really thought she had hooked the archdeacon, lost him by his coming in unexpectedly from one of his fishing excursions, and finding her sucking a large-sized orange.

Unmolested by the mounted patrol, Waller carved *Saccharissa's* name, by moonlight, on the maypole in the centre of Paddington Green (with the clasp-knife which she had given him when they parted forever in the brew-house at Penshurst), the night before he emigrated to Sydney, where he took a sheep-walk, and wrote some of the most beautiful of his pastoral poems, prior to his marriage with the wealthy widow of a retired sugar-baker, who had been knighted by the King for raising a troop of horse in the heat of summer.

#### SCIENCE.

*Hahneman to the Rescue*.—Dr. Seeger, Medical Director of the Hahneman Hospital in this city, has written us, taking exception to the following paragraph from the article on "The Art of Long Living," which appeared in our February number:—

"Temperance and abstinence are, further, not only conducive to health, but they are also the most effective means for combating illness. They constitute the sheet-anchor of *Homœopathy*, which from its inadequacy in acute complaints has justly been forbidden in Russia as a practice not to be depended upon."

It might be sufficient for us to say that we do not hold ourselves responsible for the facts contained in the articles which appear in our pages. The paper referred to was inserted because it furnished interesting information on a most important subject concerning which the average reader is profoundly ignorant, and, being ignorant, indifferent; but we neither endorse nor repudiate either its data or its conclusions. At the same time we are always open to temperate, scientific, and capable criticism, especially when it prevents our doing injustice to a body of men so able and respectable as the disciples of Hahneman.

It seems to us that Dr. Seeger is rather severe upon those who have asserted that Homœopathy is forbidden in Russia, seeing that the Petersburg Society was chartered as late as October of last year: and we may say here that one of the most distinguished homœopaths in the country, in a conversation with ourselves, acknowledged the

validity of the writer's other criticism, viz.: that the system is not entirely adequate to the treatment of acute diseases. The following is the important part of the Doctor's letter. . . . "Finally, as regards the already refuted falsehood, that Homœopathy has been forbidden in Russia, I have only to say that, about September or October of last year, the Russian Government granted a charter to the Homœopathic physicians of St. Petersburg for a society. Further, that the royal family of Russia employs a distinguished physician of the homœopathic school as one of their medical advisers. The falsehood in question was originally 'invented' by an old-school physician, an editor of an old-school medical publication, and was spread with 'telegraphic' haste by the majority of the Allopathic journals. The only reply which Homœopathy has made has been to point to the above-mentioned charter, which was granted by the Russian Emperor immediately after this fabrication came to his knowledge."—ED. ECLECTIC.

*A Fossil Fish* 22 inches long has recently been found in the Lower Flag Rock of Lancashire. Mr. Aitken, of Bacup, President of the Manchester Geological Society, the owner of the fossil, considers the fish to be a new species, and remarks that its discovery is peculiarly interesting, as hitherto no animal remains have been found in this stratum.

*Population of the Globe*.—According to a recent estimate, the population of the globe is about 1,228,000,000 souls. Of this number 552,000,000 belong to the Mongolian race; 360,000,000 to the Caucasian; 190,000,000 to the Ethiopian; 176,000,000 to the Malay; and 1,000,000 to the Indo-American race. The annual mortality is over 33,000,000.

*Poisoning by Phosphorus*.—M. Personne held that the poisonous action of phosphorus is due to its power of deoxidizing the blood, and that oil of turpentine is a successful antidote. MM. Curle and P. Vigier's experiments (*Comptes Rendus*, Nov. 22, 1869) on dogs and rabbits tend to show that the latter substance is not an antidote; and they regard the smallness of the quantity of the phosphorus necessary to poison as in discord with the theory of its poisonous action being due to deoxidation.

*Does with Horns*.—The *American Naturalist* for December records some curious instances of does with fully developed horns. They are generally barren, but one example did produce a fawn. In domestic cattle, where the cow produces twins, one being a male and the other a female, the female calf is very apt to be barren, and its external form to resemble that of the ox. These calves, on being slaughtered, have been found to be hermaphrodites. It is not at all unusual for old female birds to assume the secondary male character of their species.

*Preservation and Improvement of Wine by Electricity*.—The proprietor of certain vineyards at Digne found that wine which had been struck by lightning and spilt from its shattered casks, remained good for three months afterwards. M. Bouchotte observed that a cask of inferior red Moselle was greatly improved in quality by the action of lightning. M. Seroutten (*Comptes Rendus*,

das, Nov. 29, 1869), as the result of his direct experiments, recommends the passage of a continuous current of electricity through the wine by means of platinum poles or brass wires armed with platinum.

*A New Pyrometer.*—As the temperature to which water is exposed may be measured by the pressure exercised by its vapor, so M. Lamy (*Comptes Rendus*) concludes that very high temperatures might be measured by the tension of the carbonic acid evolved by the heat arising from carbonate of calcium. A porcelain tube, glazed inside and out and closed at one end, is charged with fragments of marble or Iceland spar; the other open end is connected with a manometer. On exposing the closed end to the high temperature, which has to be measured, carbonic acid is expelled, and the amount expelled, as shown by the tension indicated by the manometer, is a measure of the temperature. On cooling, the carbonic acid is re-absorbed by the quicklime.

*Approach caused by Vibration.*—Prof. F. Guthrie (*Proceed. Royal Soc.*) finds that a piece of suspended cardboard approaches a tuning-fork which vibrates in its neighborhood. It appears that whenever a body vibrates in air, so as to become the origin of waves of compression and rarefaction, all bodies in the neighborhood of the first tend to approach it. The author, after examining the attendant phenomena, and eliminating such as he judges might influence the fundamental one, concludes that the approach in such cases is due to a mean rarefaction of the air in the neighborhood of the body upon which the aerial waves impinge, and which is brought about by their dispersion; and hints at the possible effect which the dispersion of incident heat-waves may have in causing bodies to approach one another.

*Wave-length of the Spectrum.*—M. R. Thälén (*Annales de Physique et de Chimie*, Oct. 1869) has re-examined the wave-length of various parts of the spectra of incandescent metals. By superposing the metallic upon the solar spectrum and referring to the obscure lines of the latter the error is avoided, which change of temperature in the amylizing prism may introduce when the two spectra are compared at different times with a fixed scale or map. The metals were, for the most part, employed in the metallic state, being vaporized by the discharge of an induction coil of which they formed the terminals. In some cases platinum or aluminum terminals were used, the terminals being moistened with the chlorides of the metals under examination. The results obtained do not differ materially from those of other observers. M. Thälén concludes that titanium forms one of the constituents of the sun.

*Authorship of the "Darwinian Theory."*—All readers of the "Origin of Species" are aware that the theory now universally (and rightly) known as "Darwinian," was independently conceived and thought out by a naturalist who knew nothing of Darwin's views of the operation of natural selection, and who was at that time thousands of miles away from England. The English public are therefore not likely to forget that to Mr. Alfred Wallace, as well as to Mr. Darwin, belongs the distinction of having discovered "a new idea, a new genus of thought." In Germany, where

Darwinism has excited such profound interest the claims of Mr. Wallace have been somewhat overlooked by the distinguished men who have expounded the theory of natural selection. This has now been rectified by the publication of a pamphlet entitled "Charles Darwin und Alfred Russell Wallace," in which Dr. A. B. Meyer reprints the papers by which the theory was first made known; narrates the circumstances of their publication; and gives slight sketches of the lives of their authors. Dr. Meyer adds to these biographical sketches lists of the writings of their subjects.

*Causes and Cure of Miasma.*—At the first meeting of the International Medical Congress, recently held at Florence, Prof. Lombard, of Geneva, showed a series of statistical maps to illustrate the rate of mortality in different countries, the lowest being in Iceland; also the effects of malaria with reference to different seasons of the year. In marshy countries the death-rate is highest in summer, elsewhere in winter. In the district of Massa Maritima, the average duration of life has been lengthened by the drainage operations from 10 or 12 to 18 or 21 years. At a later meeting Dr. Pantaleoni returned to the origin of miasma, which he attributed not only to the direct action of the mixture of salt and fresh water, but to the resulting putrefaction of plants. He recommends as the best antidote the planting of lofty trees; and believes that drainage is useless, and that it is better to lay the whole district under water, or, where practicable, to fill up the marsh by earth. He has no faith in the use of quicklime as a disinfectant. Prof. Cipriani regretted the great increase in the cultivation of rice under the law of 1866. Prof. G. Molli, of Milan, read a paper stating that he had found the sulphite salts of soda and magnesia more efficacious in marsh fevers than preparations of bark. The Congress approved the proposal for appointing a special commission for inquiry into the causes and effects of the marsh-miasma.

*CHINESE DISCOVERERS OF AMERICA.*—The San Francisco people are discussing a paper by Mr. J. Hanlay, the Chinese interpreter, in that city, on the Chinese discovery of America. He states that the Chinese had discovered the continent 1,400 years ago. They stated that land to be about twenty thousand Chinese miles distant from China. About five hundred years ago Buddhist priests repaired there, and brought back the news that they had found Buddhist idols and religious writings in the country. He says the Chinese called the land Fosany, after a tree like the bamboo, from which the natives made cloth and paper, and the fruit of which they ate. Mr. Hanlay compares this with the statement of the Conquistadores, that the Aztecs from the pulp of a tree made paper, and used the roots and fermented spirit for food. He relies too on a correspondence between the authorities as to the absence among the natives of other metal tools than of copper, and of the little value they placed on gold and silver. Mr. Hanlay affirms there is a resemblance between the religion of the Aztecs and Buddhism, as well as between their manners and customs. He asserts there is a similarity of feature between the Chinese and the tribes of Middle and South America. He goes further, and gives a list of words in the Chinese and American languages which exhibit a similarity. The *Atte-*

*næm* considers that these affirmations are extremely weak; and we fear most of the other evidence put forward by Mr. Hanlay is no better. If the connection were such as Mr. Hanlay supposes, it is strange the Aztecs did not adopt the Chinese characters.

*The Sleep of Plants.*—To explain the phenomena of the sleep of plants, some authors have had recourse to light, others to heat, and others again to a natural property of vegetable organisms which they term "tumidity." In general they have not distinguished between the causes which produce sleep in the flowers and in the leaves, but these ought not to be confounded. Light is only an accessory cause of activity in flowers, while it is one of the principal causes of activity in leaves. By compensating the deficiency of light by an increase of heat, one may force flowers into activity in total darkness, while the leaves will present only a very imperfect vitality. For the activity of flowers heat only is necessary; for that of leaves both heat and light. Leaves are in fact the principal organ of vegetation of the plant, receiving the juices and elaborating them under the influence of light; in consequence of these functions, leaves face the sky and the earth, while flowers, on the contrary, affect all kinds of positions. In those trees known as "weeping-trees," in which the leaves droop towards the earth, the leaf-stalk becomes twisted. The sleep of leaves is owing to an unequal dilatation either in the blade or the leaf-stalk. The hibernation of plants during the cold season is an entire cessation of the vegetative functions; their sleep is, on the other hand, a repairing act, similar in some respects to that of animals. In some plants the flower sleeps during the night, the leaves during the day. As with men and animals, either cold or very intense heat produces in plants a diurnal sleep; notwithstanding artificial darkness, both plants and animals wake during the day, but show some symptoms of somnolence. During the sleep of flowers the corolla assumes its proper position of reposition, as animals place their limbs during sleep in the attitude they occupied in the fetus-state; the same position is also assumed shortly before death.

*New American Fossils.*—*Lippincott's Magazine* for Jan. 1870 calls attention to a remarkable book, *The Extinct Mammalian Fauna of Dakota and Nebraska*, by Professors Leidy and Hayden, describing the recent investigations of the singular territory known to the early settlers as *Mauvais terres*, which has proved extraordinarily rich in fossil remains of the higher mammalia, many of them belonging to new species, and even genera. Among the *Carnivora* are a fox, three wolves, three species of *hyænodon*, several of their skulls exhibiting teeth-marks of terrible conflicts, a small panther, &c. The *Ruminantia* include 27 species, all new, two of them belonging to a very remarkable genus closely resembling the hog, and termed by Prof. Leidy "ruminating hogs," found in enormous numbers; also large numbers of the camel family. The *Pachydermata* are numerous represented, including a hog about the size of the African hippopotamus, and another, not much larger than the domestic cat; three species of rhinoceros (now entirely extinct in the Western hemisphere), a mastodon, and an elephant. The deposits are remarkable for the profusion of fossil

remains of *Solipodes* allied to the horse; a very remarkable circumstance, considering that at the time of the discovery of the American continent by Europeans no horses existed on it. Prof. Leidy gives the names of 23 species of the equine order which anciently inhabited North America, about three times as many as are now found living throughout the world. Most of them were small species, about the size of the ass or zebra, the smallest about that of a Newfoundland dog. Contrary to the view usually entertained, that the animals of past periods greatly exceeded in size those now in existence, Prof. Leidy points out that the extinct animals of these regions were generally of small size compared with their living allies.

*Antiquity of Man in the United States.*—Col. Charles Whittlesey read an interesting paper on this subject before the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Chicago. He thinks it possible that the superficial materials in which the well-known remains at Abbeville are found may not be of the same age as the North American drift; but they constitute the only stratified beds above the cretaceous strata in that region, containing remains of the fossil horse, ox, mammoth, and rhinoceros, and possibly corresponding to the materials observed in America near the southern portion of the boulder drift. Sir C. Lyell considers the flint-bearing beds of Amiens and Abbeville to be older than the bone layers at Natchez, Mississippi, which are at the bottom of the loess. Col. Whittlesey obtains evidence of the existence of two races of man, and possibly of a third intermediate race, as having held possession of the northern portion of the American continent; the more recent of them being the North American Indian or red man; the earlier race he terms the mound-builders. The antiquaries of Europe regard the people who used flint instruments as being prior to those who had implements of stone; and the latter, again, as older than the races using bronze or other metals. In the United States the race next prior to the white men had very few implements of stone; their knives and arrow-heads, their war implements, and their agricultural tools, were almost entirely of flint; they had very few and rude instruments of native copper. The mound-builders, on the contrary, who preceded the red men, produced and used tools in the reverse order; their axes, adzes, and mauls were very numerous, and sometimes of stone; their copper tools abundant; but those of flint very rare. Hence in this instance the most ancient people were the most industrious: they cultivated the soil; they possessed more mechanical ingenuity, and left more prominent and permanent monuments. On the Atlantic coast, from Nova Scotia to Florida, are numerous shell-heaps, identical with those of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, and known as *kjokken-møddings*. The examination of several caves gave bones of the wolf, deer, bear, rabbit, &c., mixed with skulls of the red race, and not dating back apparently more than 2,000 years. Col. Whittlesey estimates 2,000 years as the period also of occupation by the mound-building race, which does not take us back as far as the beginning of the historical period in Asia and Africa.

## ART.

*A veritable painting* by Rubens has been discovered in a church among the semi-barbarous Finlanders.

*A statue* to Frederic Bastiat is to be erected by the town of Mugron, France, where most of his works were written.

*The marble bust* of Senator Sumner, the work of the well-known sculptor, M. Millmore, was placed in one of the niches of the Doric Hall of the Massachusetts State House last month.

*The Voltaire Statue*, for which centime contributions were collected several years ago, will be erected on one of the squares of the new street which is going to be called the Rue de Reimes. The Empress Eugenie did her utmost to induce the Emperor to prohibit the erection of the monument, but he refused.

*There are now about two hundred artists* in Dusseldorf, including the professors and scholars of the Academy. They have this year produced about 360,000 thalers' worth of pictures. The foreign art trade, both direct and indirect, especially in America, is important. This foreign export trade, which is almost exclusively supplied by a few skilled artists, represents nearly the half of the value of all pictures painted. America alone has imported in this year fifty thousand dollars' worth of paintings. The trade in ordinary pictures is increasing.

*Dr. Adolph Stahr*, in his recent work, "a Winter in Rome," thus speaks of Mr. Story's sculpture: "Here, in the realm of historic-national art, he appears as an entirely new creative power, and thereby he has opened to the plastic art a new field, which promises rich results to his hand and the hands of his successful followers. On beholding the Cleopatra, the Lybian Sibyl, the Delli, whereto a Judith, a Saul, and a Medea brooding revenge must be added, one feels as a spectator who saw these statues with us expressed it: 'As if one breathed an air of new life and hope for the further development of plastic art.' And it is certainly a significant circumstance that this fresh, vital direction has been given by a son of the youngest civilized race—a son of America."

*The French Emperor* will institute an Imperial Academy of the Fine Arts, under his own patronage, and the nominal presidency of the minister. All the French artists—painters, sculptors, designers, architects, engravers, and lithographers—who have been distinguished for their works by the Legion of Honor, by medals of honor, and by the Grand Prize of Rome, are to compose this body, which is to control the annual exhibitions, and exercise other privileges. The project has already found an opponent in M. C. Garnier, the architect of the new Opera House.

*A child while playing* near Drogheda, Ireland, found a curious piece of metal, which she gave to an old woman, who took it to a dealer in old iron, and got a shilling for it. The dealer in his turn sold it for two pounds and a half, and it has finally been purchased for the Royal Irish Academy, in Dublin, for £300. It proved to be the celebrated Tara Brooch, one of the most remarkable pieces of goldsmith's work known to exist. It is formed

of white bronze—this probably saved it from the melting-pot, to which countless treasures of gold and silver have been consigned—the surface overlaid with gold filigree work of surprising intricacy and marvellous delicacy of execution. Such is its excellence, that one of the most accomplished living goldsmiths declared that he could not find a workman, with every apparent advantage of modern knowledge and appliance, competent to make such another.

*Discovery of Coins.*—A number of coins, 1,419 in all, have been found in the convent of St. Annunziata, at Florence, and have come into possession of the National Museum; two are of gold, 58 of silver, and the remaining 1,359 of copper. The gold pieces bear the likeness of Valentinian II. and Justin III. Of the silver coins there are 1 of Julius Cesar, 9 of Pompey, 9 of Marcus Antonius, 2 of Octavian, 1 of Tiberius, 2 of Trajan, and 2 of Antoninus Pius. Several Etruscan and Volscian pieces are to be found among the copper coins, 1 of King Juba, 23 of Caracalla, 11 of Heliogabalus, 33 of Constantine, 1 of Alaric, King of the Goths, and 167 of the Free Cities. Besides those, 162 old medals were found, and a number of small works of art in a glass vessel, vases of various forms, and 3 lamps.

*A New White Pigment.*—Painters, always in trouble with their colors, are most plagued with the white pigments. Lead-white turns black by exposure to an ordinary atmosphere, and zinc-white does not cover well, as they say. A French artist lately applied to a French chemist, Dr. Sace, for help toward obtaining a colorless substance without these defects; and the chemist, passing in review all the likely compounds, decided in favor of the tungstate of baryta. Trials have been made with this and it has been found to have a good body, and to withstand noxious vapors, such as those which blacken white-lead. The Paris Academy of Sciences had the subject brought before it recently, and passed a favorable judgment upon the new pigment.

*The Friars of Sante Croce* have, under the direction of the municipality of Florence, uncovered what remains of the frescoes of Gherardo Starnina, and another artist, supposed to be Masolino da Panicale, in the Castellani Chapel, which had already disappeared in the time of Vasari, though he speaks highly of them from tradition. The frescoes had been covered with whitewash, and cut to pieces to make room for cumbrous monuments. Starnina's paintings form two series from the lives of St. Antony and St. Nicholas respectively, and were executed before he was compelled to leave Florence in consequence of his share in the rising of Ciompi, in 1378. The life of St. Antony is represented with conventional naïveté in three compartments, into which the height of the wall is divided: his conversion is at the top; and in the lowest he is watching the angels who are bearing the soul of Paul the Hermit to heaven. The frescoes from the life of St. Nicholas fill three compartments on the wall, and three on the pilaster, with representations of his different miracles. They are much superior to the first series in drawing and expression, but fall short of those attributed to Masolino, who may very well have been a pupil

of Starnina. His frescoes fill the three compartments to the right of the window, and the three to the left of the entrance. The first series represent scenes from the life of our Lord and St. John the Baptist, which retain the early simplicity almost unimpaired, while approaching very near the later perfection of skill. The frescoes near the entrance have suffered most from the alterations in the chapel. They are taken from the life of St. John the Evangelist.

*We spoke last month of the preliminary meeting held at the rooms of the Union League Club, for the purpose of founding in this city a "Metropolitan Museum of Art."* A committee of fifty gentlemen was appointed on that occasion, with instructions to take such initial measures as they might deem expedient. This Committee has since prepared and adopted the following very excellent Constitution of the Metropolitan Museum of Art:—

ARTICLE I. The committee of fifty, appointed at the meeting held November 23, 1869, and such other persons as have been, or may hereafter be elected, shall constitute an Association to be called the "Metropolitan Museum of Art," whose object shall be to secure the establishment, in the city of New York, of an institution in which our whole people shall be freely provided with ample facilities for the study of select examples in every department of the fine arts, and for the cultivation of pure taste in the application of art to manufactures and to practical life.

ART. II. The officers of this Association shall be a President, three Vice-Presidents, nine Trustees, a Recording Secretary, a Corresponding Secretary, a Treasurer, and an Executive Committee of thirteen, all to be elected by ballot at a general meeting of the Association, to take place on the third Monday in January in every year, except the Trustees, who, being elected at the organization of the Museum, shall thereafter be vested with the power to fill the vacancies that may from time to time occur in their own body; and every such vacancy shall be so filled within three months after the same occurs.

ART. III. The officers above designated shall respectively have such powers and perform such duties as shall be prescribed by the by-laws which shall be adopted by the Association, but the Trustees shall at all times have the general management and control of the property and affairs of the Museum.

ART. IV. Each member of the Association shall pay an annual sum to the Treasurer, for the incidental expenses of the Association, such sum to be designated in the by-laws hereafter to be adopted.

ART. V. This Constitution may be amended by a two-thirds vote, at any regular meeting of the Association, provided that notice in writing of such amendment shall be given at a previous regular meeting, excepting always the number and authority of the Trustees, who can be changed only in accordance with provisions in the Legislative Charter of the Association.

*The Luther Monument at Worms*—Worms has had much of which to boast; but alas! very little is left to prove her boastings. Its old streets and buildings tell a tale of days long since gone by, when its 11,000 inhabitants of to day were

seventy thousand, under Friedrich Barbarossa. Many councils and royal assemblages have been held here, and Diets, whose influence may even yet be felt. But with one alone have we to do, that in which Luther, with his hand on his Bible, exclaimed before Charles V., six electors, and a great assemblage of lesser lights, "Hier stehe ich; ich kann nicht anders. Gott helfe mir. Amen."

Saying this he is represented in the monument, which, situated on a slight earthy elevation, is placed on a granite platform, two steps high, and forty feet square. At the four corners of this platform are pediments of polished syenite, eight feet high, on which are statues of four celebrated promoters of the Reformation, each eight and a half feet high, viz.:—Frederick the Wise, Elector of Saxony; Philip the Generous, Landgrave of Hessen; Philip Melancthon, and John Reuchlin. The two first mentioned are in front, the others behind. It is said that these are good likenesses of their subjects.

The front of the platform, towards which the most of these figures face, being open, affords between Frederick the Wise and the Landgrave Philip an entrance thirty feet in width to the interior. The three remaining sides are shut in by an embattled wall of syenite five feet high.

In the middle of these three walls, on pedestals seven feet high, are representative female figures of weeping Magdeburg, protesting Spire, and Augsburg bearing the branch of peace. They are cast in bronze, as are all the figures, and are about life size.

Between these seven pediments are twenty-four small columns, five feet high, connected together with the statues by a wall four feet high and a little narrower, the whole looking like some old castle wall, or rather, I should say, like the wall of an old-fashioned castle. These small columns are about one foot square, with a projecting top. On the interior side are arms of these cities which fought and suffered greatly for the Reformation, viz.: Brunswick, Bremen, Constance, Eisenach, Eisleben, Emden, Erfurt, Frankfurt-on-the-Main, Swabian-Hall, Hamburg, Heilbronn, Jena, Königsberg, Leipsic, Lindau, Lubeck, Magdeburg, Nemmingen, Nordlingen, Riga, Schmalkalden, Strassbourg, Ulm, and Wittenberg. These coats-of-arms are cast in small bronze plates and fastened to the surface a foot below the top.

In the middle of this interior place stands the monument proper, Luther himself, standing in the act of speaking the words before mentioned. The statue is colossal, 10½ feet high, and stands on a pediment twenty-seven feet above the ground. He is arrayed in a long priestly garment, holds the Bible on the left arm, pointing to it with his right, his head erect and bare. At his feet, on four rock pillars, sit the forerunners of the Reformation—the Frenchman, Petrus Waldus, who died 1197; the Englishman, John Wickliffe, who died 1387; the Bohemian, John Huss, who died 1416, and who is here gazing intently on a crucifix; and the Italian, Hieronymus Savonarola, who died 1492. These are all clad in clerical habits.

The chief pediment is raised three steps, and is divided into the socle, the upper, and the lower cube, which are ornamented richly with bronze castings, etc.

The upper cube contains celebrated sayings from the mouth or pen of Luther, and portrait medallions.

These portraits represent John the Constant and John Frederick the Generous, two Electors of Saxony—these are on the front. Behind are the two Knights, Ulrich of Hutten, and Franz of Sickingen. On the sides are Justus Jonas, Johann Bugenhagen, John Calvin, and Ulrich Zwingli.

The sayings are these:—

"Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise. God help me. Amen."

"The gospel which God has put into the mouths of the Apostles is His sword, with which He smites the world as with thunder and lightning."

"Faith is nothing else than a true, certain living in God."

"We must have the Spirit of Christ in order to be able to understand this Book."

"They who understand Christ rightly cannot be confused by human ordinances."

"You are free not after the flesh, but after the conscience."

The lower cube shows us bas-reliefs from Luther's life: (1) Luther before the Reichstag at Worms, April 17 and 18, 1521; (2) Posting of the Theses on the Church-door at Wittenberg, October 31, 1517; (3) The Lord's Supper and Luther's Marriage, by Bugenhagen; (4) The Translation of the Bible and Luther's Sermon.

The socle shows us on its four fields the arms of five German Princes and two cities, who signed the Augsburg Confession—the Electorate of Saxony, Anhalt, Brandenburg, Hesse, Brunswick, Lunenburg, Nuremberg, and Reutlingen.

Under these we read:—

"Begun 1856. Ended 1868."

"Planned and partly constructed by R. Rietschel."

"The architecture designed by H. Nicolai."

"Cast and the stone cut in Lauchhammer."

By Rietschel were modelled Luther and Wickleff († Feb. 21, 1861). By A. Doundorf, Savonarola, Frederick the Wise, Reuchlin, Waldus, the Magdeburg, four portraits, and two bas-reliefs. By O. Kietz, Huss, Philip the Generous, Melancthon, the Augsburg, four portrait medallions, and two bas-reliefs. By Schilling the spires. The granite work was done by L. Stahlmann and K. Wolfel, in Baireuth.

This is perhaps one of the finest monuments in the world. A representation in their individual characteristics of nine of the greatest of the reformers is far more impressive than any mere mass of stone could be, however handsomely cut and dressed.—*Correspondence Evening Mail.*

#### VARIETIES.

**Flower Garden.**—Bulbs ought to be all planted by this time; but if any remain out of the ground, get them in without delay. Take up Tea Roses that are in exposed situations, and lay them in by the heels in a shed out of reach of frost. Cut down Fuchsias that are to remain out all the winter, and cover their roots with litter or coal-ashes. Pansies, Pinks, and other choice things in open beds should have a little light litter sprinkled over them in frosty weather, or be protected with canvas on hoops. Look over plants in frames, and

take off dead leaves, and keep the plants moderately dry. Roses may be planted during dry weather; the ground to be in good heart, deeply trenched, and well manured. On loamy land broken up from grass roses do better than in ordinary garden soil, and those who grow for show should either use turf liberally or break up meadow ground for their best plants. Get in briars quickly before the best are gone.

**Fruit Garden.**—The sooner all bushes and trees to be planted are got into their places the better. In forming new fruit gardens, select first the most noted of the established varieties before seeking after novelties. Perfect drainage of the soil is a matter of the utmost importance in districts where heavy loams and clays prevail; but on hot, chalky, and sandy soils drainage is seldom needed. All kinds of fruits require a substantial nourishing soil; apples, currants, and gooseberries will grow well almost anywhere, but better on a good loam in a warm climate than on a bleak sand. All stone-fruits require a good loam, and on well-worked clay generally prosper. Soils containing calcareous matter are, if of good texture and substance, well adapted for the production of fruit; and in preparing old worn-out soils for fruit trees it would be well to add a liberal dressing of chalk or old mortar. Dig round old fruit trees, and lay down a layer of old dung six inches thick, in a ring, three feet round the stem of each, and the size of the fruit will be improved next season. Trees that are sufficiently luxurious should not have manure. Root-prune any trees that grow too luxuriantly to bear well.

**Russian Ill-will against England.**—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette* says that "the ill-will with which England is regarded in Russia is slowly but steadily increasing," and that an impression is spreading in the Russian capital "that the complications in Central Asia must lead to a violent collision with the ruler of India." Referring to a recent article in the *Moscow Gazette*, the correspondent observes that this paper speaks with the greatest enthusiasm of the approaching opening of the Suez Canal, which, it thinks, will make Russia the arbiter between Europe and Asia, and drive England from the position she occupies in the East; and that the real reason of the coldness recently shown by the Russian organs towards Prussia is the belief that English and Prussian interests are identical. Another article in the *Moscow Gazette* says that Russian commerce with Central Asia is acquiring a great development, especially in the direction of Kashgar, which promises to furnish a more considerable field for Russian traders than Bokhara, but that the Russians find themselves balked at every step by the competition of English goods. "A caravan of 8,560 camels, laden with tea and European merchandise, lately arrived from India by a new route, *via* Afghanistan," says the *Moscow Gazette*, and the best way of opposing the spread of British commerce in these regions is to open new roads to Russian commerce. It accordingly recommends the establishment of a fort and harbor on the Amou-Darya, and the commencement of operations against Khiva, with a view to "preventing that country from becoming in future a place of refuge for Russia's enemies, whence they may direct attacks on her frontier."

*Expenses of Congress.*—Mr. Parton, in an article in the November number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, states that he has tried in vain to ascertain the total cost of a session of the Congress of the United States, but that it is certain it costs the country as much as 4,000,000 dollars, or, taking the session at twenty days a month for six months, more than 33,000 dollars a day. The chaplain's prayer, which usually lasts one minute, consumes 138 dollars worth of time every morning. The mere list of contingent expenses of the house fills a volume of 220 pages, with its mass of charges, such as 200 portemonnaies, above 100 penknives, at about three dollars each, inkstands, pocket scissors, hair-brushes, tobacco, cotton, stay-laces, newspapers, stationery by the mountain. Mr. Parton says:—"I spend my whole time, from January to December, in one unending task of spoiling white paper, but I cannot get through more than three reams per annum, which cost about twenty dollars. I read with amazement of the quantities consumed about the Capitol." He maintains that privileges and perquisites will always be the occasion for profusion and means of corruption, and that members should increase their salaries, but pay their own mileage and their own postage, buy their own writing paper, and pay all their officers by salary; "now that a member from Oregon can get to the Capitol in eleven days, it is too absurd to pay him fifteen times as much mileage as Henry Clay used to get for his six weeks' horseback ride from Kentucky." Dying is an expensive affair; the bill of the Sergeant-at-Arms for conveying the body of a deceased member from Washington to Easton, in Pennsylvania, amounted to 2,144 dollars. It cost the country 18,000 dollars to publish, in a volume of 962 pages, the addresses of condolence called forth by the assassination of President Lincoln; there may be, perhaps, ten pages worth preserving. A joint resolution, in 1864, ordered that 50,000 copies of the *Army Register of Volunteers* be printed for sale, at cost, in eight volumes. A little experience of the demand for the work led to a reduction of the order to 1,000 copies. Those who have held the office of public printer are of opinion that 500,000 dollars a year are wasted at the public printing-office.

*John Ashworth in Palestine.*—Mr. John Ashworth, of Rochdale, author of "Strange Tales," has written an account of his recent visit to Palestine, or "Walks in Canaan," as he terms his tour. He writes as a consistent man of peace. His ten companions in travel armed themselves with pistols and revolvers, but he declined to do so. He says, "I believe that the less a man has to do with swords and guns, the longer he is likely to live. I never yet knew a consistent member of the Peace Society shot, but history tells a sad tale on the other side. These being my principles, I had no gun to take care of." He thus speaks of Jaffa, or Joppa, the first place visited by him in the Holy Land—"Some who have visited Joppa did not go to comfort, but to make, widows; not to raise from the dead, like Peter, but to destroy. Pompey, Alexander, Saladin, Napoleon—terrible names! especially the last—all visited this city. In 1799 Napoleon besieged Joppa; the garrison offered to lay down their arms and surrender on condition that their lives were spared. Eugene and Croisier,

two of Napoleon's staff officers, agreed to the terms proposed. Four thousand men laid down their weapons of war, and were led to the headquarters of the French army. Napoleon ordered them to sit down; their hands were tied behind their backs; despair instantly marked every countenance, but all were silent. A council of war was held, and though his own officers had promised them life, this deity of France signed the death-warrant of the whole four thousand, and ordered every man to be shot. Bound and helpless, they were led down to the bottom of the sand-hills on the sea-shore, formed into squares for execution. They requested one word with Napoleon; that one word was to remind him of the terms of their surrender; but the *hero*, who had just been through the hospitals and ordered the poisoning of four hundred sick creatures, could now order four thousand to be *butchered*. For five hours, French soldiers fired volley after volley into the dense mass of sons, husbands, and fathers, till not one soul was left alive. The returning tide washed the blood of this murdered host from the sands of Joppa, but no tide will ever wash their blood from those French executioners and this soldier-god."

*News by Telegraph.*—On the 1st of January next an entirely new machinery will be brought into operation for the supply of telegraphic news throughout the United Kingdom. Hitherto such news has been furnished as well to newspapers as to exchanges, clubs, and newsrooms by the existing telegraph companies. On the transfer of the telegraphs to the Government, the newspapers of this country, following the example of their American contemporaries, will take the matter into their own hands. For some time past the Press Association, a body formed on the co-operative principle, of the proprietors of all the leading provincial newspapers of the three kingdoms, has been engaged in bringing into existence an organization whose ramifications will extend to every part of the civilized world. It has purchased the exclusive right to supply Reuter's telegrams throughout the United Kingdom, London alone excepted. It has engaged an efficient parliamentary, city, and general editorial and reporting staff for London. It has made arrangements to supply all the sporting news of the country. It is now appointing duly accredited agents to telegraph news, general and commercial, from the remotest parts of England, Ireland, Scotland, and the Principality, either from town to town in the provinces, or to the central offices in Wine-Office Court, Fleet street, London, for redistribution throughout the country, as may be deemed most expeditious. There can be little doubt, we think, that the news supplies of the Association, owing to the extent and efficiency of its organization, will show a considerable improvement upon those with which the public have hitherto been furnished; and, whatever may be the difficulties at first attendant upon the launching of an undertaking at once so novel and so extensive, we have every reason to believe that, in future, the supplies of telegraph news will diminish in cost as they increase in intrinsic value. The association, it should be added, undertakes to supply its news not only to newspapers, but to exchanges, clubs, newsrooms, and to private subscribers.—*English Exchange.*

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

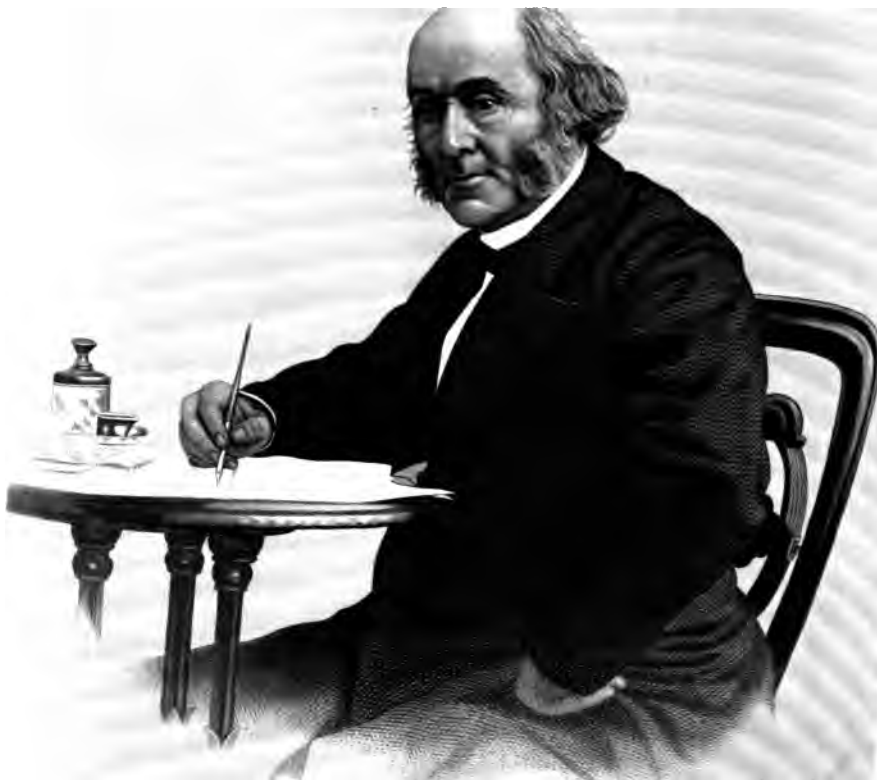
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*J. Lewis Prince*

prefers to pass lightly over these tame and unexciting portions of his subject; and he reserves his strength for those scenes which he describes with so much eloquence and power.

We have had occasion, in criticising the former volumes of this history, to point out the consequences of this impassioned style of writing. It renders Mr. Froude bold to paradox and pitiless to severity. In his eyes, Henry VIII., stained by a thousand acts of brutality, avarice, and lust, becomes the "Sun of the Reformation," and Acts of Parliament dictated by every excess of despotic will are made to plead the cause of the founder of a power unrivaled by the Tudors into greatness. In his eyes, again, Mary Stuart, the nursling of the Court of France, and the martyr of the Catholic creed, becomes the most wanton, wicked, false, and cruel of her species—a panther in human form, with the passions of an animal and the subtlety of a devil. With the tools and instruments of the false creed and the bad cause Mr. Froude wages internecine war. He is not unwilling that their infernal secrets should be torn from them by the rack, and that they should expiate their crimes by being cut down before the hangman's office was done, and disembowelled half alive before the people. Let us take the following examples. In December, 1580, seven or eight young priests were arrested, and required to denounce the Catholic gentlemen at whose houses they had been received. They refused, and "it was thought just and necessary to use other means to force them to speak."

"The Tower rack stood in the long vaulted dungeon below the armory. Under a warrant signed by six of the Council, and in the presence of the Lieutenant, whose duty was to direct and moderate the application of the pains, they were laid at various times, and more than once, as they could bear it, upon the frame, the Commissioners sitting at their side and repeating their questions in the intervals of the winding of the winch. A practice which by the law was always forbidden could be palliated only by a danger so great that the nation had become like an army in the field. It was repudiated on the return of calmer times, and the employment of it rests as a stain on the memory of those by whom it was used. It is none the less certain, however, that the danger was real and terrible, and the same causes which relieve a commander

in active service from the restraints of the common law, apply to the conduct of statesmen who are dealing with organized treason. The law is made for the nation, not the nation for the law. Those who transgress do it at their own risk, but they may plead circumstances at the bar of history, and have a right to be heard." (Vol. v. p. 327.)

And then follow some of the vile excuses employed by Walsingham's agents to justify their lawless barbarity.

Again, in describing the execution of Babington and his associates, Mr. Froude states that "they were all hanged but for a moment, according to the letter of the sentence, *taken down while the susceptibility of agony was unimpaired, and cut to pieces afterwards, with due precautions for the protraction of the pain.*" This abominable atrocity elicits from Mr. Froude the following remarks:—"If it were to be taken as part of the Catholic creed that to kill a prince in the interests of the Holy Church was an act of piety and merit, *stern English common sense caught the readiest means* of expressing its opinion both of the creed and its professors." We should blush for English common sense if to hack living men in pieces had ever been a practice approved by the English people. But the charge as regards the nation is happily unfounded. It was Elizabeth herself who had, in a paroxysm of revenge and terror, required that the execution of Babington and his confederates should be carried into effect with circumstances of peculiar cruelty. Mr. Froude says, "Elizabeth forbade a repetition of the scene on the following day." The truth is that the bloody spectacle had so strongly excited the disgust of the people that it was thought unsafe to repeat it.

One more example of this fierce disposition of an historian who is otherwise in all things the most humane and amiable of men, and we have done with this unpleasant part of our task. Our readers may imagine with what fervor and skill Mr. Froude repeats the oft-told tale of the execution of Mary Stuart. It is the counterpart of his celebrated description of the murder at Kirk o' field; nor does the spectacle of that tremendous passion, borne, as he admits, with a majestic dignity and faith not unworthy of the martyr's crown, elicit from him one line of compassion or regret. The associations

awakened in the mind of Mr. Froude by this scene are those of the stage. "It was the most brilliant acting throughout." But there is one touch in this passage peculiarly his own. Queen Mary, as is well known, was not allowed in that supreme hour of her fate to have access to her chaplain and confessor. The last sacraments of her Church were denied her. As she approached the block "she kissed Melville, and turning, asked for her chaplain Du Preau. He was not present. *There had been a fear of some religious melodrama which it was thought well to avoid.*" When it is remembered what the office of the Catholic priest is to the departing soul, we cannot call to mind any sentence more pregnant with a painful meaning than this is.

"Væ victis" might be the motto of Mr. Froude's history, as it is of all the writers of the school of Mr. Carlyle. The chivalrous sympathy for weakness and sorrow, which holds that great sufferings may mitigate the judgment of history on great offences, finds no favor in their eyes. Mr. Froude's opinion of the execution of Mary Stuart is simply that "the political wisdom of a critical and difficult act has never in the world's history been more signally justified." Be it so, if he will. Let all mercy, forbearance, kindness, and moderation be blown to the winds. Let every one have their deserts, and the fight be fought out by these poor half-blind mortals to the bitter end. But if these things are to be done with impunity on the one side, are they to be condemned without appeal on the other? Mr. Froude does not appear to remember that the same contempt of the rights of humanity, the same unrelenting intolerance of the adverse cause, was precisely the plea used by Philip II. and the Spanish inquisitors to justify their barbarous policy, their secret assassinations, their judicial murders, and their sanguinary wars. They, too, were sincere. They, too, held that no faith was to be kept and no measure observed in dealing with the heretic. However else they might differ, both parties in this fierce struggle agreed in this, that no falsehood was too base, no artifice too subtle, no act of authority too sanguinary to be used against their respective enemies. There is some inconsistency in judging the crimes of one party with so

much severity and the crimes of the other party with so much forbearance.

For ourselves, we confess that we feel more confidence in writers less highly gifted with dramatic power, who judge men by their motives, rather than by their success. Weighed by the eternal laws of truth, humanity, and tolerance, both parties must be equally condemned; and we are not disposed to extenuate their guilt, either by contrasting it with that of their respective antagonists, or by exulting in the successful termination of their policy. But no doubt Mr. Froude has caught in a very high degree the spirit of the present age. He presents the narrative of these events in a form pre-eminently calculated to excite interest, to rouse sympathy, and to revive the passions of the times in which they occurred. And he deserves the highest credit for the minuteness and extent of his researches, which have enabled him to add a large amount of detail to the record of events which have been incessantly canvassed for the last three hundred years. Upon the whole, we think that these volumes are the most successful and elaborate portion of his whole work, with the exception of the volume devoted to Edward VI. and Queen Mary, which we still regard as his masterpiece. The difficulties of historical composition are enormously increased by the profuse disclosures of contemporary evidence which have recently taken place. To hunt down a fact amidst the intricacies of diplomatic correspondence, between agents, who were as often employed in concealing the truth as in imparting it, is no easy task; and there is a perpetual danger of being misled by apparent discoveries, which more complete investigation shows to be delusions. In those portions of this history which concern the trial and execution of Mary Stuart and the Spanish Armada, Mr. Froude has been to a considerable extent anticipated by the researches of Mr. Tytler for his history of Scotland, and of Mr. Motley for his history of the United Provinces. These were the crowning incidents of a conflict of twenty years' duration; but the infinite details of that protracted struggle have never before been investigated with the minuteness, or combined with the skill, which Mr. Froude has brought to bear upon them.

The person and the figure of Queen

Elizabeth are, as might be expected, the most prominent and striking objects in these volumes. Mr. Froude has drawn a Queen, as she is still represented in some of the fanciful portraits of her time, without shadow and, we might add, without a veil. However severe he may be to those personages who are opposed to his own political creed, he has not treated the worst of them more harshly than he has treated Elizabeth. The result is that whilst he is an ardent advocate of her cause, and triumphs in her success, every page, every line of these volumes seems written to show how ill she deserved it. He denies her political ability, by showing that on every occasion the lesser and meaner motive outweighed the public and generous end; so that opportunities without number were allowed to slip by which, fitly used, would have relieved her at once from her difficulties and made her the greatest Princess in Europe. He denies her Protestantism, maintaining that all her own sympathies were with the old religion; that she preferred to be surrounded by Catholics, in spite of their never-ending conspiracies against her; that she refused or neglected to put the laws in force against them; that she scorned and abhorred the Church of England and her own bishops; and that the only tie which bound her to the Reformation was that of her own birth. To deny the lawfulness of her father's divorce from Catherine and the Church, was to bastardize herself. On the great questions of religion the Queen is believed by Mr. Froude to have been purely indifferent: "despising fanatics, Puritan or Papist, with Erasmian heartiness;" content "with outward order and conformity, with liberty to every man to think in private as he pleased;" altogether free from dogmatic preferences and convictions, and cherishing in fact a theory of absolute toleration and indifference which was "two centuries before its time." This view of the Queen's policy and opinions is, the reader will observe, to a great extent a novel one.

Of her personal character Mr. Froude has drawn a frightful picture, but one which we fear is less open to controversy. "Sir Francis Walsingham," he says, "not once only, but at every trying crisis of her life, had to describe her conduct as 'dishonorable and dangerous:' dishon-

orable, because she never hesitated to break a promise when to keep it was inconvenient; and dangerous, from the universal distrust which she had inspired in those who had once relied upon her." Her reign and her life were one long tissue of deceit, practised alike on her friends and on her foes. She never had an ally whom she did not abandon or betray in the hour of need; she never had an enemy whom she did not seek to cajole rather than to brave. "Todo," said Philip II., "es embuste y entretenimiento."

No sovereign was ever served by wiser or more devoted Ministers; no Ministers were ever used with more ingratitude, avarice, and deceit by their sovereign. Yet men like Cecil, Walsingham, Paulet, and Drake would have risked not only their lives, but their souls in her service; while she gave at least an equal share of her confidence and favor to creatures like the hireling Crofts, who betrayed every secret of the Court to his employer the Spanish Ambassador, or the fop Hutton—a butterfly of the presence chamber. The ladies of her household were friends of Mary and sometimes pensioners of Spain.

Oddly enough, Queen Elizabeth enjoys in popular estimation the glory and the fame of having done precisely what she refused to do. She might have placed herself at the head of a Protestant League of invincible power in Europe—she might by a small effort have terminated the contest in the Low Countries—she might at one time have turned the scale in favor of the Protestants of France—she might have given an immediate ascendancy to the Kirk of Scotland and its champions, which would have decided the vacillating character of James and fitted him to be her declared successor on the English throne—she might as Queen of England have encountered and defeated the fleets of Spain on the ocean and in either hemisphere, as in fact they were encountered by the private adventurers, who slipped away from her shores, and brought back with them, almost unawares, the treasures of the New World and the maritime supremacy of England. During great part of her reign, and in the crisis of her fate, her own safety and the existence of the kingdom depended on its naval power, and in Drake, Haw-

kins, and Frobisher, Elizabeth had the best seamen in the world. Yet nothing was done to support the fleet. The navy did not exist as a profession. The entire force of the Queen's ships in 1588 consisted of thirteen ships of 400 tons, and of only thirty-eight vessels, including pinnaces, carrying the Queen's flag. The sailors who defeated the Armada were famished for want of rations, killed by sour beer, which the Queen compelled them to drink, and sent to sea with so little ammunition that they depended to serve their guns on what they took from the enemy. Even after the victory, the base and niggardly conduct of the Queen broke the hearts of her captains, and ruined in fortune the men who had equipped and commanded the fleet. Not a dollar would she spend, not a jewel would she part with, though the fate of her crown and kingdom depended on the sacrifice.

In point of fact not one of these things was done by Elizabeth, although the opportunities of action continually forced themselves upon her. Some of these results were actually accomplished—but without her countenance, and perhaps against her wishes. That which indeed was the darling object of her heart and of her policy was to avoid an open rupture with Philip, to remain at least nominally at peace with Spain, and to escape the charges and perils of open war, even though private war was incessantly carried on between the subjects of the two Crowns. In this peculiar respect the policy of Philip resembled her own. A Spanish expedition with a banner blessed by the Pope landed on the western coast of Ireland—abandoned and disavowed by the King of Spain, they were surrounded, captured, and executed, every man of them, as pirates. English volunteers in large numbers served under Orange in the Low Countries: it is true, some Catholic Englishmen were to be found serving on the other side. The crews of English merchantmen were carried off to the dungeons of the Inquisition on the charge of introducing the book of Common Prayer into Spain. Drake swept the ocean, pillaged Lima and Cartagena, and brought home the treasures of an empire in the hold of a smack. Every species of clandestine hostility was carried on by both parties. No re-

dress was ever afforded, though often asked, by either of them. Mendoza, the Spanish ambassador, remained at the Court of England during the whole period, although it was notorious that he was the centre of countless plots, some aimed at the Queen's life. The British ambassador sent to Madrid had, on the contrary, been received with insult and compelled to depart. This strange situation lasted for upwards of twenty years. During the whole of this time peace was in name preserved—peace above all with Spain—and Elizabeth was satisfied. It was not until the Spanish Armada had entered the Channel that war could be said to be declared. A sovereign of true determination and energy would not have endured to lead a life of practices and fetches, served by spies, encompassed by conspiracies, when a single bold stroke would have shattered the spell and delivered her from bondage. According to Mr. Froude, Elizabeth entirely lacked that energy and determination. He represents her as vacillating and irresolute whenever a great decision was to be taken—credulous when a lure was offered to her avarice or her hopes of peace—covetous whenever it was possible to increase her private hoards of jewels and of gold, and reluctant to give out a stiver of this accumulated wealth to save her soldiers from want, or to enable her servants to execute her orders, which they were frequently compelled to do at their own cost. The only virtue popularly ascribed to Queen Elizabeth, which Mr. Froude does not contest, is her undaunted courage: but even her courage arose rather from an apparent insensibility to danger than from a resolution to meet it. When danger arrived all was confusion and hesitation. Nothing was done to-day that could be done to-morrow. And we are more inclined to wonder at the amazing good fortune which dissipated so many conspiracies and perils, than at her own dauntless bravery in face of them. To this quality Mr. Froude adds others with which Elizabeth has not before been credited. He ascribes to her "a constant personal desire for moderation and forbearance"—a spirit of toleration foreign alike to her age and her position—a readiness to forget injuries and "lack of gall"—and a determination to "make men loyal in spite of themselves

by persistently trusting them." We shall have occasion to discuss some of the instances given by Mr. Froude of these mild and gentle qualities; but for the present we can only say that we have failed to discover them in any passage of her life. In another place he has more accurately described her, when he says, "she talked of mercy, and she made violence inevitable."

One of her peculiarities was her eagerness to shift upon others the blame which properly attached to her own mistakes. Mr. Froude stretches a point to assimilate this artifice to the non-responsibility of the sovereign under a limited constitution. "The principle," he says, "is inherent in the conditions of a limited monarchy, it was latent before it was avowed; and Elizabeth, anticipating awkwardly the authorized theory of a later age, permitted measures to be taken which the safety of the State rendered necessary, which at the same time she declared loudly, and often without hypocrisy, not to be her own." We can admit of no such plea of incompetence in favor of Elizabeth. If ever there was a sovereign whose will was law paramount, and who treated with scorn every attempt to direct or control it, she was that sovereign; and in the attempt to exonerate her, at the expense of her Ministers, we should commit the supreme injustice of holding them responsible for measures they opposed but were unable to resist. The doctrine of the Tudors was not that of ministerial responsibility, but of implicit obedience: and no statesman would have served Elizabeth long, or lived long to serve her, who presumed to thwart her will, or even to resist her ever-varying caprices. On these terms alone, Cecil and Walsingham held office; and they knew it. But if the Queen is to be held responsible for the crimes and errors committed in her name, so also she is entitled to a higher degree of praise than Mr. Froude is disposed to award to her successes. If she had been no more than the prevaricating hypocrite whom he describes, those successes would have been impossible, for she would present the incredible example of a woman, disfigured by the most odious and contemptible qualities, who reigned nevertheless for half a century, to be enshrined in the grateful memory of her people

and feared by the rest of the world. We agree therefore rather with the larger view of her character taken by Lord Macaulay in the pages of this Journal when he said, 'Yet surely she was a great woman. Of all the sovereigns who exercised a power, which was seemingly absolute, but which in fact depended for support on the love and confidence of her subjects, she was by far the most illustrious. It was not by looking at the particular measures which Elizabeth had adopted, but by looking at the general principles of her government, that those who followed her were likely to learn the art of managing intractable subjects. Firm, haughty—sometimes cruel and unjust in her proceedings towards individuals and towards small parties—she avoided with care, or retracted with speed, any measure which seemed likely to alienate the great mass of the people.' With that fine instinct of the national will and the national interest which is the most rare and precious quality of great rulers of men, her heart beat in unison with the heart of England; and even her personal weaknesses never weakened her hold on the country.

Mr. Froude takes a far lower view of her character; but he describes in the following striking passage the perils, which in the year 1580 surrounded her throne:—

"Incurably convinced of her own supreme intelligence she would take no more of Cecil's counsel than such fragments as necessity enforced upon her, and these fragments, backed by the energy of a splendid nation, carried England, and Elizabeth with it, clear at last of the threatening breakers. The calamities of unprosperous reigns are charged upon sovereigns; and sovereigns therefore, it is but just, should be credited with their people's successes; but the personal contribution of Elizabeth to the final victory of Protestantism, was but in yielding at last to a stream which she had struggled against for thirty years. She believed in kings, and she possessed skill to hoodwink kings less able than herself; but there was a volcanic energy in Europe, as she was about to feel, beyond the reach of her diplomacy, passions deep as the hell which the Popes mistook for heaven, which were proof against paltry artifices, and could be encountered only with other passions preternatural as themselves. Philip might 'loiter in the ford' or halt upon his foot of lead. The Valois Princes and their mother might play with Huguenot and Papist, and fish for fortune or

safety in the troubled waters; but the European Catholics were no longer to be trifled with.

"Acute as Cecil was, he did not see the precise form in which the danger was approaching. He expected political coalitions; he had to encounter an invisible influence stealing into the heart of the realm; a power which, when it took earthly form, appeared in the shape of pale ascetics armed but with their breviaries, yet more terrible than the galleons of Philip, or the threatened legions of the Duke of Guise, England was considered on the continent to be the heart of heresy. It was in England that French, Flemings, Germans, Italians, Spaniards, fugitives for religion, found home and shelter. It was in England that the patriot armies recruited themselves; and the English Protestant congregations supplied the money that supported them. So long as England was unconquered, the Reformation was felt to be unconquerable, and it was the more exasperating because the English Catholics believed that, had they received the smallest practical assistance at Elizabeth's accession, they could have compelled her to remain in the Roman communion. Every year that had been allowed to pass had made recovery more difficult. Of the Catholic nobles some were dead, some were landless fugitives. The creed survived as a tradition, but the exercise of it was dying out. The more impetuous of the priests had gone abroad. Many had conformed; many had adhered to the faith, and said mass with the connivance of the Government in private houses. But they were dropping off, and the vacancies were not replenished. The old ceremonial was not yet forgotten, but was more and more faintly remembered. The longer the invasion was delayed the fainter the support which could be looked for in England itself, and the refugees, sick of pleading with Philip, had appealed with more success to the Pope and the Church. A new and passionate impulse had been given to the Catholic creed by St. Teresa and Ignatius Loyola. The Carmelite and Jesuit orders had revived something of the fervor of ancient Christendom, and personal and family ambition came to the help of religious enthusiasm. The Guises, as the leaders of the French Catholic aristocracy, intended, if the house of Valois failed, to snatch the crown from heretic Bourbons. The Guises' chance of success would be multiplied a hundred-fold if they could revolutionize England in the interests of Mary Stuart; while the singular fortune of that world-famed lady, her wild story, her exile, her imprisonment, her constancy to the faith of which she was the supposed martyr, set on fire the imaginations of half the youths in Europe. Philip it seemed would do nothing till the ground had first been broken by others. Well, then, others should break it. The refu-

gees at Rheims were in the closest intercourse with Guise. Sanders and many others of them were forever on the road between Brussels, Paris, Madrid, and the Vatican. A beginning had been made in Scotland. It had failed, but it could be attempted again, and the secret Catholic correspondence of the time reveals henceforward a connected and organized scheme, in which many different constituents were part of a single movement, the last issue of which was to be the entrance of the Duke of Guise into England over the Scotch Border." (Vol. v. pp. 167-9.)

The triple attack thus directed against her was marked by the successful efforts of the Guises to secure their ascendancy in Scotland over the mind of the youthful James, in which they were marvelously served by the influence and intrigues of Esmé d'Aubigny, afterwards Duke of Lenox, which cost the Regent Morton his life; by an incursion of Popish priests and Spanish and Italian adventurers on the coast of Ireland; and by a systematic attempt of the Jesuits to reconquer England to the Catholic faith.

No English historian has written of Ireland and the Irish in a more kindly and sympathizing spirit than Mr. Froude. He evidently likes that country and loves its warm-hearted inhabitants. Accordingly many of his most glowing pages are devoted to the wrongs of that unhappy people, and he denounces them with a severity he does not always inflict on deeds of bloodshed. In 1575 the Earl of Essex was reluctantly engaged in the harassing and cruel work of crushing Irish disturbances. He did his task with the same species of unrelenting indifference to life which has been exhibited in our own days by French commanders against the tribes of Kabylia, and may have been shown against insurgent Sepoys or New-Zealand savages—a detestable service detestably performed, which leads men to forget that their enemies are their fellow-creatures. One scene of this fearful warfare we must extract, for it is a masterpiece of tragic narrative:—

"On the coast of Antrim, not far from the Giant's Causeway, lies the singular Island of Rathlin. It is formed of basaltic rock, encircled with precipices, and is accessible only at a single spot. It contains an area of about 4,000 acres, of which a thousand are sheltered and capable of cultivation, the rest being

heather and rock. The approach is at all times dangerous; the tide sets fiercely through the strait which divides the island from the mainland, and when the wind is from the west, the Atlantic swell renders it impossible to land. The situation and the difficulty of access had thus long marked Rathlin as a place of refuge for Scotch or Irish fugitives, and besides its natural strength it was respected as a sanctuary, having been the abode at one time of St. Columba. A mass of broken masonry on a cliff overhanging the sea, is a remnant of the castle in which Robert Bruce watched the leap of the legendary spider. To this island, when Essex entered Antrim, Macconnell and the other Scots had sent their wives and children, their aged, and their sick for safety. On his way through Carrickfergus, when returning to Dublin, the Earl ascertained that they had not yet been brought back to their homes. The officer in command of the English garrison (it is painful to mention the name either of him or of any man concerned in what ensued) was John Norris, Lord Norris's second son, so famous afterwards in the Low Countries, grandson of Sir Henry Norris executed for adultery with Anne Boleyn. Three small frigates were in the harbor. The summer had been dry, hot, and windless. The sea was smooth; there was a light and favorable air from the east; and Essex directed Norris to take a company of soldiers with him, cross over and kill whatever he could find. The run up the Antrim coast was rapidly and quietly accomplished. Before an alarm could be given the English had landed, close to the ruins of the church which bears St. Columba's name. Bruce's castle was then standing, and was occupied by a score or two of Scots, who were in charge of the women. But Norris had brought cannon with him. The weak defences were speedily destroyed, and after a fierce assault, in which several of the garrison were killed, the chief who was in command offered to surrender, if he and his people were allowed to return to Scotland. The conditions were rejected; the Scots yielded at discretion, and every living creature in the place except the chief and his family, who were probably reserved for ransom, was immediately put to the sword. Two hundred were killed in the castle. It was then discovered that several hundred more, chiefly mothers and their little ones, were hidden in the caves about the shore. There was no remorse, not even the faintest shadow of perception that the occasion called for it. They were hunted out as if they had been seals or otters, and all destroyed. Surleyboy and the other chiefs, Essex coolly wrote, had sent their wives and children into the island, 'which be all taken and executed to the number of six hundred.' Surleyboy himself, he continued, 'stood upon the mainland of the Glynnnes

and saw the taking of the island, and was likely to have run mad for sorrow, tearing and tormenting himself, and saying that he there lost all that ever he had.'

"The impression left upon the mind by this horrible story is increased by the composure with which even the news of it was received. 'Yellow-haired Charley' might tear himself for 'his pretty little ones and their dam,' but in Ireland itself the massacre was not specially distinguished in the general system of atrocity. Essex described it himself as one of the exploits with which he was most satisfied, and Elizabeth in answer to his letters bade him tell John Norris, 'the executioner of his well-designed enterprise, that she would not be unmindful of his services.' But though passed over and unheeded at the time, and lying buried for three hundred years, the bloody stain comes back to light again, not in myth and legend, but in the original account of the nobleman by whose command the deed was done; and when the history of England's dealings with Ireland settles at last into its final shape, that hunt among the caves at Rathlin will not be forgotten." (Vol. xi. pp. 184-6.)\*

There is a ring of hatred in these last words which makes us wish they had not been written. For the welfare of Ireland it is far more to be desired that such deeds as "the hunt among the caves at Rathlin" *should* be forgotten. If blood is to call for blood, who is to sum up the dreadful account? On which side would the balance lie? We care not to inquire. But certainly, in Mr. Froude's own pages, the most active and treacherous agent of Irish strife are the Irish chieftains themselves. A Desmond and a Geraldine were enemies as fierce as ever Saxon and Celt; and in justice to the Government of Ireland by Elizabeth during this part of her reign, it should be remembered that after the deliberate invasion of the country by Sanders had been defeated in Smerwick Bay, the rebellion was crushed, and the country enjoyed comparative peace under the government of Sir John Parrot for many

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\* The only authority for this touching story is to be found in Essex's own despatches to Walsingham and to the Queen—the latter in the Carew Papers. They are written in a dry soldier-like manner, with entire unconsciousness that anything more had happened than the usual fate of a place taken by assault. The graphic skill of the historian has given to these dead bones life, and added one more pang to the sorrows of Ireland.



years. In the following passage Mr. Froude does justice to the conquerors and to the conquered:—

"So ended a rebellion which a mere handful of English had sufficed to suppress, though three-quarters of Ireland had been heart and soul concerned in it, and though the Irish themselves man for man were no less hardy and brave than their conquerors. The victory was terribly purchased. The entire province of Munster was utterly depopulated. Hecatombs of helpless creatures, the aged, and the sick, and the blind, the young mother and the babe at the breast, had fallen under the English sword, and though the authentic details of the struggle have been forgotten, the memory of a vague horror remains imprinted in the national traditions.

"Had no Saxon set foot on Irish shores, the tale of slaughter would have been as large or larger. To plunder and to kill, to massacre families of enemies, and to return to their dens with the spoil, while bards and harpers celebrated their triumphs, was the one occupation held in honor by the Celtic chiefs, and the Irish as a nation only began to exist when English rule at last made life and property secure. But England still pays the penalty in the hearts of an alienated race for the means by which it forced them into obedience. Millions upon millions of Celts have been enabled to exist, who, but for England, would never have been born—but those millions, not wholly without justice, treasure up the bitter memories of the wrongs of their ancestors." (Vol. v. pp. 259, 260.)

After this painful contest the name of Ireland appears no more in this history until the wrecks of the Armada were scattered along the coasts of Sligo and Connemara.

We now approach a transaction which raises a very interesting question as to the fundamental principles of the policy of Elizabeth towards the Catholic Church, and here Mr. Froude takes a view opposed to that of some of the best modern authorities, though consistent with the declarations of her own agents. As we have already remarked, he starts from the position that Elizabeth was in religious matters essentially latitudinarian and tolerant of speculative differences as long as the laws of the realm were obeyed. Such, he thinks, was her spirit; it showed that "even in the sixteenth century there were minds which theology had failed to calcine." She declared to the Spanish ambassador that "in spiritual matters she believed as they did." Barring the supremacy of the

Pope, which interfered with her own, Mr. Froude conceives that her sympathies were Catholic rather than Protestant. Thus he affirms:—

"Elizabeth boasted with justice that no Catholic had as yet suffered in England for his religious opinions. The laws against the Catholic services were technically severe; but for twenty years they had been evaded with the frank connivance of the authorities. The Queen had repressed sternly the persecuting zeal of her own bishops. Priests of the old sort were still to be found in every part of England, though in diminished numbers, saying mass in private houses, while justices of the peace looked away or were present themselves. Nuns were left unmolested under the roofs of Catholic ladies, pursuing their own devotions in their own way, and were denied nothing but a publicity of worship which might have provoked a riot. Whatever had been the Queen's motive, she had refused to let the succession be determined, and the Catholics could look forward to seeing again a sovereign of their own creed. She required nothing but political obedience and outward submission to the law, and with the average Englishmen of native growth and temperament, loyalty was an article of faith which the excommunication had failed to shake." (Vol. v. p. 306.)

If these were her real opinions, she obtained but little credit for them among the Catholics either at home or abroad; and, in fact, Mr. Froude overlooks in this passage some of the most important measures for the establishment of Protestant uniformity which he has previously recorded. It was a frequent boast of the Queen and of Burghley (who wrote two very disingenuous pamphlets in support of the assertion) that no Catholic had suffered persecution in her reign for his religious faith, apart from political disaffection. This statement has been repeated by Camden, and in our own time by Southey ("Book of the Church," vol. ii. p. 285), and it is accepted by Mr. Froude. Yet we are convinced that it is substantially untrue, and we oppose to these assertions the weighty argument of Mr. Hallam, who discusses and disposes of the question.\* Nor is the plea of much avail even if it were true: to persecute from religious zeal is a misconception of the law of God and an outrage on the rights of conscience; but to feign religious zeal where

\* Constitutional History, chap. iii.

none exists, for the purpose of justifying and arming political persecution with religious pretences, is yet more odious and criminal. Yet if Elizabeth were, as Mr. Froude supposes, cased in a philosophical indifference to creeds and points of faith, this would be her real offence.

It is true that the Act of 1562, which imposed on all the Queen's subjects the oath of supremacy, subject, in the event of refusal, to the penalties of high treason, was not rigorously enforced for several years. The massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the bull of Pius V. against the Queen, provoked a more active hostility to the Catholics, and the Act 13 Eliz. cap. 2, extended the penalties of high treason to any person reconciling another to the Romish Church or concealing such offender. To hear mass was made the subject of inquisition, and sometimes punished even by torture. In 1581 the course of legislation grew more intolerant: the penalties of recusancy, that is, of absenting one's self from church, were made more severe. But already, in 1577, one Mayne was hanged at Launceston without any charge against him except his religion, and there are other examples of direct persecution.\* The State Papers are full of warrants for the investigation of theological opinions of all sorts and conditions of men; in the inns of court, at the universities, and amongst the common people.

Such was the state of the law and the policy of the Government when, in 1581, a party of youthful Catholic zealots, originally trained at Oxford, but subsequently removed to Rheims, and professed Jesuits, formed the design of a spiritual incursion or mission into the hot-bed of the Reformation.

It deserves observation that Mr. Froude has prefixed to the narrative, on which he is now about to enter with his wonted fervor, a short account of a

visit made to the Vatican by *two other* young English Jesuits, Tyrrell and Ballard, towards the end of the pontificate of Gregory XIII., which he conceives to be "a fit introduction to the invasion of Parsons and Campian." Tyrrell and Ballard desired to learn from the lips of the Pope himself whether any one who, for the benefit of the Church, attempted to destroy the Queen of England, should have for the fact his pardon. They saw Pope Gregory, and, if Tyrrell's subsequent confession (probably given under torture) is to be believed, the Pope assured them that, as for the taking away of that impious Jezebel, the act would be not only worthy of approval, but the doer of it would deserve canonization. Tyrrell and Ballard lived to apply these precepts and to suffer for them, for they were implicated in the Babington conspiracy and put to death on that occasion.

But, as Mr. Froude goes on to inform us, the "fit introduction" took place "*four years later* than the events now to be detailed:" that is to say, that where-as a plot against the life of the Queen was organized in 1586 by Tyrrell and Ballard, who were Jesuits, with the consent of the then Pope, it may be inferred that other Jesuits who came to England several years before for a different purpose, were really intent upon the same design, or in other words, that Campian and Parsons were no less justly executed for high treason than Tyrrell and Ballard. A most unusual and illogical inference, which begs the whole question in dispute.

The Catholic priests who founded the English seminaries of Douay and Rheims had been persons in authority at Oxford in the reign of Queen Mary. They were not hastily driven out by her successor, but, after Leicester became Chancellor of the University, it assumed a more Protestant character; the oath of allegiance and subscription to the Articles was exacted from them, and they withdrew for conscience' sake to the Continent. Mr. Froude says, "They preferred their creed to their country," as if that were an offence. But when the Pilgrim Fathers of America preferred their creed to their country, it was held to be, as it is, a title to glory.

Among these Fathers, Edmund Campian and Robert Parsons found a congenial refuge. They were young men

\* Mr. Froude, alluding to this case, states that Cuthbert Mayne was taken with copies of the Bull of Pope Pius about him, and therefore hanged for high treason. To which he adds the following remark:—"This, and similar executions are now held to have been needless cruelties. But were a Brahmin to be found in the quarters of a Sepoy regiment scattering incendiary addresses from Nana Sahib, he would be hanged also." Does this illustration imply that the state of the kingdom of England under Elizabeth in 1578 was as the state of India in the mutiny of 1857?

of singular talent and ardent faith, with courage to encounter death in the cause of their Church and of their Catholic fellow-countrymen. In entering the Order of Jesus they dedicated their lives to a work of which they perfectly knew the cost. If the soldiers of the army of Loyola were to live up to their profession and to wage continual war on heresy, nowhere more than in England had they adversaries to encounter, friends to support, and a cause to save. The conversion of England was the eager object of their ambition: but it was some time before the superior of the Order, aware of the certain destruction which awaited them, would allow any Jesuit missionaries at all to be sent to this country. Yet the call of the Church was urgent, for Mendoza reports to Philip in 1578, that "till lately there were but few priests left in England, and religion was dying out for want of teachers." These young men, disguised as laymen, threw themselves into the breach, travelled about, administered the sacraments, preached, and accepted martyrdom with cheerful fortitude when it was required of them. The immediate result was such a revival of Catholic zeal as had not been witnessed since the accession of Elizabeth. If, as Mr. Froude admits, about half the population of England was at this time Catholic, by what other means than by such missions as these could Catholics be admitted to the rites of their Church? To proscribe an entire priesthood was a strange mode of tolerating a creed. It was the duty of the Church abroad to supply at all risks ministers to this deserted flock; and, to their eternal honor, men have never been wanting to tread the fiery path of duty, when they conceive that the cause they have in hand is the cause of God. Mr. Froude says that these ex-students of Oxford were "saturated with sentimental devotionism," that "the poison of asps was under their lips;" and that "though there was something lamblike in the disposition of more than one of them, even the lamb, when infected by theological fanaticism, secretes a virus in his teeth, and his bite is deadly as a rattlesnake's." These metaphorical illustrations (which are not in good taste) only prove how differently men may judge of human motives and actions. We have as little sympathy as

Mr. Froude with the Jesuits or the doctrines of the Romish Church. But when we are told that these priests were eager and resolute to lay down their lives in the service of their Church and their order, for the purpose of rescuing the souls of their countrymen from what they believed to be a mortal error—when we see them following, not figuratively, but really, in the steps of their Divine Master to a painful and ignominious death, rather than forego one tittle of the faith they professed, we feel that whatever may have been their errors or delusions, the sincerity of their lives and the heroism of their deaths might at least save them from insult. "My soul," said Campian in a letter still preserved in our Records, "is in my own hands ever. Let such as you send take count of this always: the solaces that are intermeddled with the miseries are so great that they not only countervail the fear of what temporal government soever, but by infinite sweetness make all worldly pains seem nothing." The object of many an action may be mistaken or unworthy, yet the inward impulse of the soul—the spirit of self-sacrifice—the passionate desire to do the will of God, which seem to dictate that action, still dignify the life of man, and shed an imperishable glory round the head of the martyr. Judged by human laws alone, not a few of those who have laid down their lives for mankind and for the faith which was in them may have committed treasons. Weighed by its results, the sum-total of human action is often very small, false, and miserable; judged by the lofty spirit in which such actions may be undertaken, there is, even in the worst of them, something divine.

But it is now time to put the question, which, as it appears to us, Mr. Froude does not answer—Were these Catholic emissaries guilty of any crime or offence whatever, beyond an infraction of that monstrous Statute of the 13 Elizabeth above referred to, which visited a reconciliation with Rome with the penalties of high treason, and virtually drove the priests out of the country? They were tried, however, not under that Statute, but under the Statute of Treasons of Edward III., and the charge against Campian and fourteen others was for having conspired to deprive the Queen

of her style and dignity, with having come to England to seduce her subjects from their allegiance, and with having attempted to induce strangers to invade the realm. The offence charged against them was therefore purely political; the acts they had committed were purely religious; and because they were falsely convicted on the political charge, we are told that they were not persecuted for religion's sake. Mr. Froude has with perfect candor and truth stated the true object of Campian's mission:—

"It was essential that the mission should bear the character of a purely religious crusade, that those who became martyrs should appear as martyrs for their faith, without note or taint of treason on them. To make converts would be entirely sufficient for the purposes of the intended insurrection. Enthusiastic Catholics (and converts were always enthusiastic) could be relied on with confidence when the army of liberation should appear. Campian, therefore, was directed to *keep strictly to the work of conversion, not to mix himself with politics*, to avoid all mention of public matters in his letters to the General, and never to speak against the Queen except in the presence of persons of known and tried orthodoxy." (Vol. v. p. 314.)

His conduct in England was answerable to this design. He preached, he argued on matters of faith, whenever the occasion was vouchsafed to him; he sought to confirm the weak—to convert the doubtful. His success was considerable. His "Ten Reasons" threw Oxford and the Catholic world into enthusiasm. Popularity attached itself to this mysterious apostle of Rome. Elizabeth herself was anxious, after his arrest, to see him.

"Neither the Queen nor Leicester had forgotten the brilliant youth who had flattered them at Oxford. The Earl sent for him; and being introduced into a private room, he found himself in the presence of Elizabeth herself. She wished to give him a chance of saving himself. She asked whether he regarded her as his lawful sovereign. The relaxation of the Bull allowed him to say that he did. She asked whether he thought that the Bishop of Rome could lawfully excommunicate her. A distinct declaration of loyalty, a frank repudiation of the temporal pretensions of the Pope, were all that was required of him. He would not make either. He said that he was no umpire between parties so far above him, he could not decide a question on which the learned were divided. He would pay her Ma-

jesty what was hers, but he must pay to God what was God's. He was returned to the Tower with directions that he should be kindly treated; but Burghley's determination prevailed over Elizabeth's good-nature." (Vol. v. p. 346.)\*

Elizabeth's good-nature, however, consigned him six days afterwards to the rack; and when the rack failed to extort a confession of political plots, of which we have just been told he was wholly ignorant, needles were run under the nails of his toes and fingers. The wounds were visible on his broken bleeding corpse after his death. A few weeks afterwards he and his companions were arraigned. Campian was unable to raise his arm to plead, for it was broken at the joints. A verdict of guilty followed, and as the Duc d'Alençon had just returned to England to marry the Queen, "it was considered that the punishment of the Jesuits during his stay in London would quiet the apprehensions of the country." Campian was the first to suffer. Criers were employed to bawl in his dying ears that the crime for which he was about to die was not religion but treason. He replied in his last moments on the scaffold, "We are come here to die, but we are no traitors. I am a Catholic man and a priest. In that faith I have lived. In that faith I mean to die. If you consider my religion treason, then I am guilty. Other treason I never committed any, as God is my judge."

A bystander exclaimed—and Mr. Froude says *justly*—"In your Catholicism all treason is contained!" and he further adds:—

"The mere execution of these Jesuits, if political executions can be defended at all, was as justifiable as that of the meanest villain or wildest enthusiast who ever died upon the scaffold. Treason is a crime for which per-

\* Campian's singularly elegant and interesting "History of Ireland," written in 1571, was dedicated to Leicester as High Chancellor of Oxford, and he refers particularly to the kindness he had received from his patron. "How often at Oxford, how often at the Court, how at Ryecot, how at Windsor, how by letter, how by reports, you have not ceased to furnish with advice and to countenance with authority, the hope and expectation of me a single student." Campian was therefore well known to Leicester and doubtless to the Queen.

sonal virtue is neither protection nor excuse. To plead in condemnation of severity, either the general innocence or the saintly intentions of the sufferers, is beside the issue; and if it be lawful in defence of national independence to kill open enemies in war, it is more lawful to execute the secret conspirator who is teaching doctrines, in the name of God, which are certain to be fatal to it." (Vol. v. p. 360.)

But if the religion of these priests was not held to be a crime meriting death, there is not a shadow of proof that they deserved to be regarded as "secret conspirators" at all. All the spies of Burghley and Walsingham, backed by all the terrors of the torture-room in the Tower, had failed to bring home to them one single action more reprehensible than their defence of the tenets of their Church. Mr. Hallam, who reviews the case with his wonted impartiality, declares that "nothing I have read affords the slightest proof of Campian's concern in treasonable practices, though his connections as a Jesuit render it by no means unlikely." But are men to be tortured and put to death because suspicion attaches to their order and their creed? or is it any justification of this judicial murder that Philip was intriguing against the Queen; that the last Pope had deposed her by a powerless Bull; that the Guises had recovered their influence in Scotland, and sent Morton to the scaffold; or that the Duc d'Alençon had obtained from Elizabeth a false promise of her hand? We have entered in some detail upon the particulars of this dreadful case, because it is eminently characteristic of the spirit which pervades this history. To argue, in the words of Mr. Froude, that "it is *more* lawful to execute the secret conspirator who is teaching doctrines fatal to national independence than it is to kill open enemies in war," is to subvert the very foundations of law and justice. Nay, that is the very doctrine by which the Inquisition attempted to justify its most abominable crimes, and by which every act of lawless tyranny committed in the world might be defended. The facts, as related by Mr. Froude, appear to us to disprove conclusively of the monstrous pretension that Catholics under Elizabeth did not suffer for their creed, but for their political crimes. The truth is that

under her reign about 200 Catholics were put to death; fifteen for denying the Queen's supremacy, 126 for exercising their ministry, and the rest for being reconciled to the Romish Church.

It is a relief to turn from these scenes of bigotry and bloodshed to the matrimonial adventures of the Queen with the Duc d'Alençon. The farce comes after the tragedy, and the humors of Elizabeth are related by Mr. Froude with great spirit and hilarity. The time was passed when it could be hoped that the marriage of the Queen would secure the succession by giving a direct heir to the English throne. A union between a Princess of forty-six and a Catholic Prince young enough to have been her son was odious and offensive to the nation. Alençon himself was "a small, brown creature, deeply pock-marked, with a large head, a knobbed nose, and a hoarse croaking voice, but whether in contradiction, or from whatever cause, she professed to be enchanted with him." She called him her "frog"—a frog-prince beneath whose hideousness lay enchanted, visible only to a lover's eye, a form of preternatural beauty.

Whatever may have been Elizabeth's real intentions, and we believe she always intended to make a dupe of him, the project of this marriage suited her political convenience. In spite of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the duplicity of Catherine de Medici, and the profligacy of Henry III., she had contrived to remain on good terms with the Court of France. Common enemies made them friends. The Guises and Philip II. were dreaded and detested alike at Greenwich and at Blois. The fixed policy of Elizabeth was to play off the French against the Spaniards, and, if possible, to engage them in war with each other, without herself taking part in it. The vision of a marriage with herself was the lure she used, with indifferent success, for this purpose. Henry III. had refused to give active assistance to the insurgents in the Low Countries, but Alençon, hoping to turn the Netherlands into a kingdom for himself, or to annex them to France if he succeeded his brother, proposed to assist Orange for two months with 12,000 men, at his own charge. The expedition was one of the strange volunteer enterprises

of the time—but stranger still, Elizabeth privately sent word to Alençon that she would in a sort consent to his enterprise and concur in it, if he would act with herself and under her direction. It would be too long to trace the innumerable windings of these intrigues, in which the Queen betrayed every one in turn; but she had thus made herself a partner in Alençon's speculations, to an extent which eventually cost her large sums of money, and the marriage treaty with which she flattered his vanity and ambition, was probably only a part of the scheme to keep him in her power. In November, 1581—

"Alençon was again in England without the knowledge and against the wishes of his brother, who did not wish to be made increasingly ridiculous. He slipped across in disguise from Dieppe. An escort waited for him at Rye, and at the beginning of November he appeared in London. The enchanted frog of the fairy tale was present in all its hideousness, and the lovely lady was to decide if she would consent to be his bride. Walsingham, who detested the whole business, concluded now, like Burghley, that having gone so far she must carry it to the end. He praised Monsieur to the Queen. He said that he had an excellent understanding; his ugly face was the worst part of him. 'Then, thou knave,' she said, 'why hast thou so many times said ill of him? Thou art as changeable as a weathercock.' The analogy suited better with herself. On his first arrival little seems to have been said about the marriage, the Queen trying to lay him under obligations to her in other ways, which could not be spoken of in treaties. He was heir to the French crown. The Guises and the enemies of religion interfered with his legitimate influence and threatened to obstruct his succession. If he would maintain the edicts, 'her Highness promised all her power to support him and impugn his contraries.' He had 'taken on him the protection of the Low Countries.' 'Her Majesty would aid and succor him as far as she might with the contributions of her realm and people.' But if this would satisfy Alençon it would not satisfy France. Since the Duke had chosen to come to England, the French Government desired to be informed of the probable results of his visit, and three weeks after his arrival Mauvissière waited on the Queen to learn what he might write to his master.

"It was the 22d of November. She had settled for the winter at Greenwich. She was taking her morning walk in the gallery with Alençon at her side, and Leicester and

Walsingham behind, when Mauvissière was introduced. He put his question with a Frenchman's politeness. 'Write this to your master,' she answered: 'the Duke will be my husband.' With a sudden impulse she turned upon Monsieur, kissed his brown lips, took a ring from her finger and placed it herself on his hand. She sent for the ladies and gentlemen of the household and presented Monsieur to them as their future master. She despatched a messenger to tell Burghley, who was confined to his bed with the gout. He drew a long breath of satisfied relief. 'Blessed be God,' he exclaimed; 'her Majesty has done her part; the realm must complete the rest.' Letters were sent out to summon Parliament immediately. Couriers flew to Paris with the news, and for a few days every one believed that the subject of such weary negotiations was settled at last.

"But Burghley and all others were once more deceived. Not only was nothing settled, but Elizabeth neither meant anything to be settled nor even believed at the time that she meant it. Hatton, her 'sheep,' as Mendoza ascertained, came to her afterwards with tears running down his cheeks: well as he knew her, the gift of the ring had frightened him, and he bleated about the grief of her people. Leicester asked her sarcastically whether they were to consider her as betrothed. She assured them both tenderly that they had nothing to fear. She meant to demand concessions to which the French King would not consent. Leicester thought she had gone dangerously far. Hatton asked how she would extricate herself if the King did consent. 'With words,' she answered, 'the coin most current with the French: when the field is large and the soldiers cowards there are always means of creeping out.'" (Vol. v. pp. 445-7.)

Having gone thus far, the next thing was to get rid of so importunate a lover.

"But how to shake off Alençon? The Queen had brought him over, and now both with herself and the Council the first object was to rid the realm of him. It was represented to him, that his honor was suffering through Parma's conquests, that the marriage at all events could not take place immediately, and that his presence was required at Antwerp. The Queen promised him unlimited supplies of money, a promise however which, if Simier was to be believed, she hoped to escape from keeping. In public she affected the deepest sorrow at the Duke's compelled departure. In private she danced for joy at the thought that she would see him no more. Struggling and complaining, the victim of her caprices submitted to be pushed along. He said it was but too clear that she did not love him, and that his own devotion deserved a

better return. She swore that her desire that he should go rose only from her anxiety for his welfare. He said he could not go. He had her word, her letter, and her ring, and he would not leave her till she was his wife. She set Cecil upon him, who for very shame was as earnest for his departure as herself. She availed herself of the Spanish leanings of the Council. She thought, according to Simier, of declaring publicly that she was going over to the Spanish side in the hope that Alençon would be recalled at once by the French Court. He was told that he had better go before the 1st of January or he would have to make a New Year's present to the Queen. Anything to be quit of him. That was the necessity of the present hour; the next might care for itself.

"Her changes had been so many and so violent that Burghley once more asked her if she was really and finally decided. She said she would not be Alençon's wife to be empress of the universe. If this was true, the longer he remained the greater the danger; and Burghley again urged him to be gone. He said he had only meddled with the Provinces in the hope of marrying the Queen; if she would not have him, he would concern himself no further with them; he would complain to every prince in Christendom of the wrong which he had suffered, and his brother would see him avenged. Burghley could prevail nothing. The Queen took him in hand herself. She said she could not marry a Catholic. He swore he loved her so that he would turn Protestant for her sake. She told him she could not conquer her disinclination; she was sorry, but such was the fact. Might she not be a friend and s'ter to him? In a tumult of agitation he declared that he had suffered anguish from his passion for her. He had dared the ill opinion of all the Catholics in Europe. He had run a thousand risks for her, and sooner than leave England without her, he would rather they both perished.

"The Queen, agitated or professing to be agitated in turn, exclaimed 'that he must not threaten a poor old woman in her own kingdom; passion not reason spoke in him,' she said, 'or she would think him mad. She begged him not to use such dreadful words.'

"No, no, Madame," croaked the poor Prince, 'you mistake; I meant no hurt to your blessed person. I meant only that I would sooner be cut in pieces than not marry you and so be laughed at by the world.'

"With these words he burst into tears. The Queen gave him her handkerchief to wipe his eyes with, and in this charming situation the curtain drops over the scene." (Vol. v. pp. 449-51.)

Yet this was not all.

"Alternately worried and cajoled, the un-

fortunate Prince at last consented to go, on condition that the Queen would so far compromise herself as to give him money to pay an army of Germans; that Leicester and Howard should accompany him to Holland, and that he might look forward to returning in a few months to claim her hand. Words cost her nothing. She promised faithfully to marry him as soon as circumstances allowed. To part with money was a hard trial, but she dared not refuse. She gave him thirty thousand pounds, with bills for twenty thousand more; the bills, however, were not to be immediately cashed, and she left herself time to cancel them if she altered her mind.

"She accompanied him to Canterbury, lavishing freely, as he was really going, her oaths and protestations that she would be his wife, Lord Sussex listening with disgust to what he knew to be falsehood and absurdity. She bade him write to her, and address his letters as to his wife the Queen of England; while to France she sung the same tune, swearing that she would do anything that Henry wished when immediate fulfilment could be no longer demanded of her. The English lords conveyed their charge to Flushing, where they left him, as Leicester scornfully said, stranded like a bulk upon a sandbank. He was installed as Duke of Brabant, and the States took an oath of allegiance to him, Leicester jesting at the ceremony as a pageant and idle illusion. The Prince of Orange intimated that he was accepted by the States only as a pledge that England would support them; if England failed them, they would not trust their fortunes to so vain an idiot; while in affected agony at his loss, she declared that she could not bear to think of her poor Frog suffering in those stagnant marshes, and that she would give a million to have him swimming in the Thames again." (Vol. v. pp. 453, 454.)

The Babington conspiracy was the last and the most formidable of the great plots intended to overthrow the Protestant throne of England by foreign invasion, by restoring Mary Stuart to power and liberty, and as a preliminary step, by the murder of Elizabeth. The principal persons implicated in this audacious attempt were convicted on the clearest evidence, which was confirmed by their own mutual denunciations and confessions, and is now further corroborated by the correspondence preserved in the archives of Spain. The plan was to despatch the Queen first, and afterwards Cecil, Walsingham, Hunsdon, and Knollys. This being done the sanguine Mendoza, who was then in Paris, cognizant of all, thought the revolution would be

accomplished on the spot. Philip II., delighted that Mary had bequeathed to himself her right of succession to the crown, to the exclusion of her heretical son, authorized Mendoza to give the Catholics the most positive assurances of his active support, and even ordered the Prince of Parina to sail instantly for the shores of England on hearing that Babington had accomplished his object. Within a few months of this time the Prince of Orange had been "taken off" by similar means, no doubt the danger of Elizabeth was extreme, and the ruffians and fanatics who had contrived the plot richly deserved the fate which overtook them.

But the principal interest of the Babington conspiracy lies in the fact that it cost, not Queen Elizabeth, but Queen Mary, her life: that it was deliberately and designedly used by the Ministers of Elizabeth to bring her rival to destruction, and that although Walsingham certainly did not originate the plot of Babington, he encouraged, directed, and even assisted it for the purpose of turning it to the total ruin of its authors. Mr. Froude calls this counterplot of Walsingham's "an ingenious plan to obtain political information;" whilst he reserves for his opponents the remark, "that human obligations are but as straws before the fascinations of theology; but there is no villany which religious temptation will not sometimes elevate into the counterfeit of virtue." But the fact is that theology and religion have nothing to do with the matter. Walsingham acted no doubt from patriotism and loyalty to his sovereign. But high motives sometimes render men only the more insensible to the wickedness and infamy of the means they employ. That was the accursed doctrine of the Jesuits, which hurried them into a thousand crimes. But we are at a loss, on grounds of truth and morality, to distinguish from the worst of their practices the final practices of Walsingham and Elizabeth against Mary Stuart.

The scheme was to obtain such a command over the secret correspondence of the imprisoned Queen, without her suspecting it, that she might gradually be led on to furnish under her own hand evidence of a conspiracy sufficient to bring her within the provisions of the

Statutes of Treason. We shall describe the method taken to effect this object in Mr. Froude's words:—

"There was one way, and perhaps only one, by which all these questions could be answered. The Queen of Scots must be again enabled to open a correspondence which she and her friends could believe to be perfectly safe, and her letters and theirs must be passed through the hands of Walsingham. Round her, so long as she lived, conspiracy, whether European or English, necessarily gathered. Nothing had been done in the past, and nothing had been projected, on which her advice had not been first asked and taken. She had agents at every Court, who took pains that at least to her every fibre of the truth should be known. Political correspondence throughout her residence in England had been the occupation of her life. So long as she resided with Lord Shrewsbury her servants had been under loose surveillance. They walked and rode where they pleased. They visited their neighbors and received visits in return. Both they and their mistresses required their wardrobes to be replenished, their libraries to be supplied with fresh volumes from London and Paris. Luxuries and necessities came continually to Sheffield, and sometimes letters were enclosed in the frames of the boxes, or concealed beneath the linings or between the planks. Sometimes a small roll of paper was sewn into the hollowed heel of a new shoe or boot. Sometimes a set of handkerchiefs from the milliner would be written over with invisible ink, or again, ciphers intelligible to herself or her secretary were noted on the margins of new books." (Vol. vi. pp. 210, 211.)

After her removal to Tutbury under the stricter jailership of Sir Amyas Paulet, the control over her correspondence was more severe. It was therefore necessary to afford to the Queen a special mode of carrying it on, which she should deem impregnable secret, but which should all the time place her most private thoughts in the hands of her accusers.

"Delicate contrivance was necessary. It would be unsafe to admit the castle officers into the secret, and the usual inspection therefore would have to continue, and be in some way evaded. Her own suspicions, also, would be excited if access to her was suddenly made easy. One letter or one packet would not be enough. What Walsingham wanted was a sustained, varied correspondence with many persons, protracted for an indefinite time—with the Pope, with Philip, with her son, with the Arch-



bishop of Glasgow, with Guise, Mendoza, and the English refugees. In possession of this, he could either convince his mistress of her own unwisdom, or satisfy himself that she was right, and that the treaty might safely go forward. But the problem was an extremely difficult one. He must find some one who could obtain the confidence of all these persons, and induce them to trust him with their letters. He must in some way or other enable this person to convey the letters to the Queen of Scots and convey back her answers. He dared not venture the experiment without Elizabeth's permission. She gave it, and she kept the secret to herself." (Vol. vi. p. 212.)

The plan was this. A double-dyed scoundrel was found by Walsingham, who, whilst he belonged to the honorable Catholic family of Gifford, and had been brought up a seminary priest, nevertheless offered his services to the English Government to betray the party to which he belonged. He had every qualification to inspire confidence to his victims, and every gift of baseness to adapt him to the purpose of his employers. Even his father's house had the advantage of adjoining the estates of Chartley, to which Mary had now been removed, and he knew the locality like a school-boy.

"At once there dropped upon her, as if from an invisible hand, a ciphered letter from her faithful Morgan. Paulet had been taken into confidence, with Philipps, Walsingham's secretary, an accomplished master of the art of cipher, and one other person whose assistance Philipps had secured—a brewer at Burton who supplied Chartley with ale. A separate cask was furnished for the Queen of Scots' ladies and secretaries; a hint was in some way conveyed to Nau to examine it closely, and when the ale was drawn off there was found at the bottom a small watertight box of wood, in which was Morgan's packet. It contained an introduction of Gilbert Gifford, as 'a Catholic gentleman, well brought up in learning,' on whom the Queen of Scots might thoroughly depend, and with whose assistance she might correspond with himself and with her other friends in England and elsewhere. The cask came in weekly. The box re-enclosed in the empty barrel would carry out her answers, and the chain of communication was at once complete.

"The brewer had been purchased by high and complicated bribes. He was first paid by Walsingham; next he was assured of lavish rewards from the Queen of Scots, which to secure her confidence it was necessary to per-

mit him to receive. Lastly, like a true English scoundrel, he used the possession of a State secret to exact a higher price for his beer. Philipps came to reside at Chartley under the pretence of assisting Paulet in the management of the house. Every letter conveyed to the Queen of Scots and every letter which she sent in return was examined and copied by him before it was forwarded to its destination, and Morgan's introduction of Gifford, which betrayed her into Walsingham's hands, was the first on which he had to exercise his skill." (Vol. vi. pp. 218, 219.)

Thus accredited and introduced, Gifford became master of the Queen's correspondence, and other agents skilled in the base arts of deciphering and unsealing letters were sent down to Chartley to avoid all suspicious delay in the transmission of the papers. The copies of these deciphered letters which were made for Burghley, Walsingham, and Elizabeth, are still in the State Paper Office.

It must be remembered that at the time this detestable expedient was invented to entrap Mary into dangerous disclosures, no conspiracy was in existence. Mary was removed to Chartley in September, 1585. Gifford was introduced to her as a trustworthy agent in October. No doubt Mary corresponded with the Catholic Powers: she was eagerly intent on the recovery of her freedom and on the interests of her party throughout Europe. But was there anything criminal or treasonable in her correspondence? That was the question. It was fully six months after the letters of Mary were systematically stolen, broken open, and re-copied by the agents of Walsingham, that the Babington conspiracy first gave signs of its existence in England. Ballard, the prime mover in it, was one of those fanatics, mentioned by Mr. Froude for another purpose, who had obtained the sanction of Gregory XIII. to the crime of regicide. Six young men of family were associated with him, and bound themselves by vows and oaths to commit the murder.

Mr. Froude justly remarks, that "if there was a person from whom the conspiracy ought most carefully to have been concealed, that person was Mary Stuart," except as regarded her own deliverance from captivity. Nevertheless Morgan, her agent in Paris, had the folly

to introduce Babington to her as a person who might be trusted, and to place them in communication by sending them copies of the same cipher. Babington addressed letters to Mary full of mysterious hints, and Morgan himself had the imprudence to tell her in a post-script, "There be many means in hand to remove *the beast that troubles all the world*." Elizabeth, too, read the words, and endured the danger in order, says Mr. Froude, "to test her kinswoman to the bottom." But as yet Mary had only vouchsafed to Babington a few lines of courteous recognition. On the 11 July, Babington wrote again to the Queen, giving her full details of the intended plot, and adding: "For the dispatch of the usurper from the obedience of whom they were by the excommunication of his Holiness made free, there were six gentlemen, his private friends, who, for the zeal they bore to the cause and her Majesty's service, were ready to undertake that tragical execution."

"The interest grew deeper. Babington's letter was given immediately to Gifford; it was examined by Walsingham before it left London, and was forwarded by the usual road; and Philipps, who had been in London and had there deciphered it, returned to Paullet at Chartley to watch the effects. Mary Stuart knew Philipps by sight; a spare, pock-marked, impassive, red-haired man, something over thirty. She had been already struck by his appearance. Morgan had suggested that he might not be proof against a bribe. She had tried him gently and without success, but she had no particular suspicion of him. He knew the moment when the letter reached her. He knew that she had read it. When she drove out in her carriage afterwards she passed him and he bowed respectfully.

"'I had a smiling countenance,' he said, but I thought of the verse—

"Cum tibi dicit Ave, sicut ab hoste cave."

Some remorse he could not choose but feel. She was in his toils, and he was too certain that she would be meshed in them. Another letter from her and the work would be done:

"'We attend,' he wrote, 'her very heart at the next.'" (Vol. vi. p. 238.)

To this letter, five days afterwards, Queen Mary's answer was returned. It was written, as afterwards appeared by the confessions of her secretaries, in the usual manner in which she conducted her secret correspondence. She dictated in

French to Nau the substance of what she wished to say; Curle translated it into English and ciphered it. On this occasion she wrote to Charles Paget, to Mendoza, to the French ambassador in London, to Madrid, letters expressing her conviction that arrangements had been made for her own escape, and that, with the aid of Spain, the rebellion which would ensue must succeed. Lastly, she answered the letter of Babington in a manner which showed her entire knowledge of the plot. "When all is ready," she said, "the six gentlemen must be set to work, and *you will provide that on their design being accomplished, I may be rescued from this place, &c.*" That letter, which was written and sent in spite of an express remonstrance from her own secretaries, cost Mary her life. The arrest of the conspirators, the transfer of Mary to Tixall, the seizure of all her papers at Chartley, the resolution to bring her to trial on this evidence, and her condemnation, immediately followed.

Looking at this question judicially, it is to be regretted that in this, as in the former instance of the inquiry into the murder of Darnley, the most decisive points of the evidence against the Queen do not exist, and were not produced, in an incontrovertible form, but as copies.\* The Queen's letter to Babington of the 11 July was perhaps burnt, as she enjoined on him: at any rate it was not produced at the trial. The document which was produced was the deciphered copy in the possession of Walsingham.

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\* The same remark applies to the Casket letters, which were the most damning portion of the evidence produced against Queen Mary before the Commissions at York and at Westminster, and the doubt attached to their authenticity is still the great argument used by Mary's defenders. This argument has been revived with considerable ability by Mr. Hosack, in a volume lately published under the title "Mary, Queen of Scots, and her Accusers," which we have read with much interest. Mr. Hosack's theory is that the Glasgow letters, written in English or Scotch, and undoubtedly addressed to Bothwell, were forgeries, and that the French letters in the same collection are genuine, but were in fact addressed not to Bothwell, but to her husband. We confess, however, that we think this ingenious mode of dealing with the evidence is unsubstantial, and that it is rebutted by the overwhelming and undoubted fact that Mary knew Bothwell to be the murderer of her husband, and yet immediately afterwards married him.

But the secondary evidence in support of it is very strong. It was admitted by Nau and Curle, the Queen's two secretaries, to be the letter they had ciphered by the Queen's command. Nau's minutes of it were found, and the letter was also acknowledged by Babington to be the same he had received. The Queen herself denied it—but she denied having written to Babington at all or received a letter from him. When the copies were produced, she said they were the work of her secretaries, but that nothing proved they were dictated by herself: they might have been composed by Walsingham. That reproach was probably false, but after the course Walsingham had taken, his conduct is obnoxious to the worst suspicions. He had surrounded Mary with double-faced agents, spies, false means of correspondence, and every engine to tempt her on to her destruction; he was eagerly watching for the success of his nefarious plot, which was but too probable: and certainly a man who would go these lengths to obtain evidence against a suspected person, before the offence was committed, is himself open to the suspicion of tampering with the evidence so treacherously obtained.\* It is impossible to doubt that Walsingham's deliberate intention was not only to save Elizabeth, but to render the destruction of Mary inevitable; and though he had the sanction of his own sovereign for what he did, perhaps she did not foresee as clearly as her wary Minister the point to which he was leading her. Mary Stuart might

have been proceeded against capitally—at least in Scotland—for the murder of Darnley; she might have been brought to trial in England for high treason for the part she undoubtedly took in the Northern rising and in the Duke of Norfolk's rebellion. These offences were condoned. When, after nineteen years' captivity, she was condemned to die, the acts which brought her to that pass were the acts of others rather than her own—she had no power to originate or prevent them—the conspirators, on the contrary, intended to use her for their own purposes—her crime was an assent given to a scheme she had not framed, and that assent was obtained by the diabolical ingenuity of the man who accused her. Even Burghley was ignorant of the plot. It was Walsingham who struck the blow; but having struck it, and having laid bare the dangers that surrounded the throne and the country, it was undoubtedly very difficult to stop short of the execution of Mary and the completion of his design. Great as we believe the guilt of Mary Stuart to have been in many passages of her life, there are incidents in the life of her great rival which may be not unfairly compared with her own offences; and the transactions for which she laid her head on the block were neither the most clearly proved nor the most criminal of her practices. We cannot by any means acquit her; but neither can we accept, with Mr. Froude, the means which were employed to bring her to her end. It was not for the particular offence, but on the general charge of popery and hostility to England, that the voice of the nation was loud against her. "She was poisoned with popery," said the address of the Lords and Commons, "and was burning to destroy the Gospel in England and everywhere. She was a canker corrupting the minds of the people." In this popular cry of "Execute her! execute her!" there was also not a little of those "fascinations of theology and religious temptations which sometimes counterfeit virtue."

If then the legal view of the question is adverse to Mary, what are we to think of the policy of her execution? Are we to agree with Mr. Froude that "the political wisdom of a critical and difficult act has never in the world's history been

\* The alternative of Mary's ignorance of the intention of Babington to kill the Queen, on the supposition that her own secretaries had used her cipher without her knowledge, or that Walsingham had contrived to forge the letter received by Babington from Mary, is discussed with great fairness and sagacity by Hume in a note to the chapter xlii. of his history. He arrives at the conclusion that these suppositions are in the highest degree improbable, but he suspects Walsingham of forging the postscript to the letter in which Mary asks to be told the names of the conspirators. We see no ground to support this accusation. Mr. Froude has followed the course of the narrative given by all preceding historians, from Camden; and he has added little to it. The only additional point in the evidence is the avowal of Mendoza to Philip II., that the Queen of Scots had told him in a letter that "she well knew the whole business." This is to be found in Teulet's collection, vol. v.

more signally justified"? It cannot be said that the execution of Mary diminished the dangers which surrounded the throne of Elizabeth at that moment, by removing any of the causes which threatened to embroil the Queen in war—that war which she so long dreaded and deferred, but which was now inevitable. It deserves to be remarked that the measures taken by Walsingham to entrap Mary into the avowal of some fatal design, coincided exactly in point of time with a decided change in the foreign policy of Elizabeth. In September, 1585, measures were taken for the removal of Mary to Chartley, which was an indispensable preliminary to Walsingham's scheme; and before Christmas in that year she was established in the trap. In August, 1585, the Queen of England had agreed to the treaty with the Low Countries, which caused some thousand English troops to be sent under Leicester to their relief, and she occupied Flushing. In September, 1585, Drake sailed on his second expedition to the Spanish Main, in which he plundered Vigo, attacked Cartagena and St. Iago, and again brought back the spoils of the western hemisphere. These were acts of war. In spite of the hesitation and prevarication of Elizabeth, it was impossible to dissemble their meaning and effect: and it is probable that the certainty of the impending struggle disposed both herself and her Ministers to deal more harshly with the Queen of Scots than they had hitherto done. Philip, on his part, was equally aware that the time for action was come. The preparations of the Armada were almost completed. Negotiations were opened at Rome to obtain pecuniary aid from the Pope, which was promised, but never given. On both sides the conflict was felt to be inevitable. It may therefore have been a stroke of sound policy to crush the hopes of the Catholic party in England by the destruction of the Catholic heir to the crown, and by binding Scotland more closely to the Protestant cause. But certainly the death of Mary did nothing to avert the danger of war. On the contrary, it rendered it more inevitable by the blood of the Catholic hostage Elizabeth had so long held in her power. The failure of the Spanish Armada and the deliverance of England were brought

about by totally different causes, over which the life and death of Mary Queen of Scots had no perceptible influence.

Mary was beheaded on the 18 February, 1587; and Philip, if he had kept to his purpose, would have invaded England before the close of the same year. He was already to a great extent prepared; England was totally disarmed.

"The crusade against England had been preached from pulpit and platform, and the chivalrous Castilians, whose creed was not yet a cant, and in whom the ardor of the crusade had been kept alive by the wars of the Moors, had come forward with enthusiasm to draw their swords for God and for the Virgin Lady of their devotion. Every noble family in Spain had selected one or more of its sons to represent it. Country hidalgos, of whom Cervantes was only the finest type, whose great-grand-fathers had fought in Grenada and Naples, and whose fathers had brought home scars from Lepanto, had volunteered as if for the war against the Saracens.

"The damage done by Drake, enormous as it was, had been repaired swiftly by the enthusiasm of the country, and by the beginning of the winter the most powerful fleet ever seen in Europe was floating ready for sea in the Tagus. Twenty thousand Spanish soldiers, and as many seamen and galley slaves, were collected in and about Lisbon, and at their head was the veteran Don Alvaros de Baçan, Marquis of Santa Cruz, whose boyhood went back into the wars of Charles V., who had destroyed Strozzi and the French privateers at Terceira, and had won Lepanto for Don John.

"The army of the Prince of Parma had been simultaneously reinforced. The gaps made in it by the siege of Sluys had been filled. In the November following he had thirty thousand Spaniards, Italians, and Germans, disposed at various points along the coast. He had collected an infinite number of the large flat-bottomed river barges for transports, and had taken them down to Dunkirk and Nieuport. He had a few armed hoys besides, and large boats for landing, and in addition, but unfortunately in the Scheldt at Antwerp, and therefore useless so long as Flushing was in the enemy's hands, 'thirty-one brave ships of war,' carrying each twenty or thirty brass guns. The army was kept together, apparently threatening Ostend, and the Prince reported that he was ready at any moment to transport the entire force to England if the fleet could hold the Channel while he crossed.

"Delayed as he had been by Drake, Philip had not parted with the hope that he might try the great experiment in the present year. He had arranged his plans in September, and

had prepared Parma for the immediate arrival of the fleet. He was then, he said, waiting only for the arrival of a few ships from the Mediterranean to send orders to Santa Cruz to sail. God, it was to be hoped, would take care of the weather; but the Channel being a dangerous place, and there being no harbor on the French or Flemish coast where large ships could ride in safety, the Armada was to proceed immediately to the mouth of the Thames and anchor off Margate. In that position they would hold perfect command of the Straits. No English vessels could show upon the water, and Parma could pass in safety and land in Thanet. Santa Cruz would bring with him sixteen thousand Spanish infantry, six thousand of the best of which Parma was to select and take with him, and he and the Marquis must then arrange their future plans. No time was to be lost, for the deeper the winter the more difficult would be the voyage; and the King therefore told him to expect to see Santa Cruz within a few days of the arrival of his letter. He was to hold himself ready to embark at a few hours' notice; every day that the fleet lay exposed would be an additional and unnecessary peril, and the consequences of a disaster might be most serious. He professed unbounded confidence, however, in Parma's prudence and judgment, and he did not doubt that with God's help all would go well.

"At that particular moment all conditions had been favorable. Henry III. and Guise were on the Loire, occupied with the Reiters. Elizabeth was obstinately refusing to hear of anything but peace, and was dreaming that she might tempt Parma to disavow his allegiance and set himself up as Duke of Burgundy. Her army in Flanders was falling to pieces, and shiploads of starving wretches were flocking back to England to clamor at the Council doors. No danger was anticipated from Spain, at soonest, before the following summer. The few ships which had been held in commission after Drake's return could no longer keep the seas without repair. The rest were lying unrigged in the Medway. Had Santa Cruz sailed before the end of September, as Philip intended, not a ship could have been brought out to encounter him. Parma, beyond question, would have crossed the Channel, and the battle of English liberty would have been fought not at sea but on shore." (Vol. vi. pp. 394-7.)

This first delay was in truth fatal. Before the next year Santa Cruz, the only seaman of Spain capable of commanding so great a fleet, had died. The forces of Parma had dwindled away on the sandhills of Dunkirk. Above all, the enemy was no longer unprepared.

The story of the Spanish Armada has

in countless forms been told. In the exquisite terseness of Hume's narrative, in the polished prose of Mignet, in the glowing pages of Motley, in the heroic strains of Macaulay. It will be told again in countless forms to every English child, and as long as the sea beats upon these cliffs or the English language is spoken in the world, the tale will stir the heart like the blast of a trumpet. But it has never been told with greater splendor of language, with a more majestic rhythm, or with more patriotic fervor than by Mr. Froude. Take as a mere example of his style, and as a living picture of the scene, the following exquisite sentences:—

"The scene as the fleet passed out of the harbor must have been singularly beautiful. It was a treacherous interval of real summer. The early sun was lighting the long chain of the Gallician mountains, marking with shadows the cleft defiles, and shining softly on the white walls and vineyards of Coruna. The wind was light, and falling towards a calm; the great galleons drifted slowly with the tide on the purple water, the long streamers trailing from the trucks, the red crosses, the emblem of the crusade, showing bright upon the hanging sails. The fruit boats were bringing off the last fresh supplies, and the pinnaces hastening to the ships with the last loiterers on shore. Out of thirty thousand men who that morning stood upon the decks of the proud Armada, twenty thousand and more were never again to see the hills of Spain. Of the remnant who in two short months crept back ragged and torn, all but a few hundred returned only to die." (Vol. xii. pp. 454-5.)

But the large draughts we have already made from his pages forbid us to extend these citations, and the narrative must be read as a whole.

Meanwhile, to whomsoever the glory of the defeat of the Armada may belong, it cannot belong to Queen Elizabeth. The wonder is that her marvellous fortune and the heroic gallantry of her servants prevailed over dire neglect, inexorable avarice, stupid incredulity, habitual irresolution, and the choice of an incompetent favorite, Leicester, to command the land forces of Britain. Had Parma landed at the head of his Spanish veterans, then the best infantry in Europe, we doubt not the native courage of the land would at last have hurled back the invaders; but it would have

gone hard with the raw bands of English volunteers under such a general as Leicester, who must first have encountered him. Mr. Froude says that "100,000 men, well officered and appointed, were ready at a day's notice to fall into companies and move wherever they were wanted." We wish we could think so. But if the men existed, what supplies were prepared to maintain them? how were they armed? where was their ammunition? what was the plan of the campaign? To judge by the state of the fleet, everything was wanting. In September, 1587, when Philip first sent orders to Santa Cruz to sail, there was not a vessel in the Channel carrying the Queen's flag larger than a pinnace. Drake's ships had been paid off and dismantled at Chatham. The Queen hoped that in six weeks peace would be re-established. Drake was ordered to lie at Portsmouth with three small vessels, and Lord Henry Seymour to cruise in the Channel short-handed. No victuals were in store. When the fleet again collected in Plymouth Roads, four weeks' food were served out and no more. The ships went to sea on half-rations. Drake and Howard ordered wine for the sick sailors, and had to pay for it out of their own purses. Powder there was—in the Tower; but it was not allowed to be used, and after a day's heavy firing into the Spanish galleons, the British ships were compelled to haul off, unless they had the good fortune to capture a few barrels of Spanish ammunition.

Nevertheless, who knows not with what consummate valor and seamanship the battle was fought? The mighty vessels of the Armada slowly ploughed their way up Channel, infested by a swarm of light antagonists, which poured into them torrents of fire and disabled many of them; and when they reached Calais roads, and were in direct communication with Parma, the daring tactics of Drake and Howard cut them off from the shore with fireships, and drove them forth in the teeth of the storm and the enemy to brave the terrors of the Northern Ocean. Nothing was wanting to complete their discomfiture; and when the baffled and shattered squadron endeavored to force its way round the Orkneys and to regain the Atlantic by the west, their ruin was

completed by shipwreck on the wild coast of Connemara and Donegal, where the wretched fugitives were wrecked, and robbed, and slain by their former allies, the "Irish wolves," who hurried down from their mountains to feast upon their spoils. On Philip II. the effect of these calamitous tidings, which came in day by day, was for the time crushing: "He shut himself up in the Escorial, and no one dared to speak to him." The game was played out, and he had lost it past redemption.\*

At this point, then, Mr. Froude, somewhat abruptly, terminates his history. The dramatic interest of the period he has described is here, as we remarked at the commencement of this article, complete. The gallant and the free triumph, the wicked die like Mary and the Guise by the axe or the dagger, and the arch-plotter of all mischief shrinks back confounded in his gloomy cell. History, however, in reality knows of no such sudden breaks. The catastrophe of to-day is the parent of a new birth to-morrow; and no sooner does one actor vanish from the scene than another replaces him. The judgments of history are to be read, not so much in the fate of individuals as in the growth or fall of nations and in the long course of time.

We have not concealed some differences of opinion which separate us from Mr. Froude, and indeed it would be a bad compliment to so great a work to abstain from a critical examination of it. It breathes, to our mind, too fiery a spirit of partisanship, and justice and truth must sometimes suffer when they are exposed to so fierce a heat. But this quality only renders the work more interesting and attractive to the reader;

\* In a recent number of "Notes and Queries" (November 20, 1869), Mr. Russell Martineau relates a curious tradition of which he has discovered traces in the Shetland Isles that the Duke of Medina Sidonia, commander-in-chief of the Armada, was wrecked on the east coast of Fair Isle, and spent the following winter there. Very probably some such accident befell one of the Spanish vessels, but there is abundant evidence that the Duke returned to Santander with his ship, that he shut himself up in his room, and as soon as he could move fled and hid himself in his country house. The tradition of his wintering in the Shetland Isles no doubt exists there still, but it is a mistake; some other Spanish officer of rank was probably mistaken for the commander-in-chief.

and if Mr. Froude is indeed resolved to lay down his pen for the present, and to leave the remaining years of the reign of Elizabeth untold by him, we hope it will not be long before he resumes his labors in some other branch of English

history or English literature; and we beg to offer him our best thanks for the industry, the eloquence, and the power which he has devoted to the task he has now accomplished.

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Fraser's Magazine.

MR. MILL ON THE SUBJECTION OF WOMEN.\*

BY SIR HENRY TAYLOR, K.C.M.G., D.C.L.

TAKING Mr. Mill's essay as the work of a philosopher applying himself on this occasion, not to an act of investigation, but to an act of advocacy, I cordially share the admiration generally bestowed upon it. Mr. Mill is of course intellectually incapable of overlooking, were he willing to perceive, much that lies beneath his argumentation and much that stands over against it; and his language of confidence and conclusiveness must be understood as belonging to the art of advocacy, dictating, for the moment and for the purpose, its own limitations to the reach and scope of his philosophic mind. He knew that to produce the effect he desired upon popular sentiments there must be no word, or but one word here and there, of doubt or hesitation, and that the most arduous and complex questions which human history and human life can present, must be dealt with by a bold, rapid, and decisive handling; and he knows also that this forensic suppression of half the question, and bogtrotting evasion of the difficulties, is perfectly justifiable in a philosopher when treating of a subject on which counter-advocacy is certain to be provoked; being indeed nothing else than the subdivision of labor in the cause of truth. †

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\* *The Subjection of Women*, by John Stuart Mill. Longmans.

A Bill, entitled "An Act to Amend the Law with respect to the Property of Married Women," brought from the House of Commons 22d of July, 1869, and ordered by the House of Lords to be printed.

† It is observed by Miss Julia Wedgwood in her very admirable essay on female suffrage, that, "It is not the act of a partisan, but of an earnest seeker after truth, to contemplate any large subject for a time steadily from one side."—*Woman's Work and Woman's Culture*, p. 247. Perhaps, however,

But there is a third method of treatment which, though less popular, may not be without its use; and a sceptic who neither affirms nor denies many of Mr. Mill's conclusions may be allowed to cast his weak and wavering glances here and there upon two or three of them:

Some will object that a comparison cannot fairly be made between the government of [by ?] the male sex and the forms of unjust political power [political forms] which I have adduced in illustration of it; since these are arbitrary and the effect of mere usurpation, while it, on the contrary, is natural. But was there any domination which did not appear natural to those who possessed it?

And according to Mr. Mill what is natural is, that man should not arrogate, nor woman undergo, any rule of the one over the other.

If Mr. Mill's antagonists shall play upon the surface of the subject in the way he thus supposes, it may suit his advocacy to play with them, and I can understand how it comes that such a shuttlecock of a word as the word "natural" should be thus tost backwards and forwards. Had it suited Mr. Mill's purpose and his plea, he would have denounced the word as, in this application of it, either unmeaning or demanding divers developments in one direction and limitations in another to give it significance. He knows that whatever is (miracles excepted), is natural, and that that which is natural may just as well be evil as be good. Of course, if the word is to indicate any-

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it should rather be said that, whether it be or not the act of a partisan (for it is only in rare and exceptional cases anything else), it may be, and often is, conducive to the establishment of the truth.

thing that is relevant to the issue, it must have reference to something in nature so elemental, stable, and durable, that, whether it be good or evil, time and circumstance will find it indestructible, —something which, if evil, cannot be helped, and not only cannot be helped in time present, but never can be helped in this world's hereafter: it must mean that woman's subjection,—as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be,—arose not merely out of variable operations of nature, which would make it natural in one sense, but out of an universal and perdurable law of nature, which would make it natural in quite another.

Taking the word in this latter sense, his arguments from assumed political analogies,—the conditions of slavery, of military subjugation, of civil despotism, —all mutable and perishable,—are misdirected. Russia subjugates Poland, and the subjugation and consequent subjection is natural, but natural only in the sense of being a result of nature variably operant through variable circumstances. It is according to nature that, in the main, governments should be the results of peoples. But peoples are subject to time and change. The people of Poland were, at the time of their subjugation, a people to whom anarchy and faction were natural. In this their condition, subjugation by a foreign power, and the consequent subjection, was natural; —natural, not by an immutable law of nature, but by a terminable operation of nature. The question is in which of these senses the subjection of woman to man is natural. Mr. Mill assumes that it had its origin in mere inferiority of physical strength; and could I concur with him in his assumption, I should so far concur with him in his inferences as to perceive that, if there is no other reason for it than that, the intention of nature might very possibly be that it should come to an end. Nature does not often mean what she begins with; and nothing is more natural than that physical strength, except in so far as it ministers to intellectual energies and mental health, should play a continually diminishing part in civil and social relations. It is, or seems to be, a permanent law of nature that woman should be inferior to man in physical strength; but the physical strength of man operates

powerfully or faintly according to circumstances. In savage tribes, and in the lower classes of civilized communities, it operates powerfully; and if the subjection of women were found in these alone, the inference might be that it was natural only as belonging to nature's fugitive operations; for savages may cease from the earth, and the lower classes may be raised to the level of the higher. But the subjection of women not only reaches to the classes in which the influence of physical strength is evanescent, but it is derivatively from those classes that the principle has found its footing in our jurisprudence; for it is by those classes that our common law was originally constructed, and has been from time immemorial administered, and in its administration, though modified and controlled by equity jurisdictions, yet essentially and in its general operation maintained. The reasonable presumption seems to be therefore that, both in times long past and more recently, some other ground-work than physical strength must have existed for the laws and customs giving predominance to man over woman. Does this ground-work, whatever it be, exist still, and will it exist always? Is the predominance to be sought in nature's grants to man in perpetuity or in her long leases? It is in the upper classes that nature commonly gives the earliest indications of a mutable purpose. It is they that first begin to float. For about two hundred years the Courts of Equity have found means to protect the property of married women of the upper classes by the device of marriage settlements, and thereby in some degree to detract from marital predominance; and in some countries, especially in the United States and in Canada, the common law by which the rights of property were denied to married women has been abrogated by legislation, and in this country there has been a current of opinion running in the same direction, and new legislation is in progress. Nor is it at all improbable that changes affecting man's predominance in marriage will proceed much faster than they have hitherto and much farther than the point which has now been reached. But it is precisely this accelerated movement of innovation and change in public opinion which is apt to hurry the minds



of some philosophers and project them into larger inferences of subversion to come, than a reasonable survey of the past and present may be found to warrant. If a modifying spirit is now at work, and may be expected to continue at work till much greater improvements have been made in the relations of the sexes than any yet in operation or likely to be immediately entertained by the Legislature, it is nevertheless not to be forgotten that for long ages, and in all countries, and in all classes of all countries, law, custom, and opinion have universally sanctioned and enforced some more or less predominance of man over woman; and it is reasonable to presume that had there not been a foundation less unstable than social circumstance for the predominance to rest upon,—had not the predominance been supported by some immutable law of nature,—nature's onward operations would have long ago, in one time or another, in one country or another, landed the sexes in *legal* equality at least, and, amongst the classes in which physical strength stands neutral, in social equality also.

More or less connected with the question how far the subjection of women is natural, in one sense or another, is the question whether any such subjection is expedient and just, and whether in one degree or another it will be so always. And here, again, I may follow Mr. Mill's example of adducing political analogies, and revert to my former illustration. If I have allowed myself to say that the subjection of the Poles to Russia is natural, using the word in its loose and popular sense, what I meant to convey was, not certainly that the government of Russia was good government. The quality of the government was not in question. But from the fact of its being natural we may infer the possibility that, bad though it be, it may be better for them than any other that is practicable. And as to the question whether it is just, we may have no doubt that it involves much and very cruel injustice, but whether it is on the whole favorable or unfavorable to justice will depend on the answer to another question,—whether there is more injustice perpetrated by Russians upon Poles than, in the absence of Russians, would be perpetrated by Poles upon each other; and if so in the

past, whether it will be so in the future,—whether, for example, in the course of time the cause of justice may not be promoted by the emancipation of Polish serfs as a result of Russian rule; and upon that comes the question whether Polish subjection may not cease, and whether, through the consolidation of classes or other regenerative processes, the Polish race may not attain to a fitness for political independence, and through the fitness to the fruition. And so of the subjection of woman to man. If it were natural only because women are not at present all that they should be and might be made, it should be regarded as good and just only in so far and for so long as women shall not be fit for independence; and we should be at liberty to admit that the time might come, or may be now at our heels, when it may be natural and fit that neither sex should rule the other, which is Mr. Mill's ideal of fitness; or that woman should rule man, which hitherto does not seem to be any one's ideal. But if the question is to be determined by the reference to history and political analogies to which Mr. Mill invites us, the conclusion seems to be that at which he has *not* arrived. For whereas the ground of difference between nations and organized communities, and even the ground of difference between races, is manifestly a shifting ground, and the history of all ages is a history of conquerors and conquered and of degeneracy in one race and invigoration of another, the difference of sexes, according to the same universal history, would seem to be a perennial difference, and the relations of supremacy and subjection arising out of it to admit of modification indeed, but not of reversal or overthrow. And if the historical argument be assumed to show that Poland may one day be fit for independence, and that independence may one day conduce, not to anarchy and strife, but to the cause of justice and to more of happiness for Poland, the same argument tends to show that that day will never arrive for woman.

The argument from history is, no doubt, as Mr. Mill asserts, in one sense one-sided. As history contains no record of woman released from man's control, we cannot form any notion from history of how she would demean herself, or

what would happen to her, if she were released. And thus, Mr. Mill argues, we have hitherto no measure of her capabilities. Let her loose, and then we shall know more about her:

I consider it presumption in any one to pretend to decide what women are or are not, can or cannot be, by natural constitution. They have always hitherto been kept, as regards spontaneous development, in so unnatural a state that their nature cannot but have been greatly distorted and disguised; and no one can safely pronounce that if women's nature were left to choose its direction as freely as men's, and if no artificial bent were given to it except that required by the conditions of human society and given to both sexes alike, there would be any material difference, or perhaps any difference at all, in the character and capacities which would unfold themselves.

And again (p. 117) he affirms, not only that in the absence of opportunities given we cannot know whether women could not do the same things that men do fully as well on the whole, but that he "sees not the smallest reason to doubt it." It is true that we cannot know from experience what women would be capable of should opportunities be given which have not been given. But what we do know is this,—that the opportunities which have not been given to women, women have not been hitherto capable of taking. Opportunities are the result of capabilities, more than capabilities of opportunities; though each is in turn, and to a certain extent, the result of the other.

Upon the ground of his supposed equality of capacities Mr. Mill proceeds to demand for women "equal justice," "equal rights," and other equalities,—always as something founded in nature; and he affirms (p. 79) "that society in equality is its normal state."

Let us listen, however, to a greater philosopher (and few are they that are greater) than even Mr. Mill. "*Intellectus humanus ex proprietate suâ facile supponit majorem ordinem et æqualitatem in rebus quam invenit; et cum multa sint in naturâ monadica et plena imparitatis, tamen affingit parallela et correspondentia et relativa quæ non sunt.*"\* And where in truth shall we find equality to be the condition presumable in the order of nature? Nature

renounces equality in races, renounces it in individuals, renounces it both in themselves as they are born into the world and in the fortunes that attend them. Breeds differ, and men of the same breed are by birth unequal in all sorts of attributes,—in stature, in health, in beauty, in understanding, in moral susceptibility, in energy, in passion. Of one man you can affirm little more than that he is not a monkey; of another little less than that he is not an angel. So are they born, and being born, the fate that awaits them is as diverse. One is rich, and his feet are set in a large room from the first; another is poor, but has it in him to become rich; a third inherits, and a fourth achieves, social or political predominance; a fifth becomes intellectually pre-eminent: whilst the multifarious multitude ranges through every variety of fortune allotted by nature to strength or weakness, stupidity or shrewdness; and through every variety also which is tost to the hand of one man or another by the chances of life. And amidst this nature's world of inequality, what is it that is meant by "equal justice," and has justice much to do with equality? Mr. Mill will say, no doubt, men are unequal, but let them have equal opportunities, and, freed from all artificial hindrances, be the agents and arbiters of their own destinies. If this be good for mankind, as is quite possible under certain conditions of society, let it be the object of our endeavors accordingly; and if Mr. Mill pleases, let it be called by the name of "justice;" but equal opportunities to unequal forces will by no means tend to insure equality of freedom or equality of fruits. Give all opportunities of aggrandizement to wealth, and will not wealth become an instrument of oppression? Give physical force all opportunities, and will it not revel in the pride of power? Remove all hindrances out of the way of intellect, and what tyrant on earth will be more insolent and aggressive? But "equal justice," it will be said, means indeed equal opportunities and equal freedom of action to all, but only so far forth as no wrong is done by one free agent to another free agent; that is, it means no more than that the shield of civil and criminal jurisprudence should

\* *Novum Organum*, xlv.

be thrown over all alike. If this and no other equalization were meant, though it is a very sorry approximation to real and practical equality, yet there is a strong presumption in favor of it;—stronger, however, in respect of criminal than in respect of civil law; for the right to protection of the person is very large and general in its scope, if not universal, whereas property is the creature of law and expediency. But when we are further called upon to include in equal justice equality of social and political power, a much bolder advance is made into the region of hypothetical expediency, and we are brought amongst the equalities of which all that I will affirm at present is, that “Nature” and “Justice” have very little to say to them. Political power, as derived from political franchises, *may* be necessary to women in order to secure their personal protection. May or may not be necessary. Probably any amount of social influence which would suffice to procure the political power, would suffice, without the political power, to procure all the legislation required for the personal protection. And it never should be forgotten that power, in itself and for itself, is not, either in man or woman, a legitimate object of desire; nor is the lust of power at all the more legitimate because in our days that ancient siren so often takes the name and counterfeits the virtues of

The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty.

Men may lawfully woo the siren for access to the nymph; but even men may only do so if they are fitting suitors. And if women demand a political franchise, they should remember that, if demanding it as something to be *enjoyed*, they show themselves *ipso facto* to be unfit for it; inasmuch as it is a function not a fruition, a trust and not a gift,—and a trust to be vested in those only, be they male or female, who are likely to conduce by their exercise of it to the well-being of the beneficiaries;—to the greatest happiness of the greatest number,—if that is the formula most acceptable to Mr. Mill—(always provided that the lesser number are not so tormented as to give suffering a preponderance in the total result). And when Mr. Mill demands the franchise for

women on the ground that they are equally competent with men, his inference is, in my apprehension, insufficiently supported. He should extend his ground and say that they are more competent than men, or that (if not more competent on the whole) they have elements of competency which are wanting to men. A constituency identical in competency will do no better for being doubled in number.

It is hard for any one not accustomed to form his opinions by jumping into the air, to come to any assured conclusion as to what sorts of people are competent to exercise political franchises. Theoretically and at first sight, one would say only those few who are qualified by high education and considerable gifts of intelligence to judge of political and legislative questions. Practically we know that the politically wise few are not morally good enough to exercise their judgment disinterestedly for the benefit of the many, unless controlled by the many. It becomes necessary, therefore, to give franchises to large numbers who are wholly incapable of forming a just judgment of their own upon political questions. They are quite as little disinterested as the wise few, and they are not more good; it is their being interested, and their being many, which makes them a desirable element of power. But the interest of large numbers is often opposed to the interest of other large numbers, and also to the interests and just rights of small numbers; and moreover the devotion of large numbers to their own interests is apt to be a blind devotion, tending to the destruction of the interests which they desire to cherish, as well as of those they desire to destroy. What seems expedient therefore, is, not so much that the many should give their attention to political questions and strive to do that which for the most part it is impossible that they should do,—form a just judgment respecting them,—as that they should perceive and acknowledge their own incurable ignorance and incapacity, and seek the guidance of the persons within their reach whom they may have reason to think at once capable and trustworthy. Many can judge of a man who cannot judge of a question; and the presump-

tuousness of ignorance is less to be anticipated in forming the one judgment than in forming the other. Now, in applying these views to the question of women's eligibility for the suffrage, I think there is a good deal to be said for women's eligibility. Women are,—and I think justly,—generally supposed to have a gift of truer insight into the characters of men than men have; they have for the most part a higher value for goodness in men; and having more humility and a juster sense of their own incompetency to judge of politics and political questions, they may be more confidently expected, first, to seek for the guidance they need, and second, to know where to find it. Possibly they might be more open than men of the same class to what is called corruption; that is, knowing no reason why they should vote for one incomprehensible policy more than another equally incomprehensible, and knowing that £5 would enable them to provide medical attendance for a sick child or a less squalid and unwholesome lodging for the family, they would be more ready to indulge their domestic affections and commit one of those statutable offences which, in their eyes, does not wear the appearance of an offence against natural morality. But this I should scarcely regard as any serious evil. On the whole, therefore, if I were given to make wild guesses, (for on such subjects what opinion can be formed which deserves a better name?) I should incline to agree with Mr. Mill as to the expediency of giving the suffrage to women, though I should by no means agree with him as to the grounds for giving it.

We are now to pass from the grievances of married women as such, to those of women generally, suffered through legal disability or otherwise. And it would have been convenient if Mr. Mill, or some one of the able and thoughtful essayists whose views are to be found in the volume edited by Mrs. Butler,\* had treated separately of the disabilities created by law, specifying the particular provisions of common or statute law to which they take exception. And further, in this as in many other cases in which

existing law is found fault with, a material advance would be made if the promoters of change were to reduce their notions to the form of such statute or statutes as they would propose should be enacted. If a man desires to know what he wants, and if he desires to enable others to know what he wants, and if he desires to know also, and to make known, what it is possible that law should give him, the best thing he can do is to draft his Bill.

All trading occupations are already open to single women, and will be open to married women if Mr. Russell Gurney's Bill should become law. Of the learned professions, the Law and the Church are closed against women. Medicine is not absolutely and imperatively closed by law; but under the law the medical schools and a medical board have it in their power to deny what the law renders indispensable. Women are excluded by law from being members of parliament, magistrates, jurors, mayors, aldermen, or common councilmen, members of vestries, and guardians of the poor. They are generally excluded by law or custom from holding municipal offices, or offices or employments of trust under the crown.

Now if all legal disabilities were removed, there is room for doubt whether women would occupy themselves much otherwise than they do at present: and whether they would or would not, I see no reason to deprecate the removal of most of these disabilities. It is a sort of case in which custom, when founded in what Philosopher Square calls "the eternal fitness of things," can dispense with legal sanctions—custom so founded being stronger than law; and if the custom be *not* founded in the fitness of things, then there would seem to be no good reason why it should be upheld.

As to facts of fitness, it may require some exercise of what may be called practical imagination, so to forecast the career of a woman in those of the learned professions not hitherto attempted by women, as to form a correct judgment of the difficulties she would have to overcome. In the Church we have abundant experience of women, as the wives of clergymen or otherwise, performing some of the more important of a clergyman's duties more effectively than men

\* *Woman's Work and Woman's Culture.*

can perform them. "Sacerdos per Hic et Hæc olim declinatur," was said by a poet\* of the twelfth century of the priest in the ages before he was condemned to celibacy; and since he has been redeemed from celibacy we may say it again. And if a clergyman and his wife make, not only one flesh, but not seldom one minister of the Gospel, I cannot affirm with confidence that there is any reason in the nature of things—whatever reason there may be derivable from Scripture—why there should not be a female clergy. It is hard to say whether some of the ministering functions for which women are better qualified than men should not be as highly estimated as the *officiating* duties of clergymen; and it may be a question whether some of these even might not be quite as well performed by women of a high order and an age more than merely mature, as they are by many of our clergy. About preaching probably more difficulty would be made. Women's preaching did not find favor with Dr. Johnson,—“Sir, a woman's preaching is like a dog walking on his hind legs. It is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all.” But in Johnson's time learned or cultivated women were much more rare than they are now, and they are now more rare than they may in no long time become, and in the proportion borne to learned and cultivated men, indeed, than they were 300 years ago. Nicholas Udall's account of the women of Henry the Eighth's time (given in his *Epistle to Queen Katharine*) describes a prevailing female proficiency which is more than we can quite claim for the present generation, but not more than we may hope to see attained in the next, when the class of women who now read more widely than average men of the same class, may come to read also more deeply. It may then come to be said once more—

What a number is there of noble women, especially here in this realm of England, yea, and how many in the years of tender virginity, not only as well seen, and as familiarly traded, in the Latin and Greek tongues as in

their own mother language, but also both in all kinds of profane literature and liberal arts, exacted, studied, and exercised; and in the Holy Scriptures and theology so ripe, that they are able, aptly, cunningly, and with much grace, either to indite or translate into the vulgar tongue for the public instruction and edifying of the unlearned multitude! Neither is it now a strange thing to hear gentlewomen, instead of most vain communication about the moon shining in the water, to use grave and substantial talk in Latin or Greek with their husbands of godly matters.

Now in women who have attained, or in process of time shall attain, to this measure of knowledge and intelligence, and who shall have ceased from vain communications about the moon, why, it may be said, should the gift of preaching be wanting? and from those who have it, why should the opportunity of employing it be withheld? And even if they should be unable to preach good sermons of their own, is there any reason why they should not preach those of others? Bishop Bull advised young clergymen not to preach sermons of their own writing; and probably there are few hearers of sermons who would not wish that the same advice should be given and taken in the case of very many clergymen, both young and old.

If I am asked, then, why there should not be a female clergy, I repeat that I know of no reason in the *nature of things* why not. But, on the other hand, I am far from confidently maintaining that there ought to be a female clergy. I am not convinced that I can understand the nature of things in matters hitherto unattempted and untried. Custom and customary sentiment is strongly against it. I am very far from being disposed to be servile to custom:

What custom wills in all things should we do 't,  
The dust on antique Time would lie *unawept*,  
And mountainous error be too highly heaped  
For truth to overpeer—

But old and unbroken custom is, as far as it goes, a presumption in favor of what it supports; not only because old custom may be assumed to have proceeded out of a fitness (fugacious possibly, but not impossibly permanent); but also because it makes a fitness where there was none. Old custom is the parent of adaptations and conformities, often of

\* Walter de Mapes. He translated from the Latin into French, at the instance of Henry II., the romance of the *Saint Graal*.

an enduring, sometimes even of an hereditary character. A generation of flax-spinners in Belgium who can count no forerunners, competes at a disadvantage with the last of successive generations in Lancashire; for want of the hereditary hand to manipulate. The minds of men have their transmitted aptitudes as well as their hands; and this teaches us that some old customs should be rather left to be undermined than sought to be overthrown. To speak "as one having authority," belongs, in the present generation, to man rather than to woman. A long time must elapse and a change of opinion on the matter in question be slowly brought about (if it can be brought about), before any change of law can be contemplated.

Mr. Mill does not mention the Church as a career to be thrown open to women. Perhaps he does not think it worthy of them. He does mention the law; whereas I, on my part, am disposed to think, that this is one of the learned professions which is unworthy of women; and also that there is a special unfitness on the part of women to undertake it. It was called by Serjeant Maynard, "*ars babblativa*." If it were so, it would be quite as little suited to highly educated women as to intellectual men. But it is not so, and it is from another point of view that I object to it. Mr. Mill affirms (p. 95) that if he can show that women should be admitted to public functions, it ought to be granted that they are admissible to all other occupations. But when he has to meet objections to "girls in their teens," and "young wives of two or three and twenty," he says these are not the persons in question, but rather "widows or wives of forty or fifty" (p. 185). But I would ask Mr. Mill how a widow or a wife of forty or fifty is to jump into practice at the bar without having been brought up to the bar from her early girlhood? "Commencez par le commencement, Belier, mon ami," and let us in the first place follow the small foot of our law pupil to the chambers of the Special Pleader, who is her tutor, and see what happens. There we behold her seated,

Among the blest, the chosen few  
(Blest if their happiness they knew),  
Who for three hundred guineas paid  
To some great master of the trade,

Have, at his rooms, by special favor,  
His leave to use their best endeavor,  
By drawing pleas from nine till four  
To earn him twice three hundred more;  
And after dinner may repair  
To 'foresaid rooms, and then and there,  
Have 'foresaid leave, from five to ten,  
To draw the 'foresaid pleas again.\*

At ten o'clock at night, therefore, after a day spent with a company of assiduous young gentlemen, distinguished by that modesty and backwardness which guarantees success at the bar, we are to trace the small footstep back through Holborn or the Strand to her confiding parents, or her solitary lodgings, as the case may be. A year or two having been so passed without adventures, and the young lady having kept her terms at the Temple or Lincoln's Inn, she hires convenient chambers and half a clerk, and receives attorneys and others who may have occasion to transact business with her. Then come the circuits and the attendance in courts, civil and criminal, where she acquires a daily familiarity with all the villanies that are done under the sun, and all the vices that mix themselves up with indictable offences or lead to litigation. "Touch not, taste not, handle not," may have been the admonition conveyed to her mother or her grandmother when they were girls, and remembered even when they were "widows or wives of forty or fifty;" but it is the business of our learned friend to handle everything, making the most or the least of each atrocious or scandalous offence, according to the part she is called upon to take in attacking or defending it. Mr. Mill (p. 117†) "sees not the smallest reason to doubt" that she would perform her task fully as well as a man; and therefore we may expect to see her in due season mount the bench (whence, unless by that time a feminine or emasculated majority in Parliament shall have

\* Anstey, *Pleader's Guide*.

† I quote the passage in which the general proposition is contained, of which I make here a specific application. "Like the French compared with the English, the Irish with the Swiss, the Greeks or Italians compared with the German races, so women compared with men may be found on the average to do the same things, with some variety in the particular kind of excellence. But that they would do them fully as well on the whole if their education and cultivation were adapted to correcting, instead of aggravating, the infirmities incident to their temperament I see not the smallest reason to doubt."

abolished punishment by death), we may hear her, after duly exchanging her wig for the black cap, sentence a prisoner at the bar to be taken to the place whence he came, and be hanged by the neck until he is dead. Looking at this career, in its several steps and stages, from one end of it to the other, I am of opinion that a good girl would rather herself be hanged by the neck than undertake it.

Of the learned professions there remains medicine. In this some experiments have been already made, and more are in progress; and I think they ought to have a fair trial, and that the Act of 1858, and any other obstructive provisions of law, should be so amended as not to empower public medical authorities to refuse the right to practice to women whose qualifications are the same as those which entitle men to practice. In some branches of practice, female practitioners, if competent—and I see no reason why they should not be competent when duly instructed—would be manifestly preferable to male. In other branches, anatomical studies, and the necessity of dissection, would be stumbling-blocks on the threshold; and there may be some difficulties—shown, however, in the essay of Miss Gex Blake,\* not to have been insurmountable in other ages and countries, and which, it may be hoped, will not be found wholly so in ours—in the way of opening medical schools to female pupils. No one, it is true, would desire to see girls of our time explore such fields of physiology as were treated by Abella and Trotula in the middle ages (if the work ascribed to the latter was really hers); and whatever limits should be assigned to lecturers and teachers, the mixing of male and female pupils would seem to be, in our time and country at least, undesirable. In our medical schools those of the students whose nature is not its own prophylactic are said to take a taint of hardness and coarseness in the crude season of their early professional training which it requires some years of maturer life and the humanities of their calling to correct. On the other hand, however, it may be said that feminine nature, if spared all unnecessary contact with masculine in the process, is in itself so much less corruptible in this kind, that

it may be better fitted for the trials to be encountered; and though most women will probably shrink from such trials, there may be not a few with pure minds and brave hearts who will not; and if a new vocation shall be provided for these, and one of an order and quality so high and beneficent a great object will be gained for mankind. But at first, and unless and until medical schools exclusively female can be constituted, the difficulties to be met with must be real and formidable; and when we find Miss Gex Blake making light of them, we cannot but think that she attributes to women generally some qualities, some powers, and some immunities which are exceptional and rare, if not peculiar to herself. Those women who can write as she has written may be able to command the respect which she commanded from the young students in medical schools, whether English or foreign. But the women who can write as she has written are assuredly not many.

Leaving the learned professions we come next to employments in the public service. Mr. Mill would have women to be considered eligible for all such employments, from the cabinet minister's to the clerk's. And, of course, he would have them to be eligible for seats in Parliament.

Now as to clerkships and employments in the public service of that class and kind, before the Government is called upon to give girls and women appointments in public offices, it would be well to inquire why they are not employed in similar capacities in the counting-houses of bankers or merchants, or the offices of railway companies. It is not, I think, because they are considered incompetent to the transaction of the business usually transacted by clerks. They are employed by retail dealers; and they do the book-keeping of shops, if not as well as men, yet well enough. I can only account for their exclusion by ascribing it to the inconvenience of mixing the sexes in the transaction of such business as is to be transacted in rooms, not, like shops, open to public view; and to the reluctance of employers to assume the serious responsibility of looking after girls and women in matters of conduct and character. Men are left to take care of themselves; the care

\* *Woman's Work and Woman's Culture*, p. 114.

they do take is often not much ; but if girls were left to take as little, the consequences would be what the world considers worse.

If the inconvenience of mixing the sexes is a sufficient reason for excluding women from the counting-houses of merchants and bankers, it is a reason more than sufficient for their exclusion from Government offices. The discipline of Government offices is necessarily much more lax than that of counting-houses. The clerk employed by the Government holds his office in these days, not so much during good behavior, as during what is not extravagantly bad behavior ; for the misconduct must be flagrant and distinctly provable to induce heads of departments to face the difficulties attending a dismissal—difficulties possibly to include a grievous sacrifice of public interests by wasting the time of the House of Commons. Members of that House will sometimes inflict such a sacrifice on very slender grounds ; and if they will do so in favor of a male delinquent who pretends that he has been hardly used, much more, and with much more chivalrous pertinacity, would they do so in favor of a female delinquent. Such being the lions in the path of the public employer, the private employer, on the contrary, has only to say, "You do not suit me : go elsewhere."

As we proceed upward in the scale of social rank and civil employments, difficulties increase ; and the position of women called upon to exercise authority over men, and of men called upon to render obedience, presents new elements of incongruity. In shopkeeping life, men serve under women, as well as women under men ; in domestic life, men servants obey ladies ; but it may nevertheless be a question whether ladies could conveniently exercise authority over gentlemen, or gentlemen over ladies. Distinctions of class may be said to be conventional distinctions ; but conventional distinctions are real distinctions. Under the operation of natural laws controlling the sensitivo-rational imagination of man, conventional distinctions have their substantial and inevitable incidents ; and of these it is but a juvenile philosophy that would refuse to take account. Should I be asked why, if a lady can exercise authority over her footman, a female Secretary of the Treasury should not

exercise authority over the clerks in that department, I answer that not only difference of education, but distance in social position, gives facilities in the one case which are wanting in the other ; and this distance constitutes the irrelevancy of the example of queens adduced by Mr. Mill to show that civil authority can be fitly vested in women. If I am asked why, conversely, the gentleman filling the office of Secretary to the Treasury should not have young ladies under him as junior, and old ladies as senior clerks, the answer is the same : proximity of social position generates relations between ladies and gentlemen which are incompatible with the assumption of official authority by either sex over the other.

Seats in Parliament involve incompatibilities quite as forbidding. Mr. Mill says, "If the political system of this country is such as to exclude unfit men, it will equally exclude unfit women" (p. 97). As the political system of the country is not, and is not likely to be, such as to exclude unfit men, it is hardly necessary to inquire whether Mr. Mill is right in saying that, if it were, it would exclude unfit women ; and the more pertinent inquiry is, whether unfit women would not be a worse element than unfit men ; and whether the admission of the unfit of both sexes would not aggravate the unfitness of the unfit members of each. The rough treatment with which man meets man in debate could not be employed by man meeting woman, let the woman be ever so unfit ; and if it were, the probability is that the woman would cry. The interference of the Speaker, if a man, could not be exercised towards women with the freedom with which it is exercised towards men, and yet the liberty of speech indulged by women in debate would probably be much larger than that usually permitted to men.

Having come to the end of his argument in favor of admitting women to posts and employments from which they are excluded, Mr. Mill is met by some questions as to how they prosper in some of the higher employments from which they are *not* excluded—in sciences, arts, and literature. He admits that in these kinds no production entitled to the first rank has been the work of a woman ; and his endeavor is to account for this "with-



out supposing that women are naturally incapable of producing them" (p. 126). A series of causes are assigned for this state of facts; but from beginning to end of the series we have to ask what, if not natural incapacities, are the causes of those causes. It is only three generations since women have begun to bestir themselves (p. 127). Their inferiority in science and philosophy is from want of originality (p. 128). Their want of originality is from want of knowledge to bring them to the point from which originality takes its start, and their want of knowledge is from want of education (pp. 128, 130, 136). Their inferiority in literature is owing to men having created a literature before women wrote, so that women became imitators of men as the Romans of the Greeks (p. 132). Their inferiority in the fine arts is because they have not pursued them professionally (pp. 133-4). They do not desire fame, nor

Scorn delights and live laborious days;

and this is "only the natural result of their circumstances," and society has so ordered things (pp. 140-1). Throughout this array of reasons we have to ask at every step, why is it thus? What are the reasons of those reasons? Why did not women go to work sooner? why did they not find their way to education and knowledge and originality? why did they let men create a literature, and not take care to be in at the creation? why have they not pursued the fine arts professionally instead of superficially as amateurs? Why should society, which is male and female, have placed its one moiety more than its other equally capable moiety in circumstances unfavorable to lofty aims? Surely the one cause causative of all these proximate causes is not to be found in man's superior strength of body; and yet, from one end to the other of Mr. Mill's treatise, dig and delve as we may, no other root of doctrine is to be reached.

And here I come to a curious evolution of Mr. Mill's in his contention for the claims of women. He rebukes with scorn the "silly panegyrics" on the superior moral nature of women offered by those who depreciate their intellectual nature, and he instructs us that such

empty compliments must provoke a "bitter smile from every woman of spirit;" seeing that there is "no other situation in life in which it is the established order, and considered quite natural and suitable, that the better should obey the worse" (pp. 142-3). I hardly know by what spirit "a woman of spirit" should be said to be animated, who should represent the opinion that women are morally superior to men, even when entertained by a person who ventures to think that they are intellectually unequal. For myself, though I do not positively deny the intellectual equality, I see some reason to doubt it; and as I might easily be betrayed into the panegyric in question (if an estimate ascribing a specific superiority is to be styled a panegyric), I feel as if I might at any moment be confronted by the formidable "woman of spirit" and withered by her smile. But, in truth, the difference between Mr. Mill and me has a deeper source than any mere difference in our estimates of the intellects and capabilities of women. His language, which seems so strange at first sight, is the language of indignation at those usages and doctrines by which he conceives that women suffer the loss of independence; and the deeper difference between him and me is in our respective views of the nature and value of the independence they lose. In taking stock of the benefits to ensue on redeeming women from subjection, he says:—"It would be a grievous understatement of the case to omit the most direct benefit of all, the unspeakable gain in private happiness to the liberated half of the species. . . . After the primary necessities of food and raiment, freedom is the first and strongest want of human nature. . . . the freedom of action of the individual—the liberty of each to govern his conduct by his own feelings of duty, and by such laws and social restraints as his own conscience can subscribe to. . . . He who would rightly appreciate the worth of personal independence as an element of happiness, should consider the value he himself puts upon it as an ingredient of his own. . . . Let him rest assured that whatever he feels on this point, women feel in a fully equal degree" (pp. 178-9). I desire to ask;—first, is this a just estimate of the value of independence to men; sec-

ondly, is it a just estimate of its value to women; and thirdly, whether it be so or not, is it well that it should be so? Freedom and independence are not one, but diverse in kind and quality. One kind of freedom, which has its value no doubt in our eyes, is that of a man who is free to sell his independence; and many are the men who sell it in large measure for a small price,—not to provide themselves with “the primary necessities of food and raiment,” but to provide “le superflu, chose si nécessaire,”—very secondary necessities indeed. Another much valued freedom and independence is that which relates to politics and civil organization, and this has its uses in their construction, control, and conservation; and very noble uses they are, and yet the consequences thence proceeding are mixed. Mr. Mill says (p. 182), that “the love of power and the love of liberty are in eternal antagonism,” and that “when there is least liberty, the passion for power is the most ardent and unscrupulous.” If he means the antagonism whereby the love of power in one man is controlled and suppressed by the love of liberty in another, I agree with him. But if he means (and this is, I think, what he does mean), that the man loving liberty for himself does not also love power over others, I totally differ from him. And as of individual men, so of classes and combinations of men. In my judgment, the love of liberty is in almost all men, and in absolutely all classes and combinations of men, liable to pass into the love of power, to become blended with it, and ultimately, if no correction shall be met with, to be absorbed by it. I have been accustomed to think that there is no corruption of the passions to which human nature is more subject than to this.

But civil freedom, even when itself uncorrupted, is far from being one and the same with personal independence: the former is a poor possession in comparison with the latter; and the former is far from being in all its consequences and concomitants propitious to the latter. Personal independence is a high moral and spiritual attribute,—like other such attributes, in some measure subject to circumstances, and capable of being impaired; and it is, I think, a mistake to

suppose that civil freedom, conferring equal rights and equal opportunities of advancement on all men, does thereby cherish and promote in each man this precious possession of an independence seated in the heart. What it does promote is ambition, the mother of restless desires and disquieting apprehensions, and the very step-mother of independence, pursuing it “*novercalibus odiis*.” He whose natural wants are satisfied as he is, and to whom no opportunities of rising present themselves, if his lot be moderately easy, will be contented with it; whereas he who sees a path ascending from summit to summit always before him, will be tempted to pass his life in striving and struggling, and through uneasy aspirations to forfeit the true independence which walks hand in hand with contentment.

And again, “The only school of moral sentiment,” says Mr. Mill, “is society between equals” (79). If it were so, there would be no such thing as a school of moral sentiment; for, as I have observed already, there is no such thing as equality. But if there were such a thing and such a school, there are some of the moral sentiments which would not be taught in it, even if there were not some of the more or less immoral sentiments which would. “Let not the strong man despise the weak; and let the weak see that he reverence the strong.” That injunction is contained in the “False Gospels,” but it would not have been unworthy of a place in the true. Perhaps, however, all that Mr. Mill means is equality in the eye of the law. This there may be, and there ought to be, and in the main in this country there is; and where there is not, the effect is much the same; for the spirit out of which the legal equality has issued is sure to operate more powerfully in society than the law itself can operate, and there will be pretty nearly all the social equality that nature will permit (which is not much), and the school of moral sentiment will be nature’s school and not Mr. Mill’s. For, in truth, nature, which has made men differ from women, and has also made them differ from each other—differ in age, differ in health, in animal spirits, in energy, in personal attractiveness and in intellect, has provided such a school of moral sentiment as

could never be found in relations of equality. And nature furthermore, inasmuch as she has given men an imagination susceptible of impressions from birth, rank, wealth, pomp, and circumstance, has provided yet another school of moral sentiment through social and adventitious inequalities. These are said to be artificial because their derivation from nature is less direct than some other inequalities; but this makes but little difference; for, as in the case of *Perdita's* "streaked gilliflower"—

O'er that art  
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art  
That nature makes—

And what is it that is taught in these schools? Not only patience, forbearance, humility, charity, generosity; but, I will say also, if Mr. Mill will allow me, personal independence. There is, in truth, no purer independence than that of the man who, being contented with his own lot, is contented also to recognize superiority in another, be it of what is inborn, or be it of what is social and extrinsic; and there is nothing that strikes at the root of personal independence more than the jealousies of plebeian pride. We have this truth constantly before our eyes in our own country, for men's fear of being accounted by others of less importance than they account themselves, is the counterpart of the hope to rise above equals and to reach the level of superiors; and these hopes and fears are the necessary growth of our free institutions; and thus freedom, with all its progeny of virtues, is the parent of one vice, and that a parricidal vice: for the pride which is begotten of freedom preys upon its vitals. "The proud man, who is the poor man, braggeth outwardly but beggeth inwardly," says St. Jerome; and those who set most store by their independence are commonly those by whom independence is unknown; and who, moreover—by an inhibition issuing from their own nature and dispositions—let them rise to what position they may, can by no possibility achieve it. They are, and always must be, in want and in fear. Thus it is that free political institutions, whilst they may be relied upon to make a nation great and rich, and may be expected in

some ulterior result, let us hope, to make it, what is more important, good and happy, yet in the meantime and on some natures, perhaps on many, have a mixed operation, not more equivocal in relation to any of the virtues than to that of personal independence. The most perfect liberty of action and development may indeed

Of inward slave make outward free—

but that outward freedom is but a low step on the ladder of our outward progress; and it may be well, by way of counteraction to some accompanying influences of merely civil freedom, that the female half of human kind should be placed in a position more favorable than that of men for preserving the nobler and purer independence in which many are born, but which, in this country at least, not so many as one would desire are enabled to carry with them through the struggles of an active and eager life.

It is more than a quarter of a century since I have been out of England, and the continent as it is now and as Mr. Mill knows it, must present social aspects other than those with which I have been acquainted; but when I knew it, the looks, manners, and deportment of the middle classes in Germany and Italy seemed to express more of independence (in its natural combination with courtesy and contentment) than those of my own countrymen. Unequal classes met upon more equal terms. This I was disposed to attribute, partly no doubt to a temperament through which happiness was sufficient to itself and advancement in life was no great object, but partly also to the few openings upward in the social scale making some sorts of advancement impracticable, and *therefore* not an object at all. Perhaps no indication of the condition and character of a people is more significant than the human aspect of a street. It expressed to my eyes abroad, ease and independence, at home care and haste. When I look in the faces of men and in the faces of women, I seem to recognize a difference of the like purport in favor of the latter.

I will end as I began, with some notice of the general tone and tenor of Mr.

Mill's essay. I have spoken of the large measure in which matter of opinion is represented as matter of indubitable truth, ascribing it to the art of the advocate renouncing for a season the exercise of philosophic circumspection. But perhaps I should have allowed something also for the ardor of the man impelling the philosopher to overleap scientific restraints. And in this ardor I seem to recognize what is not new to me, except as what was old becomes new after many years—that incandescent philosophy so characteristic of Mr. Mill's school of philosophers, when I had the never-to-be forgotten privilege and delight of meeting them, some forty or five and forty years ago, face to face in debate. I find in undecaying energy after all this efflux of years the vigor of the intellectual athlete, the logical subtlety, and the gift of luminous exposition by which the school was distinguished; and along with these, I find traces yet left of a still happier gift which belonged to these philosophers

then, and which it might have been supposed would have faded away out of sight when their youth was past. Their felicity was that they knew not to doubt. Whilst other minds wandered in a purgatory of perplexities, a paradise of certainties was theirs. I envied and admired the clearness, the intrepidity, the bright and imperious decisiveness with which some of them delivered themselves of whatever doctrines they taught. Yet delighted and dazzled as I was, I sometimes felt that my faith in their doctrines would have been more if theirs had been less. And whilst I surrender noscintilla of my old admiration, the other feeling has rather grown upon me; I appreciate more and more that element of justness in opinion which consists in gradations of confidence or diffidence; and when opinions are flashed upon me without these pencillings of light and shade, I feel that there is something wanting to place them in the first rank of authority.

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Dublin University Magazine.

#### THE PALACE OF THE CÆSARS.

"THE history of the whole world attaches itself to this spot, and I reckon a new birthday from the day I entered Rome," said Goethe in 1786; adding, "one may study history here differently from what one can in any other spot. In other places one has, as it were, to read oneself into it from without; here one fancies that he reads from within outwards. All arranges itself around you, and seems to proceed from you." Truly and wisely said; for standing on the Palatine, the most famed of Rome's seven hills, the great world drama mentally passes in review before you, like an actual pageant of to-day; and you feel that this was the fitting theatre for great deeds. And so vividly does the imagination, amid such surroundings, recreate the past, that the place itself seems thronged with the presence of those who live in classic story. The struggles, the triumphs, and the crimes of Rome are no dead letter of history to him who looks on the enormous ruins of the *Porta Romana*, or treads the marble ban-

queting-hall of the Cæsars. The presence of these material objects gives a wonderful tangibility to the past; the events which have happened there become henceforth a part of yourself; and somehow you feel that centuries of existence have been added to your own individual life. The reality which hope gives to the future, imagination lends to the past, and with Tennyson's "Ulysses," you exclaim, "I am a part of all that I have met."

Filled with this sort of personal interest for the old days, I went, during a late visit to Rome, again and again to the Palatine. On this spot tradition points out the site of the rude cabin of Romulus, and here are the extensive ruins of the sumptuous palace of the Cæsars—witnesses at once of the birth and the maturity of greatness. As Ampère has well observed, "the history of the Palatine is the history of Rome;" and he adds, "I see upon this mount a little seed, thrown by chance, as it were, but endowed with such singular vitality,

that it drew to itself all the surrounding elements necessary for its support; and fortified by this powerful assimilation, grew and threw out its branches, till at length it became an immense tree which covered the world." The site of the Pelasgian fortress is no doubt in the midst of the enclosure where we now admire the gigantic ruins of the imperial palace.\*

We are indebted to the Emperor Napoleon for rescuing this sacred spot from further obliteration and decay. His majesty purchased what was then called the "Farnese Gardens," from the Neapolitan Bourbons in 1861, for ten thousand pounds; and he now spends annually a considerable sum in excavating those vast ruins.

All students of archæology and lovers of art must feel grateful to the Emperor for the aid he has thus afforded them in the prosecution of their researches. Signor Pietro Rosa, the chief director of the works, is an antiquarian of first-rate ability; and in making him "the Conservator of the palace of the Cæsars," the Emperor has shown that he can distinguish and reward real merit from amidst a crowd of importunate claimants. Signor Rosa is working at a topographical map of the environs of Rome, which will be, when finished, a most valuable addition to the resources of the student. The geological character of the surface of the Campagna, and the surrounding hills is admirably given in this chart. I was favored with a site of it, and also received some verbal explanations from the author, which helped me greatly in forming an idea of this interesting class of country.

Before examining the progress of the excavations which have laid open

"Choked-up vaults, and frescoes steep'd  
In subterranean damps,"

I will beg my reader to ascend with me the steps of a small tower, built as a look out in the Farnese Gardens. This elevation commands an admirable view

\* We climbed up to the heights of these wondrous ruins, and stood at the broken window at which we fancied Nero stood fiddling while Rome was burning—an impressive scene. We eat delicious grapes in the gardens.—*Editor of the Eclectic.*

of modern Rome, embracing also many of the most remarkable monuments of antiquity. Before you is the Basilica of Constantine, and the *Via Sacra*, where of old Horace walked meditating his satires. To the right is the arch of Titus, and the Coliseum, and the picturesque fragment of the Temple of Venus and Rome. To the left is the Forum Romanum, and the arch of Septimius Severus: above it towers the Capitol, with its world history. The ill-omened birds of Mont Aventine fly over our heads: but away with all presage of evil, nothing can mar the delight of such a prospect—the sunlight of that hour has photographed the picture on my memory. The scene I thirsted after for years is fixed on my mind indelibly—the time-worn ruins—the modern palaces—the picturesque costumes—the sacred places, and the wide-spreading Campagna, glowing with every hue of color, bounded by the blue hills. The distant prospect recalled another state of things connected with that remote geological past which is not counted by centuries, but measured approximately by epochs of change. One is visibly reminded of the submarine volcanoes which produced the rounded hillocks of the Campagna, and which formed the *tufa* that constitutes the substratum of the district. It does not require any great stretch of fancy to realize the condition which obtained when the waves of the sea covered this part of the country. The Campagna is now not unlike a green ocean rippled into waves, from which the lonely Soracte rises as an island, and the Alban Hills as distant headlands

"Vides, ut altâ stet nive candidum  
Soracte."

The physical phenomena, however important, fade in interest before the human sympathies which invest such a scene as this. The wilderness which surrounds Rome fascinates the imagination with an indescribable charm; the towers, tombs, and arches scattered over the wide plain serve to repeople the scene whose beauty, though present, has no life but in the past. In fancy one may behold again the glancing spears of the veteran legions, returning with the spoils of victory; or one may recall a cold

gray morning, and a solitary traveller on foot leaving Rome by the Appian Way—the street of tombs. The self-exiled Cicero, for he it is that my fancy has invoked, turns again, and yet again, to take a last look at the Palatine, where he has left all that is dear to him—his beautiful home—his beloved daughter.

I never see the *Via Appia* without picturing to myself that solitary figure, walking with hasty, irregular steps, and with arms tightly folded across his breast, crushing down bitter feelings of hatred, wounded pride, baffled ambition, and poignant regret.

There are common incidents at Rome which recall the past almost without an effort of the fancy. Who that has seen a funeral procession, with long files of Capucins bearing their wax tapers, but has thought of Virgil's description of the funeral of Pallas, son of Evander:—

'Lueet via longo ordine flammarum.  
VIRG. *Æn.* xi.

Here we are reminded of the great antiquity of the custom of carrying funeral torches—a custom as ancient as the period when human sacrifices were first abolished; and thus the symbols and usages of our own day unite us with a remote paganism, forming sympathetic links, as it were, in the chain of humanity.

The name of Evander recalls the traditions of the early pastoral tribes, their wanderings, and their settlement. Virgil, in describing these simple Arcadians, the first inhabitants of the Palatine, contrasts their rude camp with the luxurious abode of the Cæsars, which in his time crowned the Imperial Mount. This palace then contained all that was rich and rare from the Far East, from beyond the snowy Alps, and from Greece, the home of art. Earth and sea had been rifled of their treasures to adorn the dwelling-place of the world's master.

The very name of this gorgeous residence on the *Palatium* has passed into modern language as the descriptive word for princely dwellings.

We, in our day, behold another change on

"This mountain whose obliterated place  
The pyramid of empires pinnaced."

Generations of destroyers and centuries

of decay have left a perfect chaos of ruin, which it is the self-appointed task of another imperial master to restore to order, or at least to recognition; and already a mass of interesting facts have been brought to light.

During the process of unearthing the ruins, few objects of art, or articles of intrinsic value, have been found. The mutilated statue of a genius, and a gracefully-draped female figure, are amongst the most noteworthy. These are placed, together with a variety of smaller things, such as coins, signa tegularia, and specimens of glass, in a museum on the spot, appointed for the reception of such art treasures and curiosities as may be found in course of excavation. In the last days of the empire, the Palatine must have been so repeatedly pillaged and sacked, that in all probability few portable objects of value ever will be found in the Palace of the Cæsars.

But the real interest lies in the identification of different historical sites; and whatever disagreement there may be amongst archæologists respecting certain minor points, I think that there can be no doubt that Signor Rosa is right in attributing much narrower limits to *Roma Quadrata* than those ascribed by the antiquary Canina. The authority of a great name like that of the author of "*Indicazione Topografica di Roma Antica*" must not silence doubt or crush inquiry. Signor Rosa has evidently endeavored to disembarass his mind of foregone conclusions; and by close attention to the text of Livy, Ovid, Tacitus, and others who made reference to local facts relating to the old time which was before them, he has succeeded in throwing much new light upon the plan of the Palatine and its immediate surroundings. When the director considers that he has established his claim to the discovery of a sight, he places a large notice board on the spot, so that those who run may read; he further gives quotations and references to such ancient authorities as have assisted him in this work. The scholar may thus judge for himself the value of Signor Rosa's deductions.

It is only of late that the exact position of the *Porta Romana*, the *Porta Mugonia*, and the site of the cabin of

Romulus, have been thoroughly examined. We now know the whereabouts of the houses of Clodius and Cicero, and what is important, the *Clivus Palatinus*. This latter, ascending from the *Summa Sacra Via*, shows that a valley existed formerly which divided *Summa Velia*, on which stands the modern church of St. Buonaventura, from the ancient Palatine, extending from this valley to the Velabrum and the heights overlooking the *Circus Maximus*. This declivity, which in the early days of Rome divided the Palatine in two parts, has been mainly filled up by the débris from the vast ruins of the palace. Everywhere the modern city is many feet above ancient Rome; the effect of which change of level is damaging to the importance of the far-famed seven hills; but, like many things at Rome which at first seem commonplace and disappointing, the hills resume their pristine dignity when viewed through an historical medium and not through the dull eye of sense. After a residence of some time, I found a mental transformation going on within me respecting my impression of Rome; outward objects became a sort of index to my own fuller ideal conception, and the creation of my brain was to me more real than the reality. Other places are fairer, brighter, happier; but Rome once seen, you feel you must see again ere you die; and it is said if you drink by moonlight of the waters of the *Pontana di Trevi* that you surely will return. Who would not quaff the magic cup, drinking to united Italy?

The very name of the Eternal City has its root in the times of demigods and heroes—a time far anterior to that of Romulus. In Latin *Roma* is without meaning, but in Greek it signifies *Force*, which naturally leads us to attribute the name to a Pelasgian origin. Accepting this explanation, we see in the very name of their capital the characteristic features of the Latin race. In modern times the Anglo-Saxons, above all others, unquestionably inherit that gift of dominating power, that vitality which assimilates, that *force* which subdues; and standing by the wall of Romulus, I confess to an almost Pagan reverence for the very name which foreshadowed the triumphs of a race.

It is not many years since the wall of

Romulus was discovered; it is of stony tufa, and closely follows the plan of the Palatine. Near the point where the brazen plough, drawn by white oxen (according to the sacerdotal usage of the Etruscans), probably completed the circuit of the wall, viz., near the arch of Titus, Signor Rosa has discovered the steps of the Palace. This side was always the principal entrance, the *Porta Palatii*, as described by Ovid:—

“Inde petens dextram ‘Porta est’ ait ista Palati,  
Hic Stator, hoc primum condita Roma loco est.”

Not far from this spot was found the altar of a nameless deity who guarded the city. Ampère observes, “Olympus is always a reflection of the earth; and if you want to understand the man, consider the gods which he has made for himself.” He further observes that the worship of Fortune, that unknown power which controlled the various accidents, changes, and chances of human destiny, was the true religion of the Romans; but this interesting matter must not tempt us from the more immediate subject of this paper—the excavations on the Palatine.

At Rome, where you suffer from mental repletion caused by guide-books and other indigestible matter, there is always a great difficulty in keeping one’s self to a particular subject. I was rightly rebuked by a Scotch professor to whom I made some remark about the Coliseum. “I am studying Rome chronologically,” said he, “and as I have not yet finished the kingly period, I have not even looked at the Coliseum.”

Let us return, then, to the subject-matter in hand. Signor Rosa has found some considerable fragments of the *Porta Palatii*: this entrance to the palace is identical with the ancient *Porta Mugonia*, so called from the sounds of the lowing cattle, as they passed out to drink at the waters of the Velabrum. Of the other great gate, the *Porta Romana*, there remain enormous blocks of ruin.

Near this spot we remained long in contemplation of the fragment of a beautiful white marble balustrade. We descended to this place through an immense arch, the grand framework of which, enclosing a portion of the blue

sky, produced a singularly picturesque effect. The intensity of the coloring contrasted admirably with the deep shade of the gigantic vaults and corridors into which we were descending.

The substructions of this mighty ruin of the palace are truly wonderful; they are so vast, so massive, that they seem as if built by men to whom the present race are but pigmies. The construction is clearly Etruscan, and would well serve as foundations for a later erection. Signor Rosa holds that he has discovered considerable masses of masonry which belong to the kingly period. It was at this spot that Caligula caused to be erected his famous bridge. It was thrown obliquely over the Forum, connecting his palace with the Capitol, for the purpose of enabling Caligula to converse conveniently with his colleague Jupiter!

There have been several chambers exposed to view in this part of the ruins, containing many interesting fragments of fresco and stucco decorations. Portions, also, of the pavement of the *Clivus Victoriz* are here preserved.

I believe there are no acknowledged remains of the temple erected to the mother of the gods; but it was situated in this immediate vicinity, near the imperial palace. This edifice is known to have been round and surmounted by a cupola, on which, as Martial tells us, were represented in fresco Corybantes dancing in honor of Cybele:—

“—Quæ madidi sunt tecta Lycoe  
Et Cybeles picto stat Corybante domus.”  
MART. *Æp.* i. 71, 9.

In our endeavor to re-create the Palatine of the old days, this edifice must not be forgotten, because its architecture was striking and the position commanding. Before Rome possessed permanent theatres of stone, it was before this temple that plays were very frequently performed. Here the people listened to the favorite pieces of Plautus and Terence. Here probably the well-known line—

“Homo sum; humani nil a me alienum puto,”

was heard and applauded for the first time. We may imagine the reiterated thunders of applause, which, history tells us, welcomed a sentiment so simply yet

so nobly expressive of man's independence. The shouts of approval were likely to be the result of honest and heartfelt conviction; for this was an age when the whole tendency of political progress was towards strengthening and consolidating the conquest of equality. When, recently, we celebrated the centenary of the poet who wrote—

“The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that,”

the popular voice echoed the feeling of republican Rome in her best days.

Speaking of a time anterior to the imperial possession of the Palatine, it may be interesting to recall certain facts relative to the houses of Cicero and Claudius—the sites of which have been identified in the course of the recent excavations. Cicero's house was upon the level space bordering on the *Sacra Via*. It had originally been built for Drusus. The architect, it may be remembered, boasted that he would so construct it that no one should overlook the inmates. To this Drusus gave the well-known answer, “Rather arrange it that all my life may be open to all eyes.” It was in a covered walk behind this house where Drusus received his death-blow from a mysterious and unknown hand. Some years later Cicero purchased the house from one of the Crassi, into whose family possession it had fallen after the assassination of the first owner. Cicero made it one of the most beautiful dwellings in Rome. He filled it with books, pictures, statues, and the richest furniture—one table alone is reported to have cost £4000. The principal façade of the mansion was towards the south—a desirable position even at Rome in the winter. But his windows severally commanded the most important and the most frequented parts of the city. He might occasionally see the pale-visaged Catiline pass by, returning to his home—also on the Palatine “walking,” as Sallust describes him, “now precipitately, now slowly, with the air of a madman.” The site of the celebrated conspiracy was afterwards absorbed within the limits of the Augustan Palace.

On one occasion, according to Roman usage, Cicero was appointed to lodge a royal guest, the son of the King of Armenia, in his magnificent house. We



may conclude that Cicero capped his house with an additional story, when he observed tauntingly to Clodius, "I raise my roof, not for the sake of looking down upon thee, but to shut out from thee the sight of that city thou wouldst ruin."

Cicero's house was to him the symbol of political success; for when he left the financial quarter of the Carinæ, and took up his abode on the Palatine, he associated himself with some of the greatest families of Rome.

All that he loved and cherished he left behind him that cold gray morning, when he quitted Rome by the Appian Way—a solitary wanderer, forced to seek in exile that safety which ungrateful Rome no longer afforded. We all know how, in his banishment, he regretted "the skies of Rome, the Forum, and his house on the Palatine." The fate of his beautiful dwelling is briefly told: it was confiscated, pillaged, burnt, and destroyed; then, finally, rebuilt at the expense of a consistent public. We look down upon the spot, standing upon the ruined dwelling of Cicero's greatest enemy. There is a little anecdote rather characteristic of this same Clodius, in reference to exchange of titles and conveyance of property, which is worth repeating. He wanted to enlarge his premises, desiring with this object to buy an adjoining house belonging to one Sejus; and to avoid the awkward contingency of either party being reduced to forfeit their word, Clodius released Sejus from his dilemma by poisoning him! After his neighbor's death, Clodius bought the house under an assumed name; and the enlarged dwelling became celebrated for its magnificence even in that luxurious quarter. Amongst the mention of conspicuous houses on the Palatine, that of Catullus must not be forgotten; also in close proximity to Cicero's house. It was remarkable for its domed roof and triumphal portico, the latter ornamented with spoils won from the Cimbri.

In the same neighborhood rose that stately building called "The Venus of the Palatine," the abode of Licinius Crassus. It was so named because the *atrium* was decorated with columns of marble from Mount Hymettus. On the same level as the house of Cicero stood

the dwelling of the Pontifex Maximus—sometime inhabited by Julius Cæsar.

At this period the robberies committed by individuals, together with the spoiliations of the state, had literally filled Rome with statues and other work of Greek art, which, as Müller says, might have been counted by the hundreds of thousands. The houses of the opulent citizens became veritable museums of art treasures; while the temples were regarded as places of exhibition for the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Phidias and Praxiteles. What a sight these splendid houses on the Palatine must have been, thus adorned by the wealth of Rome and the genius of Greece!

It is true, that as the artistic feeling increased, religious sentiment faded out of belief; but the loosening and breaking up of old creeds is no subject of regret when regarded as a preparation of the human mind for the silent revolution of Christianity.

If such were the costly abodes of the citizens of Rome, we may well imagine the surpassing magnificence of the Palace of the Cæsars. As we all know, Augustus commenced the Imperial dwelling, raising the building on the site of the houses of Cicero, Hortensius, Catullus, and Clodius. Tiberius enlarged it towards that portion of the hill which overlooks the Velabrum, and Caligula extended it towards the Forum. The mad extravagance of Nero absorbed not only the whole of the Palatine within the limits of his palace, but extended it as far as the Esquiline to the gardens of Mæcenas. This erection was burnt to the ground in the great fire of Rome. Nero then commenced the "Golden Palace," which embraced the whole of the Palatine, the Velia, and the valley of the Coliseum, together with the heights of the Thermæ of Titus, extending near to the Esquiline gate. This monstrous pile of building was not finished at the time of Nero's death; Vespasian reduced the limits of the imperial abode to its original site on the Palatine. It was not, however, completed till the reign of Domitian, who exhibited his taste by filling the palace with many of the rarest and most beautiful works of art which wealth and power could command. Septimius Severus added his *septizonium*; succeeding emperors rebuilt and altered the

palace at different times, and at length it was suffered to fall into decay in the reign of Theodoric.

This is briefly the history of the vast edifice amid whose ruins we stand. Each day almost fresh excavations reveal something more of these interesting remains. A large portion of the ground-plan of the palace erected by the Flavian emperors is already laid open to view. The pavements of marble, and considerable portions of the marble-panelled walls remain; and as these apartments have been unearthed, you can walk from one room to another, distinguishing their proportions and general aspect. In some places the broken columns and finely-chiselled entablatures have been set up, and other judicious repairs effected, which serve to restore the idea of the building.

Taken in order, the apartments which have been exhumed are pretty much as follows:—The *Tablinum*, a large quadrangular space of noble proportions, which, to the right, opens upon the *Basilica*, the walls and apse of which latter are well preserved—the width of the nave is remarkable. Here justice was administered. The *Peristylum* lies beyond the *Tablinum*; and descending into the so-called baths of Livia, we find some of the massive substructions of a very early period, which Vespasian utilized as foundations for his palace. Some beautiful fragments of arabesque painting, and some portions of gilt stucco ornamentation, are here preserved on the walls and roof. These subterranean chambers disclose the existence of enormous rectangular blocks of tufa. Ascending again to the level of the *Peristylum*, we proceed to the *Triclinium*, where it is supposed the unfortunate Pertinax was found when the Prætorian guards thundered at the palace-gate. In this apartment a great deal of the white marble panelling remains, and the inlaid pavement is well preserved. The *Nymphæum* opens to the right. The white marble fountain, of exquisite form, fills the centre of this apartment. It is now crowned by a tangled mass of glorious wild-flowers, but the proportions are perfectly preserved, and many rare fragments of the sculptor's art are lying scattered about. The surroundings of this spot contribute to make it one of the most

beautiful bits yet excavated. Enough is left of the costly chamber to show what it was; enough has been added by the graceful hand of time to make it a perfect picture. The frescoed domes have long since crumbled into dust, but the blue vault of Italia's sky is better than the painter's art. The wild acanthus and the feathered fern fling their luxuriant foliage over prostrate capitals and fluted columns, turning desolation into joy, and ruin into loveliness, by the mere spell of natural beauty.

The *Bibliotheca*, which contained the celebrated Palatine Library, has also been uncovered, and is in close proximity to the *Academia*. It has the same form as that usually adopted in our own lecture-rooms.

Not far from this are some recently-discovered foundations which appear to belong to the republican period, and which it is supposed may have formed a portion of the temple of Jupiter Propugnator. Also a number of vaulted chambers have been exhumed, bordering on the ancient road which turns from this point towards the Velabrum. These were of a humbler order; there is evidence of the tessellated flooring having been prepared; the workmanship of the earliest is very rude, and probably very ancient. The rooms are mostly small, and without artistic adornment; but the plain stucco sides are not devoid of interest. Looking attentively, you will detect certain faint scratchings on the wall, which represent some of various emblematic figures employed by the early Christians, and familiar to all who have visited the catacombs or the Lateran Museum. It is impossible to pass by without hazarding a conjecture upon the origin of these rude etchings. In all human probability, the restless fingers of some Christian captive, waiting for death in the arena, traced those symbols of the faith for which he had lived and died. Not the paintings of Nicias or Polygnotus—did they still exist on the portico of Pompey's theatre—would have power to move us like these simple outlines; void of beauty as of art, the expression of an heroic soul though of an unlearned hand trembling visibly at the sounds of that voluptuous revelry which echoed from the tyrant's banquetting-hall to the prisoner's cell! What scenes have been en-

acted in this palace of the Cæsars! Dark and terrible memories haunt the ground we tread upon; vice, crowned and triumphant, here held rule; while superstition and impiety commingled their rites and orgies!

It was almost a relief to turn from the *Domus Tiberiana* to the edge of the precipice overlooking the *Forum Boarium*, for here other thoughts presented themselves, and imagination recalled those simpler Arcadian days when these fastuous halls were not. A small quadrangular space near this is pointed out as the site of the cabin of Romulus, the spot where first he dwelt when he settled on the Palatine; and not far off is the so-called staircase of Cæcus. In endeavoring to identify these localities, we must confess ourselves to be in the debatable land of conjecture. I am not myself inclined to apply too severely the pruning-knife of criticism to these early

myths and fables which people the Palatine with an Arcadian race. Bonstetten says, "Ancient history, like a large mosaic, must be seen at a distance, and not examined too closely, or it disappears."

Right pleasant it is to dream of heroes and demigods while wandering amid these ruins at the setting of the sun. The changing hues of brilliant color palpitating in the sky flooded the earth with reflected glory, and I—standing on the heights which overlook the Vesta—remained transfixed while that wondrous play of light continued. But at length the gray twilight stole like the shadow of death upon the scene; and feeling the breath of the sirocco—the "lead wind," as Horace calls it—I hastened my return, passing again through the stupendous ruins of the *Porta Romana*, and here ended my circuit of the present excavations of the Palace of the Cæsars.

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Fraser's Magazine.

## ON DUST AND DISEASE.

BY JOHN TYNDALL, LL.D., F.R.S.,

PROFESSOR OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY IN THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Being asked for permission to publish this discourse in *Fraser*, I willingly gave it. I have gone through the proof, and made in it a few alterations and additions. A brief historic summary is also added.—J. T.

SOLAR light in passing through a dark room reveals its track by illuminating the dust floating in the air. "The sun," says Daniel Culverwell, "discovers atoms, though they be invisible by candlelight, and makes them dance naked in his beams." \*

In my researches on the decomposition of vapors by light I was compelled to remove these "atoms" and this dust. It was essential that the space containing the vapors should embrace no visible thing; that no substance capable of scattering the light in the slightest sensible degree should, at the outset of an experiment, be found in the "experi-

mental tube" traversed by the luminous beam.

For a long time I was troubled by the appearance there of floating dust, which though invisible in diffuse daylight was at once revealed by a powerfully condensed beam. Two tubes were placed in succession in the path of the dust: the one containing fragments of glass wetted with concentrated sulphuric acid; the other, fragments of marble wetted with a strong solution of caustic potash. To my astonishment it passed through both. The air of the Royal Institution sent through these tubes at a rate sufficiently slow to dry it, and to remove its carbonic acid, carried into the experimental tube a considerable amount of mechanically suspended matter, which was illuminated when the beam passed through the tube. The effect was substantially the same when the air was permitted to bubble through the liquid acid and through the solution of potash. The core of the bubble does not touch the acid, and even the dust particles which come into contact

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\* On a day of transient shadows there is something almost magical in the rise and dissolution of the luminous beams among the scaffolding poles of the Royal Albert Hall.

with the acid require time to be wetted by it. When left sufficiently long in contact with the acid, the particles are destroyed.

Thus, on the 5th of October, 1868, successive charges of air were admitted through the potash and sulphuric acid into the exhausted experimental tube. Prior to the admission of the air the tube was *optically empty*; it contained nothing competent to scatter the light. After the air had entered the tube, the conical track of the electric beam was in all cases clearly revealed. This indeed was a daily observation at the time to which I now refer.

I tried to intercept this floating matter in various ways; and on the day just mentioned, prior to sending the air through the drying apparatus, I carefully permitted it to pass over the tip of a spirit-lamp flame. The floating matter no longer appeared, having been burnt up by the flame. It was therefore of *organic* origin. When the air was sent too rapidly through the flame, a fine blue cloud was found in the experimental tube. This was the *smoke* of the organic particles due to their imperfect combustion. I was by no means prepared for this result; for I had thought that the dust of our air was, in great part, inorganic and non-combustible.

Mr. Valentin had the kindness to procure for me a small gas-furnace containing a platinum tube, which could be heated to vivid redness. The tube also contained a roll of platinum gauze, which, while it permitted the air to pass through it, insured the practical contact of the dust with the incandescent metal. The air of the laboratory was permitted to enter the experimental tube, sometimes through the cold, and sometimes through the heated, tube of platinum. The rapidity of admission was also varied. In the first column of the following table the quantity of air operated on is expressed by the number of inches which the mercury gauge of the air-pump sank when the air entered. In the second column the condition of the platinum tube is mentioned, and in the third the state of the air which entered the experimental tube.

Quantity of Air.	State of Platinum Tube.	State of Experimental Tube.
15 inches.	Cold..	Full of particles.
15 "	Red-hot.	Optically empty.

The phrase "optically empty" shows that when the conditions of perfect combustion were present, the floating matter totally disappeared. It was wholly burnt up, leaving no sensible residue. The experiment was repeated many times with the same invariable result. From spectrum analysis, however, we know that soda floats in the air; these organic dust particles are, I believe, the *rafts* that support it, and when they are removed it sinks and vanishes.

When the passage of the air was so rapid as to render imperfect the combustion of the floating matter, instead of optical emptiness a fine blue cloud made its appearance in the experimental tube. The following series of results illustrate this point:

Quantity.	Platinum Tube.	Experimental Tube.
15 in., slow.	Cold.	Full of particles.
15 " "	Red-hot.	Optically empty.
15 " quick.	"	A blue cloud.
15 " " Intensely hot.	"	A fine blue cloud.

The optical character of these clouds was totally different from that of the dust which produced them. At right angles to the illuminating beam they discharged perfectly polarized light. The cloud could be utterly quenched by a transparent Nicol's prism, and the tube containing it reduced to optical emptiness.

The particles floating in the air of London being thus proved to be of organic origin,\* I sought to burn them up at the focus of a concave reflector. One of the powerfully convergent mirrors employed in my experiments on combustion by dark rays was here made use of, but I failed in the attempt. Doubtless

\* According to an analysis kindly furnished to me by Dr. Percy, the dust collected from the walls of the British Museum contains fully 50 per cent of inorganic matter. I have every confidence in the results of this distinguished chemist; they show that the *floating* dust of our rooms is, as it were, winnowed from the heavier matter. As bearing directly upon this point I may quote the following passage from Pasteur:—"Mais ici se présente une remarque: la poussière que l'on trouve à la surface de tous les corps est soumise constamment à des courants d'air, qui doivent soulever ses particules les plus légères, au nombre desquelles se trouvent, sans doute, de préférence les corpuscules organisés, œufs ou spores, moins lourds généralement que les particules minérales."

the floating particles are in part transparent to radiant heat, and are so far incombustible by such heat. Their rapid motion through the focus also aids their escape. They do not linger there sufficiently long to be consumed. A flame it was evident would burn them up, but I thought the presence of the flame would mask its own action among the particles.

In a cylindrical beam, which powerfully illuminated the dust of the laboratory, was placed an ignited spirit-lamp. Mingling with the flame, and round its rim, were seen wreaths of darkness resembling an intensely black smoke. On lowering the flame below the beam the same dark masses stormed upwards. They were at times blacker than the blackest smoke that I have ever seen issuing from the funnel of a steamer, and their resemblance to smoke was so perfect as to lead the most practised observer to conclude that the apparently pure flame of the alcohol lamp required but a beam of sufficient intensity to reveal its clouds of liberated carbon.

But is the blackness smoke? This question presented itself in a moment. A red-hot poker was placed underneath the beam, and from it the black wreaths also ascended. A large hydrogen flame was next employed, and it produced those whirling masses of darkness far more copiously than either the spirit-flame or poker. Smoke was therefore out of the question.

What then was the blackness? It was simply that of stellar space: that is to say, blackness resulting from the absence from the track of the beam of all matter competent to scatter its light. When the flame was placed below the beam the floating matter was destroyed *in situ*; and the air, freed from this matter, rose into the beam, jostled aside the illuminated particles and substituted for their light the darkness due to its own perfect transparency. Nothing could more forcibly illustrate the invisibility of the agent which renders all things visible. The beam crossed, unseen, the black chasm formed by the transparent air, while at both sides of the gap the thick-strewn particles shone out like a luminous solid under the powerful illumination.

But here a difficulty meets us. It is not necessary to burn the particles to produce a stream of darkness. Without actual combustion, currents may be generated which shall exclude the floating matter, and therefore appear dark amid the surrounding brightness. I noticed this effect first on placing a red-hot copper ball below the beam, and permitting it to remain there until its temperature had fallen below that of boiling water. The dark currents, though much enfeebled, were still produced. They may also be produced by a flask filled with hot water.

To study this effect a platinum wire was stretched across the beam, the two ends of the wire being connected with the two poles of a voltaic battery. To regulate the strength of the current a rheostat was placed in the circuit. Beginning with a feeble current the temperature of the wire was gradually augmented, but before it reached the heat of ignition, a flat stream of air rose from it, which when looked at edgewise appeared darker and sharper than one of the blackest lines of Fraunhofer in the solar spectrum. Right and left of this dark vertical band the floating matter rose upwards, bounding definitely the non-luminous stream of air. What is the explanation? Simply this. The hot wire rarefied the air in contact with it, but it did not equally lighten the floating matter. The convection current of pure air therefore passed upwards *among the inert particles*, dragging them after it right and left, but forming between them an impassable black partition. This elementary experiment enables us to render an account of the dark currents produced by bodies at a temperature below that of combustion.\*

Oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbonic acid, so prepared as to exclude all floating particles, produce the darkness when poured or blown into the beam. Coal-gas does the same. An ordinary glass shade placed in the air with its mouth downward permits the track of the beam to be seen crossing it. Let coal-

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\* This explanation has been found difficult. Why, it is asked, does not the current of hot air carry the particles up with it? I hope very soon to enter more fully into this question.

gas or hydrogen enter the shade by a tube reaching to its top, the gas gradually fills the shade from the top downwards. As soon as it occupies the space crossed by the beam, the luminous track is instantly abolished. Lifting the shade so as to bring the common boundary of gas and air above the beam, the track flashes forth. After the shade is full, if it be inverted, the gas passes upwards like a black smoke among the illuminated particles.

The air of our London rooms is loaded with this organic dust, nor is the country air free from its pollution. However ordinary daylight may permit it to disguise itself, a sufficiently powerful beam causes the air in which the dust is suspended to appear as a semi-solid rather than as a gas. Nobody could, in the first instance, without repugnance place the mouth at the illuminated focus of the electric beam and inhale the dirt revealed there. Nor is the disgust abolished by the reflection that, although we do not see the nastiness, we are churning it in our lungs every hour and minute of our lives. There is no respite to this contact with dirt; and the wonder is, not that we should from time to time suffer from its presence, but that so small a portion of it would appear to be deadly to man.

And what is this portion? It was some time ago the current belief that epidemic diseases generally were propagated by a kind of malaria, which consisted of organic matter in a state of *motor-decay*; that when such matter was taken into the body through the lungs or skin, it had the power of spreading there the destroying process which had attacked itself. Such a spreading power was visibly exerted in the case of yeast. A little leaven was seen to leaven the whole lump, a mere speck of matter in this supposed state of decomposition being apparently competent to propagate indefinitely its own decay. Why should not a bit of rotten malaria work in a similar manner within the human frame? In 1836 a very wonderful reply was given to this question. In that year Cagniard de la Tour discovered the *yeast plant*, a living organism, which when placed in a proper medium feeds, grows, and reproduces itself, and in this way carries on the process which we name fermentation. Fermentation was thus

proved to be a product of life instead of a process of decay.

Schwann, of Berlin, discovered the yeast plant independently; and in February, 1837, he also announced the important result, that when a decoction of meat is effectually screened from ordinary air, and supplied solely with calcined air, putrefaction never sets in. Putrefaction, therefore, he affirmed to be caused by something derived from the air, which something could be destroyed by a sufficiently high temperature. The experiments of Schwann were repeated and confirmed by Helmholtz, Ure, and Pasteur. But as regards fermentation, the minds of chemists, influenced probably by the great authority of Gay-Lussac, who ascribed putrefaction to the action of oxygen, fell back upon the old notion of matter in a state of decay. It was not the living yeast plant, but the dead or dying parts of it, which, assailed by oxygen, produced the fermentation. This notion was finally exploded by Pasteur. He proved that the so-called "ferments" are not such; that the true ferments are organized beings which find in the reputed ferments their necessary food.

Side by side with these researches and discoveries, and fortified by them and others, has run the *germ theory* of epidemic disease.\* The notion was expressed by Kircher, and favored by Linnæus, that epidemic diseases are due to germs which float in the atmosphere, enter the body, and produce disturbance by the development within the body of parasitic life. While it was still struggling against great odds, this theory found an expounder and a defender in the President of this Institution. At a time when most of his medical brethren considered it a wild dream, Sir Henry Holland contended that some form of the germ theory was probably true. The strength of this theory consists in the perfect parallelism of the phenomena of contagious disease with those of life. As a planted acorn gives birth to an oak competent to produce a whole crop of acorns, each gifted with the power of reproducing its parent tree; and as thus from a single seedling

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\* Nobody is likely to infer from this language that the speaker lays any claim to the authorship of the germ theory.

a whole forest may spring ; so, it is urged, these epidemic diseases literally plant their seeds, grow, and shake abroad new germs, which, meeting in the human body their proper food and temperature, finally take possession of whole populations. Thus Asiatic cholera, beginning in a small way in the Delta of the Ganges, contrived in seventeen years to spread itself over nearly the whole habitable world. The development from an infinitesimal speck of the virus of small-pox of a crop of pustules, each charged with the original poison, is another illustration. The reappearance of the scourge, as in the case of the *Dreadnought* at Greenwich reported on so ably by Dr. Budd and Mr. Busk, receives a satisfactory explanation from the theory which ascribes it to the lingering of germs about the infected place.

Surgeons have long known the danger of permitting air to enter an opened abscess. To prevent its entrance they employ a tube called a cannula, to which is attached a sharp steel point called a trocar. They puncture with the steel point, and by gentle pressure they force the pus through the cannula. It is necessary to be very careful in cleansing the instrument; and it is difficult to see how it can be cleansed by ordinary methods in air loaded with organic impurities, as we have proved our air to be. The instrument ought, in fact, to be made as hot as its temper will bear. But this is not done, and hence, notwithstanding all the surgeon's care, inflammation often sets in after the first operation, rendering necessary a second and a third. Rapid putrefaction is found to accompany this new inflammation. The pus, moreover, which was sweet at first, and showed no trace of animal life, is now fetid, and swarming with active little organisms called vibrios. Professor Lister, from whose recent able lecture this fact is derived, contends, with the strongest show of reason, that this rapid putrefaction and this astounding development of animal life are due to the entry of germs into the abscess during the first operation, and their subsequent nurture and development under favorable conditions of food and temperature. The celebrated physiologist and physicist Helmholtz is attacked annually by hay-fever. From the 20th of May to the end

of June he suffers from a catarrh of the upper air-passages; and he has found during this period, and at no other, that his nasal secretions are peopled by these vibrios. They appear to nestle by preference in the cavities and recesses of the nose, for a strong sneeze is necessary to dislodge them.

These statements sound uncomfortable; but by disclosing our enemy they enable us to fight him. When he clearly eyes his quarry the eagle's strength is doubled, and his swoop is rendered sure. If the germ theory be proved true, it will give a definiteness to our efforts to stamp out disease which they could not previously possess. And it is only by definite effort under its guidance that its truth or falsehood can be established. It is difficult for an outsider like myself to read without sympathetic emotions such papers as those of Dr. Budd, of Bristol, on Cholera, Scarlet Fever, and Small-pox. He is a man of strong imagination, and may occasionally take a flight beyond his facts; but without this dynamic heat of heart the stolid inertia of the free-born Briton cannot be overcome. And as long as the heat is employed to warm up the truth without singeing it over much; as long as this enthusiasm can overmatch its mistakes by unequivocal examples of success, so long am I disposed to give it a fair field to work in, and to wish it God speed.

But let us return to our dust. It is needless to remark that it cannot be blown away by an ordinary bellows; or, more correctly, the place of the particles blown away is in this case supplied by others ejected from the bellows, so that the track of the beam remains unimpaired. But if the nozzle of a good bellows be filled with cotton wool not too tightly packed, the air urged through the wool is filtered of its floating matter, and it then forms a clean band of darkness in the illuminated dust. This was the filter used by Schroeder in his experiments on spontaneous generation, and turned subsequently to account in the excellent researches of Pasteur. Since 1868 I have constantly employed it myself.

But by far the most interesting and important illustration of this filtering process is furnished by the human breath. I fill my lungs with ordinary

air and breathe through a glass tube across the electric beam. The condensation of the aqueous vapor of the breath is shown by the formation of a luminous white cloud of delicate texture. It is necessary to abolish this cloud, and this may be done by drying the breath previous to its entering into the beam; or, still more simply, by warming the glass tube. When this is done the luminous track of the beam is for a time uninterrupted. The breath impresses upon the floating matter a transverse motion, the dust from the lungs making good the particles displaced. But after some time an obscure disc appears upon the beam, the darkness of which increases, until finally, towards the end of the expiration, the beam is, as it were, pierced by an intensely black hole, in which no particles whatever can be discerned. The air, in fact, has so lodged its dirt within the passages to the lungs as to render the last portions of the expired breath absolutely free from suspended matter. This experiment may be repeated any number of times with the same result. It renders the distribution of the dirt within the air-passages as manifest as if the chest were transparent.

I now empty my lungs as perfectly as possible, and placing a handful of cotton wool against my mouth and nostrils, inhale through it. There is no difficulty in thus filling the lungs with air. On expiring this air through the glass tube, its freedom from floating matter is at once manifest. From the very beginning of the act of expiration the beam is pierced by a black aperture. The first puff from the lungs abolishes the illuminated dust and puts a patch of darkness in its place; and the darkness continues throughout the entire course of the expiration. When the tube is placed below the beam and moved to and fro, the same smoke-like appearance as that obtained with a same is observed. In short, the cotton wool, when used in sufficient quantity, completely intercepts the floating matter on its way to the lungs.

The application of these experiments is obvious. If a physician wishes to hold back from the lungs of his patient, or from his own, the germs by which contagious disease is said to be propagated, he will employ a cotton wool respirator. After the revelations of this evening

such respirators must, I think, come into general use as a defence against contagion. In the crowded dwellings of the London poor, where the isolation of the sick is difficult, if not impossible, the noxious air around the patient may, by this simple means, be restored to practical purity. Thus filtered, attendants may breathe the air unharmed. In all probability the protection of the lungs will be the protection of the entire system. For it is exceedingly probable that the germs which lodge in the air-passages, and which, at their leisure, can work their way across the mucous membrane, are those which sow in the body epidemic disease. If this be so, then disease can certainly be warded off by filters of cotton wool. I should be most willing to test their efficacy in my own person. And time will decide whether in lung diseases also the woollen respirator cannot abate irritation, if not arrest decay. M. Pasteur, for whose work in connection with this subject I entertain a very high admiration, has shown that the germs diminish as we ascend a mountain. By means of a cotton wool respirator, so far as the germs are concerned, the air of the highest Alps may be brought into the chamber of the invalid. Fifty different occupations might be named in which irritation of the lungs and injured health arise from the inhalation of dust. A properly-constructed air-filter of cotton wool would entirely abolish the evil. Such a filter, properly constructed, would also be found effectual in warming the air. Provision ought to be made for the frequent removal of the cotton, the cost of which is practically *nil*.

In a letter published subsequently in the *Pall Mall Gazette* one of the peculiarities of the method pursued in the foregoing lecture is pointed out. Reference is made to the blue color of the sky, which is, or may be, "produced by particles suspended in the air, and not only invisible to the naked eye but irreducible by the highest powers of the microscope. Hence, without seeing the individual particles, we may have indubitable evidence of their existence.

"This, indeed, is the point wherein the method pursued in the lecture differs from preceding ones, and is destined



powerfully to supplement them.\* The microscope seeks for single particles; but they are here taken *en masse*, and their existence demonstrated by the light which they scatter after they have passed utterly beyond the range of the microscope."

Attention was drawn at the same time to the important report of Dr. Angus Smith, published in 1869, which was sent to Professor Tyndall subsequently to his lecture. Pasteur had previously counted the germs of Paris air, but the exceedingly ingenious method employed by Dr. Smith enabled him to concentrate the germs of a very large volume of air in a small quantity of water, and thus to enormously multiply their numbers in relation to the space which contained them:

"I have been favored," says Mr. Tyndall, "by Dr. Angus Smith with a copy of his fifth annual report, from which I glean some interesting facts regarding the air of Manchester. To catch in water the floating matter of the air, Dr. Smith places a small quantity of the liquid in a bottle and shakes it up with successive charges of air. In one instance he did this 500 times, and then handed over his bottle to an able microscopist, Mr. J. B. Dancer, for examination. The bottle had been shaken in the open air, through which, however, Dr. Smith could not see any dust blowing; at all events, if there were dust, it was only such as people are called upon to breathe. Here are some of the revelations of Mr. Dancer:

"*Fungoid Matter*.—Spores or sporidie appeared in numbers, and, to ascertain as nearly as possible the numerical proportion of these bodies in a single drop of the liquid, the contents of the bottle were well shaken, and then one drop was taken up with a pipette. This was spread out by compression to a circle half an inch in diameter. A magnifying power was then employed, which gave a field of view of an area exactly 100th of an inch in diameter, and it was found that more than 100 spores were contained in this space. Consequently the average number of spores in a single

drop would be 250,000. These spores varied from 10,000th to 50,000th of an inch in diameter.

"For the purpose of obtaining a rough approximation to the number of spores or germs of organic matter contained in the entire fluid received from Dr. Smith, I measured a quantity by the pipette, and found it contained 150 drops of the size used in each examination. Now I have previously stated that in each drop there were about 250,000 of these spores, and as there were 150 drops, the sum total reaches the startling number of 37½ millions; and these, exclusive of other substances, were collected from 2,495 litres of the air of this city—a quantity which would be respired in about ten hours by a man of ordinary size when actively employed. I may add that there was a marked absence of particles of carbon among the collected matter."

"Apart from their other effects, the mere mechanical irritation produced by the deposition of these particles in tender lungs must go for something. They may be entirely withheld by a cotton wool respirator. In various dusty trades and occupations the respirator will also be found a comfort and protection."

The employment of cotton-wool on scalds and burns; its healing effect on wounds generally; the use of flour in erysipelas; even the binding up of wounds by sticking-plaster, and the covering of them by gold-beaters' skin, may all have their rational ground in the fact that they withhold, not the air, but the organic matter of the air.

The reader will bear in mind that as this subject is not one with which my own studies would have rendered me familiar, I may be uttering that which has been already expressed by others. A similar remark applies to the history of the subject, which, as might be expected, is by no means meagre. Nyander held that small-pox, measles, the plague, dysentery, and whooping-cough, are all caused by minute animals. Réaumur thought that the small clouds which sometimes seem to hug the earth in summer weather may be insect swarms. Cuvier speaks of the *richesse éphémère* of insect life. Sir H. Holland thinks that the outbreak of carbonic acid which occurred some years ago in Bag-

\* It is competent, for example, to give ocular evidence of the absence of germs in still air; and thus to prove the correctness of Pasteur's experiments on the air of the caves under the Paris Observatory.

land may have had its origin without the system, as a virus or some form of organic life. Ehrenberg, whose wonderful investigations have been heard of everywhere, speaks of the "*milky way* of smallest organization." The electric beam renders the figure admirably just. Henle maintained that the material of all contagious diseases is not merely organic, but matter possessing all the characters of parasitic life. Eiselt found pus corpuscles in a foundling hospital where the children were suffering from conjunctival blennorrhœa, and proved conclusively that such corpuscles spread the epidemic without contact with the infected persons. Pouchet, the able and ardent advocate of the doctrine of heterogenesis, has devised an instrument called an *aëroscope* to catch the microscopic particles of the air. This instrument was employed by Eiselt in the foregoing inquiry. Every Alpine man can testify to the correctness of De Saussure's remark that a deep blue heaven portends rain, while the air is rendered turbid by a succession of fine days. De la Rive ascribes this turbidity to organic germs which swathe the earth as a light haze. He has devised a photometer for determining the transparency of such air, and of connecting this with the other elements of meteorology. He also refers to the bearing of the subject on epidemic diseases.

The papers of Dr. Budd, in relation to contagious diseases, are full of interest-

ing facts, and marked by rare logical force. Professor Lister has brought to my notice an observation of his own, the sagacity of which is so strikingly demonstrated by the experiments on the breath recorded in the foregoing lecture, that I propose to give it special attention at a future time. In a pamphlet published in 1850, Mr. Jeffreys reveals some exceedingly unpleasant facts regarding the air of London. He had then ventilated a house with filtered air, and examined the strained matter. I refer to page 16 of his pamphlet for a statement of what that matter is. Dr. Angus Smith's researches on the air of Manchester have been already mentioned. Dr. Smith also experimented on the air of cow-houses and stables, and concluded that such air contains more particles than the air of the street. Mr. Crookes has sought to entrap the germs in infected places. Dr. Greenhow has examined the lungs of stone-workers, colliers, and potters, and found imbedded in them mill-stone dust, silica, alumina, and iron. The important researches of Dr. Stenhouse on the action of charcoal, though not strictly belonging to the present subject, may be mentioned here; and also the experiments of Dr. Marcet.

As may be seen from the foregoing imperfect summary, the history of this subject is voluminous. I shall probably return to it, and give it further expansion.

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Fraser's Magazine.

#### ANCIENT AND MÆDIAVAL INDIA.\*

" THE peculiar pleasure taken by Americans, like Washington Irving and Hawthorne, in exploring the nooks and corners of England and re-attaching the threads of tradition which connect their new country with the old home in Europe, might not inaptly be paralleled for us Englishmen, by the interest of researches concerning the progenitors of our whole Aryan stock in Persia and

India. While antiquarians of the earlier school have been disputing what proportions of our language, laws, religion, and social customs are derived respectively from Saxons, Normans, Danes, Romans, and Celts, the students of Zend and Sanscrit literature have been occupied in revealing to us an ancestry, behind all the ancestries of which we had hitherto taken count; a primæval Home whence have come even the names of our closest relationships, and the fables and fairy tales of our nurseries. Who would have dreamed heretofore that

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\* *Ancient and Mediæval India.* By Mrs. Manning. Allen & Co., London, 1869, 2 vols. 8vo, pp. 435 and 380.

when an English parent spoke of his "daughter," he recalled, in that familiar word, the days, millenniums past, when the young maiden of the old Bactrian dwelling was "*she-who-milks-the-cows*," even as our legal term "spinster" reverts to the comparatively recent time when it was her task to "*spin*"? Who that till lately told a child the heart-breaking tale of Llewellyn's Dog, supposed that he was repeating a legend familiar to men of our blood, who dwelt under the shadow of the Himalayas when busy England was a forest?

As yet the bearings of the great discoveries of Orientalists have been little apprehended. The innumerable points at which they must eventually impinge on our opinions yet wait to be marked. Even their most obvious theological consequences have been but casually noticed in any work of importance. But the time has nearly arrived when such a mass of new truths cannot lie inactive in the minds of the cultivated classes, but must begin to leaven all our views on etymology, history, philology, art, literature, and comparative theology. The share which the revived study of Greek at the Renaissance had in directing the movements of that great age, must in a certain partial degree have its parallel in the results of the modern acquisition of Sanscrit. As one realm of Heathendom was rehabilitated then, and the devils with which mediæval imagination had peopled it vanished in the sunrise, so now another and yet wider field is conquered back from the kingdom of darkness to partake of our sympathies and widen our comprehension of human nature itself. A new world is given to the scholars of the day, and it will be hard if it does not in many ways "redress the balance" of the old.

A singular contrast may be traced between the new science of Indo-Persian antiquity and that which a little preceded it, of Egyptology. In opening up Egypt to us, Belzoni, Champollion, Wilkinson, and Lepsius gave us the material portion of a nation's life. In expounding the Vedas and the Zend-Avesta, Jones and Wilson and Max Müller and Haug and Westergaard have admitted us to the inner and spiritual part. The buildings and sculptures, the dress, utensils, toys, nay, the very bodies of the departed

Egyptian race, all these the sands of the Nile have given back. But except the enigmatical, half-comprehensible "Book of the Dead," and a few fragments from papyri, all the scholars who have used Champollion's key to hieroglyphics have failed to present us with anything to be called even a specimen of Egyptian literature. Not merely is there no Iliad, no Ramayana of Africa, but not a single counterpart to a Pindaric Ode, or Vedic Hymn. Thus we know the Egyptians, even while their embalmed forms stand beside us in our studies, only as it were at second hand. We see what they *did*, and we infer what they *were*. But their hearts have never spoken to ours save in the touching cry of bereaved affection from a coffin-lid; or in the awful symbols on some grand sarcophagus, pointing like a dumb Job to death and judgment, and the faith that, over them both, Osiris the Redeemer liveth.

In India all this is reversed. We have recovered the inner life of the nation, but not the outward. Here, in the real *Juventus Mundi*—that youth which had already waned, ere Homer sang or David prayed—here dwelt the poet-prophets of the Vedas, in whose hymns we may read to-day of hopes and fears and doubts and speculations which once filled the hearts and stirred the brains, whose dust has been scattered for ages to the four winds. Here we have no mummies with their parody of immortality; no tombs stored with food and furniture and trinkets; no mural pictures showing us every detail of the battles and the agriculture and the trades of the dead nation. But though we have not one tangible object belonging to them, we have learned the very words of the men who wandered by the banks of Indus three thousand years ago, and possessing those words we are truly nearer to them as intelligent beings than we can ever hope to be to Egyptian or Ninevite.

India, then, that same India over which our flag is flying from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, is the field of literary research which offers the richest treasures yet to be explored. The Morning Land still keeps some of its dew, and it may yet be gathered fresh and sweet before the locust army of critics and commentators have made it their prey.

A better devised book than the one

we now purpose to notice it would not be easy to name. It aims to bring together within the compass of two goodly volumes a general bird's-eye view of all that has been yet disinterred of Indian literature, with the revelations thereby afforded of life in the Peninsula from the earliest Vedic ages onwards. The incomparable industry of the authoress in collecting and sifting the materials for so great a work, is fully equalled by the judgment shown in their selection. There is no wading for the reader, through tedious or half-comprehensible passages, such as of course abound in the original Eastern books. The interesting and remarkable points in each old poem or story have been picked out, and the passages from remote works bearing on the same point collated; insomuch that the reader can enjoy in a few hours the fruits which it would have cost him a dozen years of study to gather for himself. As to the original matter carrying on the thread of the work, we can only regret that the writer did not give us much more of it; for the observations are always instructive, and often most suggestive and original. Great taste has also been shown in the selection of translations from various scholars,—Wilson, Max Müller, Goldstucker, Muir, and others; sometimes affording us real fragments of harmonious poetry, and again, when accuracy of interpretation is more to the purpose, giving us quaint little bits of obvious literalism. In a word the book affords for Indian literature precisely the sort of museum which Dr. Gray desires the public collections to supply for Natural History. Instead of crowded ranges of objects good bad and indifferent over which the eye wanders and the mind wearies, we have a reasonable quantity of specimens carefully selected as the most characteristic and remarkable, some of them in the fullest glory which the taxidermist-translator can preserve; and others, perhaps still more instructively, prepared as skeletons. The review of a book which is itself a vast Review must of necessity be the briefest epitome. Our object will be to obtain some general idea of the sort of treasures to be found in this cabinet of "curiosities of literature."

Twelve centuries before the Christian era is the latest date to which competent

scholars assign the final compilation of the Rig-Veda Hymns in the shape wherein they now stand. During all the intervening ages the absolutely divine honors paid to the book throughout India—honors far exceeding those which Jews, Moslems, or Puritan Christians have paid to their scriptures—have probably secured for us the well-nigh unchanged transmission of each venerable verse. Of course the age of the Rishis, or sacred poets, who were the authors of the hymns, must ascend considerably higher in point of antiquity than the recension of their poems. To draw from their fragmentary allusions a picture of life as it then existed, is a task of great interest.

In the first place, it seems the Vedic Aryans had long migrated from the northern cradle of their race, and were settled in the part of India which lies between the Indus and the Saraswati. M. de Saint-Martin has identified most of the seven rivers mentioned in the Vedas as those of the Punjab. Their enemies the Dasyus (literally "Robbers," a dark race, and probably the aborigines of the country) still infested their borders. They were given to agriculture, and used ploughs and carts drawn by oxen. They had roads, and caravanserais at distances along the roads. Metals were in common use, and gold coins called Nishkas were circulated. Gambling was a prevailing vice; several hymns alluding to it and deploring its results with those of intoxication. Women were not shut up in Zenanas, but appeared in public drawn in chariots, and are spoken of with tender affection. There is no evidence of the existence of castes at this earliest period, but they appear in the time of the Yagur-Veda. Trade was already flourishing. In the Rig-Veda it is said that "Merchants desirous of gain crowd the great waters with their ships." Kings, and wealthy men, were splendid in their habits, and the natural treasures of India were all discovered and used. Gold and gems were plentiful. Swift horses were highly estimated; the most precious of all sacrifices to the gods being the Aswamedha, or sacrifice of a horse. Elephants were tamed and greatly cherished; the god Indra being described in the Rig-Veda as invoked for their protection.

The religion of these Aryans of the Vedic times is a subject far too large and complicated to be here properly treated. Some of the passages of the sacred hymns throwing most light upon it have been quoted in this Magazine from Prof. Max Müller's *Chips* and from Bunsen's *God in History*. Our present author has drawn together a number of extracts from various translations, enabling the reader to form considerable acquaintance with the curious variety of incipient theologies and nascent philosophies which are bound up together even in the first and oldest Veda. The prevailing principle of all seems to be, that while the Nature-gods—the Sky, Heaven, Fire, the Sun, the Dawn, &c.—are all separately adored, the particular god who is invoked in any hymn is, for the time being, nearly always identified as supreme and universal. One god has many names, or sometimes bears the name of another; metaphysical ideas are deified; and, in a very prominent manner, Agni (or common domestic fire) is treated as the earthly representative of the Sun. Noble psalms of praise, and touching entreaties for the forgiveness of sins, are made to these beings when contemplated as supreme; but the whole system is evidently as yet inchoate and in a fluid state. We cannot but surmise that, if at that period a Zoroaster or Moses or Buddha had been born in the Punjab, he would have seized on the yet vague aspirations of his countrymen and moulded them into a defined creed. But Brahminism was then, and has ever since been, a religion (perhaps the only religion in the world), not tracing its origin to one mediatorial prophet-soul. Everywhere else in the East and West we find faith clinging to some one great name, some man or demi-god to whom weaker mortals look and cry, "Thy God shall be our God: what thou hast seen, that can we take on thy assurance;" some Moses who has seen Jehovah on the mount of vision, and the reflected glory of whose face is enough to convince the herd. Brahminism has had a host of major and minor prophets, during its five and thirty centuries of sway, from the old Rishis who wrote the Rig-Veda to their followers who added the Upanishads and Dharma Sastras. But it has

had no Zoroaster, no Moses, no Mahomet.

The modifications which the early Vedic faith underwent in the course of ages would of course be a study no less difficult and obscure than its original form; or rather formlessness. Not a trace of the *Trimourti* of Brahma, Seeva, and Vishnu which now occupies the summit of the Hindoo pantheon, can be found for ages after the Vedic period, and the whole gross and hideous mythology of later times was then unborn.

Taking these slight clews in hand the reader cannot fail to be deeply interested in the passages selected by Mrs. Manning, as displaying the moral and philosophic feelings and thoughts of the authors of the most ancient Vedas. These authors, it appears, were seven, or (on better authority, according to Max Müller) eight poets called *Rishis*. The families of these poets were in after times all registered, and became the depositaries of the eight *Mandalas* or books, into which the collection of hymns was divided. The most interesting of these Rishis were two to whose lives and doings constant reference in after times was made, namely, Vasishta and Visvāmitra. Strange to say, here almost in the earliest glimpse of human religion we find the representatives of the Priest and of the Prophet. Vasishta is the author of the most touching hymns in the Vedas; or, as Hindoos would express it, he is the Seer to whom they were divinely communicated. "They are," says Mrs. Manning, "simple genuine utterances, confessing sin, and yearning after an unknown God." Visvāmitra, on the other hand, was a powerful soldier, the originator of the great religious ceremonies, and the composer of psalms of the cursing order: "May the vile wretch who hates us fall! May his breath of life depart! As the tree suffers from the axe, as the flower is cut off, as the candle-dron, leaking, scatters from, so may mine enemy perish!" \*

So important were these two Rishis that their names became typical in Hindoo story, and reappear as living personages long ages after the date of the Vedas. In the Ramayana each of them

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\* Muir, *Original Sanscrit Texts*, vol. I., p. 372.

plays an important and characteristic part, much as Hebrew prophets in an analogous way were revived, in writings supposed to carry on their ideas and sentiments.

In reviewing Mrs. Manning's quotations, the difficulty must not be forgotten of obtaining anything like a veritable translation of a single sentence of an ancient book. Two errors constantly beset all efforts to attain such an end. One is the production of a mere cloud of words, each having perhaps some pretension to be the best known rendering of the original, but forming altogether in their syntax something extremely like nonsense. Such translations the English reader very properly declines to accept as the pregnant words which have held their place as inspired oracles among civilized nations for thousands of years. The other error is the rendering of the ancient book into, not only the words, but the thoughts of modern Europe, so that we possess in the supposed translation not what an Eastern poet said thirty centuries ago, but what an Englishman would say for him if set down with the heads of his subject dictated. This last error was more common among the older generation of scholars than the present, and few things are more mortifying to the humble student who has built up his theories of ancient religion and morality on the supposed fidelity of translations than to find the ground taken from under him by a new translator who assures him that the text in question is a mere Christian paraphrase of the original, and that there is nothing in the Sanscrit or Zend to warrant his deductions. For an example of this sort of thing we have no need to go beyond the famous Gâyatri, or holiest text of the Vedas, in the third Mandala of the Rig-Veda, a verse specially interesting, as it has been repeated by millions of pious Hindoos every morning, for at least three thousand years. It was translated by Sir William Jones thus: "Let us adore the supremacy of that Divine Sun, the Godhead, who illuminates all, who recreates all, from whom all proceed, to whom all must return; whom we invoke to direct our understandings aright in our progress towards His holy seat."\* Our present

authoress, following (doubtless correctly) the greater accuracy of Professor Wilson,\* gives us this magnificent prayer reduced to the following distressing dimensions: "We meditate on that desirable light of the divine Savitri (the Sun-God), who influences our pious rites"!

The secret of the rise and progress of the priesthood in India till it culminated in the monstrous usurpation of the Brahmins of recent ages, is a problem full of interest, and unfortunately not devoid of instruction even for us in England in the nineteenth century. Nothing can be more anti-historical than the notion of Voltaire and his compeers that the various priesthoods of Heathendom, the bonzes, talapoins and Druids, whom he so delighted to ridicule and abuse, were thoroughly wide-awake sceptics, wholly free from the superstitions of their flocks and playing upon them with conscious hypocrisy. Common sense shows us that even the foremost men of each age and country have their minds so imbued and dyed with the belief and sentiments among which they have been brought up that it is at most only a question of a few shades lighter or darker between them and their contemporaries and compatriots. The exercise of the priestly functions tends probably in a greater degree than any other profession to impress the character, and create a new type for itself. But the priestly mind so moulded, is the reverse of a sceptical one. It was because the French abbés were so little like priests, and so much like men of the world, that they shrugged their shoulders at the Mass. Human nature, ecclesiastical or otherwise, leads men to magnify, not to disparage their own functions. "Nothing like leather," cries the shoemaker; and it would be marvellous indeed if the individual who is recognized by others as exercising the highest of all possible offices, even that of an Ambassador of Heaven, should make light of his mission. Fiery St. Paul thought it was actually a logical argument to prove immortality, that "if the dead rise not, then are we of all men the most miserable." Every minister of religion must similarly feel driven to believe that the faith to which his whole life is devoted is true, or else

\* Works. Vol. xiii., p. 367.

\* Works. Vol. xiii., p. 367.

he is of all men most silly ;—instead of (as he constantly affirms) of all men the only one truly wise.

The Brahmins were then undoubtedly men who believed in themselves, their gods, and their office. But such genuine faith by no means excluded an equally clear confidence in the utility of judicious appeals to the hopes and fears of their disciples, entailing the usual amount of impudent assertion of special Divine favor, and curious reliance on magical ceremonies. Here in the very dawn of the world we find the two leading features of priestcraft are fully marked already. The priest places himself as the indispensable mediator between the layman and the Deity; and the priest's power to influence the gods is exercised through the medium of sacramental rites, to which he alone can give efficacy.

Among the earliest functions of the Indian priestly tribe was that of *Purohita* or house-priest attached to a princely household. An old Aryan, like an old Israelite, thought that good fortune would befall him if he could but have "a Levite to be his priest;" and the Hindoo Levite was no way slow to impress on him the truth of such a conviction. Accordingly the Rishi Vamadeva says (p. 70) :—

The king before whom there walks a priest lives well established in his own house; to him the earth yields forever, and before him the people bow of their own accord. Unopposed he conquers treasures. The gods protect him.

Threats against recalcitrants who would not pay priestly dues were of corresponding strength. In the Rig-Veda, x. 160, a wealthy man who offers no libation is "grasped in the fist by Indra and slain." Complaints of "niggards" and "men who give nothing" are as common as in the addresses of Irish parish priests from their altars. If a wicked king eat a Brahmin's cow he is assured he will find the beef poisonous. "The priest's tongue is a bow-string, his voice is a barb, and his windpipe is arrow-points smeared with fire." In the Atharva Veda (v. 18), it is declared that "Whenever a king fancying himself mighty seeks to devour a Brahmin, his kingdom is broken up. Ruin overflows it as water swamps a leaky boat." Highly edifying tales of kings who gave their priests fabulous bribes of thousands of girls and

tens of thousands of elephants, and were divinely rewarded accordingly, are likewise common. The last chapter of the Aitareya Brahmana tells us that "The gods do not eat the food of a king who keeps no house-priest. Even when not intending to make a sacrifice, a king should appoint a house-priest." Nor is it only in gifts that the king has to pay for the spiritual advantages, but also in person. One part of the ceremony of appointing a house-priest requires that the king wash the holy man's feet: doubtless a wholesome exercise of humility wherewith to commence future relations!

But the Brahmins evidently placed their grand reliance, beyond what threats and promises could afford them, on the influence to be obtained through the use of an elaborate and splendid *cultus*. The principle in human nature which leads us to feel attachment for whatever has cost us much pains, has been doubtless understood by the founders of all religions. How much of the Jews' devotion to their faith has been due, not only to its purity and grandeur, but also to the impression, ground into their minds for thirty centuries by the perpetual repetition of the Mosaic feasts and ceremonies, it would be impossible to say. As one of the ablest living Jews, Philipson, has remarked, these rites built up the nation into a citadel, wherein the truth of the Divine Unity was lodged, to be preserved forever as in the fortress of the human race.

And to the natural influence of ceremonies on the minds of the men who share in their performance, the Brahmins (doubtless sincerely) added the wildest belief in their efficacy as celestial machinery capable of actually compelling the Deity. Few weaknesses of human nature afford a more curious study than this, the all but ubiquitous belief in the efficacy of magic ceremonies, as contradistinguished from spiritual prayer. That a man, himself capable of being moved by the entreaty of his children, should believe that his Creator may be touched by his own imploring cry is natural and obvious. But that the same man, who himself would only be vexed by the performance before him of unmeaning and wearisome ceremonial antics, should suppose that a higher being than himself takes especial delight in them,

and becomes through their means favorable to the antic-maker's wishes, this is truly paradoxical. A dog which has learned to "beg," and which rises on its hind legs with ridiculous confidence in the validity of that innocent incantation whenever it desires a bone, is the only parallel we can imagine to such fatuous credulity. Yet the belief seems absolutely ineradicable. In vain for three thousand years have the world's greatest prophets denounced it. Isaiah and Micah might almost as well have held their peace for all the attention which Europe or Asia have ever paid to their arguments. At this very hour, a not inconsiderable section of the national church of this Protestant country labors with might and main to revive the faith in the magic of one class of such observances; and to send us back from beautiful symbols of self-abnegation and self-consecration to the heathenism of "feeding on a sacrifice," just as if no one had ever asked, "Of what avail your sacrifices? Cease to do evil. Learn to do well."

In no religion does the notion of formal sacrifice seem to have reached a greater height of absurdity than in that of Brahminism. Southey's "Curse of Kehama" has rendered some notion of it familiar to us. "Who knows the proper application of sacrifice," says Haug, "is in fact looked upon as the real master of the world, for any desire he can entertain may be thus gratified. The Yajna (sacrifice) taken as a whole is looked on as a machine every piece of which must tally with another, or as a staircase by which one may ascend to heaven. It exists from eternity. The creation of the world is the fruit of sacrifice." This wonder-working sacrifice is, alas! all the time, *not* a grand act of devotion or self-immolation, but simply the accurate performance of a complicated ritual observance involving in one case the slaughter of a horse, and in another the preparation and drinking of the juice of a particular herb. In the fifth chapter of her book, Mrs. Manning has given us very curious details of the forms belonging to the most interesting of these rites, the Soma-sacrifice, accompanied by a plan of the hall or enclosure prepared for its celebration. Her information is derived from Dr. Haug, who

actually induced a Srotriya Brahmin, possessed of "Apostolic succession" and specially qualified, to rehearse the whole ceremony for his edification in a secluded corner of his own premises—of course not without a suitable "consideration," though we presume a lesser one than in the good old time when, we are told, the *honoraire* of the Hotri, or celebrant, was a fee of one hundred and twelve cows. Nothing was ever devised more intricate than these rites with their innumerable little fires and seats and posts and processions, up and down and round about. The shortest period expended in their performance is five days, and we are informed that they *may* last a thousand years. The most curious point about the whole ceremony, however, is one which we wish that Mrs. Manning had brought out with greater distinctness. It is that it includes both a Baptism and an Eucharist; a rite intended to signify Regeneration, and a rite consisting in "feeding on a sacrifice;" and drinking a liquid which is itself frequently described as a god, and which receives adoration.

The baptismal part of the ceremony, Mrs. Manning says, was apparently suggested by "a feeling nearly akin to belief in original sin":—

The gods, and especially Vishnu and Agni (fire), are invoked to come to the offering with the Dikshâ. Dikshâ, we are told, means "a new birth." Agni as fire, and Vishnu as the sun, are invoked to cleanse the sacrificer. The worshipper is then covered up in a cloth, on the outside of which is placed the skin of a black antelope; and after a certain time has elapsed and specified prayers have been recited, the New Birth is considered to have been accomplished, and the regenerated man descends to bathe.

As the proper nourishment of a new-born child is milk, the regenerated sacrificer is after baptism made to drink milk by the aid of a special spoon. After many more tedious operations, he is prepared for the great ceremony of the fifth day, when the Soma is consecrated by the seven assistant priests, and drunk by them and the sacrificer at morning, midday, and evening. Our authoress has given us a drawing of the plant from which the Soma juice is crushed, and we are informed in a note,



that it is the *Asclepias Acida* of Roxburgh, now more commonly called the *Sarcostema Viminalis*, or *Sarcostema Brevistigma*. It has hardly perceptible leaves, small sweet white flowers, and yields a pure milky juice of an acid flavor in great abundance. It grows on the hills of the Punjaub and the Coromandel coast; but to make it sacrificially efficacious, it must, like the mandrake, be "plucked by night," and by moonlight, torn up by the roots and not cut down. When so gathered it must be carried on a cart drawn by two he-goats. The Soma thus obtained is much more in the Brahmin theology than a mere object of sacrifice or symbol. All other things connected with sacrifice, the horn, the post, the kettle, and even the ladle, are all praised in extravagant terms as sacred; but the Soma alone "becomes an independent deity." "The beverage is divine; it purifies, it is a water of life, it gives health and immortality." Muir has translated a hymn concerning it from the Rig-Veda, viii. 88:—

We've quaffed the Soma bright,  
And are immortal grown;  
We've entered into light,  
And all the gods have known.  
What mortal now can harm,  
Or foeman vex us more?  
Through thee beyond alarm,  
Immortal God! we soar.

The third means by which the Brahmins assured their power was also not without significance. They did not approve of "secular education." Like M. Dupanloup, they desired that the young should be brought up very literally "aux genoux de l'église." "Godless Colleges" were unheard of in Ancient India. The laborious care with which all students were affiliated to "spiritual fathers," and instructed by them in the duty of ordering themselves lowly and reverently to pastors and masters, is extremely clear. There never was, and never could be a "Young India" till English rule had left space for the growth of so portentous a plant. Every youthful Brahmin was required to live twelve years with his Brahmin tutor, called his Gurao, and was permitted to spend forty-eight years if he pleased as a student. The lessons consisted mainly in the acquirement of

the holy verses orally and by heart. There were also parishads or universities for older students, whose fame still lingers in the northwest of India.

We now proceed to give, following our authoress's guidance, a brief synopsis of Sanscrit literature.

At the head of all, and always assigned by far the highest honors, are the Four Vedas. Some idea of the sanctity attached to these books may be obtained from the fact that the common images of Brahma are made to this day in India holding one of the Vedas in each of the four hands. Each Veda consists of two parts, the *Sanhita* or lyric portion, and the *Brahmana* or prose appendix.

1. The Rig-Veda, the most ancient and sacred of all Sanscrit books. It consists of all the oldest hymns.

2. The Sama-Veda. This book consists of hymns, nearly all of which are also to be found in the Rig-Veda, but are here arranged in order to be chanted by the priests.

3. The Yajur-Veda consists of various rituals and liturgies. The whole of this Veda is considerably more recent than the two former. As already remarked, the institution of caste first appears in it. The Yajur-Veda is itself of two distinct epochs—the older portion is called the Black, and the latter the White Yajur-Veda. As the sacrificial Veda (as its name imports), it obtains great respect, and is spoken of by some of the commentators as superior to all the other Vedas; just as the book of Leviticus might have been perhaps regarded by a Rabbi as more important than the Psalms.

4. The Atharva-Veda, consisting of both hymns and prose pieces, belonging to a later age and marked by a peculiarly servile and cringing spirit.

Added to the hymns it contains, each Veda, as already stated, has also a portion called its *Brahmana*.

The Aitareya Brahmana, belonging to the Rig-Veda, consists of eight books of prayers, proper for the Soma sacrifice; and narrations connected with it and other sacrifices.

The Sama-Veda has eight Brahmanas attached to it; but their contents are not fully known. They appear to refer to various incantations.

The Satapatha Brahmana belongs to

the White or later Yajur-Veda. It describes sundry pastoral festivals and ceremonies, especially those of the full moon. The most important portion, however, consists of strange speculations on the origin of things. Some of these are wild in the extreme. Prajapati, for instance, the source of all created things, is himself described as the seven Rishis in one person; while other notions about sin, death, and immortality, are to us quite unmeaning. In this Brahmana we find many allusions to *Manu*, the originator of all worship; the ancestor of the Aryan Hindoos;—the original *MAN*—from whom the Sanscrit, and our own name for a human being, are derived. The German *Mannus*, the ancestor of the Teutons, can hardly fail to be identified with this mythological patriarch of the whole Aryan family.

Again, beyond the four Vedas and their Brahmanas, the next order of compositions are mystic writings called *Aranyakas* and *Upanishads*, supposed to be supplementary to the former scriptures. One of these, the *Brihad Aranyaka*, contains a passage so curious that I cannot pass it over. It is in the form of a dialogue between a Brahmin and his wife. The wife asks:—

"What my lord knoweth of immortality may he tell me?"

Yajnavalkya replied: "Thou, who art truly dear to me, thou speakest dear words. Sit down. I will explain it to thee. . . . A husband is loved, not because we love the husband, but because we love in him the Divine Spirit. A wife is loved, not because we love her, but because we love in her the Divine Spirit. . . . It is with us when we enter the Divine Spirit, as if a lump of salt was thrown into the sea. It cannot be taken out again. The water becomes salt, but the salt disappears. When we have passed away, there is no longer any name. This I tell thee, my wife."

Maitriyi said: "My lord, thou hast bewildered me, saying that there is no longer any name, when we have passed away."

The philosophic husband replies to this feminine "longing after immortality" by observing that what he has told her is "sufficient to the highest knowledge," and that as the Divine Self is all in all, there cannot be any other immortality for man than that of the lump of the salt. "Having said this,

Yajnavalkya left his wife forever and went into the solitude of the forests." A very logical conclusion! Other people beside the poor puzzled wife (our authoress observes) were dissatisfied as time went on with the salt theory of existence, and the doctrine of transmigration was projected out of their aspirations, and became at last a portion of the national creed, in whose earlier form it had no place. "A living dog," says the Jew, "is better than a dead lion." "It is better to live an individual existence," says the heart of Hindoo humanity, "even as a snake or a rat, than to be absorbed and lost in Deity like the lump of salt in the sea."

Beside the *Aranyakas*, and of the same character with them, are the *Upanishads*, which are the portion of Sanscrit literature chiefly studied by modern Hindoos, and possessed of the greatest philosophical interest. The word *Upanishad* is supposed to mean "secret," and the books bearing that name are treatises attempting to solve the great secrets of the universe; the nature of God, and of the soul, and the history of creation. They are somewhat numerous, and were composed by various independent thinkers at different times. The writers' names are never mentioned. "They appear," says Mrs. Manning, "to have been possessed by an ardent spirit of aspiration of which Sanscrit religious literature is the result and the exponent."

Many of the *Upanishads* have been translated into English, and contain some of the best known expressions of Hindoo piety. In one of them, the *Talavakara Upanishad*, the following fine thoughts concerning the nature of God are to be found:—

Know that that which does not see by the eye, but by which the eyes see—is *Brahma*.

Know that that which does not hear by the ear, but by which the ears hear—is *Brahma*.

Know that that which does not breathe by breath, but that by which breath is breathed—is *Brahma*.

. . . . By him who thinks that *Brahma* is not comprehended, by him He is comprehended.

He who thinks that *Brahma* is comprehended, he does not know Him.

Another Upanishad has the rather acute observation: "He who has reverence acquires faith. The reverent alone possesses faith. He who can control his passions possesses reverence."

After thus giving a sketch of the Vedas, the Aranyakas, and Upanishads, of which the above pages afford only the baldest epitome, Mrs. Manning proceeds with great clearness and ability to draw the outlines of the Hindoo systems of philosophy. Into the rarefied air of these acute speculations we need not ascend very far. The underlying conception of all was the existence of a Supreme Soul (variously called Brahma, Brihaspati, Viswakarma, Atman, Parabrahm, and Iswara), and that He is the only reality, all else being perishable and delusive. More or less personality is attributed to this Supreme Soul in different systems. The metempsychosis, which was unknown to the Rishis of the Vedas, here occupies a prominent place in all speculations, and the means to escape perpetual transformation by absorption in the Supreme Soul is the practical aim of every philosophy.

There are six recognized systems, or Darsanas, of Hindoo philosophy. The first is the Sankhya system, taught by Kapila. Its principal doctrine is that rest from transmigration is to be obtained by true knowledge, and that true knowledge consists in regarding man and the world as altogether worthless and perishable. Kapila added little or nothing about the eternal Reality behind these transitory things, and this (not unimportant!) portion of the scheme was completed by Patanjali, forming the second or Yoga system of philosophy. Patanjali's four chapters are appended in the best manuscripts to the Sutras (or leaves) of Kapila; and form together the work called Sankhya-pravachana.

The third philosophic system is the Nyayi of Gotama, which again was supplemented by the Vaisheshika or fourth system of Kanada. These two Darsanas both occupy themselves with elaborate investigations into the mental constitution of man and the laws of logic, as means for the attainment of true knowledge. Lastly, the fifth and sixth systems are called the Purva Mimamsa and the Uttara Mimamsa; the first originated

by Jaimini, and the second by the eminent sage Vyasa, whose name we find Indian Brahmos of the present day associating with the Western prophets and teachers, for whom they desire to express the greatest respect. It is this last system, the Uttara Mimamsa of Vyasa, to which the title of Vedanta, familiar to English ears, is applied; the word meaning "the ultimate aim of the Vedas." All the other systems of philosophy recognize the Vedas as sacred, but the two Mimansas treat them as absolute revelation, and are in fact commentaries and interpretations of their earlier and later portions. "The Vedanta," says our authoress, "simply teaches that the universe emanates in successive developments from Brahma or Paramatman, the Supreme Soul; that man's soul is identical in origin with the Supreme Soul; and that liberation from transmigration will be obtained so soon as man *knows* his soul to be one with the Supreme Soul." The Vedanta system represents the religion of Hindoo philosophy, or rather the religion of philosophers. "To suppose that men who accepted the Sankhya or Nyaya systems would therefore take no interest in the Vedanta would be somewhat like supposing that if a man studied Aristotle he would necessarily despise the Psalms." The great Hindoo theologian Sankara Acharya, of whose poem, the Atma-Bodha, Mrs. Manning proceeds to give an account, was an enthusiastic Vedantist. As a glimpse of the ocean of uncertain chronology on which we are sailing, we may remark that the age of this teacher is placed by tradition at about 200 a.c., and that H. H. Wilson brings him down to the 8th or 9th century A.D.

Before quitting the subject of Hindoo religious philosophy, our authoress is obliged to interpolate a notice of a most remarkable work whose assigned place is an episode of the great epic poem, the Mahabharata, but whose purport is wholly religious and philosophical. The effect of the interpolation of such a treatise into the middle of the heroic tale is to our western feeling not a little grotesque, and much as if a chapter of Thomas Aquinas had got itself wedged into the "Nibelungen Lied," or the opening of Hooker's "Ecclesiastical

Polity" were to be found in the middle of the "Faerie Queen." The story of the Mahabharata has conducted us to the eve of a tremendous battle. Two armies are drawn up in array, the trumpet sounds for the charge, and the combatants rush half-way to meet each other. At this appropriate moment Arjuna, the hero, bids Krishna, his divine charioteer, stop and discuss with him the mysteries of the universe, through eighteen chapters, terminating in a grand solution of the—to us—all too familiar controversy of Faith *versus* Works!

Absurd as is this *mise en scène*, the poem in question contains some of the noblest thoughts to be found in any language. It has long been known by means of Wilkins' translation to that rather small section of "general readers" who peruse Eastern books. There are to be found in it such passages as the following:

A man attains perfection by being satisfied with his own office, and worshipping Him from whom all things have their origin. Better to perform one's own duty, though it be devoid of excellence, than to do well the duty of another. Krishna (God) says: "This is a kingly science and a kingly mystery. All this universe has been created by me. All things exist in me. I am the father, mother, sustainer of this universe. Even those who worship other gods worship me. . . . I am the same to all beings. Even those who are born in sin, even women and Sudras, take the highest path if they come to me.

The eleventh chapter contains a very remarkable scene, in which Krishna, at Arjuna's entreaty, shows himself in his proper form:

Gifted with many mouths and eyes, with many wonderful appearances, with many divine ornaments, holding many celestial weapons, wearing celestial wreaths and robes, anointed with celestial perfumes, the all-miraculous infinite Deity with his face turned in all directions! If the light of a thousand suns were to break forth in the sky at the same time, it would be similar to the brilliance of that mighty One.

Those amongst us who feel disposed to despise such a vision as a proof of heathenish conceptions of Deity may perhaps do well to remember that the Hebrews, even while they asserted that

"no man could see God and live," yet believed that the Seventy Elders on the Mount had "seen the God of Israel," with the figure of a man, and "as it were a jasper and a sardine stone," and with "the appearance of fire."

The main drift of the whole Bhagavad Gita is to show that the philosophy which taught that liberation comes from knowledge, must yet be supplemented by obedience and virtue.

Passing from both Vedas and philosophical Darsanas, we arrive at the Puranas, which belong to a still later age—probably about the ninth century A.D. They were eighteen in number, and are, says Wilson, among the most popular works in the Sanscrit language. Feasts are regulated by them, and texts quoted from them have validity in civil as well as religious law. Vishnu, often identified with Brahma, is here the ruling god; and the means of propitiating him, or becoming united with him, occupy a large portion of the contents of the Puranas.

Next below the Puranas come the Tantras, which appear to concern themselves with mystical and debasing rites. While the Puranas are used by the educated classes, the Tantras are "patronized by the less respectable members of Hindoo society."

A very important class of books now comes into view, the Dharma Sastras or law-books of India. The first and chief of these is the celebrated *Institutes of Manu*, translated by Sir William Jones, and formerly assigned by Orientalists an antiquity of B.C. 1200, but now brought down to a much more recent date. The name of the book, says Mrs. Manning, is itself a kind of pious fraud, for the "laws" are merely the laws or customs of a school or association of Hindoos called the Manavas, who lived on the banks of the Saraswati, and were an energetic and prosperous people. Their system seems to have worked so well that it was adopted by other communities, and then the organizers announced it as a code given to men by their divine progenitor Manu, or Menu. They added also passages which assert the divine claims of Brahmins, but a great deal of this portion of the code seems to have existed only in theory and never to have had practical validity. In Sanscrit plays

and poems, where the real state of things is betrayed, weak and indigent Brahmins are not infrequent; and Sudras are found to have political rights. The whole of the authoress's synopsis of this most curious work amply deserves study. Space can only be spared here to remark on one of its topics,—the regulations of domestic life.

The condition of women in India seems to have constantly deteriorated since the Vedic ages. At the time of the Institutes of Menu it had reached a stage of absolute *subjection*, but had yet something worse to fall to, the *abjection* of the modern practice of incarceration for life, and death by suttee. "Day and night," say the *Institutes* (chap. ix. vv. 2, 3, &c.), "must women be held by their protectors in a state of dependence. Their fathers protect them in childhood, their husbands in youth, their sons in age. A woman is never fit for independence. . . . Women have no business with the texts of the Vedas. Having therefore no evidence of law and no knowledge of expiating tests, sinful women must be as foul as falsehood itself. . . . She who keeps in subjection to her lord her heart, her speech and her body shall attain his mansion in heaven. . . . Even if a husband be devoid of good qualities or enamored of another woman, yet must he be constantly revered as a god by a virtuous wife." The Code, says our authoress, does not hint at the practice of widow-burning; but from making the position of single women and widows absolutely unbearable, the ground was laid for the two great crimes of later ages against women, viz., infanticide and suttee. The stupendous selfishness of men, who were not content with reducing a woman body and soul to the adoring and unreasoning dependence of a dog during the life of her husband, but required her after his death to "emaciate her body, live on flowers, and perform harsh duties, till death," led to these not unnatural results. They were the most merciful mothers who put their female children out of a world which offered them no mercy; and perhaps not the most unmerciful Brahmins who urged the widows to terminate their miseries on the funeral pile. The way in which, while all this was going on, the great poets of Ramayana

and Mahabharata, and the dramatists of later days, continued to idealize women and represent them as perfect angels of heroism and devotion, would be astonishing did we not remember that the same thing happened in Greece; and that Sophocles drew Antigone, and Euripides Alcestis, when the real "woman of the period" was either shut up in her *gynækonitis*, or came out of it only as one of the *hetærae*. The man, *quoad* artist, liked to imagine woman free and noble. The man, *quoad* man and citizen, was perfectly content to keep her a prisoner for life and to leave her to be burned to death with his corpse, as her final reward and glorification.

At the present day in India it is an ordinary thing for a lady to be born in the upstairs zenana, and never once to have trodden the earth, even of the most confined garden, before she is borne to her grave. What existence must be among a knot of women thus immured together with nothing but their loves and hatreds and jealousies to brood upon, is awful and piteous to think of. Every house in India belonging to the higher classes must be a convent peopled with Starrs and Saurins. That the whole population, male and female, should be physically and morally weak when their mothers have undergone for centuries such a *régime*, is no more than inevitable. The Hindoos have spoiled the lives of their wives and daughters, and Nemesis has spoiled theirs, and made them the easy prey of their Saxon conquerors; whose ancestors were naked savages when they were a splendid and cultured race, but whose women, even in those old days of Tacitus, were "thought to have in them somewhat of the Divinity." The marvel is not that Hindoos are what we find them, but that any race can have survived so long such a monstrous infraction of natural laws. Most marvellous of all is it, that Hindoo women with the "set of their brains," as we should think, turned to idiocy through centuries of caged-up mothers, yet display, when rare occasions offer, no mean degree of some of the higher forms of human intelligence. At this moment the Brahmos are congratulating themselves on the appearance of a Bengalee poetess who composes beautiful hymns suitable for

theistic worship; and Mr. Mill has borne testimony to his official experience in India, of the extraordinary aptitude for government of such Hindoo princesses as have ruled as regents for their sons. "If," he says, "a Hindoo principality is strongly, vigilantly, and economically governed, if order is preserved without oppression, if cultivation is extending and the people prosperous, in three cases out of four that principality is under a woman's rule. This fact—to me," he adds, "an entirely unexpected one—I have collected from a long official knowledge of Hindoo governments."

After the Institutes of Menu come the Codes of Yajnavalkya and Parasara. To all these are attributed the rank of *Smṛiti* or Divine Revelation. But (as has happened elsewhere) infallible books were found ere long to need infallible interpretations; and commentaries and digests of these inspired codes soon multiplied, and became almost as important as the codes themselves. Mrs. Manning gives some account of them, and then proceeds to write some singularly interesting chapters on Hindoo Medicine, Astronomy, Grammar, and Architecture. With regret we must leave these aside as incapable of compression, and turn to her second volume, which is devoted to what may be called the secular literature of India, with a supplementary chapter on Commerce and Manufacture.

The traveller who has familiarized himself with the streets of beautiful Florence and proceeds from thence to Pisa, is apt to feel somewhat confused as to identity of place. There is the same Arno, and a very similar Lung-Arno with rows of palaces. But the one city is lonely and strange and the other bright and full of vigorous life; and between the two he feels as we do in a dream when we imagine we see a place or person and yet find them altogether other than we know them to be. Very similar sensations must surely have been experienced by the European scholars who discovered the great Hindoo poems, and, like the Ancient Mariner, were the first

that ever burst  
Into that silent sea.

There were all the forms of art to which they had been accustomed, and of which Greece was deemed the very creator. There were long grand Epics, and there were noble dramas, and lyrics, and tales, and even fables, from which those of Æsop seemed borrowed. It was another and a complete cycle of literature; yet, in each case, the resemblance was incomplete, the forms less perfect, the legends more wild and seemingly often unmeaning; the unities more neglected. That one great miracle-age of Grecian art had not indeed repeated itself in India. Kalidasa could not take rank beside Sophocles any more than the Rishis of the Vedas could rank beside the Psalmists of Israel. But yet there was power, beauty, originality in the Sanscrit poems, such as almost constituted an equal wonder, falling, as they did spontaneously, into such closely corresponding forms.

The reader who will give the volume before us a perusal cannot, we think, fail to be amazed at the richness of imagination and the delicacy of natural sentiment displayed in the Hindoo poems. Unfortunately, the limited space of a review necessarily forbids even an attempt to convey those qualities, and the most which can be done here is to give a bare *résumé* of the character of the work whose choice flowers Mrs. Manning has gathered into a splendid bouquet.

The two poems which bear to Hindoo literature the relation which the Odyssey and the Iliad do to that of Greece, and which have been almost equally prized by the nation to which they belong, are the Ramayana and the Mahabharata. The age of both is presumed to be considerably anterior to the Christian era; and at all events to be earlier than that of the great Codes of Hindoo law. The Ramayana is a complete poem, composed by the poet Valmiki. The Mahabharata is a vast piece composed at different times and by different authors, some before and some after the age of the Ramayana. The story narrated in the Ramayana is that of a hero named Rama, now worshipped in India as a God, and represented as one of the incarnations of Vishnu. He is described as the son of the King of Ayodya (the modern Oude), and is born, like most other heroes of fable, semi-miraculously.

The adventures of Rama and his faithful wife Sita are some of them touching, some absurd; the chief is the carrying off of Sita by Ravana, the demon-King of Lanka, or Ceylon. To recover her, Rama enters into an alliance with the king of the monkeys and invades Ceylon. A bridge is formed of rocks (of course still *in situ*) over which Rama and his quadrumanous friends make their way and recover the dame, whose story has combined the mishaps of Proserpine with the destiny of Helen. Many parts of this poem, even in translation, are full of grace; and the tenderness of parental and filial affection can hardly ever have been more beautifully described.

The Mahabharata is still larger than the Ramayana, containing in its present form 100,000 stanzas. Its authorship is attributed to Vyasa, but, as mentioned above, it is undoubtedly the work of many hands. The quarrels of two great allied families form the staple of the story; its name signifying "the great history of the descendants of Bharata." The heroes are the five brothers Pandavas, and the heroine is Drapaudi; a woman who is strangely represented as the wife of all of them. This trait of manners is the more remarkable as modern Brahminical law is entirely opposed to polyandry, and the Indian commentators are exceedingly troubled at the incident in their great national epic. The custom, however, still exists among the Buddhists of Thibet, and the tribe of Nairs in Southern India; and its appearance in the Mahabharata proves the age of that great poem to have been prior to that of the Institutes of Menu and the other codes of Hindoo law.

After a series of wars whose narrative is interrupted by many episodes (in one of which is the legend of a deluge), the Mahabharata closes in a peculiarly striking manner. The brothers Pandavas remain masters of the field and kings of their native country, all the rival race being slain. But "leanness enters into their souls," and they set off, accompanied by Drapaudi and their dog, to walk to Mount Meru, where Indra's heaven rises among the summits of the Himalayas. They walk on and on in single file, till at last Drapaudi sinks down and dies; and then each brother in succession falls till the eldest remains

alone; the mysterious dog still following him. Indra now appears and offers to bear the hero in his chariot to heaven. He asks that his brothers and his wife may be taken there also. Indra tells him they have already reached heaven, through the portals of the grave. He alone has been privileged to enter wearing his fleshly form. Then Yudhishthira asks that his dog may accompany him. But Indra scornfully observes, "My heaven hath no place for dogs;" whereupon the hero says that "to abandon the faithful and devoted is an endless crime."

Yon poor creature, in fear and distress, hath trusted  
in my power to save it;  
Not therefore for e'en life itself will I break my  
plighted word.

Fortunately the dog turns out to be Yama, the god of Death, who has ever followed his steps hitherto (an allegory in the vein of Bunyan), and by revealing himself, sets the hero free to accept Indra's invitation. But not even here do his trials end. He enters heaven, and seeks instantly for his wife and his brothers; but he is told they are in hell! "Then to hell will I go also," cries the hero, and thither he actually descends. But hell to the righteous is only *Maya* (delusion). He and his beloved ones are in paradise forever.

There is something to our thinking so perfectly Teutonic in all this conclusion, that we can hardly express our surprise at finding it in an Eastern book. The distinct motions of heaven and hell, the nature of the trials offered to the hero, and his idea of duty to his dog, would all seem quite natural in a German story; but how strange a testimony do they bring to the essential unity of the Aryan mind, occurring as they do in a Sanscrit poem, to which we can attribute no later age than the Christian era!

The story of Rama and Sita is again treated in a third and minor poem of later date, called the *Raghuvansa*, attributed to Kalidasa, the great dramatic poet; and besides these are many other *Kavyas* or epics of less and lesser importance. The subjects of most of them appear constantly to hover round one or other episode of the Ramayana or Mahabharata.

The Hindoo Drama was opened to Europeans nearly a century ago by Sir William Jones's translation of its masterpiece, "Sakuntala," of which Goethe expressed the highest admiration. In 1827, Professor Wilson published "Select Specimens of the Theatre of the Hindoos," whose first play, the celebrated "Toy-Cart," affords some indications whereby to estimate the date of the golden age of the Indian drama. Buddhism still exists among the characters of the piece, but has lost its ascendancy, and Siva is the chief object of worship. These and other signs are believed to point to the fourth century of our era for the date of the dramas in question; while Kalidasa, the greatest of the succeeding Sanscrit dramatic poets, is held to have flourished about A.D. 500.

Hindoo dramas are neither tragedies nor comedies. The grave and the gay mingle in turn, but none of them end in death, either on the stage or behind the scenes; and Eastern decorum shows itself in the prohibition of eating, kissing, or sleeping before the public. They are, in short, very much what they call themselves, "poems which can be seen." Stage scenery there seems to be none. The acts of the drama might not be less than five nor more than ten. Intervals too long to be imagined in the acts were understood to take place between them. Men and gods were made to speak Sanscrit; women and slaves spoke Prakrit, a language bearing to Sanscrit the relation of Italian to Latin. Married women having passed the age of beauty being in Hindoo imagination mere cumberers of the ground, cultivated *hetæræ* appeared in India as in Greece, and the "Toy-Cart" presents us with its Aspasia. There are certain conventional characters on the Hindoo as on the classic and romantic stage; among them the *Vita* or parasite and the *Vidushaka* or buffoon. The number of existing Hindoo dramas is now small; whether many have perished or few were ever composed is unknown. The "Toy-Cart" is by an unknown author. Three dramas are attributed to Kalidasa, and three more to another admired poet, Bhavabhuti. "Sakuntala" appears to be recognized as the most beautiful; but in it, as in all the rest, the use of supernatural machinery is so exorbitant that to confess the truth we find it hard

for the slow British imagination to keep sufficient pace with its transitions to permit of much interest in its plot. Southey seems to have wonderfully realized this element of wild Hindoo fancy when he composed the "Curse of Kehama." Miracles, however, like the "Curse," or even the gigantic conception of Kehama multiplying himself into eight Kehamas and driving "self-multiplied"

At once down all the roads of Padalon,

may be swallowed; and the apparition in a fiery chariot which carries off Sakuntala admitted as perfectly legitimate. But when we are called on further to believe that the desperately enamored king Dushyanta, almost immediately after his marriage, miraculously forgets Sakuntala altogether, and snubs her when she presents herself at court, our sympathy in the subsequent adventures of the heroine becomes languid, to say the least.

Several centuries later than the age of Kalidasa was written another Indian drama of an entirely different description. Its author was a poet named Krishna Misra, supposed to have lived in the 12th century A.D., and the object of this work was the establishment of Vedanta doctrine. It is in fact a religious allegory as complete as the *Holy War* or *Pilgrim's Progress*, and its name signifies "The Rising of the Moon of Awakened Intellect," and the *dramatis personæ* are Delusion, the king, with his subjects Love, Anger, Avarice, &c., and his allies Hypocrisy, Self-Importance, and Materialism, and on the opposite side Reason with an army of Virtues. The struggle between the rival forces is sharp, but finally Tranquillity enables Reason to harmonize with Revelation (consummation sought in other places besides India!), and thereupon the Moon of Awakened Intellect arises and shines. Our authoress has given a full and most curious account of this very remarkable piece, to which we recommend every admirer of glorious old Bunyan to refer. There is real wit in the Hindoo poet as in the Puritan tinker. Hypocrisy is represented as a Brahmin, and receives a message from his king as follows:—

Beloved Hypocrisy! King Reason and his advisers have determined to revive Awakened



Intellect, and are for this purpose sending Tranquillity into holy places. This threatens destruction to all our kind, and it behoves you to be specially active and zealous. You are aware that no holy place on earth is equal to the city of Benares. Go then to Benares, and exert yourself to frustrate the devotions of the pious people there assembled.

To this address Hypocrisy replies that he has done what is wanted at Benares so effectively already, that those who by day attend the holy rites are by night the greatest of sinners.

Besides its Epics and its Dramas, Sanscrit literature boasts also of its Lyric poetry. One poem of this class called the "Messenger Church," attributed to Kalidasa, is greatly praised by Mrs. Manning. Another also by Kalidasa, "The Seasons," is spoken of in rapturous terms by Sir William Jones, and by its English and German translators.

A more remarkable class of books, however, than the last is that of Hindoo Fables. India is indeed the proper home of the Fable. Between A.D. 531 and 599, the great collection called the Panchatantra was translated into Pehlevi at the command of Nushirvan, King of Persia, under the name of Fables of Bidpai or Pilpay; and it is chiefly to these that the common tales of our nurseries are traceable. What may have been the real age of the Panchatantra (or Five Sections) is uncertain; it preceded at all events the collection of the Hitopadesa (Good Advice). Both sets of fables are much alike, and arranged in a similar framework; namely, the instructions of a Brahmin to the sons of a king, who are entrusted to him for six months' education in *niti* (politics). The lessons so bestowed, it must be owned, are somewhat Machiavellian, and may be summarized, Mrs. Manning says, in the following simple doctrine: "Rogues, if cunning, succeed. Simpletons, though good and learned, fail. Good morals are allowed, however, to be good in themselves, and to be preferred where no failure is risked."

Lastly, there exists in India a mass of fictions of the class of the *Arabian Nights*, the most popular being "The Ocean of the Streams of Narrative," "Twenty-five Stories told by a Vetala," "Thirty-two Tales told by Images," "Seventy-two Tales of a Parrot." And

so concludes the vast cycle of Sanscrit literature, having contributed to the library of mankind nearly every known form of composition, saving only a History. Neither ancient nor mediæval India, so far as we know, ever had an Historian or even an Annalist; and in the enormous mass of their relics we are left to pick out as best we may from internal evidence the chronology even of their greatest works. We know almost everything about their minds, their opinions, their laws, even their lightest fancies. We can reconstruct their whole existence probably with greater accuracy than we can picture the lives of our own ancestors in our own land a thousand years ago. But the sequence of events, the wars and conquests, the dynasties and revolutions which ordinarily fill for us the pages of the past are in the case of India almost a total blank.

It must be confessed that the story of the Hindoo mind, as revealed in Sanscrit literature, cannot be contemplated even in such a hasty review as the present, without a sense of sadness and regret. That early dawn of religion which breaks in the Vedas, instead of shining to the perfect day of rational faith, was followed only by fitful gleams of sunshine and cloud, and sank at last, as the ages went by, into the thick darkness of unredeemed idolatry. The one great reformation which alone ever broke the continuity of Brahmin ecclesiastical history, the rise and spreading of Buddhism for a thousand years, passed away from India like a breeze over a field of corn; and no record save a few old ruined topes remain to tell thereof. If we could conceive of Protestantism flourishing for yet twenty generations in England, and then utterly swept off and forgotten, and Catholicism reinstated over the land, with only the mouldering dome of St. Paul's left to recall to the antiquary the schism of the past, then we should have an analogue of the marvellous story of the two great rival creeds of the East.

But is there no lesson for us—even if we cannot stretch imagination to such a catastrophe—in the example of India's religious history? What were the causes which led to the deterioration of that vast Established Church, which in the

days of the Bhagavad Gita had teachers with the spirit of prophets and the piety of saints? The answer seems unmistakable. Religion fell wholly out of secular hands into that of a priesthood, of the most powerful priesthood in the world; and what did it do with it? It accomplished precisely the end for which all priesthoods are forever striving. It turned religion into a matter of rites and sacraments. Then symbols became idols, and formal observances were exalted above moral virtues; and the India of to-day, with its three million gods, its hideous idols, and its gross and cruel rites, is the outcome of the three millenniums of priestly rule.

It is indeed time that a new reformation should arise in India, capable of taking deeper root in human nature than Buddhism, with its sleeping deity and Nirvana paradise, was ever qualified to do. We rejoice to believe that we see the first signs of such a reformation in the work of the Brahmos of Bengal, and we shall welcome to our shores this year their leader and representative, Keshub Chunder Sen, with the confidence that he at least is doing his utmost to lay the foundations of the future religion of India not on any holy books or magical ceremonies, but on the eternal grounds of conscience and reason.

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

### THE TRANSLATION OF FAITH.\*

*St. Peter's, January 6th, 1870.*

#### I.

HIGH in the midst the pictured Pentecost  
Showed in a sign the coming of the Ghost,  
And round about were councils blazoned  
Called by the Fathers in a day long dead,  
Who once therein, as well the limner paints,  
Upbuilt the faith delivered to the saints.

Without the council-hall, in dawning day,  
The mass of men had left a narrow way  
Where ever-burning lamps enlock the tomb  
In golden glamour and in golden gloom.  
There on the earth is peace, and in the air  
An aspiration of eternal prayer;  
So many a man in immemorial years  
Has scarcely seen that image for his tears,  
So oft have women found themselves alone  
With Christ and Mary on the well-worn stone.

Thereby the conclave of the bishops went,  
With grave brows cherishing a dim intent,  
As men who travelled on their eve of death  
From every shore that man inhabiteth,  
Not knowing wherefore, for the former things  
Fade from old eyes of bishops and of kings.

With crimson raiment one from Bozrah came,  
On brow and breast the rubies flashed in flame;  
And this from Tyre, from Tunis that, and he  
From Austral islands and the Austral sea;—  
And many a swarthy face and stern was there,  
And many a man who knows deep things and rare,  
Knows the Chaldaic and the Coptic rite,  
The Melchian-Greek and Ebio-Maronite,  
Strange words of men who speak from long ago,  
Lived not our lives, but what we know not know.  
And some there were who never shall disdain  
The Orders of their poverty and pain;  
Amidst all pomp preferring for their need  
The simple cowl and customary weed,—  
Some white and Carmelite, and some alway  
In gentle habit of Franciscan gray.

O Francis! never may thy sainted name  
Be thought or written save with soul aflame,  
Nor spoken openly nor breathed apart  
Without a stir and swelling of the heart;—  
O mate of Poverty! O pearl unpriced!  
O co-espoused, co-transfocate with Christ!

And lo, the Sovereign Pontiff, Holy Sire,  
Fulfilled anew the Catholic desire;—  
Beneath the scroll of Peter's charge unfurled  
He sat him at the centre of the world,  
Attending till the deeds of God began,  
And the One Sacrifice was slain for man.

But yet to me was granted to behold  
A greater glory than the Pontiff's gold;—  
To my purged eyes before the altar lay  
A figure dreamlike in the noon of day;  
Nor changed the still face, nor the look thereon,  
At ending of the endless antiphon,  
Nor for the summoned saints and holy hymn  
Grew to my sight less delicate and dim:—  
How faint, how fair that immaterial wraith!  
But looking long I saw that she was Faith.

#### II.

Last in the midst of all a patriarch came,  
Whose nation none durst ask him nor his name,  
Yet 'mid the Eastern sires he seemed as one  
Fire-nurtured at the springing of the sun,  
And in robe's tint was likest-hued to them  
Who wear the Babylonian diadem.  
His brows black yet and white unfallen hair  
Set in strange frame the face of his despair,  
And I despised not, nor can God despise,  
The silent splendid anger of his eyes.  
A hundred years of search for flying Truth  
Had left them glowing with no gleam of youth,  
A hundred years of vast and vain desire  
Had lit and filled them with consuming fire,  
Therethrough I saw his fierce eternal soul  
Gaze from beneath that argent aureole;

\* Public Session of the Œcumenical Council, in St. Peter's, Rome, January 6 (Feast of the Epiphany), 1870.

I saw him bow his hoar majestic head,  
I heard him, and he murmured, "Faith is dead."

Through arch and avenue the rumor ran,  
Shed from the mighty presence of the man;  
Through arch and avenue and vault and aisle  
He cast the terror of his glance awhile,  
Then rose at once and spake with hurrying breath,  
As one who races with a racing Death.

"How long ago our fathers followed far  
That false flame of the visionary star!  
Oh better, better had it been for them  
To have perished on the edge of Bethlehem,  
Or ere they saw the comet stoop and stay,  
And knew the shepherds, and became as they!  
Better for us to have been, as men may be,  
Sages and silent by the Eastern sea,  
Than thus in new delusion to have brought  
Myrrh of our prayer, frankincense of our thought,  
For One whom knowing not we held so dear,  
For One who sware it, but who is not here.  
Better for you, this shrine when ye began,  
An earthquake should have hidden it from man,  
Than thus through centuries of pomp and pain  
To have founded and have finished it in vain,—  
To have vainly arched the labyrinthine shade,  
And vainly vaulted it, and vainly made  
For saints and kings an everlasting home  
High in the dizzying glories of the dome.  
For not one minute over hall and Host  
Flutters the peerless presence of the Ghost,  
Nor falls at all, for art or man's device,  
On mumbled charm and mumming sacrifice,—  
But either cares not, or forsores with care  
Has flown into the infinite of air.

Apollo left you when the Christ was born,  
Jehovah when the temple's veil was torn,  
And now, even now, this last time and again,  
The presence of a God has gone from men.  
Live in your dreams, if ye must live, but I  
Will find the light, and in the light will die."

## III.

At that strange speech the sons of men amazed  
Each on the other tremulously gazed,  
When lo, herself,—herself the age to close,—  
From where she lay the very Faith arose;  
She stood as never she shall stand again,  
And for an instant manifest to men;—  
In figure like the Mother-maid who sees  
The deepest heart of hidden mysteries,  
On that strange night when from her eyes she shed  
A holy glory on the painter's bed,  
And Agnes and the angels hushed awhile,  
Won by her sadness sweeter than a smile.  
Such form she wore, nor yet henceforth will care  
That form, or form at all, on earth to wear;  
For those sweet eyes, which once, with flag un-  
furled,

So many a prince would follow through the world,  
That face, the light of dreams, the crown of day,  
Lo, while we looked on her, was rapt away;  
O mystic end, and O vanished queen!  
When shall we see thee as our sires have seen?

And yet, translated from the Pontiff's side,  
She did not die, O say not that she died!  
She died not, died not, O the faint and fair!  
She could not die, but melted into air.

And first the conclave and the choir, and then  
The immeasurable multitude of men,  
Bowed and fell down, bowed and fell down, as  
though

A rushing mighty wind had laid them low;  
Yea to all hearts a revelation came,  
As flying thunder and as flying flame;  
A moment then the vault above him seemed  
To each man as the heaven that he had dreamed;  
A moment then the floor whereon he trod  
Became the pavement of the courts of God;  
And in the aisles was silence, in the dome  
Silence, and no man knew that it was Rome.

—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

—♦—  
Cornhill Magazine.

## THE ALCHEMISTS.

"The upright art of Alchymie liketh me well."—LUTHER.

THE odd, lingering, half-alive vitality of old superstitions was curiously instanced some seventy years ago, when an advertisement appeared in the German *Reichsanzeiger*, purporting to be issued by the "Hermetic Society," and calling for communications from the votaries of alchemy scattered among the public. This was in 1796, the period when the Directory governed in France, and General Buonaparte was conquering North Italy; a time when old beliefs on many important subjects had recently met with sufficiently rough handling.

Answers to the advertisement came in from all quarters. Persons in every grade of professional and commercial life, tail-

ors and shoemakers, physicians, privy councillors, schoolmasters, watchmakers, apothecaries, organists, professed themselves practical students of the occult science, and desirous of further enlightenment in their as yet unsuccessful quest after the great elixir. The idea that an influential "Hermetic Society" was in existence infused new hope into these isolated searchers. But on how baseless a fabric their hope was built eventually appeared, when the archives of the society were submitted to inspection, and it was found to have consisted of two members only,—two Westphalian doctors of obscure fame. On the letters they had received in consequence of their adver-

tisement were found endorsed the words "answered evasively."

These facts are told us in a lecture recently delivered at Leipsic by Professor Erdmann, and published in the *Gartenlaube*. From his statements, and from other sources, we propose to put together a few notes relative to the exploded science—the eccentric torchbearer to chemical discovery—whose annals contribute such notable pages to the moral romance of the Middle Ages.

We do not profess to give its history in formal sequence. We do not discuss the traditions of its origin among the sages of Egypt, nor ponder over the ambiguous inscription on the Emerald Table of Hermes Trismegistus—the *Apocalypse of Alchemy*, as Dr. Erdmann calls it. That Moses was given proof of his skill as an "adept" when he dissolved the golden calf and made the rebellious Israelites imbibe it in a liquid state, that the long-lived antediluvian patriarchs had in fact got hold of the *Elixir Vitæ*, that Noah was commanded to hang up the true and genuine philosopher's stone in the Ark, to give light to all living creatures therein, are opinions we will merely glance at, as some of the most ambitious among the many fictions by which alchemy sought to ennoble its pedigree, when, from an obscure and ill-accredited pursuit, it had come to be admitted into the front ranks of notoriety, to be professed by sages of eminence and patronized by powerful monarchs. It was in the thirteenth century that it stepped into this position, brought to it mainly through the intercourse of the Arabs with Europe. The heyday of its dignity may be said to have continued from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century. After the Revival of Learning it declined in estimation; but it still maintained a very considerable sway over those portions of society where mental activity had not been impelled into the new channels. Of its prevalence in Germany, especially during the seventeenth century, Professor Erdmann relates many curious instances. To these we shall presently recur. The absolute death of Alchemy, or the "Spagiric Art," as it used sometimes to be called, cannot be assigned to an earlier date than the publication of Lavoisier's *Modern System of Chemistry*, eighty years ago. And here again, when we speak of its "abso-

lute death," it must be observed that even in our own times chemists of first-rate rank have accorded a certain degree of recognition to its fundamental hypothesis. Sir Humphry Davy is not alone in avowing his opinion that the transmutations of metals need not be considered an impossibility. Metals, it is argued, are composite bodies, brought into their actual condition by the hidden operations of Nature. Why may not man, who has wrested so many secrets from her already, find out this art of metal-making also, and by some imitative process form similar combinations under the same relative conditions? But to what purpose? If the art resulted in a monopoly by some dexterous patentee, gold-making would before long come to be made penal: if every one might without hindrance carry his own California in his own crucible, gold would soon cease to be the standard of value.

But *has* the transmutation ever been effected? Here the testimony of enlightened modern inquiry is emphatically No, in spite of the half affirmations we meet with here and there: as, for instance, in a *History of Alchymy* alluded to by Professor Erdmann, published as late as 1832, wherein the author expresses his belief that at least five "Adepts" or masters of the art of transmutation have, in the course of ages, made good their claims to the title.

Before we proceed further, let us note what were the definite objects which the alchemists proposed to themselves in their researches, and which these adepts professed to have accomplished. The doctrines on which their science rested were three:—

1. That gold could be produced from metals which themselves contained no gold, by the application to them of an artificial preparation. This preparation went by the names of the Philosopher's Stone, the Great Elixir, the Great Magisterium, and the Red Tincture. It was applied to metals when they had been fused into a liquid state; and the act of application was called Projection.

2. That silver could be similarly produced out of metals containing no silver, by the application of another preparation called the Stone of the Second Order, the Little Elixir, the Little Magisterium, and the White Tincture. This, natural-

ly, was in much less request than the other, and is much less talked about in the records of Alchemy.

3. The same preparation which thus ennobles metals and produces gold is, at the same time, when in a potable state, or even in some forms as a solid, a medicine possessing marvellous qualities for preserving life and renewing youthful vigor. How far the philosopher's stone and the elixir of life were considered identical is, however, left in some doubt by the ambiguity of Spagiric writers. By some the latter has been described as having the properties of seawater; by others as an invigorating paste; by others as liquid gold; by others, Raymond Lulli, for instance, as something very like honest port and sherry. This elixir of life was sought by the earlier alchemists much more eagerly than was the stone in its transmuting properties, but it faded into discredit sooner: the avarice of mankind proved stronger than their love of existence; or perhaps we should say, the great disprover death was more convincing in his arguments than the obstinacy of metallic ores. Gold might be "exhibited" by astute contrivances where honest means of fabricating it had failed; no deceit could "exhibit" life in the individual whose hour of fate had really come.

To hit upon the right composition of the greater magisterium, whether as a medicine or a transmuter of metals, was, then, the primary aim and end of alchemy throughout. To decompose all metals into their primitive constituents, so as to ascertain the relative value of each, and to learn how to recombine them in certain specific proportions, was a necessary part of the process, and hence resulted the inestimable service rendered by alchemy to true science,—the establishment of the principles of chemical analysis. As to the nature and properties of the wonder-working stone, nothing can be more vague, contradictory, and hyperbolic than the reports of professed adepts on the subject. Either they sought to disguise their conscious ignorance by allegorical language, or they pretended to make a mystery of some simple and inefficacious process; or thinking they really had, or were in the way of gaining, the secret, they tried to

mystify those who might perchance have followed up their indications too cleverly. This allegorical jargon may be instanced by a quotation from the verses dedicated by George Ripley, Canon of Bridlington, the English alchemist, addressed to King Edward IV. He sums up his lore as follows:—

This natural process, by help of craft then consummate,  
Dissolveth the *Elixir* in its unctuous humiditie,  
Then in *balneo* of *Mary* together let them circulate,  
Like new honey or oil, till they perfectly thicked be:  
Then will that medicine heal all manner infirmity,  
And turn all metals to *Sonne* and *Moone* most perfectly;  
Then shall ye have both great *Elixir* and *aurum potabile*,  
By the grace and will of God, to whom be laud eternally.

Mark the pious sentiment with which Ripley concludes. It is a notable circumstance that from the thirteenth to the fifteenth century the pursuit of alchemy was closely connected with the religious sentiment, or, at all events, professed such connection. Its prominent advocates then, and, indeed, to a later date, were wont to speak of themselves as devout investigators of the truths of God discoverable in the marvels of Nature—discoverable only by the pure and patient. They claimed for their pursuit the same religious dignity which Christians of the "broad" school in modern theology are bold to claim for scientific study, on the ground that the God of Revelation is also the God of Nature, and speaks to man by the one mode as well as by the other. Their expressions are often noble and elevated. Hear Johannes Strangunere, in his dying injunctions to his son, in 1432: "Upon the salvation of thy soul do not forget the poor; and in any case look well to thyself, that thou do not disclose the secrets of this science to any covetous worldly man." In Faber's *Propugnaculum Alchymie*, published in 1644, we have the religious theory of the science thus stated: "The stone of the philosophers is, by all the authors who have treated of it, esteemed to be the greatest gift of God on earth. . . . As therefore it is so great and mighty a gift of God, the most necessary thing in

order that man should attain to a knowledge of its excellence and worth, is wisdom which is bestowed by God on very few." And Michael Sandivogius, a Polish adept early in the seventeenth century, reputed author of *A New Light of Alchymie, taken out of the Fountain of Nature and Manual Experience*, as the English translation has it, writes thus: "Thou, therefore, that desirest to attain to this art, in the first place put thy whole trust in God thy creator, and urge Him by thy prayers, and assuredly believe that He will not forsake thee; for if God shall know that thy heart is sincere, and thy whole trust is put in Him, He will, by one means or another, show thee a way and assist thee in it, that thou shalt obtain thy desire." There is piety, too, in the reason given by this same Sandivogius why the adepts, who have learnt how to circumvent death, chose not to perpetuate their existence on earth: "Now I do not wonder," he says, when describing the glorious effects of the elixir, "as before I did, why philosophers, when they have attained to this medicine, have not cared to have their days prolonged, because every philosopher hath the life to come so clearly before his eyes as thy face is seen in a glass." Ben Jonson's impostor acted the character well:—

He, honest wretch,  
A notable superstitious good soul,  
Has worn his knees bare and his slippers bald,  
With prayer and fasting for it. . . Here he comes—  
Not a profane word afore him—'tis poison!

In the early Middle Ages it is notorious that not only many good and pious men, but many of the highest intellects, pursued the delusive science, and had the popular repute of being "Spagiric sages," or adepts in its mysteries. Roger Bacon, Albertus Magnus, St. Thomas Aquinas, are the heroes of many fantastic legends. And, indeed, for a long period it was chiefly by clerics, and by monkish clerics, that it was cultivated. In the dreamy solitudes of the cloister, where man's restless imagination so often revenged itself for the restrictions laid on active life, many a tonsured inmate bent over crucible and bellows, "nursing his eternal hope,"\* and pray-

\* BACON (of Verulam): "The alchemist nurses an eternal hope."

ing devoutly for illumination from on high. But enthusiasm and imposture are ever close at hand; and what is more strange, the borderland between them is perilously ill defined. A liar has been known to lie himself into belief of his own inventions; a fanatic, in his overweening desire for the realization of his dreams, will wilfully forget that evidence needs fact for its basis. The wild stories that spring up like a tangle of weeds round the fame of every alchemical philosopher of the Middle Ages leave one in amaze both at the credulity and the untruthfulness of our far-off ancestors; and yet might not a glance nearer home suffice to humble those who have lived in the days of table-rapping and spiritualistic séances? The biographies of the earlier alchemists have been largely recorded by the French writers Naudé and Lenglet du Fresnoy. We will mention a few of them, but our chief business is with later and less hackneyed instances. Among the most famous were Artephius, of the twelfth century, who wrote a treatise on the preservation of life, on the credit of his own experience, being professedly, at the time of writing, in the thousand-and-twenty-fifth year of his age; and who used quietly to settle every disputed question of ancient history by the irrefragable plea of personal testimony. Arnold de Villeneuve, in the thirteenth century, commonly called Villanovanus, was the reputed author of a recipe for the prolongation of life some hundred years or so, by means of carefully prepared plasters and nostrums. Pietro d'Apone, his contemporary, worked unheard-of wonders with his seven familiar spirits, and used to conjure gold back into his Fortunatus's wallet the moment he had made a disbursement. Greater than any of these was Raymond Lulli, of Majorca, the "enlightened doctor," and author of the philosophical *Ars Lulli*, who set up a laboratory at Westminster and filled the coffers of one of our Edwards to the tune of six millions of rose nobles; though indeed some rationalizing authorities ventured to say it was by inducing the King to lay a tax upon wool, and not by transmuting metals, that he worked *that* miracle. Nicholas Flamel, a poor Parisian scribe, extracted the secret from a mysterious MS. after twenty

years of painful study. Were not the fourteen hospitals, three chapels, and seven churches that he built, restored, or endowed, indisputable evidence of the validity of his claims to the possession of the gold making stone? What if the incredulous, even in his own time, whispered that he was a miser and a usurer, that he extorted his pelf from Spanish Jews, and was a general money-lender to the dissipated youth of Paris? Avaunt, such ignoble calumnies!

If the hermetic science bore on the whole a "holy and harmless" character among the inquiring intellects of the thirteenth century, already, in the fourteenth, the quest after the secret of inexhaustible riches had induced a spirit of rivalry and deception which caused serious inconveniences to society. It is to be remarked that the early alchemists invariably went by the name of "philosophers;" the term "gold-makers" was applied in later times and in a derogatory sense. Many Popes and other potentates sought to make the practice of "multiplication," as it was sometimes termed, penal. But in vain: "multipliers" multiplied. Coins and medals were minted from what at all events passed for fabricated gold, to the great detriment of commercial interests. Henry IV. of England issued a stringent prohibition of the practice. The God-fearing Henry VI. eagerly encouraged it, repealing his grandfather's statute, and exhorting all classes of his subjects to search for the secret in the spirit of loyalty, for the replenishment of his coffers; his characteristic piety coming out in the special charge to the clergy, as being undoubtedly possessed of the power of transmuting substances in one way, and therefore more likely perhaps to succeed in the other. Edward IV. patronized the art. So did poor Charles VI. of France, in his flighty, impulsive way. One of the occupants of the Holy See had the credit of being an alchemist, Pope John XXII., whose bulls issued against the pretenders to the art were perhaps intended to warn off rivals. The eighteen millions of treasure which he was said to have left behind him was the current argument adduced to prove him an adept; the evidence of the fact perhaps as little trustworthy as the inference.

Weird fancies have always found a congenial atmosphere within the breast of the Teuton; and it was most conspicuously by German emperors and princes that the Spagiric art—so called, in fact, from a Teutonic word, *spâhen*, to search—was cultivated or patronized. During the fifteenth century it came to be professed by a number of adventurers, "wandering alchemists" as they were styled, who strolled from court to court, sometimes gaining great political influence over their patrons, as, for instance, Hans von Dörnberg did over the Landgrave of Hesse; sometimes experiencing the tragic fate of those who sink from great men's favor by a too daring swimming on bladders. The first personage of pre-eminent degree who kept a regular "court alchemist" was Barbara, wife of the Emperor Sigismund. She had been instructed, so the story goes, by a wandering sage how to make silver out of copper and arsenic, and to increase the substance of gold by the addition of copper and silver. This metal, on which, at all events, imperial power could pass the *fiat* of currency, she benevolently sold to the poor as genuine metal. The Margrave John of Brandenburg was so great a proficient in the labors of the crucible, that he was surnamed "the Alchemist," and his residence at the Plassenburg, near Culmbach, was a head-quarter of the profession. His fame, however, was outdone in the following century by that of the Emperor Rudolph II., whose sobriquets were "the Prince of Alchemy" and "the German Hermes Trismegistus." His superstitious dreams, which cost the empire dear at a time when intellect and energy were required to steer her through her troubles, gave an impetus to "gold-cookery" throughout his dominions such as it never received before or after. Adepts fought out their envious rivalries at his court. His poet laureate sung of the alchemical processes as of the conflict of allegorical powers in an heroic strife. Here Dee and Kelly, the English mountebanks, dropped down for a while on their erratic course. Here Van Helmont was eagerly invited. Here Sandivogius was treated sumptuously, and honored with the title of Councillor of State. Equally zealous with Rudolph, as a student of the art and patron of its profes-

sors, was Augustus, Elector of Saxony, who had a laboratory at Dresden, popularly called the Gold House; while his wife, the Electress Anna, practised at Annaburg, and his son and successor, Christian, grew up under their eyes a sharer in the family taste. It was this Christian to whose reign belongs the story of Setonius Scotus (Seaton the Scot), *alias* the "Cosmopolite," which affords a striking illustration of the precarious conditions of an alchemist's life and fortunes in those days. Setonius professed to have mastered the mystery of gold-making; and the proof he gave of his art, in the presence of the Elector Christian, on one occasion, so greatly impressed that prince's mind, that he caused the luckless adept to be forthwith carried off and imprisoned in a high tower at Dresden, where no one else could get at him to learn his secret, and where a fair field might be left for the Elector's own efforts. He visited his prisoner himself and tried persuasion. Setonius was dumb. Then he employed torture. The poor "Cosmopolite" was racked till within an ace of death. Still no confession: and as it would not do to kill the goose with the golden eggs outright, Seaton was left to linger in the tower, alternately soothed and tormented. One day, by special favor, a Polish visitor was allowed to have access to him. This was Michael Sandivogius, to whom more than once we have already made allusion: he was then a student only, not an adept, in alchemy; he listened eagerly to Seaton's promises of golden reward should he help him to effect his escape. A plan was laid, and successfully executed; the fugitives reached Cracow, but there the strength of Seaton, harassed by long torture and privation, broke down. The cathedral church of Cracow received his remains in 1604.

The experience of poor Alexander Seaton was that of many others of his class. The conduct of princes towards the alchemists was, in fact, much like the old fable of the sun and wind. It was a question whether fair means or foul means, favors or tortures, would be most likely to wring the secret out of a man who boasted of carrying it in his breast. More was demanded of the luckless "multipliers" than they were able to per-

form. "Fill my coffers," was the cry of some needy duke or landgrave; "give me money to pay my troops, to feast my retainers." Well was it if he did not let his fancy launch forth into the gorgeous visions of Sir Epicure Mammon,—

My meat shall all come in in Indian shells,  
Dishes of agate set in gold, and studded  
With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies:  
Boiled in the spirit of Sol, and dissolved pearl,  
Apicius' diet, 'gainst the epilepsy:  
And I will eat these broths with spoons of amber  
Headed with diamond and carbuncle.

The adventurer, if he had any credit to trade upon, might say, "Give me time to mature my experiments—a little more, and the secret is won." He might thus linger on, well tended and trusted for a while; or should his credit fail, he might be dismissed in disgrace, to go to another petty court, and get "boarded and lodged" for another term of promise and imposture. On the other hand, if desperately pressed, and confident in his own ingenuity, he might proceed to experiment. Then, if he broke down, he might perchance be hung as an impostor,—hung in a tinsel-spangled garment, beneath a mocking superscription, like that placed over an unhappy victim at Culmbach, who had boasted of having acquired the much-coveted subsidiary art of fixing quicksilver:—

I deemed of fixing mercury I had acquired the  
knack:  
But things have gone by contraries, and I am  
fixed, alack! \*

The curious tale of Böttger, or Bötticher, the originator of the Dresden porcelain manufacture, belongs to a comparatively late period in the annals of alchemy. It is worth relating as one of the remarkable instances where the search after the philosopher's stone led by side-doors to real and valuable discoveries. Bötticher was an apothecary's apprentice at Berlin, in the time of Frederick I. King of Prussia (1701–1713). He boasted of having received

\* "Ich war, zwar wie Mercur wird fix gemacht,  
bedacht:  
Doch hat sich's umgekehrt, und ich bin fix  
gemacht!"



a bit of the genuine stone from a Greek named Lascaris, and of having done marvellous things with it in the way of transmutation. The King expressed his desire to judge personally of his pretensions. Bötticher was by no means inclined to stand the trial, and crossed the borders to Wittenberg. His sovereign lord demanded his extradition by the Saxon Government. It was refused: and the garrison of Wittenberg was strengthened for fear of a surprise; while, for greater security, the valuable emigrant was transferred to Dresden. Here he somehow satisfied the Prince von Fürstenberg, who was governing in the Saxon King's absence, that he really could make gold. The King, Augustus II., wrote to him in the most deferential terms, made him a nobleman, and, with all marks of respect, stowed him away in his strong tower of Königstein, where he was assiduously watched, in the hope of winning his secret from him in some unguarded moment. However, not to anger him, and thus defeat the royal hopes, he was allowed to return to Dresden, in a sort of honorable captivity, while freedom and additional rewards were promised him should he give up the required recipe. He actually signed a contract to that effect, and was accordingly guarded, if possible, more carefully, and treated more sumptuously than ever. He was looked upon as a precious jewel of the crown; and when a hostile invasion soon threatened, he was transferred, with the other treasures of royalty, once more to the Königstein. Meanwhile, three years passed, and his contract was not fulfilled. The King waxed impatient. Bötticher had gone on experimenting, in the desperate hope of being able to make good his pretensions, but gold would not come at his bidding. He might, perchance, have been hung with ignominy, like so many of his predecessors; but, luckily for him, a really important discovery had emerged out of some of his manipulations. He now ventured to confess to the King that he never *had* made gold, nor knew how to do so, but offered his Majesty the results of his porcelain invention instead. Augustus swallowed his mortification, and forgave him, placing him at the head of the Dresden porcelain-works, so famous in

after years; but to the day of his death, which occurred in 1719, the recalcitrant alchemist was carefully watched, lest perchance some more valuable secret might escape him. The casual discoveries made by alchemists would fill many volumes of science and industrial history. Thus Roger Bacon stumbled by a chance on the composition of gunpowder; Geber, on the properties of acids; Van Helmont, on the nature of gas, "geist," or "spirit," so named by him; and Dr. Glauber, of Amsterdam, in the seventeenth century, eliminated in this haphazard way the uses of the "salts" which bear his name.

Paracelsus and Van Helmont are the greatest names connected with alchemy in the sixteenth century. The pompous charlatanry of Paracelsus gave impulse to its subsequent development under the forms of Rosicrucianism, whose secret societies and freemasonry occupied the fancy of mankind so much in the seventeenth century. In Germany, the natural tendency of men to mysticism was greatly assisted by the barbarizing effects of the Thirty Years' War. As in literature, so in science: culture was absolutely repressed, and made retrograde by the singular desolations of the gloomy period from 1618 to 1648. This was conspicuously shown in the department of jurisprudence. Dr. Erdmann has collected some curious cases of law decisions resting on the theories of alchemy as evidence. It seems not to have been till late in the seventeenth century, however, that an Austrian jurist, Von Rain, went so far as to assert that disbelief in the existence of the stone actually brought a man within the penalties of *lèse-majesté*, on the ground that so many emperors had undoubtedly performed transmutations by its agency.

As early as 1580 the Leipsic tribunals pronounced judgment against an unhappy wretch called Beuther, body-alchemist of that Augustus, Elector of Saxony, of whom we have already had occasion to speak. Beuther was reputed to possess certain valuable MSS. treating of "special transmutations, *i.e.*, the transmutation of some one particular metal, which, having promised on oath to impart to certain other persons, he had afterwards declined to give up; besides having been culpably negligent in his

official capacity. He was adjudged to be undoubtedly in possession of THE SECRET, and sentenced accordingly to be tortured for its extraction; then, for his official negligence, to be scourged with rods; for his perjury to his comrades, to lose three of his fingers; finally, for the good of the land, to be shut up securely in prison, lest he might be tempted to tell his secret to foreign potentates.

As late as the year 1725 there was a curious case of litigation before the same court at Leipsic. A certain Countess von Erbach had given shelter in her castle to a reputed robber, who was flying from justice. This robber turned out to be an adept in alchemy, and a robber only out of, as it would seem, most superfluous amateurship. In the excess of his gratitude to his benefactress, he turned all her silver plate into gold. But here the Countess's husband stepped in, and claimed half of the treasure, on the plea that the increase of value had been effected on his territory, and under the matrimonial conditions as to property. The Léipsic lawyers decided against him, saying that, as the plate had been recognized as belonging solely to the Countess prior to the transmutation, so it must be her exclusive property afterwards, under whatever changes it might have passed.

It was a not uncommon point of law whether alchemical gold, which was not capable of being distinguished from original gold, was to be held of equivalent value or not; the doubt being, in the true mystic phraseology, whether it could possess the same hidden or innate powers. Special treatises were written on the subject of the coins supposed to have been struck from alchemical metal. As late as 1797, a large medal was shown at Vienna, purporting to be minted from the gold made out of quicksilver by the Emperor Ferdinand III., through virtue of a grain of red powder given him by one Richthausen, at Prague. Nothing is more characteristic of the strange history of this science than the important part played in it by "Unknowns,"—weird, mysterious visitors, who are stated to have appeared here and there as unexpectedly as Maturin's incomparable bogie, "Melmoth the Wanderer," and to have vanished as unaccountably,—men who, if the theory of the science

were true, might have wielded more than the power of the united Rothschild family, and emulated the splendors of Monte Cristo, yet who came and went poor and haggard, and left no trace behind. Such was the "Unknown" who appeared to the philosophic Dr. Helvetius, body-physician to a Prince of Orange, in the seventeenth century, and converted him from incredulity to the most enthusiastic belief. This Unknown came into the Doctor's study one day, in the shape of a respectable burgher of North Holland, and drew from his pocket a small ivory box, containing three heavy pieces of metal, brimstone-colored and brittle, from which Helvetius scraped a small portion with his thumb-nail. The stranger declined performing any feat of transmutation himself, saying he was "not allowed" to do so. Helvetius experimented in vain with the parings he had scraped off; but on a second visit the mysterious burgher proved more compliant, and, after helping Helvetius to a successful operation, he left him in possession of certain directions by means of which he contrived to change six ounces of lead into very pure gold when alone. The Hague rang with the fame of his exploit; and the operation was successfully repeated in presence of the Prince of Orange. Moreover, the gold was examined by the authorities of the Mint, and pronounced genuine. At last the magic powder was exhausted, and, as the Unknown never visited him again, Dr. Helvetius was compelled to bring his experiments to an end. But he published in 1667 a learned work, called the *Golden Culf*, maintaining the truth of the doctrines he had once derided; and the sceptical philosopher Spinoza averred, after strict inquiry into the truth of the events narrated, that the evidence of that case of transmutation was sufficient to make a convert of himself.

Another picturesque tale current among the records of Continental alchemy is that of Professor Martini of Helmstadt, who died in 1621, and was a supercilious foe of the art in the early part of his career, strenuously contesting in his lectures the arguments adduced in its behalf. The "Unknown" in this case was a foreign nobleman, who had just arrived at Helmstadt, and took his

place one day in the lecture-hall. After listening for awhile to Martini's self-satisfied expositions, he courteously interrupted the lecturer, offering to refute his opinions experimentally. A pan of coals, a crucible, and some lead, were brought in at his desire. A short manipulation ensued; and lo! the lead had acquired the form and substance of fine gold, which the nobleman handed over to the astounded professor with the modest words, "Solve mihi hunc syllogismum!"

Dr. Erdmann cites Van Helmont's testimony to the existence of the philosopher's stone as one of the most difficult to treat with contempt, on account of the unquestionable integrity and scientific sagacity of the inquirer. Van Helmont loved truth with sincere devotion. A Brabant nobleman by birth, he renounced his rank and possessions to turn physician, to study nature, and do good works. His discoveries in medicine are of lasting value. He never professed to give alchemy more than a second place in his interest; yet he avers that in 1618 he himself changed eight ounces of quicksilver into pure gold by means of a substance given him from time to time by an unknown visitor. He never learnt the secret of making the stone himself, but he describes it as a heavy powder of the color of saffron, glittering like rather coarse-grained glass.

In the seventeenth century the fantastic doctrines of Paracelsus fertilized in men's minds to all sorts of extravagant outgrowths. The English quacks, Fludd, Dee, and Kelly, the German mystic Jacob Böhme, were noted Rosicrucians of that period. Men now took to binding themselves into societies for the prosecution of their occult researches, instead of, as heretofore, brooding over them in solitary devotion. The "Alchemical Society" of Nuremberg was extant in 1700, and one of its members, and its secretary for a time, was Leibnitz!

Leibnitz and Spinoza! strange names to bring into connection with this science of the superstitious. Yet Bacon of Verulam did not disbelieve in alchemy, though to him we are first indebted for the excellent application of the old fable of the dying man's will and the field to be dug over in search of the treasure which never existed save in the fertilizing pro-

cess of culture. Robert Boyle is also cited as having faith in its pretensions. The last professed adept in England was one James Price, who, in 1782, announced himself the possessor of a tincture which could change from thirty to sixty times its weight into gold.

Semler, the well-known theological professor at Halle in the last century, was a votary of alchemy. The story of his performances before the incredulous chemist, Klaproth, may be given as illustrative of the trickery of which experimenters were oftentimes the dupes, and by means of which at least as often—though not in this case—they established their pretensions. In the year 1786 Dr. Semler and one Baron von Hirschen occupied themselves with preparing a Universal Medicine, called by them "Luft Salz," atmospheric salts. Three treatises on "Hermetic Medicine" were composed in relation to it by Semler, and he went beyond the original pretensions of the medicine, asserting that gold could be made by means of it in well-warmed glasses, without the intervention of crucible or coals. He got into a lively discussion with the leading chemists of the day, and at last submitted to Klaproth, for his own use, a mass of metal which he said contained the seeds of gold. To Klaproth's ill-success in making these "seeds" germinate, Semler could only reply that he found a residuum of gold in his glasses every five or six days. On close examination it was discovered that a trick had been played upon him. Some subordinates to whom he had entrusted the task of warming his glasses had contrived to insert a small quantity of gold leaf. It was worth their while, as the sanguine philosopher kept them well fed and lodged. At last, however, they tried the substitution of baser material, pinchbeck, and this led to their detection.

Father Kircher openly challenged the belief in alchemy in his *Subterranean World*, published about 1670. He did not scruple to call the alchemists knaves and impostors, and their science a delusion. Great was the storm he drew down upon himself thereby. Dr. Glauber of the "salts" was one of his antagonists. A still more elaborate refutation was that made by M. Geoffroy before the Royal

Academy of Sciences at Paris, in 1722, wherein he was at the pains to show the various modes of trickery by which alchemical pretensions were sustained: false-bottomed crucibles, hollow wands filled with gold, perforated lead, soldered nails, &c. By degrees the credit of the science hopelessly declined, although daring impostors shot like meteors ever and anon athwart the sober pathway of modern life. Thus Louis XIII. of France made a Franciscan monk named Châtaine his grand almoner because he had held before him the prospect of a hundred years' reign by means of the grand elixir. Thus Jean de Lisle expiated by an early death in the Bastille his bold attempts to persuade the Ministers of Louis XIV. that he possessed the gold-making stone; and thus the adventures of the Count de St. Germain, and of Cagliostro, rested mainly on their claims to the possession of the talisman either of long life or of unbounded wealth.

As we said at the outset of our article, the publication of Lavoisier's system was the real death-blow to the study of alchemy, by pointing out the veritable objects and achievements of chemical induction, and the road by which further progress was to be accomplished.

The hopeless gyrations of the baffled science, ever circling back to its first beginning, and making no advance in its gains and experiences, did, at last, after many busy ages, cease to attract intelli-

gent minds. While we review its promises and its destinies, how profound a human pathos seems to attach to those stately words of Paracelsus, which, doubtless, comforted the heart of many a patient plodder over air-drawn inferences: "Refuse not the waters of Shiloah because they go softly: for they that wade in deep waters cannot go fast."

Isaac Disraeli, in more than one of his delightful miscellanies, quotes the prophecy of Dr. Girtanner of Leipsic, not far from our own times, who presaged that in the course of the nineteenth century the mystery of gold-making would surely be discovered, and the commonest utensils of cookery would come to be made of the precious metal, whereby all evils of metal-poisoning through the use of corroded vessels would be averted. The nineteenth century is far advanced on its downward slope, and it cannot be said that as yet any symptoms appear of the realization of such visions. The Stone is still to seek, if it be worth the seeking; the alkahest, the universal dissolver, remains a myth; the crucible yields no treasure; but in one way the "eternal hope" has had an answer: for, within the last thirty years, the shining prize has learnt to yield itself up at man's call, with a fulness far surpassing the harvests of Spagiric fable, when sought by spade and mattock in its native ores.

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North British Review.

#### BABYLONIAN AND ASSYRIAN LIBRARIES.

THE valley of the Euphrates was the seat of a very early civilization, and the birthplace of many of the arts and sciences known to the classical nations of antiquity. Babylonia was inhabited at an early period by a race of people entirely different from the Semitic population known in historic times. This people had an abundant literature; and they were the inventors of a system of writing which was at first hieroglyphic, but gradually changed into what is called the cuneiform or arrow-headed character. This character had its origin from the practice of writing on clay tablets, each line of the figures being separately press-

ed into the clay with a square instrument, which, going deeper into the tablet at one end than at the other, produced the arrow-head shape of the lines. Specimens of this writing are preserved in various stages, from the simple form to the decided cuneiform. The cuneiform characters were written from left to right; and the shape of the clay tablets used for this purpose was like that of rather flat pin-cushions. Where the writing is divided into two or more columns, the order of the columns is from left to right on the obverse, but from right to left on the reverse. Of the people who invented this system of writing very little is known

with certainty; and even their name is a matter of doubt. In the early Semitic period we find Babylonia inhabited by two races who were called the *Sumiri* or *Kassi*, and the *Akkadi*. The *Sumiri* or *Kassi* were a foreign tribe, called by the Babylonians *lisan-kalbi*\* or the dog-tongued, probably in allusion to their strange language. They were most probably a branch of the tribes called Cossaii, Cussii, and Cissii, by classical writers.† These tribes lived to the east of Babylonia; and their dominion in that country is probably alluded to in the Book of Genesis, x. 8-12. As the *Sumiri* appear to have been foreigners, it is natural to suppose that the other tribe, the *Akkadi*, represents the original inhabitants of Babylonia; and we find that in early inscriptions the country is called *kingi-akkad* and *mat-akkad*, "the country of Akkad."

The language of the *Akkadi*, who originally used the cuneiform signs, was different from any known to have existed in the country in historic times. As a rule those particles (prepositions) which, with us, precede the words they govern, followed them in the *Akkad*. Plurals and emphatic forms were often expressed by doubling the root form. In the verbs the root remains unaltered, and is doubled, or has prefixes to denote the various forms. Another peculiarity is, that when a word consisted of two characters any other word indicating a part or quality of it might be inserted between the two characters. These and similar peculiarities in its structure mark the *Akkad* as decidedly different from any Semitic tongue.

The earliest cuneiform texts are written in the *Akkad* language, and well exhibit the peculiarities of its vocabulary and grammar. Probably the most ancient inscriptions are those printed in *Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia*, the title of the cuneiform publications of the British Museum (hereafter referred to in this article as C.I.). The first inscription in the book is translated as follows: "Uruk, king of Ur, who Bit-Nannur built."

\* *Lisan-kalbu* is only the Semitic translation; how the *Akkad* people pronounced the words, when they gave this name to the *Sumir*, is quite unknown.

† Herod. iii. 91, v. 49; Strabo xi. p. 744; Diod. xvii. 111; Pliny vi. 27, s. 31.

The king whose name is doubtfully read as Uruk is the earliest known monarch of the country; the city of Ur (now Mugheir) was the capital; and Nannur was the ancient name of the Moon God. This inscription, and many similar ones of Uruk and his successors were stamped on bricks used in erecting the various temples of Babylonia. But the bulk of the *Akkad* literature consists of a large number of inscriptions, chiefly mythological, which were originally preserved in the libraries of Babylonia, and afterwards copied in Assyria, and accompanied by interlinear translations to explain the *Akkad* to the Assyrians. Their subject-matter, as a general rule, consists of lists of gods, with their various titles and attributes, legends of the gods, hymns and prayers to the gods, accounts of the influence of various evil spirits to whom diseases were attributed, and prayers against them.

The tablets were preserved in collections or libraries, in the various temples and palaces of Babylonia, and afterwards in Assyria; and it was the custom, from time to time, for those in charge of these literary treasures to have fresh copies made from the originals. The tablets were numbered in different series, according to their places in the libraries; and, for the purpose of identifying the position of each, the following plan was adopted. First, every series was named from the words or sentence which headed its first tablet: thus, the first tablet on evil spirits commenced with "the evil spirits;" and each tablet of the series had its proper number, followed by this extract, as "16th tablet of the evil spirits." And secondly, a line was drawn at the end of the inscription on each tablet, and the first line of the tablet next in the series was written after it. Each new paragraph in these early *Akkad* texts was headed by a sign signifying the lips or speech, and indicating that the paragraphs were to be chanted or spoken; but in translating from the *Akkad* the Assyrians always passed this character over, probably deeming it to be unnecessary. Each paragraph was followed by a word which was equivalent to the Assyrian *aiman*, or *amanu*, and our Amen. It is probable that these chants and legends were in existence in the country long before they were committed to writing. Among the

hymns may be noticed the following address to the Sun :—\*

O Shamas, in the expanse of heaven thou shinest;  
And the bright locks of heaven thou openest;  
The gate of heaven thou openest.  
O Shamas, to the world, thy face thou directest;  
O Shamas, with the brightness of heaven the earth thou coverest.

The rest of this legend is too imperfect to translate. The following is from a hymn to the Fire God :—†

God of Fire, with thy bright fire,  
In the house of darkness, light thou establishest;  
Another name, Nabu, gloriously thou establishest;  
Of iron and lead the melter art thou;  
Of gold and silver the purifier art thou;  
The *tabbu* of *Ninkasi* ‡ art thou;  
To the wicked in the night the causes of trembling art thou;  
The works of the man, the child of his God, do thou purify;  
Like the heaven do thou brighten [them];  
Like the earth do thou purify [them];  
Like the midst of heaven do thou make [them] shine.

From an address to a Goddess we have the following :—

The powerful rebel bows like a single reed.  
My will I am not taking, myself I am not honoring;  
Like a flower, day and night I am fading;  
I thy servant cling to thee.

The tablet from which this is an extract is valuable as giving two clear instances of the permansive form of verbs, first pointed out by Dr. Hincks.§ It is a grave defect in the French school of cuneiform inquiry that its leading men ignore the existence of this verbal form. The two examples in this tablet are the verbs in the second line of this extract. Both are preceded by negatives.

Many of the legends of the gods are curious; but they are all fragmentary. One of them|| describes the symptoms of a man who was suffering from some illness, and represents the god Maruduk as unable to cure it, and going to the god

Hea, his father, for advice. Hea tells Maruduk how, by purifying some water, and applying it to the patient, he can effect the cure. Many tablets relate to the demonology. Several classes of spirits, both good and evil, are specified on them; but the evil certainly predominate. There are the *Assaku* who were concerned with the head, the *Vadukku* with the neck and shoulders, the *Alu* with the breast, the *Ekimmu* with the inside of the body, the *Gallu* with the hand, the *Simtaru* with the life. So numerous were the supernatural beings that one tablet gives 50 great gods of heaven and earth, 7 magnificent gods, 300 spirits of the heavens, and 600 spirits of the earth. A good specimen of an invocation against evil spirits is printed in C.I., Vol. II., pp. 17 and 18. The paragraph on p. 17, lines 30 to 34, prays for deliverance from the supposed operation of some of these beings. It runs thus: "From the maker of evil, from the robber, from an evil face, from an evil eye, from an evil mouth, from an evil tongue, from evil lips, from an evil death, may heaven preserve, may earth preserve." Real historical matter is very scarce in these early tablets; but we have part of an inscription of one early Babylonian king, with an Assyrian translation.

Such is the character of the earliest literary collections of Babylonia; and the Akkad language, in which they were written, probably continued in use in that country down to the close of the sixteenth century B.C. and, for some official documents, even to a much later period. At some time anterior to the nineteenth century B.C. the valley of the Euphrates was conquered by a Semitic race. Of the origin of this race we at present know nothing; it is possible they may have been the same as the Sumiri or Kassi, at one time the leading tribe in Babylonia. The passage in C.I., Vol. II., p. 65, l. 8—12, relates how this people, having on one occasion revolted, slew the King of Babylonia, and placed another man on the throne. The Semitic conquerors, whoever they were, gradually imposed their own language on the country; but, on the other hand, they borrowed the system of writing in use there. From the time of the Semitic conquest the decline of the Akkad language began, and a period of mixed texts

\* British Museum, No. K. 3343.

† British Museum, No. K. 44.

‡ This expression is obscure. It may mean "the emanation of Nin-kasi." Ninkasi appears to be a goddess.

§ *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, vol. II., part 2, p. 484.

|| British Museum, No. K. 2862.

(part Akkad and part Semitic) commenced. It is rarely that we find a text of any length purely Semitic. It was usual at all times to use the Akkad for the following words: 1. Names and titles of gods. These are very seldom written in Semitic; and hence their pronunciation is very uncertain. The gods Assur and Nabu are those oftenest written in Semitic. 2. Names of material substances generally, such as woods, metals, stones; but in these cases the Assyrian side or column on bilingual (Akkad and Semitic) tablets often gives the Semitic name. 3. Names of trees, and plants, and animals. Speaking generally, indeed, it may be said that after the rise of the Semitic power nouns were written in Akkad,\* and verbs in Semitic; but there are occasional exceptions to both these rules.

To the period following the Semitic conquest some of the larger literary works of the ancient Babylonians belong. First among these comes the great work on astronomy and astrology, a branch of ancient learning for which the Chaldeans have always been famous. This work covered at least seventy tablets. Beginning with the supposed influences of the appearance and motions of the moon, it proceeds to eclipses, and then gives the portents from the various positions and appearances of the sun; these are followed by accounts of cloud, rain, wind, &c.; and the work ends with the motions of the planets. Most of the positions and appearances are supposed to shadow forth future events; and on each tablet there are generally about 100 predictions. The following are some of them: "When on the 14th day of the month, the Moon and Sun with each other [*i.e.* at the same time] are seen, the face shall be right, the heart of the country shall be good, the Gods of Akkad [Babylonia] to give blessings shall incline, joy shall be in the hearts of the people, the heart of the king shall be right, and the cattle of Akkad in the desert in safety shall lie down." The next is a weather prediction: "When the aspect of the moon is very cloudy, great floods shall come." Notes are sometimes added by way of explanation.

\* Foreign names are almost always written phonetically.

Thus, after the mention of some of the names of Jupiter, we are told: "The star of Maruduk [Jupiter] at its rising [is called] the star Dunpauddu; when it reaches 5 kaspu,\* the star Sakmisa; when it is in the middle of heaven [southing] the star Nibiru." There are rules for calculating eclipses; but, as they depend on the appearance of the moon, they are of no value. Most of the predictions from the heavens relate to the fortunes of kings and countries. This astrological work could not have been composed later than the 16th century B.C., and may be much older; for, although it contains numerous geographical notices, it has not a single reference to Assyria. The kingdoms of Akkad (Babylonia), Gutium (the Goim), Subarti,† Anduan, Nituk or Asmun (on the Persian Gulf), Martu (Syria), and the Khatti (Hittites), and Elam (Susiana) are all mentioned; but Assyria probably had not yet risen to the rank of a kingdom. The geographical notices scattered through the work are one of its most interesting features. Many of the principal towns of Babylonia are mentioned; and predictions respecting them are given.

There was a companion work, comprising more than 100 tablets, which gave a large number of portents from terrestrial occurrences and objects—from trees, animals, streams, dreams, births both human and animal, and many other things. The portents derived from these were not supposed to affect the fate of kings and countries, but related, as a rule, to minor matters, such as the life or death of a man or his wife, his child, or even his slave. These works on omens, celestial and terrestrial, mention in several places the name of Sargina, an ancient king of Babylonia,

\* The Babylonians divided the heavens into 12 parts, and the day likewise. These divisions are called *kaspu*: thus on the equinox tablets the formula is, "The day and night are balancing (*k.e.* are equal), 6 kaspu the day 6 kaspu the night." The position here called "Maruduk reaching 5 kaspu" probably indicates the position of Jupiter about a month before it souths at 12 P.M.

† The countries of Akkad, Elam, Gut, Martu, and Subarti are the only ones mentioned on the majority of these tablets. But one tablet gives the additional geographical names; and this (No. 2 in the series) is possibly of later date than the body of the work.

who, according to the tablet printed in C.I., Vol. II., p. 65, reigned a little before the time of Khammurabi. The passages in which Sargon is mentioned are not at present sufficiently perfect to enable us to say whether the word was used as a proper name, or whether it was the title of a race of kings who claimed descent from Sargon. If the word is used as a proper name, it would be probable that these works were composed in the reign of Sargon. We know that the period of the Babylonian king Sargon was considered an important one; for amongst the Babylonian treasures which were copied and preserved in the Nineveh library was a tablet of his which commenced with the words, "I am Sargina, King of Agani." Agani was one of the principal cities of Babylonia, and was celebrated for a temple of the goddess Anunitu.

Beside the works already mentioned, there was one on the Mythology, which consisted of over 110 tablets. It is now very much mutilated, and has not yet been thoroughly examined. The Babylonian collections also contained many minor works; in fact this store of literature was so rich that the greater part of the Assyrian writing consists of copies from it. The great centre of learning in these early times was the city of Ur, famous as the birthplace of Abraham, and now represented by the ruins of Mugheir. Ur remained the nominal capital of the country until Khammurabi (probably in the 16th century B.C.) fixed the seat of government at Babylon.

In the flourishing days of the early Babylonian monarchy, Assyria was colonized from that country; and the earliest rulers of Assyria were governors subject to Babylonia. Their title was *Patesi*; and their office included the functions of high priest and governor. The seat of government was at the city of Assur (now Keleh Shergat); and the territory reached at least as far north as Nineveh, where a temple to one of the goddesses was founded in the 19th century B.C. Afterwards, under Bilkip-kapi, Assyria became independent, and the city of Assur became an important place. It was the capital of Assyria for about 1,000 years, and the seat of the first Assyrian library. Little, however, is known of this collection, for the ex-

tensive ruins of the city have never been properly explored; but several valuable inscriptions have been found there, ranging from B.C. 1850 to B.C. 830.\* It was during this period that the translations of the early Akkad works were made. That these translations were made in Assyria, and not in Babylonia, we gather from the fact that, in cases of words which differ in the two countries, the documents have the Assyrian and not the Babylonian forms. Shalmaneser I., king of Assyria, B.C. 1300, had founded a city near the junction of the Upper Zab with the Tigris, and called it Kalakh. It was rebuilt by Assur-nazir-pal, B.C. 885; and here an important collection of inscriptions was made. The earliest tablets from this place belong to the 9th century B.C., and include a copy of the great Chaldaean work on Astrology. Various other copies of this and other works were made from time to time; and our information about the libraries becomes by degrees more definite. The keepers of these literary treasures bore the title of *Nisu-duppisatri*, "man of the written tablets." The title was originally an Akkad one; and the first man known to have borne it was a Babylonian named Amil-anu, who lived in the reign of Emuq-sin, king of Babylonia, about 1,000 years before the date of the librarians of Kalakh and Nineveh. The signet cylinder of Amil-anu has the following inscription: "Emuq-sin, the powerful hero, the king of Ur, king of the four regions, Amil-anu the tablet keeper, son of Gantu, his servant." The principal part of the Kalakh (Nimrod) collection, was written under the care of a librarian named Nabu-zuqud-gina, who had charge of the collection from the 6th year of Sargon, B.C. 716, to the 22d year of Sennacherib, B.C. 684. Many of the tablets written under his direction are interesting not only from their contents, but from the fact that they are dated with the name of the yearly eponym, the regnal year of the king, and the month and day when they were written. These dates are valuable for

\* One of the most beautiful and perfect of these is the inscription on the four cylinders of Tiglath-pileser I., cir. B.C. 1120. Translations of this inscription by Sir Henry Rawlinson, Mr. Fox Talbot, Dr. Hincks, and Dr. Oppert were published by the Royal Asiatic Society in 1857.



comparison with the Assyrian Canon of Eponymes. Translations of all the dates referring to the reign of Sargon, B.C. 722—705, were given in the *Zeitschrift für Aegyptische Sprache und Alterthumskunde*, in July, 1869; but the Sennacherib dates have not yet been published.

The first work known to have been executed under Nabu-zuqub-gina was a copy of the great Chaldean work on Astrology, made in B.C. 716. The following is the statement at the close of one of these tablets: "When in the month of Tasritu [Tisri] and the first day, the sun is \* . . . . Tablet number 36 of the *Inu Anu Bil* [Astrological series] written according to the documents and old tablets of Babylon; tablet of Nabu-zuqub-gina, son of Maruduk-mubagar the librarian, grandson of Gabbu-ilanikamis the great librarian. City of Kalakh, month Sivanu, day 29, eponym Tabu-zilli-zira prefect of Assur, 6th year of Sarukin-arku [Sargon], king of Assyria." By this time there had arisen two versions of the work on astrology, one of them omitting a tablet which is found in the other. The word here translated "document," indicates some other material for writing on than clay; it is probably parchment or papyrus, though which is intended is uncertain. Another copy of the astrological work was written three years later, and in the eleventh year of Sargon one of the works on terrestrial portents. In this case the copy gives the name of the writer of the tablets copied from, who probably lived in the twelfth century B.C. In some instances, owing to the length of time since a tablet had been written, parts had become illegible; and wherever this was the case the copyist inserted the word *khili* "defaced" or "lost."

Various copies of standard works were executed at Kalakh in the 6th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th years of Sargon, and in the 1st, 4th, 6th, 7th, 11th, 19th, and 22d years of Sennacherib; all of them are, however, copies of works already described or extracts made from them for specific purposes. Sennacherib at the beginning of his reign made Nineveh his residence, and set to work to rebuild the palace, which he gradually

enlarged and adorned till it reached an unprecedented magnificence. In this and other buildings at Nineveh, chambers were set apart for the records, and large numbers of tablets were collected. The site of Nineveh furnishes by far the greater number of our Assyrian tablets and fragments; and the Nineveh literature exhibits a superior variety.

Besides copies of the works already referred to there are other inscriptions of interest.

1. There is a history of the transactions between Assyria and Babylonia.\*

This work, even in its present fragmentary condition, is valuable. Its substance may be briefly described as follows. It opens with an explanatory statement of its contents, now imperfect, but appearing to indicate that it gave the events of forty reigns. Where it again becomes legible it relates the conclusion of a treaty between Karaindas, king of Babylon, and Assur-bil-nisi-su, king of Assyria, about some border land, cir. B.C. 1480. Then there is a treaty about the same provinces, between Burna-buryas of Babylon and Buzur-assur of Assyria, cir. B.C. 1450. Then it gives the marriage of Serua-mupallitat, daughter of Assur-upallit, king of Assyria, to the king of Babylon, the revolt of the tribe of Kassi against her son Karakhardas, his murder, and the accession of a usurper, Nazibugas. This is followed by an invasion of Babylonia by the Assyrians, who kill the usurper and placed a son of Burna-buryas on the throne of Babylon, cir. B.C. 1420. The narrative here breaks off again, several reigns being lost. Afterwards we are told of the death of Bil-kudur-uzur, king of Assyria, and the accession of Ninip-palzira, cir. B.C. 1200, in whose time the king of Babylon invaded Assyria; to him succeeded Assur-dayan, who invaded Babylonia in the reign of Zamama-sum-iddina, king of Babylon. Here a reign is lost; and then we have two invasions of Assyria by Nabu-kudur-uzur I. (Nebuchadnezzar), king of Babylon, who was defeated by Assur-risilim, king of Assyria. Next we have Babylonia invaded by Tiglath-pileser I., king of Assyria, in the time of Maruduk-iddina-akhi, king of Babylon (this was the

\* This is the heading of the next tablet. See former remarks on this point.

\* This inscription was first published by Sir Henry Rawlinson in the *Albumen*, No. 1869.

famous war which Sennacherib states was 418 years before his own capture of Babylon), cir. B.C. 1120. Then come the friendship between Assur-bil-kala, king of Assyria, and Maruduk-sapik zira, king of Babylon, the death of the Babylonian king, and another invasion of Babylonia. Again there is a break; and then we have the defeat of a Babylonian monarch named Nabu-sum-iskun by an Assyrian king whose name is lost. This is followed by an account of the friendship between Shalmaneser II. of Assyria and Nabul-bal-iddina of Babylon, the war of succession between the two sons of Nabul-bal-iddina, and the intervention of Shalmaneser. The rest of the historical matter is lost; but the tablet is important for historical studies, and a full translation of the fragments should be published. It is written in an early style, and probably was composed about B.C. 800; its history covered a space of about 700 years.

2. Perhaps the most important work in the Assyrian library was the Canon of Eponymes.\* The earliest copies of this work now known to us were written in the reign of Sennacherib, cir. B.C. 700, and the latest cir. B.C. 640, in the reign of Assur-bani-pal. Although we have seven copies of this work, not one of them is perfect, and some of them are mere fragments; but, from a comparison of the various copies, the chronology of the Assyrian empire from B.C. 892 to 666 is ascertained without the loss of a single year. This Canon gave a list of the annual officers, after whom the years were successively named, and is similar to the list of the Roman Consuls. Most of the public and private documents in Assyria were dated in the current Eponymies; and, so far as the seven copies are preserved, the agreement between them is perfect. Three copies gave not only the names and titles of the yearly Eponymes, but the principal events which happened during their terms of office. This Canon has caused more discussion than any other Assyrian inscription, on account of the alterations it makes in the chronology of the period.

3. In addition to these tablets there are others giving the annals of particu-

lar reigns, and two on the history of foreign relations. One of these is an account of affairs between Assyria and Arabia, commencing with the capture of Edom by Sennacherib, and relating the embassy of Khazail, king of Arabia, to Esarhaddon, to ask for his gods, which had been carried off by Sennacherib; it closes with the revolt of Arabia and its conquest by Assur-bani-pal. The other is a history of transactions between Assyria and Elam.

When the Babylonians or Assyrians founded or repaired a building, they deposited in receptacles, at the four corners, cylinders with the name and titles of the builder, accompanied in some cases by a history of his reign. Cylinders of this kind were deposited in the libraries ready for use. Fragments of a great number of them belonging to the reign of Assur-bani-pal have been discovered at Nineveh; and the libraries of Nineveh and Kalakh possessed tablets giving the history of Assur-nazir-pal, B.C. 884-859, Shalmaneser B.C. 859-824, Tiglath-pileser, B.C. 745-727, Sargon B.C. 722-705, Sennacherib B.C. 705-681, Esarhaddon B.C. 681-668, and Assur-bani-pal B.C. 668-627. All these records are in the same style, magnifying the kings who wrote them, but ascribing all their successes to superhuman aid. The annals of Sennacherib and Assur-bani-pal are rather more poetical than the others. The following translation of part of Sennacherib's campaign against Hezekiah will serve as an example of the historical writing; the text is printed in C.I. 38: "The priests, nobles, and people of Ekron, Padi their king, who was faithful to Assyria, in bonds of iron had placed, and to Hezekiah, king of Judah, had given him to be killed; he sought my protection. Their hearts feared; and the kings of Egypt, and the warriors, archers, chariots, and horses of the king of Ethiopia, gathered and came to their aid. In the vicinity of the city of Altaqu against me their battle array they were setting; and they extended their troops. In the service of Assur my lord with them I fought; and their overthrow I accomplished. The charioteers and sons of the king of Egypt, and the charioteers of the king of Ethiopia, alive in the midst of the battle my hands captured; the cities of Altaqu and Tamna I in-

\* First published by Sir Henry Rawlinson in the *Athenæum*, No. 1805.

*makhri-ya nin miri suatu la ikhuzzu*  
 predecessors none their value appreciated,  
*nimiki Nabu tikipsan taksi*  
 the wisdom of Nabu inspired me entirely [?]  
*mala bassam ina duppani astur*  
 all there was [i. e. everything] on tablets I  
*azniq abre va ana tamarti*  
 wrote, I studied, [?], I explained, and for the  
*sitassi-ya kirib hekali-ya ukin*  
 inspection of my people within my palace I  
*ebilu liha [?] nur sari*  
 placed. Lord of glory [?], light of the king  
*ili Assur mannu sa itabbalu*  
 of the gods, Assur. Whoever this destroys,  
*va sumi su kima sumi-ya issaddaru*  
 and his record like my record shall write,  
*Assur va Assuritu aggis*  
 may Assur and Assuritu violently and  
*izzis liskipu su va sum su*  
 forcibly overthrow him, and his name and  
*siri su ma mati likhaliqu.*  
 his race in the land may they destroy.

At the close of the tablets, which were deposited in the library of the temple of Nebo, at Nineveh, there was a more devotional inscription of the same sort. It read thus:—"To Nabu, the great lord, his lord, Assur-bani-pal, the prince beloved by Assur, Bel and Nabu, the guardian of the sanctuaries of the great gods, the grand lord of their priests [?], son of Esarhaddon, king of nations, king of Assyria, grandson of Sennacherib, king of nations, king of Assyria, for the saving of his life, for the prolonging of his days, for peace to his seed, and for the stability of the power of the throne of his kingdom, hear his prayer and receive his supplication," &c. This is followed by much the same inscription as the others, substituting the temple of Nabu for the palace.

We have one beautiful legend which may be termed the descent of the goddess.\* It relates how one of the goddesses descended from heaven to a region indicated by a sign, the phonetic reading of which is unknown. She passes through seven gates on her passage; and at each gate the gate-keeper takes off some of her ornaments. On her passing through the first gate, he

takes off her great crown, at the second gate the earrings from her ears, at the third gate her necklace, at the fourth gate her ornament worn on the breast, at the fifth her girdle, at the sixth her ornaments worn on the hands and feet, and at the seventh the covering for the back. Afterwards Shamas relates to the god Hea why the goddess has gone; and ultimately a spirit is commanded to bring her back. He does so; and at each of the celestial gates he restores to her the ornament taken from her at that place.

Another class of tablets contains forms of prayer for the use of private persons. One peculiarity of these is the employment of a sign meaning such a one, or so and so. The worshipper was intended to use his own name in this place. Belonging to the libraries which contained these miscellaneous collections, some fragments of catalogues have been found. They give the headings of the tablets, and in some cases the number of lines on them. One catalogue gives a list of 25 tablets, which it says contain the knowledge of heaven and earth. Of these, 14 are enumerated as containing the knowledge of the earth, and 11 the knowledge of the heavens; among the latter there is a tablet on the planet Venus (No. 3), another on the planets (No. 4), two on the Moon (Nos. 5 and 6), and one on Comets called "the star which proceeding from its head has a tail after it" (No. 8).

In connection with the libraries, observatories were established, and the reports of the astronomers were preserved. There were observatories at Assur, Nineveh, and Arbail (Arbela). The astronomical reports were on the equinoxes, the eclipses of the sun and moon, the position of planets, and the date when the moon was first seen at the beginning of each month. These reports were addressed to the king; and about 12 of them from the Nineveh libraries are now in the British Museum. If an astronomical event occurred which was supposed to be unfavorable to the king, it was the duty of the astrologers to find some reason either for its not applying to their own monarch, or for its meaning something different from what was supposed. Eclipses were generally

\* British Museum, No. K. 162. This tablet was first noticed by Mr. Fox Talbot, from a photograph.

thought to be evil omens; but on some of the tablets there are ingenious explanations to the effect that particular eclipses were good omens for the king. When any event of particular importance took place, or when the king went on a foreign expedition, the astrologers had to examine various portents to see if they were favorable to the king; and the date of the rebellion of Saul-mugina, the brother of Assur-bani-pal and the king of Elam, one of the most formidable revolts which happened during the Assyrian empire, is known from the dates on a number of portent tablets, which Assur-bani-pal had made, to see if they were favorable to him on that occasion. This rebellion broke out in the year B.C. 652, and was suppressed in B.C. 648.

The only foreign works known to have been kept at Nineveh were treaties and letters from foreign monarchs. Among the latter is a letter from *Umman-aldasi*, king of Elam, to Assur-bani-pal, on the following matter. Nabu-bilsumi, a grandson of Merodachbaladan, having joined in a revolt, had incurred the displeasure of Assur-bani-pal; and he escaped into the land of Elam. Some diplomatic correspondence ensued between Assyria and Elam, Assur-bani-pal threatening to invade Elam again unless Nabu-bilsumi was given up. A revolt then took place in Elam; and Umman-aldasi ascended the throne. Nabu-bilsumi, fearing that the new king would yield to the demand of Assur-bani-pal, committed suicide in company with his armor bearer; and his body was then delivered to the envoy of Assur-bani-pal, with the letter, a copy of which was kept in the archives of Nineveh.

With the reign of the son of Assur-bani-pal the Assyrian power came to an end, and the empire passed to Babylon. Under Nabu-kudur-uzur II. (Nebuchadnezzar) the Babylonian dominion was as great as that of Assyria in its palmy days. Documents were again collected, and tablets written; but of this later literature we have few specimens, owing to the want of excavations in Babylonia, a region richer in treasures of ancient literature than Assyria. We have, however, one astrological portent tablet, which was written when Nebuchadnezzar made an expedition into Elam. The

annals of Nebuchadnezzar have never been recovered from Babylon; and this is a solitary reference to an expedition otherwise quite unknown. Most of the inscriptions of this period relate to the temples, palaces, and fortifications, of the cities of Babylonia, which were repaired by Nebuchadnezzar, Nergal-sar-uzur (Neriglissar), and Nabu-nahid (Nabonidus), who incidentally mentions his eldest son *Bel-sar-uzur* (Belshazzar) the prince who was slain on the night of the impious feast. Sale tablets, with names of witnesses attached, have been found, dated in the reigns of Nebuchadnezzar, Nabonidus, Cyrus, Cambyses, Darius, and even of the Greek kings who succeeded Alexander; but no trace of any of the later libraries has been discovered, though we know that they existed in the third century B.C., when Berosus wrote his history of Chaldæa.

Such are some of the materials gathered from the Euphrates valley, and now in the British Museum. Together with the tablets from the libraries, there are many fine cylinders containing the annals of various kings, besides inscribed bricks, votive dishes, &c., which are valuable for the genealogy and succession of the monarchs. The collections came to the British Museum, broken into more than 20,000 fragments. But all these have been carefully examined; and considerable progress has been made in joining together the different parts of the tablets. Many of them have been copied; and three volumes of inscriptions have been published, which contain most of the historical monuments, and an interesting collection of bilingual fragments. Another volume is nearly ready, which will contain the annals of Assur-bani-pal, the inscription on which Ahab is mentioned, most of the remaining historical fragments, a more perfect copy of the Assyrian Eponyme Canon, and various sale tablets, birth portents, and mythological and astrological fragments. With a view to future work, the Assyrian collection has been divided into sections according to the subjects of the tablets, one section comprising the historical tablets and cylinders, another the bilingual, another the mythological, another the astrological, &c. It has been found that most of the tablets are incomplete; and some are mere fragments. But the best pre-

served and most important tablets are exhibited to the public; and students have ample facilities for inspecting the remainder.

Whenever it becomes practicable to recommence excavations in the valley of the Euphrates, more important results even than those already obtained may be anticipated. The progress of knowledge has enabled us to determine the most

likely spots in which to seek particular information. Nineveh, the capital of Sennacherib, has already yielded his annals, and the account of his expedition against Hezekiah; and there is no reason to doubt that from Babylon, which was the capital of Nebuchadnezzar, it would be possible to obtain the annals of that monarch, and his account of the captivity of the Jews.

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Cornhill Magazine.

#### THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK.

INNUMERABLE as have been the theories broached from time to time in regard to the at once renowned and obscure mortal known popularly as the Man in the Iron Mask, they have always contradicted each other and themselves so frequently and so flatly, that the appearance of a work calculated to set the question finally at rest, may be fairly viewed as a subject for congratulation. M. Marius Topin, the author of the volume in question, after fully investigating the claims of the various persons, in turn suspected of being the mysterious prisoner, and disposing of those claims, proceeds to set forth his own theory, supported, for the most part, by minute and irrefragable evidence, or, failing such direct evidence, by arguments and inferences of singular cogency.

Following the example of Plutarch in his *Life of Demetrius Poliorcetes*, M. Topin begins his hero's life by referring to his death. We shall tread in his footsteps, and relate the circumstances as derived by M. Topin from Dujonca's contemporary manuscript account of the prisoners in the Bastille. On the afternoon of the 18th of September, 1678, the Sieur de St. Mars, who had lately been promoted from the governorship of the Islands of Ste. Marguerite, off the coast of Provence, to that of the Bastille, arrived at his new post, attended by an armed escort. He had travelled in a litter, in which, and by his side, sat a prisoner, whose face was hidden by a black velvet mask. During the whole of their long journey St. Mars had not for a moment lost sight of his charge; it was remarked that at meals the prisoner was made to sit with his back to the

light, that he was forbidden even then to doff his mask, and that at night St. Mars slept by his side with loaded pistols within easy reach. Monsieur Topin adds, that at Palteau, a château belonging to St. Mars, where the party halted, a tradition of the mysterious prisoner's passage has been handed down from father to son, and still exists among the peasantry.

Five years afterwards, at nightfall on Tuesday, the 20th of November, 1703, a small knot of men hurried across the drawbridge of the Bastille to the cemetery of St. Paul's Church. The prisoner from Provence had fallen ill on the preceding Sunday. On the Monday the almoner of the Bastille had been called in, and had barely had time to shrive the dying man. In the register of the church the corpse was inscribed under the name of *Marchiaty*. At the Bastille he had been known as "the prisoner from Provence." Absolute secrecy was maintained on the subject in the Bastille; its officers, however, had learnt the particulars from Dujonca, and, in the course of time, repeated them to their successors; thus it happened that the inmates of the prison still knew of this mystery of mysteries, when, in the first half of the eighteenth century, a number of men of letters were confined there in succession. They, too, learnt the appalling tale, and lost no time in publishing it to the world; conjecture was, of course, rife, and numberless versions of the story succeeded each other. One difficulty, however, lay at the root of them all—for it was admitted at all hands that the captive, so jealously watched and hidden, must needs have been a man of importance; yet no known

person of weight sufficient to warrant such precautions had, within memory of man, disappeared from the stage of public affairs in Europe.

Gradually, however, one version of the story seemed to supplant all others in the minds of men, partly on account of the extraordinary melo-dramatic interest which attached to it, and partly because it was not open to the objection to which we have just referred. Of the fifty-two writers, therefore, who in France alone dealt with the question, those were most eagerly listened to who adhered to this version, of which the fullest and clearest account is given in Grimm's *Correspondence*, whence we extract it. First, we are informed of the manner in which the secret was surprised. M. de la Borde, formerly a gentleman at the Court of King Louis XV., found, among the papers left by Marshal Richelieu, an original letter addressed to the Marshal by the Duchess of Modena, daughter of the Regent, Duke of Orleans. The letter begins in the following words, which are in cypher:—"Here, then, at last is this famous story; the trouble which I had to worm out the secret was inconceivable." She then proceeds to tell the story of the Man in the Iron Mask, as related by his guardian on his death-bed in much the following terms:—

During Anne of Austria's pregnancy, two shepherds came and asked to be admitted to the presence of the King (Louis XIII.), whom they told of a vision which they had had: the fact had been revealed to them that the Queen would bear twin princes, whose birth would entail a civil war, which would ruin the kingdom. The King immediately wrote to Cardinal Richelieu, who, in reply, begged him not to be disturbed; but to send him the two men, promising to secure their persons and send them to St. Lazare. Towards the close of the King's dinner the Queen was brought to bed of a son (Louis XIV.) in the presence of all the persons who, from their position, are entitled to be present at the confinements of Queens of France, and the usual *procès verbal* was drawn up.

Four hours later Madame Perronet, the Queen's midwife, came and told the King that the Queen was again in labor. He instantly sent for the Chancellor and hurried with him to the apartments of

the Queen, who was delivered of a second son, sturdier and more blooming than her first-born. The birth was duly noted in a *procès verbal*, which was signed by the King, the Chancellor, Madame Perronet, the doctor, and a gentleman of the Court, who in time became guardian of the Man in the Iron Mask, and so was shut up in prison with him, as we shall see by the sequel.

The King himself, assisted by the Chancellor, drew up a form of oath, which he required all those who had been present at the second birth to take, binding themselves never to reveal this weighty secret, except in the event of the Dauphin's death; and he made them swear never to speak of it, not even to each other. The child was consigned to the care of Mme. Perronet, who was desired to say that it had been confided to her by a lady belonging to the Court.

When the child was old enough to be made over to the care of men, it was intrusted to the same gentleman who had been present at its birth. He travelled to Dijon with his charge, and thence kept up a constant correspondence with the Queen-mother, with Cardinal Mazarin, and with the King. In his retirement he did not cease to behave like a courtier, for he treated the young Prince with all the deference which a courtier observes towards one who may one day be his master. This deferential tone, which the Prince was at a loss to account for in one whom he regarded as his father, led to frequent questions on his part as to his birth and position. The answers which he received were not of a nature to satisfy him. At length the young Prince asked his guardian for a portrait of the King (Louis XIV.); the guardian was disconcerted, and turned off the conversation. He had recourse to the same expedient as often as his pupil sought to solve a mystery to which he seemed daily to attach greater importance. The young man had an intrigue with a chambermaid in the house; he entreated her to get him 'a portrait of the King: she refused at first, quoting the order which all the household had received, to give him nothing, save in the presence of their master. He persisted, and she promised to do his bidding. On seeing the portrait he was much struck with his likeness to the

King, went straight to his guardian, and renewed his usual questions, but in a manner more pressing and with greater assurance, and ended by again asking for the King's portrait. His guardian wished to elude the question. "You are deceiving me," said the Prince, "for here is the King's portrait, and a letter to you which has fallen into my hands has revealed the mystery, which it were vain in you to seek any longer to conceal. I am the King's brother, and desire to repair to Court without delay to be recognized, there to take the position which is my due." (It may be well here to mention that the guardian declared on his death-bed, that he had never been able to ascertain by what means the young Prince had obtained the letter; nor whether he opened a box in which all the letters were deposited which came from the King, the Queen, and the Cardinal, nor whether he had intercepted it.) He immediately imprisoned the Prince, and forwarded a messenger to St. Jean de Luz, where the Court then resided, for the purpose of negotiating the peace of the Pyrenees and the marriage of the King. The reply was a Royal order for the immediate removal of the Prince and of his guardian, who were conducted to the Isles Ste. Marguerite, and thence in time transferred to the Bastille, whither the Governor of the Isles Ste. Marguerite followed them.

M. de la Borde, who was for a long time in the confidence of Louis XV., has compared this story with the conversations which he had had with the King respecting the Man in the Iron Mask, and they tally in more than one particular. On his repeatedly expressing an ardent desire to be informed of the facts of this marvellous tale, the King would invariably answer: "I am truly sorry for him, but his imprisonment was hurtful to none but himself, and was the means of preventing great calamities; but I am bound not to tell you the story;" and the King reminded la Borde of the curiosity which, from his earliest childhood, he had felt to know the tale of the Iron Mask; how he had always been told that he could only know when he came of age; that on the day of his coming of age he had asked to know it; that the courtiers, who besieged the door of his room, crowded

round him with eager questions, to which he uniformly answered: "You can never be allowed to know the truth."

M. de la Borde further examined the registers of St. Lazare, but they do not go so far back as the birth of Louis XIV.

It is one of Ariosto's heroes, if we mistake not, who, in commending the excellence of his mare, dwells on her wondrous shape and qualities, and admits but one single defect in her, namely, that she is dead. In like manner the tale which we have just repeated, however consistent with itself and interesting in all its details, has but one drawback, namely, that there is not a word of truth in it. The great majority, in fact, of the writers who have dealt with the subject have developed a mythopœic faculty of so high an order as to tempt one to echo the saying of the Psalmist that all men are liars. Thus Voltaire, Soulavie, and their numberless colleagues in error, are each in turn so completely refuted by M. Topin that one cannot but pity their sorry plight, and contrast their lot with that of their luckier predecessors, the chroniclers of the middle ages. Happier far than they, for instance, was the painstaking Froissart, who boasts of having travelled all the way from Valenciennes to Bruges, and from Bruges to Middleburg in Holland, to confer with a Portuguese knight touching the affairs of his country; for having once taken all this trouble, and sifted and set down what seemed to him the truth, Froissart was not exposed to having his story impugned by any of those disintegrating processes with which modern criticism assails time-honored myths. Still, fully alive as we may be to the unfair advantage possessed over us moderns by the mediæval writers, we must not imagine that the difficulties, of intercommunication, and the absence, for the most part, of written testimony in their times, invariably enabled them to lie with impunity. Means occasionally existed of acquiring correct information which leave the feats of M. Topin on the one hand, and those of M. Reuter on the other, far in the background. Thus Froissart very gravely assures us of the miraculous manner in which the Lord of Corasse, living in his castle near Orthès, was informed of the affairs of Europe

in general by a spirit named Orthon. On one occasion, for instance, that spirit seems to have had nothing better to do than to travel "sixty days' journey from Prague to Orthès" in a single night, for the sole purpose of informing the Lord of Corasse, who had neither knowledge of, nor interest in, the Bohemian capital, of what was passing there. For the benefit of such of our readers as have dealings with spirits, and might wish to engage his services, we may mention that in the daytime Orthon would assume various shapes, sometimes appearing in the disguise of two straws turning and playing together on the floor, and that he was last seen in the shape of an immensely large and lean sow, standing in the courtyard of the castle. On this occasion a mistake occurred, which, we trust, may not be repeated by any one lucky enough in future to make his acquaintance; for the Lord of Corasse, taking him for a *bond fide* animal, had him worried by his hounds, when the sow, looking up at his lordship as he leant on the balcony of his window, uttered a loud cry and vanished, was never seen afterwards, *and the Lord of Corasse died in the very following year.*

Unable as we degenerate moderns unhappily are to depend with any certainty on the assistance of travelling goblins, communicative straws, and inspired swine, we must make the best of our opportunities, such as they are, and we feel we cannot have a safer or a better guide than M. Topin in unravelling the tangled skein of evidence in the matter of which this paper treats. Our limited space does not admit of our following him through the arguments by which he refutes the various theories which have been broached in connection with the subject. We shall therefore confine ourselves to giving a brief sketch of the story to which he adheres, and which he tells with great clearness and force.

The story opens about the year 1676. The prestige of Louis XIV. was as yet unimpaired by the reverses which clouded the close of his career. At no time, in fact, had he cherished more ambitious schemes, and at none did they seem more likely to succeed. Yielding to the fatal attraction which has so often induced French rulers to interfere in the affairs of Italy, he was casting about for the best

and surest means of obtaining a solid and permanent footing in that country. The state of Italy, divided into petty States, with a people sunk in sloth and corruption, Governments timid and venal, and Princes weak and dissolute, invited the interference of powerful and scheming neighbors.

Charles Emmanuel, Duke of Savoy, had lately died, leaving as his successor that very Duke of Savoy who was destined to exercise on the affairs of Europe an influence so vast, so disproportionate to the size of his realm, and so baneful to the interests of Louis. As yet, however, this Duke was a mere child, left under the guardianship of his mother, and the Government of Piedmont held a far inferior position; for the Duchess, by nature weak and vacillating, was rendered all the more so, perhaps, from her position as the ruler of a small State at the very threshold of a mighty neighbor, and as an inexperienced woman environed by astute, unscrupulous, and often hostile statesmen. Louis was already master of the fortress of Pignerol, and it was argued that if he were able to secure the possession of that of Casale, Piedmont, lying as it does between those two strongholds, would be wholly at his mercy; thus he would acquire at once a means and a motive for interference in Italy, leading not improbably to French predominance in that country, if not in the end to downright conquest. Casale was the capital of the Marquisate of Montferrat, a dependency of the Duchy of Mantua. That Duchy was governed by Charles IV. of the House of Gonzaga, a frivolous and needy Prince, who passed most of his time in the gambling-houses of Venice, was always in difficulties, and likely to be at the beck of the highest bidder. The rivals of France in Italy were, as usual in those days, the Spaniards and Imperialists, and the utmost circumspection was requisite to baffle their vigilance if the scheme of acquiring Casale were seriously entertained. In the Abbé d'Estrades, his Ambassador at Venice, the King of France possessed a fitting tool for the work in hand, for that functionary was of a restless and ambitious turn, and bent on pushing his own fortunes in furthering those of his master, by some bold and successful stroke. The purchase of Casale seemed to d'Estrades



perfectly feasible, and he was not long in settling on the person most likely to meet his overtures on the subject in a friendly spirit.

Count Matthioly, the man whom d'Estrades selected for the purpose, had been Secretary of State to the Duke of Mantua's predecessor, had wormed himself into the confidence of his present master, and was straining every nerve to regain the office which he had once held. Like d'Estrades himself, therefore, he was bent on rendering his master some signal service, such as would be likely to entail the attainment of his own wishes; and he well knew that he could do the Duke no greater favor than by supplying him with money, and thus pandering to his pleasures and his vices. No two men, therefore, seemed better qualified under the circumstances to bring the question to the issue desired by the French Government than the negotiators whom we have described.

Before, however, directly attacking Matthioly on the subject, the wary Frenchman sent one Giuliani, a contributor to a newspaper, who, owing to his occupation, could well move about the country without exciting suspicion, to watch and to sound him at Verona. Giuliani was not long in ascertaining Matthioly's aversion to the Spaniards, from whom he had never been able to obtain more than empty promises, and the two soon came to an understanding; the Duke of Mantua was as easily persuaded, and a meeting was accordingly agreed upon between him and d'Estrades. It was arranged that this meeting should take place at Venice during the Carnival, when every one, including even the Doge, the senators, and the Papal Nuncio, went abroad masked, and there seemed, therefore, no possibility of suspicion attaching to the plotters. Thus, strangely enough, this long and eventful negotiation began as it ended, in a masquerade; but little could the unhappy Matthioly have divined in what sort of masquing it would terminate!

The Duke of Mantua and d'Estrades met on the 13th March, 1678, as if by chance, in the open street at midnight after a ball, and there, in disguise, safely discussed the preliminaries. In the following month of October, Matthioly and Giuliani, after successfully eluding the

vigilance of foreign spies, and pretending a journey to Switzerland, started for Paris, where they signed a treaty, the conditions of which were the following:—

1st. That the Duke of Mantua should admit French troops into Casale. 2dly. That he should be appointed Commander-in-Chief of any army which Louis might send into Italy; and 3dly. That when the provisions of the treaty were carried out, a sum of 100,000 crowns should be paid to him.

On the signature of the treaty, Matthioly was received in a private audience by Louis XIV. He was treated with the most flattering marks of distinction; in memory of his journey, the King offered him a valuable diamond, and a sum of 400 double louis, and further promised that, on the ratification of the treaty, a much larger sum should be paid to him, that his son should be appointed page at the French Court, and that his brother should receive a valuable living.

Never, as M. Topin observes, had any intrigue been more skilfully devised, nor had a fairer prospect of success. The Powers with whose interests the scheme clashed were still in utter ignorance of its existence, the contracting parties fully agreed in every point, and the negotiators on both sides, to all appearance, equally interested in its fulfilment.

Notwithstanding this, it is an undoubted fact that two months after Matthioly's journey to Paris all the Governments interested in the failure of the project, namely, those of Turin, Madrid, Vienna, and Venice, were fully informed of every particular; and they were so owing to the fact that they had at various times received detailed statements on the subject from the principal agent in the intrigue, Count Matthioly himself. His motive for this conduct it is, indeed, hard to guess. M. Topin supposes that, although willing in the first instance to sell his country to France, Matthioly may perhaps afterwards have had qualms of conscience, and, moved by a tardy patriotism, may have wished to undo his own work by betraying the plot while it was yet time. This conjecture, we own, seems to rest on no solid foundation. In the first place, patriotism was not in vogue among Italian statesmen of those days. Secondly, the state of affairs in the Peninsula was such, that in with-

drawing his country from the clutches of one spoiler, he must have known that he was merely placing her at the mercy of another; for Italy's chains were then so firmly riveted that a change in her condition implied no more than a change of gaolers, and thus she would pass from the tyranny and cupidity of one foreigner to those of another,

*Per servir sempre, o vincitrice o vinta.*

Less improbable does it seem that the urgent wants of the rapacious and needy gamester whom he served obliged Matthioly to sell his secret to any one likely to pay for it, and in some such reason as this we must find the key to his strange, reckless, and suicidal conduct. To what extent he was his master's *âme damnée*, may easily be gathered from the foregoing; that he did not fully trust his master we may perceive from the fact that he withheld from him the original documents touching the negotiations and kept them concealed; that in the end he was sacrificed to his master's exigencies as well as to Louis's resentment, we cannot well doubt, even if we do not attach importance to the facts that Charles and Louis were afterwards fully reconciled; and that the sudden illness and death of Matthioly in the Bastille coincided somewhat ominously with the Duke of Mantua's visit to Paris. Distrust of each other, moreover, was an element which, among negotiators constituted as they must have been, was likely to enter largely into the incentives which determined their conduct; for it must be recollected that Louis, who, as regards common honor and honesty, appears of all parties to the least disadvantage on the occasion, had himself not scrupled to break almost every international engagement into which he had entered; that his character, therefore, for good faith can hardly have stood high from the manner in which he had observed the stipulations of the treaties of the Pyrenees and of Aix.

The Duchess of Savoy was the first person whom Matthioly informed of his dealings with France. On the 31st of December—that is, just twenty-three days after the signature of the treaty,—she received from Matthioly all the original documents connected with the ne-

gotiation, of which she kept copies. Fully alive to the fact that of all Italian governments her own had most to fear from Louis's resentment, and concluding that the other governments interested had been equally apprized, she hastened to inform him of what was passing. He was thunderstruck on receiving these tidings, which reached him in February, 1679, for all the arrangements made for the seizure of Casale were in full progress. Baron d'Asfeld had started for Venice, empowered to exchange the ratifications of the treaty. Troops had been secretly assembled at Briançon, ready to march at a moment's notice. Catinat himself, who at that time only held the rank of brigadier, but was already known as a distinguished officer, was hurried off under escort in the disguise of a prisoner to Fignerol, where he sojourned under a false name; everything, in short, was ready, when the signal for action was unexpectedly delayed, owing to the unaccountable treachery of Matthioly.

Meanwhile that arch-deceiver perceiving the fruitlessness, as far as he was himself concerned, of his overtures to the Duchess of Savoy, had lost no time in informing the Governments of Vienna, Venice, and Madrid of the whole matter, and had thus rendered success on the part of France an impossibility. The King, on the other hand, ignorant as he was of these further disclosures, did not as yet lose all hope of carrying his point; thinking Matthioly's conduct might be only a beginning of treachery as it were, he did not even apprise d'Estrades of the state of the case, and trusted that all might yet be well.

D'Estrades, who had been moved from the legation at Venice to that of Turin, continued, in the meantime, to meet with evasive and unsatisfactory replies to his overtures from the Mantuan Government; the negotiations were delayed by them on the flimsiest pretexts. Perplexing intelligence of the least reassuring nature continued to reach d'Estrades from various parts of Italy, till an event of no little significance occurred which confirmed his worst suspicions. Baron d'Asfeld, on his way to Inceva to exchange ratifications with Matthioly, had been arrested by the Spanish Governor of the Milanese, and was kept a close pris-

oner. Louis, however, did not as yet wholly lose heart, and Catinat received orders to take the place of d'Asfeld. Still travelling under a feigned name, he and St. Mars, the Governor of Pignerol, likewise in disguise, made their way to the appointed rendezvous, where Matthioly was to have met them, without, however, finding him there. After various misadventures, during which they narrowly escaped capture, they were glad to make good their retreat to Pignerol, without, of course, bringing back with them the deed of cession, the obtaining of which had been the object of their errand.

From that moment all doubt of Matthioly's treachery vanished from d'Estrades' mind, and he was the first to propose a plan for capturing the traitor. Matthioly still attempted to amuse d'Estrades with sham negotiations, but the latter had by this time fully ascertained that the arrest of d'Asfeld was due to Matthioly, and that Matthioly still withheld the original documents from the Duke of Mantua. D'Estrades, however, did not cease to negotiate with Matthioly, using, however, the utmost care not to let him know how fully informed he was of his perfidy. He accordingly sent Giuliani to him, saying that if the Duke of Mantua were still of the same mind as regards Casale, the King of France would be quite willing to continue the negotiation for the surrender of the fortress. Matthioly complained that he had spent all the money at his command in bribes at the Court of Mantua, with a view to bringing about the result desired by the King of France. D'Estrades thereupon promised that he should be paid certain sums by Catinat, who had been entrusted with them by the King, his master. So greedy for money was Matthioly, that he eagerly pressed d'Estrades to lose no time in bringing about a meeting with Catinat, and Tuesday, the 2d of May, was the day appointed.

So wholly lulled were his suspicions, so dead was he to all sense of his danger, that he seemed stricken with a mental blindness fully as strange as his former shrewdness, and hurried heedlessly on to a doom which will make him a by-word for all that is abjectly and irrecoverably wretched in this life. The Abbé d'Estrades tells, with no little complacency,

how completely he duped and ensnared his victim, how he called for him at six in the morning on the appointed day, and carried him in his own carriage towards the place of meeting; how the rains had so swollen the River Guisiola that it had broken part of the bridge they were to cross; how Matthioly helped with his own hands to repair the damage, and worked zealously on till the bridge was passable on foot; and how they then left the carriage and hurried forward through muddy lanes to the place of assignation. There they found Catinat awaiting them; he managed matters so well that no one appeared on the spot but himself; he showed them into a neighboring house where they could confer unobserved; here d'Estrades gradually led Matthioly on to confess what he had heard him say some days before, namely, that he had in his possession all the original documents connected with the negotiations. Matthioly added that the Duke of Mantua had often attempted, but in vain, to obtain them, that he only possessed copies, and that the originals were in the care of his (Matthioly's) wife in a nunnery at Bologna. At this stage of the conference d'Estrades judged it best to retire, and as soon as he had left, Matthioly's arrest was effected without the least difficulty.

Among the papers found on the captive, those emanating from the Court of Versailles were not included; but on being threatened with torture and death, the unhappy man confessed that they were in Padua, stowed away in a place known to his father alone. He was then made to write a letter by dictation to his father, in no way alluding to his present state, but begging him to make the papers over to Giuliani, the bearer of the letter. The elder Matthioly, wholly ignorant of the fact that Giuliani was in French pay, unsuspectingly handed to him the precious documents, which d'Estrades lost no time in forwarding to Versailles.

On learning Matthioly's arrest, Louis seems to have behaved with characteristic presence of mind: instantly abandoning all thought of acquiring Casale, he recalled the troops collected at Briangon, peremptorily demanded and easily obtained the release of d'Asfeld by

the Spanish Government, and caused a report to be spread that Matthioly was dead.

"Il faudra," wrote Louis to d'Estrades, "il faudra que personne ne sache ce que cet homme est devenu." The order was strictly obeyed. The unhappy man's family dispersed in silence and sorrow. In their pedigree the date of Matthioly's death is left blank. His wife, the widow of a man who was destined to survive her, retired broken-hearted to the very convent whither seventeen years before Matthioly had come to wed her; his father dragged on a wretched existence for some years longer at Padua, not knowing whether to bewail the death of a beloved son, or still to believe in his existence. Harrowing as this state of doubt must have been to them, none of his kindred dared to set on foot inquiries which were almost certain to be fruitless and might possibly have been dangerous. M. Topin traces Matthioly to Pignerol, to the Islands of Ste. Marguerite, and finally, as we have seen, to the Bastille.

In the despatches addressed by the French Government to Matthioly's gaolers, he is after a time no longer mentioned by name, and is known by the pseudonym of "Le Sieur de Lestang;" and M. Topin shows that the name of

*Marchialy*, under which his funeral was entered in the register of St. Paul's Church, was a mere corruption of the name Matthioly, very likely to occur in a foreign country, and at a time when proper names were spelled with a carelessness unknown in these days.

Thus was Louis XIV. revenged on the first man who had ever thwarted him in one of his great designs. His success, indeed, in punishing the culprit was in its way as complete as had been his failure to compass the object of his intrigues. This very success, however, has left a blot upon his fame as indelible as any which attaches to that of the other actors in this detestable episode, from which Catinat's name alone emerges unsullied. We feel, in fact, that in dealing with this whole matter we have been dwelling, as it were, in a tainted atmosphere; for the hand of time which lifts so many veils has seldom revealed a scene of fraud, chicane, and relentless tyranny, at once so nauseous and so appalling. Let us hope that such depravity among the foremost of mankind is henceforth an impossibility; let us hope that the present generation have a better right than the Pharisee of the Gospel to rejoice that they are not like even unto these men.

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Temple Bar.

## A ROMAN STORY.

BY R. ARTHUR ARNOLD.

On the third floor of No. 16 Via —, in the year 18—, dwelt Luigi Marini, art-student. In Italy art is followed as a distinct and very popular profession, not only by those few devotees who feel a special aptitude, but by many who think merely that it is as good as any other calling, and a great deal more pleasant. Nothing was further from Luigi's mind than rivalry with the great masters, whose works he was content to copy as best he could, and glad if a week's labor won him five scudi. His temperament was romantic, not ambitious. Far better than the labors of the palette and the brush, he loved adventure in which gallantry and women had

a part; or to sit dreaming at his window, watching the roseate tints which the setting sun cast over the ruins of old Rome and the wide Campagna beyond.

Luigi Marini had all the beauty which is typical of the Tuscan men: dark hair, that waved in half-curls about his forehead and ears—dark eyes of a rich deep brown, full of sad and attractive melancholy when he was thoughtful, and instantly lighting up with dancing fire when he laughed or became excited. His nose, his lips and chin, would each and all have caught the attention of an artist for the rare beauty of their outlines. His was such a face as Titian or Raphael would have loved to copy, ex-

pressing refined melancholy when at rest, and bright quick fancy when he smiled. Luigi wore a moustache and imperial like those Vandyck gives to Charles I., the points of the moustache turned up. He was vain, of course, and quite disposed to think that any woman who looked twice at him was in love with his handsome face.

One evening, in the month of June, he lounged into his room after two or three hours' work at the Vatican. In a few minutes a little girl knocked at his door and then entered, carrying his dinner, which came to him daily from the neighboring *trattoria*. There was a piece of stewed mutton, some macaroni, and a small flask of wine. The child placed the dishes on the table and left the room. Luigi's apartment was simply furnished. An old easel and two or three dauby canvases told his calling; the bed in the corner was not very clean, nor the red-tiled floor; and he was evidently about to dine without a tablecloth. On looking round, it was easy to see that Luigi's wardrobe was of the scantiest, for there was no place for his clothes in the apartment except a very old leather-covered, brass-nailed trunk, the half-open lid of which disclosed a wild confusion of garments, broken frames, painting materials, and books. But Luigi cared little for the condition of the interior of his lodging. The few hours that he spent at home were generally passed at the open window puffing those long cigars which are the food so much beloved by Roman artists. And often Luigi looked on the dark wall of the Convent —, which lay across the narrow street, a little to the left of where he lodged. But the jealous *persiani* which shrouded the windows were never entirely opened. The lower half of them moved upon vertical hinges, and in the midday these were always raised. But Luigi's apartment was on a level with the highest, and sometimes he caught a glimpse of a hand extended to open the sunblinds, but nothing more. Often and often—the more because the sisters were never to be seen—did Luigi think of them, and this evening his taste for romance was destined to be strangely gratified.

Lazily looking up the street upon the convent-windows, the young man saw

one of the green blinds gently open, and the hooded head of a nun appear at a window. As he fixed his eyes on her so did she hers on him. Her face seemed pale, but this might only be the customary effect of the sombre head-dress. She was certainly young as well as handsome, and Luigi's delight equalled his astonishment when he saw her summoning his attention. The motion by which she called him was graceful and imperative—the action of a woman surely not by any means ignorant of the power of feminine gestures. When she saw, by his quick attention and obeisant smile, that he was prepared to serve her, the nun pointed below to the pavement, holding between her fingers a small piece of paper. The danger to which Luigi knew she exposed herself if she were found to have thus held communication with a man increased the romance of the situation. He hurriedly made signs to her that he would descend, and the shutter at once closed upon her window, leaving only the lower part raised as usual. On leaving his house, Luigi was sufficiently discreet not to hasten beneath the nun's window; he crossed the street just in time to see a little white ball, no bigger than a pea, fall upon the pavement. He picked it up, believing himself entirely unobserved, and hoped to win favor in the lady's eyes—who he felt sure was watching him—by keeping it in his hand unopened till he turned into another street.

But he had no sooner passed the corner of the Via — than he hastily unrolled the little ball of paper and read: "Meet me to-morrow at midnight by the small gate leading into the Via San —, opposite the door of the Church of San —." This was written in a firm bold woman's hand, with evidently no attempt at concealment. There was no name, but mystery was far more attractive to Luigi than certainty. He felt sure the mysterious nun was beautiful and deeply in love with himself. "It was yet thirty hours before he should be with her!" This was hard to bear. But as the time passed away, her image became more and more clear to Luigi. Already he persuaded himself that he loved her passionately, and when the next evening arrived impatience had made him feel feverish and exhausted. He smoked in-

cessantly, but his dinner remained almost untouched. At last the sluggish hours of the long day passed away, and Luigi stood beneath the convent-wall, outside the gate to which the nun referred in her note.

It was not the main entrance to the convent, and, as Luigi knew very well, was rarely if ever opened. He had never seen it otherwise than as it was now, closed and rusty, with a look of having never been unfastened for years. It was set about a foot back in the wall, and overhung by so deep a shadow that no one who did not pass very closely could have seen the young artist as he stood, motionless, with his back against the gate. To say that he was afraid would not be true, yet Luigi felt strongly the influence of the midnight hour, and the strangeness, with something perhaps of the illegality, of his situation—the chill night-air, the deep gloom of the street, and the silence. He was just thinking how fearfully quiet everything seemed, when the old gate rustled, as though the collected dust were breaking away from its sides, and opened, without creaking, so softly that Luigi was half-terrified. He had expected it would have made a great noise, or, at least, would have given him much more notice on opening. He thought the gate had been closed for years, it looked so rusty and unused; but before he had time to recognize the figure of the nun, who held it back for him to enter, the thought ran through his mind that this door was not so unaccustomed to moving on its hinges as he had supposed.

The nun closed the gate, and, taking Luigi by the hand, led him, in darkness which was profound, through a sort of cloister—so it seemed to the young painter—then across a small yard, open to the sky, into a low building detached from the convent. Luigi found himself standing, with his hand in hers, in utter darkness. Her clasp was soft and warm, and her voice a musical whisper, as she said, disengaging his hand, "Wait a minute, I will light the lamp."

The lamplight revealed to Luigi a low room, at one end of which were what appeared to be several heaps of furniture. He thought, from a momentary glance, they were unused beds. The walls were rudely frescoed with reli-

gious figures, while near to him stood a round table, on which was spread a supper, evidently prepared by the nun for Luigi and herself. He saw all this before the sister laid back her hood. Then she took his hand again in hers, and looked up in his face with an anxious searching gaze, as if examining whether he was a man of the quality she had supposed him to be. Luigi was not disappointed with her beauty. She was not young, and her countenance bore a cold worldly expression, which would have displeased many; but the youth of Rome never despise the mature charms of a woman, and Luigi was captivated by the bright eyes, the rich lips, and the refined expression of her features. He was about to address her in some complimentary language, when she said abruptly:

"What is your name?"

He replied, "Luigi Marini."

"You are an artist, I suppose."

"Yes."

"I have seen you often."

The young man's eyes fired with delight; he thought she was about to confess her love for him. She noticed his excitement with a cool glance which showed how entirely she was mistress of the situation.

"Do you love me?" she asked, so quickly that no third person would have suspected her of any love for the young painter.

She suffered him to carry her hand to his lips as he protested that he would die for her. A glad smile rewarded his assurances of love, yet there was something in her face—a look of falsity—which gave Luigi a momentary thrill of uneasiness. She was a beautiful woman, evidently of very slight physical strength, but with the traces of a strong will so plainly written on her face that the young man could not but see them. Her manner was abrupt and commanding, so very different from the tender love he had promised to himself.

"I have asked you to come here, Luigi Marini," she said (and he trembled with delight as she mentioned his name), "because I thought you were a man who would not refuse to help a woman in distress."

"*Madre di Dio!*" The artist was going on to assure the nun how com-

pletely he was her servant, but she put up her hand as if deprecating his expression.

"I know, signore, you are a brave man, and, if you will, you can do all that I require. Often I have watched you at your window"—here her voice fell to a *piano* which still more enslaved Luigi—"and if you will assist me my heart will not find it difficult to reward you."

As she ceased speaking, the nun seized his hand and kissed it. Emboldened by her action, Luigi was about to take her in his arms, but she slipped from him, leaving her hood and mantle in his grasp. If he failed in his immediate object, Luigi now had secured a much better view of his *innamorata*. His eyes dwelt with delight upon her slender waist and graceful figure, and his easy indolent animal nature loved her none the less for the bright mastery which shone from her dark eyes, or for the broad forehead and square chin which so plainly indicated her wilful character.

"Not yet," she said, with a coquettish smile and bow. "I know Luigi Marini will command my love;" and the sister regarded him with a proud encouraging smile, which made the artist long for some daring service.

"What can I do?" he asked, impatiently.

The paleness of the nun's face seemed to become deadly white at his question. It appeared as if she wished to tell him, and yet was glad to interpose anything before the time when she must make a confession.

"Take some supper," she said, faintly; "we can better talk of that afterwards."

Luigi, wondering at the mystery which enveloped the *devoir* to which he felt himself committed, took his seat at the table, not unwillingly, for during the excitement of the past two days he had eaten but little.

The nun placed nearly half a fowl on his plate, but in spite of his entreaties she ate scarcely anything. Once between the rapid operations of his knife and fork, Luigi looked up and caught her eyes fixed upon him with a horrible expression of torture, the lower part of her face appearing rigidly fixed as if by some sudden stroke of paralysis. He started up, but she placed her hand on her heart and said, regaining her customary self-

possession, "I am subject to these passing fits; they come, you know, signore, of the dreadful monotony of this life to such a heart as mine."

There was no wine upon the table, but when he had nearly completed his meal she took the glass which stood empty before Luigi, and moving to a side closet, brought it back full of red wine. Her very lips were blanched, and she tottered rather than walked to her seat, after setting it down before the artist.

"*Donna mia*," he said, lifting the glass in his hand—he thought her trouble arose from what she was about to confide to him—"I will die in your service;" he waved the glass slightly, saying, "To my love," and then drank off the wine.

"Come now," said the nun, in a voice which seemed suddenly to have become hoarse and broken; "I will show you your work."

She led him, with a hand which felt strangely cold, to the darkened end of the room, where he thought he had seen several beds, and stopped before one of them, which in the dim light he could see was mantled with a white covering. When the lamplight fell upon it, Luigi started, as he saw, by the stiffened upward-turned toes and other unmistakable signs, that he was standing before a corpse.

The sister drew down the covering, and disclosed the body of a man in monastic dress. His features, which Luigi could scarcely see, appeared young and handsome, but his face was purpled as if he had died of suffocation.

Luigi turned in horror to his companion, who stood watching him.

"I place my life, my honor, and my love," she said in a hollow voice, "in your hands. You think I have murdered this man; it is not so. He loved me, as I will hope you do, and made his way here, to tell me of his passion. His love dated from the time of my noviciate. Suddenly, while with me in this chamber, he was seized with apoplexy and fell dead at my feet. By efforts that exhausted me, I dragged his body on to this bed and composed his limbs, but how to rid myself of his corpse I know not. If he were discovered here by any of the sisters, my future would be dreadful and unbearable. I have looked to you for

help; Signore Luigi, I shall not look in vain!"

Theatrical and unreal as her words of love sounded, they yet revived in Luigi the feelings which, for a moment, the sight of the dead monk had dissipated.

"The river is near," she continued. "I want you to take the body on your back and throw it into the Tiber; then to return to me, and we will forget in love this sad episode."

"But——"

"Say not a word!" she interrupted him, becoming suddenly excited and imperative. "There is not a moment to lose; I have calculated everything. You may do it now with safety; do it, and I love you!"

She had everything ready. The monk's body was soon enveloped in a brown cloth, and with her own hands she assisted Luigi to take the corpse on his broad shoulders.

"I will precede you," she said, "and look down the street to see that you can reach the river unobserved. It is close at hand, and you will be back again in two minutes."

They were passing through the cloister as quickly as Luigi could walk under his load, when he felt a sudden pain shoot across his breast, so violent that he could scarcely suppress a cry. He bent suddenly forward.

"Make haste!—make haste!" cried the nun, dragging him towards the gate. For an instant only she put her head outside, and then hurried the young man into the street.

The head of the corpse was scarcely clear of the gate, when the sister closed it with nervous haste, barred and bolted it in a way which showed that either she was false to her promise to receive Luigi again in two minutes, or that in her excitement she knew not what she did.

But, at all events, there was method in her actions. Seeing that white dust and dirt were on the door, its bars and bolts had been to some extent cleared by her hands, she threw dust over them and was contemplating her work, when something fell heavily against the outside of the door, and a piercing scream came through it as of a strong man in the agony of death.

"Holy mother! it is Luigi." The nun's hand trembled as she took up the lamp,

and quickly, noiselessly as a cat, made her way back to the chamber in which she had received the young artist.

She removed all traces of his presence and that of the corpse, though a second and third scream, fainter than the first, resounded from the street. Listening, with her lamp extinguished, she heard voices at the gate, and trampling of feet and knocking; but she took no heed, and walking silently across the court found her little cell, and threw herself on her bed, burying her face as if to shut out all things from herself.

"Mother of God! is it my fault, or that of those who condemned me to this life? Do they suppose that by such prisons they can extinguish the passions that burn—the love which, if it find no other heart to rest with, will eat in bitterness that from whence it springs? Fools!" she cried, springing up and looking defiantly at the door, "I am the result of your system! Like Eve—like every one of God's creatures, good and bad alike, I longed for that which was denied to me. I fell rather, much rather, the prey of my own imagination than the willing victim of any man's love. Only because such love was forever denied to me, did my thoughts turn to it again and always. Free, I should have scorned man's love; it was these hateful things"—she threw her hood and mantle under her feet, trampled and tore them—"these lying garments, that have brought me to this."

While she raved in this way, Luigi was being carried up to his little room a dead man, his fair young face horribly distorted, the muscles contracted with shocking disfigurement. When he left the convent-gate with his awful burden, Luigi had already felt a pain so dreadful that it was only by a great effort he had been able to keep the dead monk on his shoulders; but no sooner had he passed out into the street, and the gate closed behind him, than his stomach seemed on fire, and his chest as though it were bound with cords. The corpse fell with a heavy "thud" upon the pavement, and Luigi staggered against the wall. He was near the door and reeled upon it, screaming with agony. He felt sure that the nun had poisoned him, and as he heard footsteps approaching, he remembered how strange a taste the wine had;



and though he was in such mortal pain, the circumstances of the scene rose all before him. He recalled to mind how the sister had not placed the wine upon the table, but had filled his glass in a cupboard aside. Now that he felt the cold hand of death upon him—now that it was too late, he could see through all her design. Her lover, the monk, had died of apoplexy in the convent to which she had unlawfully given him admission by this private door, and she wished to make use of him, Luigi, in order to get rid of the dead body. She had given him a quickly-acting poison, which would kill him as soon as he had done her work.

Writhing in agony, he opened his eyes to find that his screams had drawn several persons round him. They knocked at the convent-gate till Luigi faintly told them to desist. He wanted nothing so much as to clear himself from the suspicion of having murdered the monk, and told the bystanders, as well as his sufferings would permit, how he had been lured into the convent; where he found the monk's body; how the nun had poisoned him, and then employed him to remove the dead ecclesiastic. The people listened with sympathizing horror, and while two were telling the story to the *gens-d'armes* who had come up, others carried Luigi away in search of medical advice. When the doctor saw him the poor artist was sinking fast, and the *medico* instantly pronounced, from the appearance of his face and tongue, that Luigi had been poisoned. One of those who had brought him wrote out a short deposition, which Luigi had strength to hear and to sign. The doctor was after-

wards in the act of applying the stomach-pump when he was seized with convulsions and died.

At the convent there was little difficulty in identifying the murderess. The superior read the artist's dying statement with horror—with deep and grieved attention, and acknowledged that his description drew a verbal portrait of Sister Agatha, who, she said, was the superintendent of the convent dispensary, and had the charge of their hospital for contagious diseases, which was the apartment where she had entertained Luigi. Sister Agatha, she said, also had keys of the outbuildings which surrounded the unused cloister, and the superior thought it likely she had found among these the key of the gate, which she herself had never seen open.

The superior was a woman of unexceptional moral and religious life, and possessed of great shrewdness. She found an additional proof of Sister Agatha's guilt when she saw and recognized the monk's body. She had once had occasion to suspect him of an improper regard for the nun, and the asceticism of her own frigid nature steeled her against any mercy. The post-mortem examination of Luigi's body showed that he had been poisoned, and the same poison was found in one of the bottles under Agatha's care. What punishment her crime received, is not recorded; probably she is kept in lifelong, hopeless surveillance in this or some other convent. Not long ago the main facts of this story were told me, near the scene of their actual occurrence, by one who stated that they were recorded in the police annals of the Eternal City.

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Dublin University Magazine.

#### A SLAVE OF THE LAMP AND HIS LABORS.

It is possible that every embryo man of letters looks on the transformation of his handwriting into good print, and the correction of proof-sheets as the pleasantest and most interesting occupation in existence. Goldsmith found it otherwise when engaged at his early magazine labors. When he took up the scrubby-looking review published by Griffith,

and cast his eye over columns of ideas and combinations of ideas, which had lain unfelt in the chambers of his own intellect till his pen had given them shape, and, in some degree, existence, he could not but feel a certain complacency. "There," he would think, "is a little world; and I am, at least, its moulder."

Very pleasant it must be, while youth and manhood are as yet only passing, and the world approvingly peruses a writer's productions; very pleasant, we repeat, to sit, with pen at work, transmitting bright or vigorous images from the brain to the paper. But ah! if our laborer does not enjoy independence, and begins to feel an indifference among his public to the literary fare he endeavors to provide for them, and gradually becomes sensible that his powers are on the decline, and sees, not far off, the close of profitable labor, then cease pen, paper, and type to afford him pleasure, and the future assumes a leaden hue and monstrous aspect.

No native of Great Britain in later times has transferred so much literary matter to printers' types as William Combe, though he did not begin to write till late in life, and but few living folk have read or heard of any of his works except the one mentioned below.\*

Combe was not an author by choice. He took up the pen comparatively late in life, and merely wrote to support existence; yet, in the words of his editor and publisher, he wrote and edited, between the years 1773 and 1823, upwards of one hundred books, conducted or contributed to a score of journals, and furnished, if we may believe his own note-book, fully two thousand columns of matter to the newspapers and magazines of the time.

It was a difficult matter to collect or identify many of Mr. Combe's productions. He wrote in prison, within the rules of the King's Bench, and the mere fact of his name on the title-page of a book would deprive him or his publisher of any benefit from its sale.

Mr. Hotten, a man whose earthly happiness consists in exploring among the curiosities of literature, especially when they are of a bizarre character, has apparently collected everything collectable about the author of *Dr. Syntax*, and given them to the world in the preface of this new edition of the celebrated tours of the meagre and reverend professor.

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\* The Three Tours of Doctor Syntax, in Search of the Picturesque;—in Search of Consolation;—in Search of a Wife. Colored Plates after Rowlandson. London: John Camden Hotten.

William Combe was born in Bristol, in 1741, his father being a merchant in a respectable position. At Eton he had few school comrades, the future Thomas Lord Lyttleton, Charles James Fox, Bennet Langton, and William Beckford, author of *Vathek*, and builder of the famous "Folly." At Oxford, whither he repaired in 1760, he more affected the character of a young gentleman of fine appearance and expensive tastes than that of a diligent student. Of course he studied hard, when the eyes of his world were off him; but while the observed of his tutors and companions, he never exhibited the slightest inclination to draw the pale cast of thought over his brow by poring over books. When called on to acquit himself of any of the ordinary tasks of a collegian, he was always ready.

In a couple of years he contrived, by dint of fashionable amusements (hunting included), and giving entertainments to the sons of great people, to get himself considerably in debt. His uncle, Alexander, a rich London alderman, relieved him from the unwelcome visits of Christian and Hebrew creditors, by inviting him up to London, and paying his debts. Here the young fellow's good nature and agreeable manners completely won the affections of the old gentleman, the more readily as it appears he had loved his mother before her marriage.

The next we hear of him is his performance of portion of the "Grand Tour," in the course of which he made the acquaintance of that undesirable friend and philosopher, the Rev. Laurence Sterne. Mr. Hotten thus speaks of the inter-relations of the elder and younger voluptuary, giving the word its least harmful sense:

"Judging from what we know of the two characters, they must have been companions very well suited to each other. The disparity of their ages, and the great difference in their dispositions and natures, made them mutually attractive. Sterne was about fifty years of age, full of a cunning knowledge of the world; a keen observer of men and manners, and very fond of telling those little stories which are usually related in a low whisper accompanied by a sly wink. To a clever and brilliant young

man, whose powers of conversation had already become famous in the circles where he was known, his companionship must have been very attractive, especially when the good things said seemed to derive a license, if not full authority, from the clerical position and advanced age of their author."

Mr. Hotten conscientiously and honestly defends his hero's character from any love of uttering indecent or immoral expressions.

"Combe had no natural fondness for *double entendre*, and beyond the amusement of the moment, does not seem to have cared for a style of conversation which was then very popular; certain it is, that in all his numerous writings there is nothing of this kind. He had no vicious tastes, and the description given of him by a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, August, 1823,—a writer who reflects the true spirit of his time by a hearty contempt for cold water,—is no doubt a very true one. 'A love of show and dress, but neither of dissipation nor drinking, was the source of his embarrassments. He was, indeed, remarkably abstemious, drinking nothing but water, till the last few weeks of his life, when wine was recommended to him as a medicine. But though a mere water-drinker, his spirit at the social board kept pace with that of the company. He possessed inusical knowledge and taste, and formerly sung in a very agreeable manner. His conversation was always entertaining and instructive, and he possessed a calm temper, with very agreeable manners.'"

Our editor is able to furnish but few particulars of the intercourse between Sterne and Combe. Ten years after the death of the Irish *Rabelais*, his friend published those "Letters of Yorick and Eliza," which were long believed to be genuine. Scandal says that he, not Sterne, was the loved of Eliza, and that he felt considerable complacency therefrom.

Soon after his return from the continent, his uncle died, and he found himself in possession of sixteen thousand pounds. He did not sit down at once, like a mere profligate, to eat and drink and spend this mighty sum on the respectable sinners of his acquaintance. He entered the office of a solicitor in the Temple; studied, was called to the bar,

and distinguished himself very creditably on one occasion before the Lord Chancellor Nottingham.

But a lawyer may have a soul above horsehair and bombazeen. Combe was to be seen seldom in the courts, disguised in unpicturesque wig and gown. He mixed in the best society of the day, distinguished himself by his good taste in clothes and carriage appointments; was on familiar terms with the Duke of Bedford, knew how to give parties as high-bred people only can, and the purse which had held £16,000 was becoming light and shallow. Here is an episode in his career furnished by a gentleman who was on terms of acquaintance with him a century since:

"William Combe, Esq., the author of 'The Philosopher in Bristol,' &c., came to the Bristol Hot-wells about the year 1768. He was tall and handsome in person, an elegant scholar, and highly accomplished in his manners and behavior. He lived in the most princely style, and though a bachelor, kept two carriages, several horses, and a large retinue of servants. He had resided abroad for many years. He was generally called Count Combe."

About this time, as Mr. Hotten tells us, he was commonly called Duke Combe. He furnishes an extract from a letter, in which the writer says:—"In his days of prosperity the splendor of his dress and *ménage* in general, together with his highly aristocratic deportment, gained him the appellation of Duke Combe, but," we quote the editor, "already his false position had become the talk of scandal-loving acquaintance, who saw very clearly that so much show could not be kept up without a purse much longer than Combe possessed."

Much pleasure as it must have given the Bristol merchant to see his son in such high repute in the great world, he saw well enough the goal to which his extravagance was hurrying him. He expostulated with him, but this served not to reclaim, but to offend the "Fine Young English Gentleman." He ceased his visits to the old-fashioned house, kept high company, indulged in high gambling, merely to support the fine gentleman's character, not from any infatuation, and at last, instead of £16,000, he was worth less than nothing.

In his present condition he did not apply to his father for relief. He resorted to his fashionable friends, many of whom he had himself accommodated. It was the old story of "Cogia Hassan," and finding him at last as low in pocket as the Heir of Linne, he enlisted as a common soldier. Being, after some time, drafted to Wolverhampton, a trifling improvement was effected in his fortunes, thus recorded by Mr. Hotten:—

"He was recognized by an acquaintance, crawling through the streets after a long march, dusty and lame, in search of his quarters. 'What!' exclaimed the acquaintance; 'is it possible I behold my old friend Combe, and bearing a knapsack, too?' 'Pooh!' said the fallen hero, 'a philosopher ought to bear anything.' This trifling *mot* exhibits that invariable good humor which never deserted him. Under every circumstance, he was always pretty nearly the same—a gentleman, happy and good tempered. At the public-house at which he was billeted, his literary acquirements excited such astonishment that the house was nightly filled with people, who came to wonder at the soldier who spoke Greek."

Roger Kemble, being at the time in Wolverhampton with his troupe, gave a benefit to Combe, which enabled him to purchase his discharge. Moreover, he would have him to instruct his daughter Sarah, the future Mrs. Siddons, in elocution; but, her mother foreseeing some danger to Sarah's peace in receiving lessons from a person of such romantic surroundings as poor Combe, would not consent. Our hero, though equable in temper, and uncensorious in conversation, was never known to say anything in praise of Roger's wife.

We do not believe the following anecdote: it would lower Combe in our estimation, and brand him as a narrow-minded, spiteful man. It certainly takes nothing from the moral worth of Mrs. Siddons, that she assisted her father in his humble way of entertaining his public, and thereby of supporting his family.

"He used to tell Rogers that he recollected having seen Mrs. Siddons, when a very young woman, standing by the side of her father's stage and knocking a pair of snuffers against a candlestick, to imitate the sound of a windmill, during

the representation of some harlequin piece."

Combe is next discovered by a clergyman tripping about as a waiter at a tavern in Swansea, the elocution scheme having been quickly abandoned. "You cannot be Combe!" said the gentleman, staring at him. "Yes, indeed, but I am," was the unabashed answer.

"Combe was never embarrassed by these salutations of old acquaintance, but took them in the best possible spirit, and with as much good-humor as if misfortune had never befallen him. It was only his family that he studied to avoid; and shortly after, hearing that they were in search of him, he crossed over into France, where, after numerous adventures, he entered the French army.

Samuel Rogers says that Fitzpatrick found him filling the office of cook in Douay College, much to the satisfaction of himself and the professors and students, all of whom would gladly have retained him for life, and relieved him of his Protestantism. However, instead of making omelets for the studious fathers or mighty transcripts from old MSS., Apollo willed that he should once more cross the channel, and live among paper, pens, and ink all the rest of his days. The transit was made in 1771.

The earliest of Mr. Combe's productions are "The Philosopher of Bristol," and "The Flattering Milliner; or, Modern Half-Hour," the latter drama performed at Bristol in 1775. He either wrote "An Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers," or assisted Mason with it. A work that brought him into more notice was "A Description of Patagonia and the Adjacent Parts of South America, from the Papers of F. Falkner, a Jesuit," published in 1774. It established him among the trade as a successful compiler and editor. His next literary attempt did not come out under good auspices.

Though Combe was not by any means a vicious man, his virtue could not be properly qualified by the French adjective *farouche*. Some relative of Thackeray's Marquis of Steyne, or that infamous nobleman pilloried by Hogarth, induced our man of letters, just beginning his career, to take to wife a woman in whom he himself felt no longer any interest. The argument used was a

handsome sum to be paid down after the performance of the ceremony. The disreputable nobleman did not perform his part of the engagement, and the incensed poet published "The Diaboliad" in consequence. It was issued in 4to, 1777. The dedication ran thus: "To the Worst Man in His Majesty's Dominions." Mr. Hotten does not give entire credit to the affair as just reported, and we would rather it were not true. That Combe's first marriage was an unhappy one all his biographers are agreed.

"The *Diabo-Lady*" succeeded the *Diaboliad*, and other satiric poems followed suite. All these appeared in 1777. Letters purporting to be those of Pope Ganganelli were translated from Italian to French, and Combe made a transfusion of these last into English. They were for sometime considered the genuine productions of the amiable churchman.

Our industrious writer would have been above human weakness if he had not shown up the vicious points in his former acquaintances in high life.

From 1777 to 1784 he continued a kind of second-class chronicle in the "Royal Register," in which unworthy members of society, many of them his ancient intimates, were held up to contempt. He addressed one heroic epistle to Sir James Wright, "whose trading propensities and weaknesses as a groom of the bedchamber to George III. had become the gossip of the fashionable world." He accused him of having sent cargo on cargo of trashy *Vertu* to the King from Venice, and of having worn his Majesty's cast-off lace and small-clothes. "I have been present," says Combe, "when a slave of St. James's glowed with importance from an impudent exposure of the tail of his shirt, to show the astonished company the Crown and G. R. worked on it."

In 1779 Combe produced the "Letters of Yorick and Eliza," a work unworthy of an honorable man. Sterne's standard in respect of conjugal and platonic love was low enough, but Combe should not have made a detailed application of what might have been only a bit of sentimentality not kept under control.

In the same year appeared his poem "The World as it Goes." Neither production pleased Horace Walpole, but

that far from rigid moralist was not well pleased with some remarks on Strawberry-hill, and the gim-crack spirit which ruled it, and

"Its passages that led to nothing."

Combe probably contributed what he could to pay his creditors, but we find him occupying the King's Bench Prison some time before 1780. He was allowed to live at 12 Lambeth Road, within the rules of this prison, soon after, and there he abode till his death, fifty odd years later.

His next work was the letters attributed to George Lord Lyttleton, that eccentric and profligate nobleman, with whom Combe had been acquainted in his days of dissipation, and whose style he so well caught up that, even in 1851, a writer in the *Quarterly Review* asserted that they were the genuine composition of the professed author, merely interpolated here and there by Combe. Shortly after, Mr. Robert Cole inserted in the *Gentleman's Magazine* Combe's own autograph notes, which claimed their undivided authorship for himself.

This disreputable nobleman, now remembered only by his supposed vision, had once been practically corrected for an outrage on the gentle demeanor which should characterize the intercourse of ladies and gentlemen. The incident is related by Thomas Moore and Thomas Campbell. We prefer the narrative of the latter gentleman.

"Some of the most exclusive ladies of fashion had instituted a society, which was called 'The Coterie,' to which gentlemen were admitted as visitors. Among the favored members was Duke Combe. One evening Lady Archer, who was a beautiful woman, but too fond of gaudy colors, and who had her face always lavishly rouged, was sitting in the coterie, when Lord Lyttleton, the graceless son of an estimable peer, entered the room, evidently intoxicated, and stood before Lady Archer several minutes, with his eyes fixed on her. The lady manifested great indignation, and asked why he thus annoyed her. 'I have been thinking,' said Lord Lyttleton, 'what I can compare you to in your gaudy coloring, and you give me no idea but that of a drunken peacock.' The lady returned a sharp answer, on which he threw a glass

of wine in her face. All was confusion in a moment, but though several noblemen and gentlemen were present, none of them took up the cause of the insulted female, till Mr. Combe came forward, and, by resolute behavior, obliged the offender to withdraw."

So far the "Bard of Hope:" the paragraph that follows is taken from the text of the work:

"Combe seems to have retained a lively recollection of his lordship's peculiarities, and to have thrown into the letters the full strength of his imitative power. The family, of course, denied their authenticity, but they were such admirable imitations of the peer's style, and contained so many good things, that fully one half of the literary world believed them to be genuine productions, and they found such a ready sale, that a second edition was published in 1782, and a third some time afterwards."

Except articles for the periodical press, Combe produced nothing of importance till 1789, except "The Origin of Commerce," professedly by Adam Anderson, a valuable work in four volumes.

About the date mentioned he seems to have been subsidized by Pitt's party. The King's malady, the Prince of Wales' hasty acceptance of the regency, and the recovery of his father, were disturbing elements in the great political machine, and required judicious treatment. Combe's "Letter from a Country Gentleman to a Member of Parliament," was answered by two or three pamphleteers of the day, and finally by Combe himself.

In 1790 appeared his "Meares' Voyage from China to America," and "The Devil on Two Sticks in England," which went to six volumes, and was exceedingly popular. Alas for the permanence of literary reputation! What infinitesimal fraction of living readers has perused "The Diable Boiteaux in England"? and is a similar fate to attend many of Mudie's most-called-for novels in eighty years from this time? A contemporary of Combe remarked of this satirical novel:—"If we may judge from our knowledge of the history of some of the individuals whose portraits are transferred to the pages of Mr. Combe's novel of "The Devil upon Two Sticks in England," that work may be taken as conveying his view of the characteristics of

the circle of society in which he was an actor, with no common resources for writing a fashionable history of his own time."

Omitting his political pamphlets for the next few years—pamphlets in which the prince was not spared, and his "Word to the Traders," in which he exhibited sound notions on political economy—we come to his "Critique on the Royal Academy," which brought him under Alderman Boydell's notice, and procured him employment in furnishing the descriptive text to Farington's beautiful "Views on the Thames."

Till 1803 Combe's hands were kept busily employed on voyages, travels, and even the Asiatic Register. His wife, with whom he had never enjoyed much happiness, became insane in 1801, and lingered out the remaining thirteen years of her life in an asylum.

In 1803, the Pitt party being no longer in power, and his pension of £200 being suspended, he accepted a position on the *Times*, and thundered away as "Valerius," on the exciting topics of Buonaparte and Gallic enmity to the British lion. In 1804, Pitt being restored to power, he again touched his income, as the French say, but did not long enjoy it. The great minister died in 1806, and with him perished Combe's pension, notwithstanding some vigorous appeals to Lord Mulgrave.

In 1808 Combe's finances seem to have been very slender, for we find him writing sermons for well-to-do clergymen. About seventy-three of these were written, and some arrived at the honor of publication. It may be judged that our author had not led the life of an anchorite during all these years of literary activity. He must have got much during the past thirty years, but it evidently was spent as fast as it was gained. Perhaps he was but poorly recompensed for much of his labors.

It was at this low point in his affairs that Ackermann, desirous to illustrate his Poetical Magazine with colored plates by Rowlandson, proposed to him to furnish a poetical narrative to one of these plates which should be furnished to him each month, and which in succession were intended to illustrate the whimsical adventures of an elderly clergyman in search of picturesque scenery. The offer was eagerly accepted. Rowlandson's design

being furnished, he studied it, wrote on, of course, making his narrative increase in interest as it approached the given dramatic scene. The next month the process was repeated, the poet and the artist all the time seeming to have had no communication with each other. It need not be told how ill-calculated such a no-plan was to produce an illustrated poem worth public attention. Yet the public was pleased with the poem and pictures, the publisher was pleased with the sale, and the writer and artist with their portion of the prize money for the 10,000 lines and the very odd illustrations.

Public taste having either improved, or at all events considerably changed within a half century, we can scarcely account for the enthusiasm excited by Dr. Syntax and his Rosinante.

It is known that *Pickwick* originated much in the same way, Mr. Dickens being engaged to illustrate poor Seymour's etchings. The artist's early death, however, left the writer to follow a design of his own, and the world need not be told with what result.

"The tour proved a capital hit, and soon formed the main attraction of the magazine. The good-natured, moralizing Syntax at once became a public character and a general favorite. His distinctive portrait was quite as well kept up by the author as by the artist, and his singular features, as drawn by Rowlandson, were as unmistakable as his perpetual good humor in the midst of troubles and mishaps, described by Combe. The creation was a success; and as *Paul Pry* gave a name to all sorts of objects ten years later, so Syntax was the popular title in his day."

Ackermann was so well pleased with his poet that he employed him to write the letter-press for the third volume of his "*Microcosm of London*," the first and second having been written before their satisfaction with each other had been established. He also entrusted to him the text of an illustrated work on the Thames. This was published in 1811, and was soon followed by the *Life of Arthur Murphy*, with the assumed authorship of Jesse Foot.

In 1812, the tour, illustrated by 31 plates, was published at a guinea, and in the course of one year it passed through five large editions.

His next works were poems to illustrate the Princess Elizabeth's designs, and the text of a large history of Oxford illustrated.

In 1815 was issued "The Dance of Death," and, in the following year, "The Dance of Life," neither very successful, though the poet's and the artist's duties were carefully executed. In 1816 also appeared an illustrated History of Public Schools, the text by the same indefatigable hand.

Having completed MacLeod's "Loo Choo," and the "Antiquities of York," publisher, poet, and artist, brought out "Dr. Syntax in Search of Consolation," in 1819, and "Dr. Syntax in Search of a Wife," in 1821. Both met with a fair share of success; but now annoyances rose on every side in the shape of imitations, and the poor poet was obliged to announce in the most public manner the names of the only poems produced by him.

His History of Madeira came out in 1821, and his *Johnny quos Genus*, the last and weakest of his poems, in 1822. He felt that his powers had quitted him after having discharged severe duties for upwards of fifty years, and he wrote no more.

The last week of our writer's life was strangely occupied. Having no child, he late in life adopted a young man, to whom he intended to leave, among other things, the MS. of his autobiography. Being displeased, however, by the marriage of his protégé with the daughter of Olivia Serres, the *soi-disant* Princess Olive of Cumberland, he employed his last days in burning at a candle, leaf by leaf, the intended legacy. His death occurred on the 19th of June, 1823, in the 82d year of his age.

Mr. Combe's second wife was the sister-in-law of Mr. Cosway, the artist. Writers give very different accounts of this second union, some asserting that it was a most unhappy one, while Thomas Campbell, in his *Life of Mrs. Siddons*, gives much praise to the lady for her efforts to repair the evils caused by her husband's improvidence. It is nearly certain that the two sisters, Mrs. Cosway and Mrs. Combe, lived apart from their husbands, and that Combe's last days were uncheered by the presence of wife or child.

We have no sketches by any contemporaries of how the versatile writer spent life within doors. His days chiefly passed at his lodgings, Lambeth Place, within the prison rules, which, as a judge facetiously remarked, seemed to extend to the East Indies. The amount of literary labor he got through must have left him little time for social recreation, and, it is probable, that as his drink was the liquor afforded by the Thames pipes, literary satellites who patronize alcohol in its various phases were not frequent in their visits. Coupling his quiet, unassuming manners with his industry and general ability, we fancy that Thackeray had him in mind when the projector of the *Pall Mall Gazette* paid a visit to the Marshalsea, to get the programme written by the quiet-mannered and society-loving man of letters.

There seemed a sort of poetical justice, Nemesis, rather, in the fact of Combe's letters to Mariamne being published after his death. He once boasted that Eliza had preferred himself to Yorick in reference to his letters between these personages. The letters were fabricated by himself, but in retaliation his own undoubted correspondence with Mariamne were given to the world after his own death by the person for whom Mariamne had jilted him. We are not going to call this connection by a worse name than Platonic. The brain of a literary man of 70 must possess more energy than his heart. His first wife was still alive, and the little episode was a mixture of three parts of imagination with one of sentimentality.

Perhaps the peculiar relation in which Combe stood to moral or religious influences could not be better expressed than in the words of his editor: "Although Combe had been dissipated in his youth, and up to his last work gave no evidence of any particular seriousness, he always believed himself to be a good Christian, and in the long preface to his *Syntax* is careful to impress the reader, that though on a first view of some of the prints it may appear as if the clerical character was treated with levity, he is confident in announcing a very opposite impression after a perusal of the work."

A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* testified to the reliance which

Combe placed in the divine origin of the Christian religion and a future existence, and to the fortitude and resignation with which he supported the near approach of his final release from all sublunary troubles.

That Combe's inclinations all tended to the enjoyment of the refined amenities of high life is evident from the sketch of his early career. His subsequent laborious application to mere literary drudgery, constant and unceasing, exhibited in a strong light his self-command and powers of application to uncongenial tasks. For even literary occupation must be most unwelcome to one whose darling maxim was practically this: "Enjoy all the agreeable things attainable in your intercourse with society. When old age brings incapacity of enjoyment in its train, we shall consider what is to be done." That a refined voluptuary such as he should have left behind him so little that is morally objectionable, speaks much for his subjection to some form of moral or religious training.

In his *Dr. Syntax* he had for coadjutor a man whose pictorial works were of a coarse and sensual character. Many of the illustrations to *Syntax* would be better adapted to such poetry as *Virgil* travestied. It was nearly impossible to him to present in outlines and colors a truly estimable maid or matron. Rowlandson was in his glory depicting the ludicrous whims and freaks of the British tar when on shore and seeing life among his peculiar circle of acquaintance; but many of the quiet scenes in which the good-hearted, but rather susceptible Doctor played a part, were above him. He could not seize the quiet manner and refined spirit by which the intercourse of gentle-nurtured men and women is imbued. Combe, to be sure, had only one picture to embody in some hundreds of lines, and therefore could, in a great degree, follow out his own ideas. He was, however, in some manner obliged to chime in with the tastes of the general body of his publisher's patrons, to whom adventures of sportsmen, and those of the fast society of town and country, were the cream of such enjoyment as was to be found in books. Admirers of the *Tom, Jerry*, and *Bob* literature of the generation now fast dying out would scarcely welcome



fictions in prose or verse of a thoroughly healthy tone. Taking these things into account, and considering the likes and dislikes of the patrons of the *Poetical Magazine*, it is surprising and gratifying to find so little that is objectionable in the poetical illustrations to the colored mezzotints of Thomas Rowlandson.

A great part of Combe's work consists of words arranged in rhythm and rhyme, without a flash of poetry. Indeed, the subjects generally, and the pointless conversations, were impossible to be elevated to the region of that divine art; and people of good taste would prefer to have the ludicrous, and frequently most common-place incidents related in the prose of Monsieur Jourdain. There are, however, scattered all through, agreeable descriptions of scenery and trains of thoughtful reflections which we are content to find in any shape, and which testify that Combe was not unequal to descriptive or didactic poetry.

There is scarcely a measure in which the mere jog-trot doggerel so soon and so disagreeably exhibits itself as the octo-syllabic selected, by our versifier. It is little to be wondered at that after the first three or four poems of Sir Walter Scott were published, the public had no cordial welcome for any more, the world of letters had been, in the meantime, so deluged with imitations in which nothing was attained but the dismal monotony and tiresome pounding of the accented syllables. The native strength and vigor, and picturesqueness of Scott's poetry kept these disagreeable adjuncts out of sight—even as the outer texture of the human figure disguises the meagre and angular outlines of the solid supports within. But in nearly all the poems—Byron's excepted—which appeared within the first thirty-five years of the present century, bones were most awfully prominent, scarcely kept in their place by the dry skin and muscle.

We subjoin some couplets of Mr. Combe's better mood:

"Along the ground the brambles crawl,  
And the low hyssop tops the wall;  
The bullrush rises from the ledge,  
The wild rose blossoms in the hedge.

\* \* \*

Thus throughout Nature's various state  
Of living or inanimate,  
In every different class we see  
How boundless the variety.

What playful change in all we know  
Of this mysterious world below;  
In all where instinct motion gives,  
In what by vegetation lives.  
But these are trivial when we look  
Through the first page of Nature's book;  
When, half-inspired, we're taught to scan  
The vast varieties of man."

These are Syntax's reflections within Covent Garden Theatre:

" 'I think,' said Syntax, looking round,  
'It is not good this vast profound:  
I see no well-wrought columns here,  
No attic ornaments appear  
Naught but a washy, wanton waste  
Of gaudy tints and puny taste;  
Too large to hear, too long to see,  
Full of unmeaning symmetry.  
The parts all answer one another,  
Each pigeon-hole reflects its brother;  
And all, alas! too plainly show  
How easy 'tis to form a row.  
But where's the grand, the striking whole?  
A theatre should have a soul.' "

Rowlandson was a good draughtsman, save when a respectable human figure was in question. His interiors of theatres and assembly-rooms were correctly and yet freely delineated; and if the general colored composition was at times gaudy and meretricious, the contrast and harmony exhibited were calculated to please every but a fastidious eye. There was no sparing of rich and mellow hues, and the general effect was pleasing and harmonious. The taste of the young and the mere general lover of fiction is uniformity for a series of slightly-connected adventures, and hence the interest which *Gil Blas* and other books of its class will always continue to excite, even in readers who are not sensible of its value as a picture of national manners and character. So the popularity of "Dr. Syntax's Tour" is not to be wondered at. The mere sensational had not thoroughly vitiated public taste, notwithstanding the terrible hold taken of many imaginations by a few works of the kind published between 1806 and 1820. The *Waverley Novels*, and those of Miss Edgeworth and Miss Austen, and the historic romances of the Misses Porter kept the moral atmosphere of the circulating libraries in a healthy condition. Lovers of mere adventure relished the endless succession of accidents and mishaps which befell the worthy Doctor, and the sight of some of the plates induced

favorers of loose literature to read through the poem for passages of an objectionable character, which happily they did not find.

In the present edition, the three journeys of the Doctor are given, accompanied by colored fac-similes of all the original plates, 79 in number. Mr. Hotten has given as full an account of the life of the author as is now attainable. (We would gladly see some interior scenes of his prison house-keeping.) This we have freely used in the beginning of our article. He has also furnish-

ed as complete a list as is now possible to make out of the works of his author, who, as must have already appeared to our readers, was a remarkable man in more ways than one, and exhibited such a command over a refined and indolent disposition, and such industrial energy, as few other literary voluptuaries have done. Mr. Hotten has reproduced a book worthy of the trouble, even if the introduction was its only good feature, and has issued it at a most moderate price. It is only an exceedingly large sale that will cover his expense.

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Macmillan's Magazine.

### THE FRENCH STAGE.

THERE is an obsolete journal of fashion called *La Belle Assemblée*, which contains descriptions, not only of various and elaborate modes of costume—delightful to ladies—but also of the favorite forms of diversion of its time; and in one of the numbers for the year 1800, the curious reader may find an article on the recreations of Paris, which gives an account of the Théâtre Français, and especially of the demeanor of the audience at the rise of the curtain. The passage is worth transcribing, as an illustration of some national characteristics of the French people which have not caught the infection of change amongst all the changing fashions brought forth in the course of the last seventy years.

"The moment the curtain is seen to rise," says the writer in the old periodical, "that instant confusion turns itself into order. Unlike our countrymen, who call for silence by the word itself, the French express their wish for attention by a noise which may be described as a prolongation of the syllable *ish*. After the curtain is once up, it is expected that no person should interrupt the performance; the established rule of a French audience is universal attention."

This attitude of attention is the same at the Théâtre Français now, as then. There is the same order, the same absolute silence observed, the same complete sympathy with the progress of the drama. Any casual interruption is instantly suppressed: silk dresses are not

allowed to rustle, fans must not flutter, no whispers must circulate; the audience is expected to exist, for the time being, only for the actors, as the actors exist only for the audience. Between the acts of the piece comes the relaxation. Then most of the spectators leave their seats and throng the antechambers of the theatre, where the imagination still finds a stimulus in art. Grand statues of dramatists, players, and poets have their dwelling-place here, giving dignity to the amusement of the hour, as they suggest the immortality of genius. The hour passes; the play is acted out when the curtain falls; but the creative power which brings a noble drama into existence remains a treasured memory for a great nation. The marble statue of the man is the symbol of his genius carved out for unborn ages. The player who intensified the passions and realized the beauty which the poet conceived, stands by his side in sculptured glory, and shares his immortality.

An author or an actor, passing through these halls, feels the stir of ambition within him, and a spectator entering them, full of the emotions which the stage has excited, feels satisfied that these are not vain things, and returns to the next lift of the curtain with a deepened interest. When audiences and actors are in such a condition of mutual sympathy, the actors are impelled to great efforts. An audience so attentive does not overlook excellence in the smallest performance—even in the delivery

of a message—and therefore every player has a sufficient motive for doing his best.

A complete harmony—which is justness of proportion—an adequate skill in all the parts and in their combination, result from these influences, and an acted drama at the Français is a work of high art. When such players and such an audience are dealing with the work of a great author, the excellence produced is of that kind which makes a permanent impression of delight upon the mind.

There is a dramatic poem by Alfred de Musset, little known in England, called "La Nuit d'Octobre." It is not a play; it is a dialogue which takes place between the poet and his muse. The poet—who is the victim of a fatal passion, whose soul is stained, whose life is corrupted by the poison of a misplaced love—is sitting by his deserted hearth in gloomy meditation when his muse addresses him with tender reproach. Why has he neglected her? why has he abandoned the dominion of beauty and truth which she had opened to him? In reply, he tells the history of his betrayal and his great despair; she answers with compassion and with an exhortation to return to her, and in her pure embrace to soothe his bruised heart, to accept the bitter past as a wholesome medicine, to slake his burning thirst at the sweet waters of the stream of Helicon, to take her hand again and suffer her to lead him to the region of eternal glory. The poet listens, throws off his consuming lethargy, worships, and is reconciled; and so the piece concludes—a piece depending for its interest exclusively upon the poetry of its passion and upon the truth with which this poetry is rendered in recitation. The dialogue is confined to two persons, one of whom is a visionary being behind a veil, and there is no movement but that of inward passion. No stir from without, no interruption even for a single instant to the seclusion of the poet's study, no scenic effect, no action beyond the gestures of one unhappy man. There is probably no stage in the universe but that of the Français where such a representation could attract and satisfy an audience; there it does both satisfy and attract, and when Mdlle. Favart and M. Delaunay are playing in it the pit is in-

conveniently crowded, and yet the silence of the throng is like that of a single rapt listener, while Favart's rich tones pour forth in tender music those delicious lines:

"C'est une dure loi, mais une lois suprême,  
Vieille comme le monde et la fatalité,  
Qu'il nous faut du malheur recevoir le baptême,  
Et qu'à ce triste prix tout doit être acheté.  
Les moissons pour murir ont besoin de rosée;  
Pour vivre et pour sentir l'homme a besoin  
des pleurs:  
La joie a pour symbole une plante brisée,  
Humide encore de pluie et couverte de fleurs."

And the same throng trembles with the fever of a great passion, while Delaunay's exquisite art fills every syllable with anguish in the poet's anathema:

"Honte à toi ! femme à l'œil sombre,  
Dont les funestes amours  
Ont enséveli dans l'ombre  
Mon printemps et mes beaux jours.  
C'est ta voix, c'est ton sourire,  
C'est ton regard corrompueur  
Qui m'ont appris à maudire,  
Jusqu'au semblant du bonheur;  
C'est ta jeunesse et tes charmes  
Qui m'ont fait désespérer,  
Et si je doute des larmes,  
C'est que je t'ai vu pleurer."

No one who has heard Delaunay's tones, rising and falling in the rapid utterance of impetuous invective or the caressing languor of fond remembrance, following the alternations of tenderness and abhorrence, of yearning and of loathing which mark the progress of this great tragic poem—no one who has heard the soft persuasion of Favart's muse pouring sweet melody into the poisoned chalice of her disciple—no one who has heard the music of the two voices mingling in their final reconciliation can ever lose the sense of Beauty thus stimulated to the highest point by the poet and his interpreters.

But where is the English pit, gallery, or dress circle which could tolerate these revelations of the poet's mind with no other aid from without than that of the muse at the back of the scene, veiled, following his steps with slow, floating movement, extending her arms compassionately towards him, but never meeting his eye?

It would be less impossible to find

tragedians in London capable of performing, than auditors capable of listening to such a scene; indeed, throughout the whole of our great metropolis we cannot at the present day assemble a full audience willing to listen with undivided attention to a dramatic poem or a poetical drama. We have, indeed, no established drama, no playhouse where the manager can afford to wait. The Français and the Opéra Comique, the Odéon, the Châtelet, and the Grand Opéra, all the houses in Paris where the performances are the most finished and where the best pieces are produced, receive support from Government. In London every play produced is a money speculation, and must therefore address itself to the immediate gratification of the masses; and the mass is generally vulgar, and prefers the lowest and coarsest food. Audiences require to be educated by the drama before they can appreciate it. The Français, not depending for support solely on the immediate applause of the public, has had time to direct and improve its taste, and in this way every first representation at this house is sure of assembling a circle of instructed critics. A considerable degree of importance is attached to representations which make a portion of the national pride of the people, and the study of the tragedian is that of an artist whose skill is well understood and appreciated in all its details. A piece which has gone through forty-eight rehearsals is still announced as "in preparation"; they are continued till there is no flaw in the performance. At the Opéra Comique "La petite Fadette," and "Le premier Jour de Bonheur," are as remarkable for exquisite finish and smoothness as the "Nuit d'Octobre," or "Il ne faut jurer de rien," or "Paul Forcettier," or "Le menteur," at the Français. The performances at the undowered theatres are not equal to these in completeness and harmony. Where there is a French company there will generally be found some talent and often some genius; but it is not the cleverness of one or two players which produces a perfect work of art, but the indefatigable drilling of a company, and the careful cherishing of every germ of ability and the proper distribution of every part. Wherever a playhouse is a mere speculation, such an amount of care be-

comes impossible, and the best ambition of the player is at an end, and is replaced by a restless vanity or a greed for gain. The minor theatres of Paris excel those of London, inasmuch as they have models of excellence in the endowed playhouses, with the hope, for the superior artist, of being engaged in the higher regions of his art, where, be it remembered, not only all the best skill of modern Paris is concentrated, but where also the traditions of its past classical drama have their home, and where the retired genius enjoys his well-earned pension, and makes it his pleasant task to train the rising talent of the day. Those who have read that delicious dramatic poem by François Coppée called "Le Passant," will accept the fact of its great and prolonged success at the Théâtre de l'Odéon, as a sufficient proof of the refined taste of Parisian playgoers. For the beauty of the piece consists in its poetry, without any kind of spasm or sensational effect. The French writers, casting off the pedantic trammels of their classical drama, have developed a quantity of poetry of which they were supposed to be incapable. Victor Hugo and Alfred de Musset are acknowledged by all nations in their different ways as eminent dramatic poets, and M. Coppée for that one production of "Le Passant" deserves to be named in the same category.

Clever writers of comedy and romantic drama are too abundant for any satisfactory selection, but Augier, Sardou, and Feuillet are the names which the most immediately present themselves for distinction in that long list. But as some evil is wont to be associated with the good of this world, we find that the new freedom which has opened a way for the imagination of the dramatic poet has also given admittance to the vagaries of unsound thought, which substitutes the abnormal for the true, and puts fever in the place of force. The danger that the genius of France incurs at present consists in the spasm and contortion which the romantic school has encouraged, and which writers of such extraordinary gifts as Victor Hugo and Octave Feuillet ought to have had the strength to renounce. M. Octave Feuillet's last tragedy, called "Julie," is a case in point. It is a domestic tragedy; a painful, fatal passion

absorbs the unhappy woman who is the subject of it, from the first to the last scene, culminating in her death. She dies of her internal anguish. The play, though the plot is of a disagreeable nature, is not an offence against morals, but it *is* an offence against art. No human being could take any touch of pollution from this drama. The penalty of the transgressor is very bitter, and there is no scene of alluring tenderness to soften its effect. But young authors desiring to imitate M. Feuillet would be likely to enlarge the sphere of bad art by working with such a model before them—for it is only the intensity of the emotion which atones for the manner of its development. That intensity of passion, reached by the master's hand, absorbs all the feeling and suspends the judgment of the spectator; but the slightest shortcoming would make it revolting to the taste. Indeed, the least failure of strength in the actress would be fatal to the piece, even as it stands, and M. Feuillet would hardly have ventured upon his concluding scene if he had not known the peculiar genius of Mlle. Favart. So much regard for the special talent of an actress is not good either for author or player, and a beautiful drama is rarely produced under such an influence. The great fault in the construction of M. Feuillet's "Julie" consists in its monotony of pain—in the absence of that relief which beauty gives, or should give, to the severest tragedy. Such a relief is afforded in the terrible tragedy of "Lear" by the tenderness of Cordelia and the devotion of the fool to his master; and no perfect master of his art would allow any great tragic work to be complete without some touch of beauty of this kind. The true poet will not be content merely to lacerate the imagination; he will also elevate and soothe it. The scourge is too much in use in the modern French romantic school, and the imaginative faculties of the reader or spectator are in danger of being blunted or stunned by a long course of this savage treatment. It is to be found in many of the late productions of the French dramatists, and in some works of the most distinguished poets, as in Victor Hugo's play of "Le Roi s'amuse," which is in some respects a grand production, and which would have taken its place among the master-

pieces of creative genius if the poet had used more restraint; if he had paused in the whirlwind of his passion, and had tempered the horror of his situations with some alternations of repose and sweetness. If such writers as Victor Hugo, Feuillet, and Augier throw off the restraints of true art, and, in order to obtain violent and startling effects, abandon decorum and dignity, the players will come by degrees to follow their example, and instead of such finished artists as Favart and Delaunay we shall have shriekers and grimacers. Things have not yet arrived at so bad a pass as this; but the tendency of the modern school of fiction in France (and in England also) is in this direction, and it is the business of the honest critic to speak words of warning while there is yet time. The English acted drama is past hope—it is dead, without a chance of resurrection; but the French stage lives yet, is still vigorous, is still fresh, and still maintains the elements of beauty within it uncorrupted. It runs the risk of descending to a lower, but it has the means of rising to a higher life.

Critics still watch over it, poets still nourish it; and if only the genius of the dramatist can be brought to recognize the great responsibilities of his calling, he may make the Parisian stage the focus of true imperishable art and the promoter of intellectual progress. The French people are remarkable for the swiftness and vividness of their sympathies; they are quick to feel and to express feeling; that is to say, they are an essentially dramatic people, specially subject to the immediate influences of eloquence, and to the shows of passion. Their impulse is not less prompt for good than for evil, and therefore the dramatic poet in France holds a most important office. He has the emotions of an emotional people at his command, and may rouse their brutal instincts by scenes of physical force, or lift them by the sense of beauty into the region of spiritual thought and lofty emotion. It is never the proper function of the dramatist to preach; but by the show of noble passion and the sweet harmonies of true poetry, he may imperceptibly educate the æsthetic instincts of his audience, and with the growth of purity of taste a refinement of the moral

sense will advance. *Æsthetic* development will not take the place of moral and religious training, but it will assist their influence. When Mr. Phelps directed a series of classical dramatic performances at Sadlers' Wells, the public-houses were for the first time deserted; and at the eating-houses, where working men refreshed themselves at the close of the evening entertainments, discussions on the Shakespearian characters replaced coarse jests and indecent talk. The gradual improvement of audiences, who at the beginning of this undertaking were riotous and ill-behaved, manifested the good effect of these well-regulated performances, and this improvement became every day more marked, while drunkenness and street brawls rapidly diminished. The effect was a very marked one; the case was worthy of official consideration; and a grant from Government to the theatre of Sadlers' Wells, to promote the representation of the legitimate drama, might have produced a salutary and permanent effect upon the population of the north of London. But English governments will not condescend to notice the national drama.

The proper production of the Shakespearian drama is a costly undertaking, and it happened to Mr. Phelps, as it has happened to other lessees, that he found himself unable to cope for long with the expense involved in this classical entertainment, and having no assistance from without, he was forced to abandon his project.

At Dresden the drama is no less artistic than at Paris. The harmony is not less perfect between the players, and the pieces habitually performed are

even of a higher order than those at the Français; but here again we have the support of Government afforded to this fine national entertainment, and at this theatre actors are engaged for life. It is further to go, however, for a play to Dresden than to Paris, and also the German language is less universally understood than the French. For this reason it is to the endowed playhouses of Paris that the stranded English playgoer directs his hope, welcoming with enthusiasm every new work of excellence which appears at the Français. A piece just now produced called "*Les Ouvriers*" is to be mentioned with satisfaction as a step in the right direction. It is slight in construction, but graceful, agreeable, and blameless; and it is written in finished verse. It has been very favorably received. Let authors assure themselves that the best works will command, if not the most immediate enthusiasm, certainly the most permanent success, and let those who have the immortal gift of genius work for immortality. Let them reject the tricks which startle a public into temporary attention. Let them abjure the spasm and the convulsion which has more in it of artifice than art; let them renounce the abnormal for the true; let them beware of taking monsters for models; let them apply the precious gifts of imagination and eloquence to the interpretation of nature's eternal harmonies and endless beauties; let them invest their genius with the highest attributes of humanity, so that their works may not merely endure for the fashion of a period, but outlive the prejudice of nationalities and the vicissitudes of time.

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REV. SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME, D.D.

FROM the commencement of the work we have sought to make the *ECLECTIC* a kind of portrait gallery, which should contain carefully engraved likenesses of men eminent in the world of letters, and others filling high positions in Church and State. Thus in our past seventy-four volumes may be found a larger collection of the portraits of eminent persons than

in any other work of the kind. To the portraits we add brief biographical sketches, both intended for permanent record. In accordance with this rule, we embellish our present number with the portrait of a man long and well known as an industrious laborer in the field of journalism. For nearly a quarter of a century we have been neighbors, almost

within speaking distance of each other. The portrait has been admirably engraved by our artist, Mr. Perine, which we are sure will gratify the numerous friends of the veteran Editor, who, pen in hand, appears in the engraving still engaged at the work which he has done so well. The following brief biographical sketch, prepared at our request by a friend of the Doctor, will form an appropriate accompaniment to the portrait.

Samuel Irenæus Prime is the son of the late Rev. Nathaniel S. Prime, D.D., an eminent and learned divine of the Presbyterian Church. His grandfather was a physician in this city, and the author of several stirring patriotic ballads of the Revolutionary War, which are preserved in Griswold's Appendix to Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature." The taste of this family for literary culture and pursuits has been marked in many generations. A single fact will illustrate this hereditary tendency. A son of the subject of this sketch is a clergyman, and reads the identical Greek Testament which his father read, and his grandfather, and his great-grandfather, and his great, great-grandfather; making five successive generations of classical students, and all clergymen but one, he being the physician before spoken of, who wrote readily verse or prose in the ancient classics, and in several modern tongues.

S. Irenæus Prime was born in Ballston, Saratoga County, New York. He was prepared for college in Cambridge, Washington County, New York; and was graduated at Williams College, in 1829, before he was seventeen years old; receiving one of the highest honors of his class. He pursued the study of theology at Princeton Seminary, and, after a successful ministry of five years, owing to failing health, relinquished pulpit labor, and came to New York, in 1840, where he entered the office of the *New York Observer* as an assistant editor. He was at that time twenty-seven years old, and before long the principal burden of the editorial department was laid upon him. With only a brief interval of two years he has discharged these duties with unremitting ardor and steadiness of purpose till the present moment.

The distinguished founders of the *New York Observer*, Sidney E. and Richard

C. Morse, retired from the paper in 1858, after a long career of honorable usefulness, and Dr. Prime, purchasing the interest of S. E. Morse, Esq., is now the senior editor and proprietor of that well-known religious weekly. Its circulation, though largely among Presbyterians, has never been confined to them; but being established upon a broad and unsectarian basis, it finds ready acceptance among Christian people of all denominations.

The subject of this sketch, though contending with feeble health till within a few years past, is one of the most accomplished and prolific writers on the press. Overflowing with humor and good spirits, delighting in his work, which he pursues as if it were a pastime, he accomplishes a greater amount of labor in a given time than any man with whom we are acquainted. A philanthropist in the widest sense, he is an active working member of the principal benevolent and religious institutions: he is prominent among the Directors of the American Bible Society; the American and Foreign Christian Union; the American Colonization Society, and others; he is Corresponding Secretary of the United States Evangelical Alliance, President of the New York Association for the Advancement of Science and Art, Trustee of Williams College, President (elect) of Wells College for Young Ladies at Aurora, New York, and a working member of other institutions too numerous to mention. Not a week passes without applications being made to him to advocate in the pulpit, or on the platform, some benevolent or religious object; and he is not allowed to be idle, even if he wished it.

No small portion of his time is consumed by persons from far and near, who are attracted by the kindly and sympathizing nature of his writings to apply for advice and assistance; and his correspondence with men of the age in the Christian Church, at home and in foreign lands, would fill volumes.

Dr. Prime has been one of the most active and influential promoters of the Reunion of the Presbyterian Church. The *Observer* having a wide circulation, and perhaps equally wide among both branches, its editor was able to exert a direct and favorable influence in the direction of reunion. From him came the

proposition to appoint the "Joint Committee" of the two assemblies to negotiate terms of reunion, whose deliberations resulted in the consummation of the union last November.

Dr. Prime has also been a traveller in many lands, having at different times made extensive journeys over the European continent, the Levant, and Egypt; and his books of "Travel in Europe and the East" have been popular for many years. Few, if any American clergymen, have formed so extensive an acquaintance with men abroad, or made themselves more familiar with the social manners and customs and internal condition of European countries. Besides his letters and constant contributions to the periodical press, and his multitudinous editorial labors, Dr. Prime is the author of more than *thirty* volumes, most of them published without his name, and all of them, we believe, have had a wide circulation. Some of them have been reprinted abroad, and in several languages. More than one hundred thousand copies of his work entitled "The Power of Prayer" were sold in Europe, and his "Thoughts on the

Death of Little Children" carried comfort to thousands of sorrowing hearts. A rough estimate of the amount of his published writings shows that they would easily fill a hundred fair sized volumes of 400 pages each. And all that he has written and done has been prompted by the single and evident purpose to *do good*—to make the world better and happier.

In the midst of this life of literary labor, Dr. Prime can always find time for the enjoyment of social converse with his friends; he is a frequent guest as well as a generous host, and his inexhaustible fund of anecdote and story enlivens many tables, and his wit brightens numerous assemblies. Possessed of a tender and deeply sympathetic nature, he is also frequently called to give consolation to the afflicted; and though not a pastor, he does a large amount of pastoral work. He is now 57 years old, and fresher than when he came to this city thirty years ago. The portrait of him in this number of the *ECLECTIC* shows him at his pen-work, and is a happy representation of his intellectual head and characteristic countenance.

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## POETRY.

### "AFTER MANY DAYS."

#### I.

IN autumn's silent twilight, sad and sweet,  
O love, no longer mine, alone I stand;  
Listening, I seem to hear dear phantom feet  
Pass by me down the golden wave-worn strand:  
I think of things that were and things that be,  
I hear the soft low ripples of the sea  
That to my thoughts responsive music beat.

#### II.

My heart is very sad to-night and chill,  
But hush'd in awe, as his who turns and feels  
A mournful rapture through his being thrill,  
When music, sweet and slumb'rous, softly steals  
Down the deep calm of some cathedral nave;  
Then swells and throbs and breaks as does a wave,  
And slowly ebbs, and all again is still.

#### III.

And is it only five years since, O love,  
That we in this old place stood side by side,  
Where in the twilight once again I move?  
Is this the same shore wash'd by the same tide?  
My heart recalls the past a little space,  
The sweet and irrevocable days;  
I knew not then how bitter life might prove.

#### IV.

I lov'd you then, and shall love till I die;  
Your way of life is fair, it should be so,  
And I am glad, though in dark years gone by  
Hard thoughts of you I had; but now I know  
A fairer and a softer path was meet  
For treading of your dainty maiden feet:  
Your life must blossom 'neath a summer sky.

#### V.

The twilight, like a sleep, creeps on the day,  
And like dark dreams the night creeps on that  
sleep;  
If you should come again in the old way  
And look from pensive tender eyes and deep  
Upon me, as you looked in days of old—  
If my hand should again of yours take hold,  
How should I feel, and what thing should I say?

#### VI.

Ah, sweet days flown shall never come again,  
That happy summer time shall not return  
When we two stood beside this peaceful main,  
And saw at eye the rising billows yearn  
With passion to the moon, and heard afar,  
Across the waves, and 'neath the first warm star,  
From ships at sea some sweet remember'd strain.



## VII.

I can recall the day when first we met,  
And how the burning summer sunlight fell  
Across the sea; nor, love, do I forget  
How, underneath that summer noontide spell,  
We saw afar the white-sail'd vessels glide  
As phantom ships upon a waveless tide,  
Whose shining calm no breezes come to fret.

## VIII.

And shall I blame you, sweet, because you chose  
A softer path of life than mine could be?  
I keep our secret here, and no man knows  
What pass'd five years ago 'twixt you and me—  
Two loves begotten at the self-same time,  
When that gold summer tide was in its prime:  
One love lives yet, and one died with the rose.

## IX.

I work and live and take my part in things,  
And so my life goes on from day to day;  
Fruitless the summers, seedless all the springs,  
To him who feels December one with May:  
The night is not more dreary than the sun,  
Not sadder is the twilight, dim and dun,  
Than dawn that, still returning, shines and sings.

## X.

Fed with wet scent of hills, through growing  
shades,  
To the white water's edge the wind moans down;  
The lapping tide steals on, while daylight fades,  
And fills the caves with shells and seaweed brown.  
Ah, wild sea-beaten coast, more dear to me  
Than fairest scenes of that fair land could be  
Where warm Italian suns steep happy glades!

## XI.

Farewell, familiar scene, for I ascend  
The jagged path that led me to the shore;  
Farewell to cliff, cave, inlet—each a friend;  
My parting steps shall visit ye no more:  
Dear are ye all when soft light steals through  
gloom;  
Here had my joy its birth—here found its tomb—  
Here love began, and here one love had end.

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

## MEDUSA.

ONE calm and cloudless winter night,  
Under a moonless sky—  
The gracious golden sunset light  
Was dead, I saw it die—

I stood alone a little space,  
Where tree nor building bars  
Its outlook, in a desert place,  
The best for seeing stars.

No sound was in the frosty air,  
No light below the skies,  
I looked above, and unaware  
Looked in Medusa's eyes:

The eyes that neither laugh nor weep,  
That neither hope nor fear,  
That neither watch nor dream nor sleep,  
Nor sympathize nor sneer;

The eyes that neither spurn nor choose,  
Nor question nor reply,  
That neither pardon nor accuse,  
That yield not nor defy;

The eyes that hide not nor reveal,  
That trust not nor betray,  
That acquiesce not nor appeal;  
The eyes that never pray.

O love that will not be forgot!  
O love that leaves alone!  
O love that blinds and blesses not!  
O love that turns to stone!

ROBERT WEEKS, in the *Galaxy*.

## THE LAST WISH.

COME when I am dead, love,  
On a day to me;  
I shall not feel you tread, love,  
Tenderly!

Come not very soon, love,  
To the quiet place;  
Let it be in June, love,  
In the grace

Of a summer day, love,  
Very calm and fair,  
Let our Mabel play, love,  
Merry there!

Look between the trees, love,  
Into airy bloom,  
When the summer breeze, love  
Wafts the fume

Of many a summer flower, love;  
Songs from near the nest;  
My memory shall have power, love,  
To invest

Earth with subtler grace, love,  
And a rarer joy,  
Who knew me face to face, love,  
From a boy.

I would not have thee weep, love,  
Hopeless in thy woe;  
Only from my sleep, love,  
Let there flow

Through the summer light, love,  
Shadow of a loss,  
Mellowing delight, love,  
In my moss.

For the land revealed, love,  
All her heart to me,  
Nor will keep concealed, love,  
Aught from thee.

Now my fault may stain not  
Cheek of thine with tears,  
Bloom of love may wane not  
Envied of the years!

Yet, oh! for warm embracing  
Thee upon my breast!  
And oh! for interlacing  
Fainting into rest!

But gaze into the distance;  
Mellow lies the earth;  
God with sweet insistence  
Held our hand from birth,

Led us from the far light,  
Where He only knows,  
From the silent starlight  
Where the souls repose.

He from everlasting  
Led us docile here,  
Joined our hands unheasting,  
Now recalls me, dear!

Darling, He is yonder  
Wheresoe'er I go,

Life nor Death may sunder  
From His heart I know.

Therefore do not weep, love,  
He is calling home;  
Still the day is deep, love;  
In the evening, come!

RODNEY NOEL.

#### — EVENING.

THE long crow-lines push woodward string on  
string,  
And whirring to their willow-beds away,  
The dusky starlings beat with burnished wing  
The golden air of the declining day.  
Low down, the sun sets grandly; and the fields,  
The rocks and trees, and the still pools, are  
dashed  
With shifting showers of gold. The twilight  
steals  
Up from the plain anon; anon, abashed,  
As fearing to be seen, a star or two  
Steal out faint, timid lights. One dear day more  
The gluttonous Past, that, hungering ages through,  
Is never filled, unto her monstrous store  
Hath safely added; and another time  
Stern Night fulfils her mystery sublime.

#### LITERARY NOTICES.

*Among my Books.* By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.  
Boston: *Fields, Osgood & Co.*

WITH the exception of the recent volume of Matthew Arnold's essays, it may be questioned if any literary criticism has been contributed to our language since the time of Hazlitt, at once so solid, so clear, and so comprehensive, as these (too few) sheaves which Mr. Lowell has gleaned from among his books. Lowell (for we "dignify by curtailing him of the 'Mr,' and reducing him to a bare patronymic, as being a kind by himself")—Lowell is not the writer to produce mediocre work in whatever field he undertakes it,—whether in poetry or criticism, or in creating a character scarcely less genuine and typical, though less fortunate in historical circumstance, than that of Don Quixote; and his happy individuality, the wide range of his reading, and his wonderful powers of assimilation have never shone to more conspicuous advantage than in some of the papers in the present volume. Were not literary criticism so narrow a field in itself—too narrow, in fact, in its influence to monopolize a genius which has illustrated itself so nobly in a wider and higher one—we could almost wish that Lowell would devote himself to supplying the most conspicuous deficiency in our literature,—the branch of it which Sainte-Beuve in France, and Schlegel and Gervinus in Germany, have in their respective languages raised to the dignity and precision of a fine art. That Lowell is the one of all our writers most capable of performing this work, can scarcely be questioned. His intellect, though masculine and somewhat rugged, is essentially analytical, as may be seen even in his poems; his faculty is graceful and copious; the

range of his sympathy and reading broad as humanity and its literature. There is scarcely an author who uses the English language as a medium of expression whose intellect is so comprehensive and so subtle, and whose imagination is at once so powerful and so disciplined, as that of Lowell; and these are the qualities which must go to the making of criticism which shall become a permanent element in literature. As this narrowing of his field of work, however, is not to be expected of him, even if it were desirable, we may be thankful that he makes an occasional incursion into it, and brings back fruit of such flavor as our palates are not often made acquainted with.

"Among my Books" contains six essays: "Dryden," "Witchcraft," "Shakespeare Once More," "New England Two Centuries Ago," "Lessing," and "Rousseau and the Sentimentalists." Of these the papers on "Dryden," "Rousseau," and "Lessing" will probably be most satisfactory to students, though comparison is invidious where all are so good. Lowell does not seem to us to be quite so superior to his brother essayists in such esoteric themes as Witchcraft, and New England Two Centuries Ago, as in those which are more purely literary and personal. Moreover, early New England is so tangled a subject, and so saturated with partisan feelings, that the author who ventures into it had as well reconcile himself to the fate of immolation on the altar of somebody's prejudices; and indeed Lowell has not escaped. More than one critic, or rather, more than one writer, has made that essay the text for a noisy onslaught upon the whole book.

We doubt if Pope's great rival has ever re-

ceived such appreciative and satisfactory, and yet such just treatment since he became legitimate prey for the critics. There are many points of resemblance between Dryden and Lowell, and our faults and merits, if personified in another, never find a truer and juster critic than ourself. Young men will doubtless still prefer Dr. Johnson's ponderous antitheses and rolling periods; but Lowell is far more comprehensive and subtle, and brings us much nearer to Dryden's actual personality. Dr. Johnson had a way of holding his subject at arm's length, both from himself and the reader, while he photographed with wonderful exactness every of its external features; Lowell, on the other hand, has a way of getting into the heart and brain of his author, and forcing us, as it were, to assist him in his fine and tireless analysis. Such work is not the kind in which we participate for transient amusement, but when properly assimilated, it becomes an appreciable contribution to our knowledge, not only of literature, but of man.

The same remarks will apply to the essay on "Lessing," himself almost incomparably great as a critic; and to the one on "Rousseau and the Sentimentalists." Even the disciples of "poor Jean Jacques" will accept almost as a revelation the acute analysis of his character, and of his influence upon contemporary and subsequent thought.

The only thing in "Shakespeare Once More" that is not good is the title, which seems to hint that after this nothing more remains to be said upon the subject. Doubtless many of us have thought that nothing really did remain to be said, but Mr. Lowell has himself managed to say so much that is new, suggestive, and thoroughly good, that he should be the last to intimate that the subject is exhausted. The principal features of the essay are a searching examination of Shakespeare's language considered philologically, a comparison of Shakespeare with the Greek drama, and an acute analysis of the play of Hamlet. The originality, nice discrimination, and vigorous thought of this essay alone would stamp the author as a critic of the first order.

Mr. Lowell's general conception of Shakespeare's character is quite similar to that of Mr. Whipple, which was recently elucidated in these pages; and we will content ourselves with a single extract, which gives a better conception of the immortal dramatist, of his position in the world of thought, and of the character of his work, than whole volumes of platitudinous eulogy:

"We admire in Homer the blind placid mirror of the world's young manhood, the bard who escapes from his misfortune in poems all memory, all life and bustle, adventure and picture; we revere in Dante that compressed force of lifelong passion which could make a private experience cosmopolitan in its reach and everlasting in its significance; we respect in Goethe the Aristotelian poet, wise by weariless observation, witty with intention, the stately *Geheimerrath* of a provincial court in the empire of Nature. As we study these, we seem in our limited way to penetrate into their consciousness and to measure and master their methods; but with Shakespeare it is just the other way: the more we have familiarized ourselves with the operations of our own consciousness, the more do we find, in reading him, that he has been before-

hand with us, and that, while we have been vainly endeavoring to find the door of his being, he has searched every nook and cranny of our own. While other poets and dramatists embody isolated phases of character and work inward from the phenomenon to the special law which it illustrates, he seems in some strange way unitary with human nature itself, and his own soul to have been the law and the life-giving power of which his creations are only the phenomena. We justify or criticise the characters of other writers by our memory and experience, and pronounce them natural or unnatural; but he seems to have worked in the very stuff of which memory and experience are made, and we recognize his truth to nature by an innate and unacquired sympathy, as if he alone possessed the secret of the 'ideal form and universal mould,' and embodied generic types rather than individuals. In this, Cervantes alone has approached him; and Don Quixote and Sancho, like the men and women of Shakespeare, are the contemporaries of every generation, because they are not products of an artificial and transitory society, but because they are animated by the primeval and unchanging forces of that humanity which underlies and survives the forever-fickle creeds and ceremonials of the parochial corners which we who dwell in them sublimely call The World."

In this volume, as in his late poem *The Cathedral*, Lowell has awakened the ire of the critics by certain syntactical eccentricities, and by the manufacture of strange verbal compounds decidedly Germanesque in character; but however objectionable the practice is generally, yet the manner in which they always concentrate his meaning seems to us to vindicate their use. Moreover it is precisely these which give flavor and individuality to Lowell's style; and who would exchange that for the smooth and dainty commonplaces of polished mediocrity? Finally, whatever eccentric polysyllables these sentinels at the outposts of our literature may succeed in intercepting in their passage, no one can rise from "Among my Books" without having acquired much food for thought, and having the range of his sympathies immensely widened by contact with one whose intellect and whose sympathies are so cosmopolitan that he can "include intolerance even among the things to be tolerated." It is this broad humanizing influence, more marked as the influence extends, which is the noblest result of Lowell's writings; and it has never been manifested more characteristically and pervasively than in this collection of casual essays.

*Mauprat*. GEORGE SAND. Novels. Boston: Roberts Bros.

That George Sand, who is incomparably the greatest novelist that France has ever produced, if not, as Edmond About pronounces her, "the noblest mind of our epoch," should have remained for so long comparatively unfamiliar to American readers, while scores of noisy scribes have made universal if ephemeral reputations, must be looked upon as a most singular literary phenomenon, and one which it is not easy to explain. Why is it that we, who have become remarkable for the warm and enthusiastic appreciation extended to every great literary genius of the century, have remained indifferent to the claims of the most cos-

mopolitan and intensely human of them all, the one which is in most profound accord with the political and social tendencies of our national life, and one of the greatest champions that true democracy has ever had in Europe?

In looking about for an answer to this question the only one which suggests itself, and which may or may not be adequate, is the fact that Madame Dudevant has been peculiarly unfortunate in the manner of introduction to our public. The first, and, for a long time, the only of her books which were translated were "Indiana" and "Consuelo"—books written in all the unrestrained fervor and passionate voluptuousness of youth, before thought, and experience, and knowledge of its powers had harmonized the grand proportions of her nature. The result which might naturally have been expected followed. "Indiana" and "Consuelo" were themselves eminently successful. Among one class of readers they obtained recognition from the splendor of the genius which illuminated them, and by another class they were devoured, as prurient literature is always devoured. But they shocked too deeply the conservative prejudices of respectable people to permit of a calm appreciation of the author's qualities, and a reputation established upon any other basis is of course ephemeral and worthless. Yet these, together with the tempest of criticism, or rather pietism, which their appearance stirred up, were for a long time almost the only material from which the public could form a judgment, and subsequent attempts have had to contend against firmly settled prejudices and suspicion. Nothing, in fact, could be more unjust. It is as if Shakspeare were known to a nation of readers only through the medium of "Venus and Adonis" and the "Rape of Lucrece." There is not in any great novels of the day a more bracing and healthy moral atmosphere, a larger benevolence, a more generous philosophy, or a more uncompromising loyalty to Truth, than in the maturer works of George Sand; and there are none which can compare with them in furnishing food for thought.

We are thus earnest and emphatic in combating the too general misconception of Madame Sand's characteristics as a writer, because Messrs. Roberts Bros. have two or three of her works in press, and we understand that it will depend upon the reception extended to these whether they complete the series. "Mauprat" has been selected to "feel the public," and is a very fair specimen of the author's later style. It is by no means one of her best and most satisfactory works, but it is interesting as one of her first productions after she had passed the stormy period of her earlier life; and is strong, moreover, with her peculiar strength, and characteristic of her ideas, her art, and her style. Edmée, the heroine, seems to us an impossible character, or only possible in a world evolved from the depths of George Sand's large, logical, and passionate nature,—but the story is fascinating and moves forward from the first page to the last, and the dramatic development of character proceeds with the firmness and precision of a sculptured figure. The object of "Mauprat" is to "paint an eternal, exclusive love,—a love inspired before and continuing during and after marriage;" but there is no preaching, no rhetoric, no moralizing, and none of the mechanical contrivances of inferior

writers for welding together fiction and ethics. Madame Sand's didactic conceptions mould her characters as naturally and inevitably as circumstances mould individual life.

The majesty and perfection of that style which has awakened the enthusiasm of such widely different minds as John Stuart Mill, Heine, Michelet, and Thackeray is of course lost in a translation; but Miss Vaughan's rendering of "Mauprat" is good, even exceptionally so. She and Miss Preston, who we suppose will assist in the work, ought to give us as satisfactory a series of the novels as we can expect to have in an alien tongue.

The style of binding selected by the publishers is neat, tasteful, and convenient, and the mechanical part of the work is thoroughly well done. We commend "Mauprat" and the succeeding volumes to the attention of all who desire to study the most characteristic and influential literary productions of our century.

*The Rule of the Monk; or, Rome in the Nineteenth Century.* By GENERAL GARIBALDI. New York: Harper & Bros.

THE only thing which entitles "The Rule of the Monk" to the slightest consideration is the fact that it comes from the pen of a man so famous as General Garibaldi, whose name will insure it a hearing throughout Europe and America, and wherever else the story of Italy's struggle for freedom has been told. As a novel it is simply nothing. There is no vestige of anything that can be dignified by the name of plot, no characters, no movement, no local coloring, nothing to convince our reason or engage our sympathies. Even as a political manifesto it is deficient in method, precision, vigor, concentration, and every other element of force, except that of uncompromising, fanatical hatred. Yet it is from this latter point of view only (as a political manifesto) that it can be considered as of any importance, and considering the character of the Italians and the hold which General Garibaldi has upon their imaginations, if not their affections, there can be little doubt that, notwithstanding its deficiencies, its influence in this direction will be very great. It is one long, bitter, uncompromising attack upon priestcraft and the Papacy, and an impassioned exhortation to his countrymen to rebel, to commit crime even, in order to throw off this intolerable yoke and the influences which have upheld it. Among the Italians of to-day there is not much danger of such seed falling upon stony or barren ground, and it will undoubtedly give a powerful stimulus to that spirit which is already manifesting itself, and which will ultimately render it impossible for the priests to remain in Italy, except in the same relation to the body social to which they have been reduced in every other civilized country of the world. This was obviously Garibaldi's object in writing his book, and however crude his instrument may appear to an alien, it is probable that it will not be ineffective.

The most interesting thing in connection with "The Rule of the Monk" is the revelation which it affords of Garibaldi's own character. The born revolutionist, who mistakes his own passionate restlessness for patriotism, who has no conception whatever of political necessities, who

will violate the laws himself, and encourage others to violate them, in order to carry out his private conception of public policy, who will encourage brigandage because brigands have assisted him, whose passionate impatience cannot brook the long delays which he himself perceives are, in the very nature of things, inevitable,—his whole volcanic and dangerous, yet simple-minded, earnest, and hopeful nature is brought before us with a distinctness and precision which could only come of a self-revelation. Outside of Italy this will be the principal, and, in fact, the only value of the work.

The translation of the book is thoroughly bad, which in conjunction with the other defects is peculiarly aggravating. The exceeding bad taste of the translator's preface prepared us for inferior work, but though bad begun worse remained behind. Moreover, if our memory serves us, there were only two references in the text to the five notes at the back of the volume, and these were wrong,—No. 1 referring to No. 2, and No. 2 to No. 3.

*A Day by the Fire, and other Papers.* By LEIGH HUNT. Boston: Roberts Bros.

Of all the English essay-writers there is probably none who has so high a reputation, whose influence has so extended with the years, and who has inspired such a tender personal interest in the breast of his readers, as Leigh Hunt. Though one of the first, if not the very first, to popularize that branch of literature in England, yet the essay in his hands attained a degree of perfection both in form and substance which has rarely or never been equalled, either before or since. His scholarly culture and extensive erudition, the broad range of his sympathies, his exquisitely graceful and lambent style, and the genial, sunny temperament which he brought to all his literary work, give him a peculiar place in literature, more nearly approaching that of "the gentle Elia" than any other English writer. Like Lamb and Hazlitt, and others of his contemporaries, he was fond of delving among the old Elizabethan and anti-Elizabethan poets; among the mythologies of the ancients, and old Scandinavian legends; wherever the fancy and the imagination of man have flowered into that quaint lore, half religion and all poetry, which is found in all early literatures. And it may be questioned if any of them has brought so much pure gold to the surface. For Hunt was a poet as well as critic, and, besides the culture which would enable him to discriminate, had the genuine poetic instinct for the beautiful and the true in Nature and in Art. This predominating propensity of the author for the quaint and the antique is as conspicuous in the present volume as in the others which have preceded it; and the papers on the "Heathen Mythology," "The Genii of Antiquity and the Poets," "The Genii of the Greeks and Romans," and on "Fairies," are in Hunt's most scholarly and happiest vein. Those who have met him in his other collections will appreciate the nature of the treat which awaits them in this one, and those who have not can here make acquaintance with him in one of his most genial and satisfactory moods. The series on Nymphs, Satyrs, Mermaids, Giants, Genii, Fairies, &c., were

intended by Hunt to form part of a book to be entitled "The Fabulous World." He was to "complete what was wanting to it. . . and to add the miraculous goods and chattels belonging to any fabulous people, such as Enchanted Spears, Flying Sophas, Illimitable Tents that pack up in nutshells, &c.," but unfortunately the plan was never carried out, and the articles are here for the first time collected into consecutive order. Literature missed something by the failure of this scheme, and what we have here stimulates regret as well as affords gratification.

The other papers in the volume extend over the whole period of Hunt's literary life, and while hardly the choicest collection of his remains, we can cordially hope with the Editor (to whose industry, by the way, we owe a debt of gratitude) that it "will be acceptable to the old admirers of Leigh Hunt, and introduce him to many new and appreciative readers."

*Journal of Social Science.* No. 2. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1870.

THE *Journal of Social Science* is the organ of the American Social Science Association, and contains the transactions of that body, together with other matter pertaining to the general subject. The first number was issued last August, but the *Journal* will hereafter probably make its appearance quarterly. This, however, will depend upon the interest awakened and the response made by the public; and it will certainly be a disgrace to American readers if a publication so valuable, so indispensable in fact to a proper study of the social organism, is allowed to languish for want of support. It is said that No. 1 of the *Journal* obtained a wider circulation in Europe than here, and this fact, if true, is more than humiliating when we reflect that nowhere is an authoritative organ of enlightened and scientific opinion more necessary than in our own country. The peculiar value of the *Journal* arises from the fact that it is the production of specialists working in their special fields, and this kind of discussion is not so common with us that we can afford to treat with indifference any agency however inadequate which promises to furnish it. The vast importance of Social Science in itself, co-extensive as it is with the multifarious interests of human society, should carry a copy of the *Journal* into every cultivated household in America.

The present number contains the papers which were read at the General Meeting of the Association held last autumn in this city; and as we desire to give an idea of its scope, and have not the space for a critical examination, we will simply enumerate the subjects treated of, appending the names of the authors. A most suggestive paper on "Immigration," by Friedrich Kapp; "The American Census," by James A. Garfield, M.C.; "The Mode of Procedure in Cases of Contested Elections," by Henry L. Dawes, M.C.; "The Public Charities of the State of New York," by Theodore W. Dwight; "The Science of Transportation," by Joseph D. Potts; "Vaccination," a Report presented by Francis Bacon, Wm. A. Hammond, and David F. Lincoln; "The Election of Presidents," by Charles Francis Adams, Jr.; "Life Insurance," by Sheppard Homans; "The Administration of Criminal Justice," by George C. Bar-

rett; "Health Laws and their Administration," by Elisha B. Harris; and "An International Code," by David Dudley Field. Besides these there is a comprehensive summary of Home and Foreign Intelligence, and a list of works relating to Social Science published in 1869.

There is enough suggestive matter in these papers to furnish even the most cultured reader with ample food for thought until the appearance of the next number later in the spring.

*Loring, of Boston*, has just issued three or four interesting pamphlets with which we believe he begins his Spring campaign. "*Tales of European Life*" comprises five stories, in which the author, believing that a description of Italy, "her customs, manners, and monuments, would be less hackneyed in the form of tales than of tracts," has "created purely fictitious characters to occupy familiar scenes; embodying in this way the memories of a residence of some years." They are interesting enough to while away an hour or so, and it will not take longer to read them. "*Farming as a Profession*," is a practical treatise on the subject by a Western Editor; "*Sorrento Wood Carving*" tells "what it is," and "how to do it," and "*Rational Temperance*," by Henry G. Spaulding, is a calm, thoughtful, and temperate essay upon a question which has not been too remarkable in this country for judicious treatment by our "great moral reformers."

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The Publisher will send any book reviewed in the *ELECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage prepaid, on receipt of price.]

*History of the American Civil War*. By JNO. W. DRAPER, M.D., LL.D. Vol. III. New York: *Harper & Bros.* 8vo, cloth, pp. 701. Maps.

*A Brave Lady*. By the author of "*John Hatifax, Gentleman*." New York: *Harper & Bros.* 1 vol. 8vo, cloth, pp. 176. Illustrated.

*Hand-Book of the Sulphur-Cure*, as applicable to the Vine Disease in America. By WILLIAM J. FLAGG. New York: *Harper & Bros.* 12mo, paper, pp. 99.

*The Bible in the Public Schools*. New York: *J. W. Schermerhorn & Co.* 18mo, paper, pp. 214.

*Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1870*. Edited by J. TROWBRIDGE, S.B. Boston: *Gould & Lincoln*. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, pp. 354.

*The Hohensteins*. By FRIEDRICH SPIELHAGEN. New York: *Leypoldt & Holt*. 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, pp. 584.

*Glass-Making in All Ages*. By A. SANZAY. Illustrated Library of Wonders. New York: *Scribner & Co.* 1 vol. 16mo, cloth, pp. 325. 63 engravings.

*The Sublime in Nature*. By F. DE LANOYE. Illustrated Library of Wonders. New York: *Scribner & Co.* 1 vol. 16mo, cloth, pp. 344. 50 engravings.

*Thackeray's Miscellanies*. Vol. 5. Household Edition. Boston: *Fields, Osgood & Co.* 16mo, cloth, pp. 631.

*History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth*. By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. Popular Edition. Vols. VII. and VIII. New York: *Scribner & Co.* 12mo, cloth, pp.

*The Sun*. By GUILLEMIN. Illustrated Library of Wonders. New York: *Scribner & Co.* 1 vol. 16mo, cloth, pp. 297.

*Journal of a Visit to Egypt*. By the Hon. Mrs. WM. GREY. New York: *Harper & Bros.* 1 vol. 12mo, cloth, pp. 209.

*So Runs the World Away*. By Mrs. A. C. STEELE. New York: *Harper & Bros.* 1 vol. 8vo, paper, pp. 145.

*The American Catalogue of Books for 1869*. New York: *Leypoldt & Holt*. 8vo, paper, pp. 103.

*A Battle of the Books*. By GAIL HAMILTON. New York: *Hurd & Houghton*. 1 vol. 12mo, pp. 288.

#### SCIENCE.

*The Sun and the Aërial Currents*.—To what cause, indeed, can we assign the aërial currents,—those regular and irregular movements which we observe in the gaseous matter of the atmosphere? Evidently to solar heat, that only slightly warms the layers of our atmosphere, but which darts upon the soil of the tropical regions and raises them to a higher temperature than other latitudes. The lowest layers of air in contact with the soil are thus heated and dilated, the rarefied air thus produced ascends and flows to the north and to the south towards the higher latitudes, whilst it is replaced by masses of colder air supplied by the temperate and polar regions. Thus are formed those regular currents of air known as *trade-winds*, the directions of which are, however, modified by the rotation of the earth.

Two aërial rivers flow incessantly in each hemisphere, from the equator towards the poles: the higher one flowing towards the north-east in the northern hemisphere, and towards the south-east in the southern hemisphere; the other, or lower current, taking precisely the contrary direction, and forming a stream from the north-east or south-east. "Thus are produced the great winds of our atmosphere, which are materially modified, however, by the irregular distribution of earth and water. Winds of minor importance are produced by the local action of heat, cold, or evaporation. There are winds, formed by the heated air in the valleys of the Alps, which rush with destructive violence through the gorges of the mountains. There are agreeable puffs of breezes which descend from the glaciers on the heights. There are land-breezes and sea-breezes owing to variations of temperature upon the coast during the day and during the night. In the morning the heat of the sun upon the soil causes a vertical ascension of air which the cooler air of the sea comes in to replace. In the evening the soil is sooner cooled by radiation than the water of the sea, and the circumstances are reversed: it is then the cooler and heavier air of the coast that flows towards the sea."—*Tyndall*.

We see, then, that the circulation of water, like that of air,—those incessant motions so indispensable to the maintenance of life on the globe,—acquires the mechanical force which gives rise to it, partly from the mechanical power of the sun and partly from gravitation at the earth's surface.

Other liquid currents, those which furrow the seas from the equator to the poles, are produced in the same manner; unequal temperatures give rise to unequal dilatations, to ascending and descending currents in the waters; evaporation produces a reverse effect, by increasing the saltiness of the sea where the solar heat causes this evaporation to be most considerable,—that is, in the regions of the equatorial zone: hence arises a difference in the specific gravity of the waters and motion (or currents) which is the consequence of it.

The quantity of motion thus unceasingly produced by solar heat upon the surface of our globe is immense. It is not confined to the aerial, fluvial, or oceanic circulations; or, in other terms, these circulations themselves give rise to incessant modifications in the solid crust of the earth. A slow but continuous degradation of rocks and strata, transport of sand, gravel, and mud, from year to year and from century to century, change the form of our coasts, the shape of our hills and mountains. And it is still the mechanical power of solar heat which is the prime cause of all these transformations.—From "*The Sun*," by GUILLEMIN, published by CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co.

*Solar Radiation on Mountains.*—It results from some experiments made at different altitudes by the late Professor Forbes, by the German meteorologist Kaemtz, and afterwards again by M. Martins, of Montpellier, that the intensity of solar radiation is much greater on the mountains than in the valleys. The reason is, in the first place, because the layer of atmosphere which the rays pass through is less extensive; and next, because the air above the mountains is much drier, much less charged with vapor, than the air of the plains. Nevertheless, we feel it colder the higher we ascend, so that there is an apparent contradiction here, which is not difficult to explain. The objects which receive directly the influence of the solar rays get heated, whilst the air absorbing only a small quantity of heat remains cold. "Never," says Professor Tyndall, "did I suffer so much from solar heat as when descending from the corridor to the grand plateau of Mount Blanc, on the 13th of August, 1857; whilst I sunk up to the waist in the snow, the sun darted its rays upon me with intolerable fierceness. On entering into the shade of the *Dôme du Gouté* these impressions instantly changed, for the air was as cold as ice. It was not really much colder than the air traversed by the solar rays; and I suffered, not from contact with warm air, but from the stroke of the sun's rays, which reached me after passing through a medium as cold as ice."—From "*The Sun*," by GUILLEMIN, just published in CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co.'s *Illustrated Library of Wonders*.

*Photography and Science.*—Of all the useful labor which photography has done for man there is, however, no one feat which she has accomplished more extraordinary than that by which she records the results of the philosopher's investiga-

tions. The story of Aladdin's lamp,—that glorious tale of the "*Arabian Nights*,"—which used so to excite our boyish emotions, told us of no greater wonders than those of photography. The mysterious "genius of the lamp,"—that strange being whose powers were so unlimited—was but the prototype of another spirit—actinic force—which promises even greater marvels than those achieved by its Eastern predecessor. When we inform our readers that the night-work at the Greenwich Observatory is now abolished, and that through the long dreary hours when the human world is at rest photography is silently and steadily recording the phenomena of the physical universe, our Spirit of the Lamp ceases to be mythical. It would be impossible in the limited space at our disposal to enter upon a description of the immense variety of contrivances employed in the "Observatory" for recording the variations in the movement of the several instruments which such an institution possesses; but we shall give an account of the means by which the movements of the magnetic needle are handed down to us by photography. The needle is so suspended that the apparatus suspending it carries a small concave mirror of long focus, which moves uniformly with the needle itself. Placed opposite to this is a lamp (gas or photogen), through a narrow slit in which a bright spot of light falls on the mirror. At a distance of about twelve feet from the latter there is a piece of mechanism, comprised of a cylinder bearing photographic paper, and attached to a strong time-piece, so that it revolves slowly in twenty-four hours. The light which passes from the lamp travels to the mirror, and is reflected by it (the rays having previously been made parallel by a lens) on the slowly-revolving cylinder. As the magnet moves slowly to the east or the west, so does the mirror, and so also does the spot of light upon the paper; and the consequence is, that at the end of the twenty-four hours the paper, when removed from the cylinder, contains a series of curves which pass to the right or left of the centre, and thus indicate with the utmost exactness the movements which the needle has performed. In the case of the barometer a somewhat similar device has been employed; but in this case the mirror has been dispensed with. The light is allowed to traverse the barometer before passing on to the prepared paper, and as it can only pass at a point above the level of the mercury, the elevation or depression of this fluid is thus made to register itself. Thus in the case of these several instruments does photography all the night long perform its useful office, and confer benefits on mankind which only those who know the value of accurate scientific statistics can appreciate.

*An improved Seismometer or Earthquake Measurer.*—Lieut.-Col. Ramstedt, of Helsingfors, has constructed a new form of seismometer, for which he proposes the descriptive name—Telegraph of the accidental movements of the earth. Considering that these movements are much more frequent and continuous than is commonly supposed, and that the greatest number escape notice through want of proper observation, he suggests that his instrument should be placed in the principal magnetic observatories of Europe, and other parts of the world, where, being self-recording, it would

note the occurrence of every shock or movement, however slight. If, as Lieut.-Col. Ramstedt remarks, there are tremblings of the earth nearly every day, it seems desirable that some notice of them should be taken; and, perhaps, established observatories would be the best places for the investigation. As all the records would have to be sent to one central office, the localities in which shocks and tremblings are most frequent would be discovered; and, in course of time, some conclusions might be drawn as to whether the movements are periodical, or form part of some intermittent system of vibrations by which the earth is affected. The seismometer is so constructed as to indicate, by lines traced with a pencil, the time at which a shock takes place, and its force and direction.

*Skulls of Man and Anthropoid Ape.*—At a meeting of the Zoological Society, held on Tuesday, Nov. 7th, Professor Huxley read a very important paper upon the resemblance which exists between the crania of the children of certain races of man, and those of the higher apes. There are certain osteological features by which both the higher and lower apes resemble man, but there are also certain characters by which the lower forms more closely approach the human type than the higher ones. It is necessary, therefore, in estimating the value of the anatomical indication of relationship, to exclude all those characters of approach to human kind which are exhibited by creatures whose general characters point clearly to their degraded position in the animal scale. On doing this it will be found that the more important points which demonstrate the relation of the higher apes to man are the altitude of the cranium, the position of the nasal bones, and the character of the maxillæ. Professor Huxley's examination of the skull of a child from one of the islands of the South Pacific Archipelago has led him to believe that the approximation of the human to the quadrumanous is more strongly marked than has heretofore been supposed. Apparently there is an objection to this conclusion upon the ground that the skull examined having been that of a child ten years old, the ethnological characters could not have been developed; but this difficulty Mr. Huxley meets by asserting that in the cranium in question the race characters were so decidedly marked that it would have been quite impossible to have mistaken the specimen for a Caucasian cranium.

*Restoration of Life in Warm-blooded Animals.*—A most valuable essay, from the pen of one of our ablest practical physiologists (Dr. B. W. Richardson), has appeared on the above subject. The writer proceeds to describe the various recognized methods of restoring animation,—artificial respiration, exciting the circulation, and heat,—and shows that even when the heart has ceased to supply blood to the pulmonic capillaries, during the period previous to coagulation the blood may be driven or drawn over the pulmonic circuit; may be oxidized in its course; may reach the left side of the heart, may be distributed over the arteries, and that thus distributed it possesses the power of restoring general muscular irritability and the external manifestations of life. In one of his experiments upon a dog, the writer, by introducing blood heated to 90° Fahr. into the coronary arteries

(pumping it in by the rhythmic movement of a syringe piston), succeeded in making the heart (which till then was still, cold, and partly rigid) pulsate perfectly for at least twenty minutes.

*The Luminosity of Phosphorus.*—Herr W. Müller, of Perleberg, gives an explanation of the well-known luminosity exhibited by phosphorus in the dark. It depends on slow combustion or combination with oxygen; but does not take place in pure oxygen, except when it is diluted by other gases, as is the case in the atmosphere. In other atmospheres, as hydrogen or nitrogen, the phenomenon does not occur.

*Diamonds.*—Professor Tyndall has just succeeded in igniting a diamond in oxygen by the concentrated rays of the electric light. He has no doubt of his ability to ignite it by the purely invisible rays from the same source. It is interesting to know that a new locality for diamonds is reported by Herr Gustav Rose, of Berlin, which may be considered the first in Europe, if the western slope of the Ural is placed out of the question. The stone referred to was found in the granite quarries of Count Schönborn in Bohemia, and has been unquestionably identified as a diamond, both by the combustion of a splinter into pure carbonic acid, and by its physical and mineralogical properties. Its weight is 57 milligrammes; it is cubical in shape, and is of light yellow color, and is probably not the only one to be discovered. Prof. Wöhler, of Göttingen, has also discovered minute diamonds in a piece of platinum from Oregon.

*Cinchona Cultivation.*—We learn from a report just issued by Mr. C. B. Clarke, officiating superintendent of the Botanic Garden at Calcutta, and in charge of the Cinchona cultivation in Bengal, that the cultivation of cinchona is greatly extending in India, the Government plantation at Darjeeling being especially prosperous, where three distinct species of the Peruvian bark are cultivated with success, and nearly 1,000 acres are under cultivation. A plantation has also been established at Nunklow in the Khasia Hills. The cultivation of the cinchona has now been successfully introduced into St. Helena and the Azores.

*Anthropophagi.*—We learn from the *Institut* of the 24th of January that M. Quatrefages has presented a note to M. Garrigou on certain bones of man that he has found in a cave, and which have been split longitudinally, apparently to permit them to be used for various domestic purposes. He cites them as constituting an additional proof that the pre-historic races, who were dwellers in caves, were anthropophagous.

*A New Electro-typographic Machine.*—The French have been more speedy than ourselves in putting into operation the modern inventions in telegraphy. Hughes' American machine, which delivers the message in long printed strips, like a tailor's measure, is employed on all the great railway lines in France; and the delicate apparatus of M. Meyer, which faithfully transmits autographs, drawings, Oriental characters, or whatever the sender may fancy to trace on the metallic paper, is now used on the Lyons railway. A new electro-typographic machine, the invention of M.



Henri Fontaine, a French barrister, is now at work in one of the public offices in Paris. The object of this machine is to print off with economy and rapidly the quantity of short papers required in law courts, public and private offices, or commercial houses, now executed by the longer and more expensive processes of printing or autography. The machine of M. Fontaine, like the electric telegraph, is on the principle of substituting fixed for movable types, one type only being employed for the same letter; thus dispensing with the ponderous and bulky movable types of the printer. Steel types, representing the different characters used in printing (capitals, small letters, italics, &c.), are ranged round two horizontal disks, placed one over the other. Above these is another metallic circle divided into notches corresponding with the type below. By a very simple machinery, as the handle or bar in the centre presses against the notch representing the letter required, an electric shock lowers the type upon a sheet of paper rolled round a cylinder placed beneath, prints the letter, and again returns to its place. The operation is so rapidly performed that a hundred letters may be easily printed in a minute. When completed, the paper is transferred to the lithographic stone to be worked off. The great recommendation of Mr. Fontaine's machine is its great simplicity, the ease and rapidity with which it is worked, its convenient size (about 3 feet by 2), and its moderate cost. The typography is remarkably clear and distinct, from the employment of finely engraved steel types.

*The Ass.*—Upon two nights during the past few weeks the learned Academicians of France fell to discussing the periods at which the horse and the ass became domesticated animals. Professor Owen, after a late study of the tablets and inscriptions illustrating Egyptian life and usages some six thousand years ago, had stated that horses and asses are absent from these careful—and no doubt reliable—representations; and his inference had been, that the founders of Egyptian civilization immigrated at an epoch anterior to the subjugation and impressment of these animals. To this statement a later Egyptologist, M. Lenormant, demurred, in so far as the ass is concerned: for he had accumulated a fund of evidence, from pictorial records, to prove that the meek beast was a bearer of men's burdens as far back as the most antique mural paintings carry us—some six thousand years, at least; an age that ought to make us revere the donkey. Not so the horse: there is no evidence of his service to men before the days of the shepherd kings, or some sixteen centuries before our era. This was M. Lenormant's case; whereupon M. Faye—whose reputation, by the way, is astronomical, and not archaeological—uprose, and stated that, inasmuch as *mules* are mentioned in Genesis xxxvi. 24, there must have been horses in Canaan long before M. Lenormant's assigned period. This brought a caution from M. Milne-Edwards against accepting the Scriptural translation, inasmuch as the translators were not naturalists, and the mules, by them so called, were a distinct species. The Biblical mule must remain a doubtful animal: there is more confusion about its history than it would become us to plunge into. A Hebrew scholar who is also a naturalist might

unravel the mystery; but the combination is not probable—

Hebrew roots . . . . .  
Do flourish most in barren ground.

*The Solar Prominences.*—Dr. Zöllner has taken some remarkable views of solar prominences observed by aid of the spectroscope—with an open slit. Perhaps the most interesting of the series are six taken within the course of twenty-three minutes. The prominence observed changed figure in a most remarkable manner. Its height varied from about thirty-five to about forty seconds, or from about 14,000 to about 16,000 miles; but the changes of figure were most singular. At first the prominence was bowed towards the right, the centre of its apparent mass lying some 2,000 miles from an upright drawn through the centre of the narrow base. Ten minutes later the prominence had not only changed in figure, but had become perfectly upright. It resembled at this time a tree, with an upright stem occupying about one-third of its total height. Only two minutes later the greater part of the stem had vanished and the mass of the prominence had passed over towards the left. Three minutes later a complete change had passed over the figure of the prominence; it now resembled an A, the left-hand stroke representing what had been the stem, and the down stroke abnormally thick. Eight minutes later it had again changed totally in aspect; now resembling a camel's head turned towards the right. When the enormous real volume of the prominence is considered, these changes cannot but be looked upon as highly significant. We may feel convinced that processes of enormous violence must be in action to occasion movements so rapid. Mr. Lockyer's estimates of the rate at which the solar cyclonic storms sweep on their course, are fully justified by these observed motion of displacement.

*Buried Alive.*—A paper lately appeared in the pages of *Scientific Opinion*, entitled the Physiology of Trance, by Dr. T. E. Clark, in which some very curious facts were stated. The following case of a native Indian, who was buried for a whole month, is quoted from Braid, and in these days of Welsh fasting girls may be of interest. In the floor of the house was a hole, about 3 ft. long, 2½ ft. broad, and the same in depth, or perhaps a yard deep, in which he was placed in a sitting posture, sewed up in a linen shroud, with his knees doubled up towards the chin. Two heavy slabs of stone, 5 or 6 ft. long, several inches thick, and broad enough to cover the mouth of the grave, were then placed over him so that he could not escape. The doors were closed with masonry, and a guard placed around the building. At the expiration of a month the grave was opened, and after certain processes had been gone through the Indian revived.

*The Iron Age in Egypt.*—The researches of the German Egyptologist, Lauth, have established that the iron age in Egypt belongs to a much more remote period than was hitherto supposed, on the faith of the Greek historian, Agatharchides. The word *ba*—the Egyptian name of iron—has been met with in documents dating about four

thousand years before our era. Some mention it with the qualification, *ne peu, i. e.*, celestial. Those are, no doubt, the *aeolites*, whose frequent incandescent condition may have suggested to the ancients the idea of smelting minerals. Moreover, the aspect of the well-wrought stones of the Pyramids should have led to the presumption that the Egyptians knew the use of iron. In Greece and Italy, the use of this metal only commenced about the seventeenth century B. C.; in Gaul, in the eighth century; and in the Scandinavian North only at the commencement of our era. — *Cosmos*, Aug. 1, 1868.

*The Stone Age in Egypt.*—A letter has been addressed by Messrs. Hamy and Lenormant to the Académie des Sciences, to prove that Egypt has had its stone age as well as Europe. Their letter is dated from Luxor, and they write to the Secretary of the Academy:—"We beg you to communicate to the members a discovery we have just made, in the course of a journey to Upper Egypt, undertaken under the auspices of the Khedive, which will not be devoid of interest to that learned body. The existence of an age of stone in Egypt has often been the subject of controversy. The facts we are about to relate will, we think, give some information that will exercise an influence on the opinions entertained hitherto on that question. On the elevated plateau which divides the celebrated valley Biban-el-Molouk from the escarpments which overlook the Pharaonic edifices of Deir-el-Bahari we have ascertained the presence of an enormous quantity of wrought flints, lying on the surface of the ground to the extent of upwards of a hundred square yards. These wrought flints, which are of the well-known type designated arrow-heads, lance-heads, lanceolated axes, knives, scrapers, etc., evidently constitute the remains of an ancient manufactory, according to all probability pre-historic, and exactly resembling those known in France under the denomination of "factory of the neolithic period." M. Ballard, Quatrefages, Wurtz, Jamin, Broca, Berthelot, with whom we had the good fortune to be travelling, were witnesses of the discovery, and authorize us to declare that they verify the origin of the specimens collected by us, and their similitude to those found in Europe. The best of them we propose to deposit in the Museum of St. Germain, where they can be inspected by connoisseurs in antiquarian subjects."

*Pre-historic Man.*—A somewhat remarkable discovery of human and animal remains has been communicated by Professor Capellini, of Bologna, to the *Gazzetta dell' Emilia*. The Professor, on his return from Denmark, whither he had gone to be present at the International Pre-historic Congress, was rendered so zealous by what he had heard there, that he was induced to make many excursions in the neighborhood of Spezia. In the course of these excursions he visited many caverns, and in one of these he was successful in discovering traces of pre-historic man. This was in a grotto in the island of Palmaria, the access to which was difficult and dangerous. Here he caused excavations to be made; and the result was the discovery of numerous flint and stone implements, the workmanship of which showed they belonged to the earliest period of the stone

age. Besides these wrought implements and various other objects brought into the cavern by its human occupants, he found a considerable quantity of bones of animals mingled with bones of human beings. The condition of these latter bones, he says, "would justify the inference that the grotto had been inhabited by anthropophagi, and that the Italians of that epoch were cannibals, like their contemporaries in Belgium, France, and Denmark. Among the human bones, I found those of women, and part of the jawbone of a child some seven or eight years of age. Some of these bones were entire; others were partially calcined. In the centre of the cave it was possible to discern traces of a fire-place. Whoever has busied himself in pre-historic researches, whoever has read Spring's excellent work on the Chauvoux cavern in Belgium, and the writings of other authors on the subject of the caverns in France, will not hesitate to admit that the discoveries in the island of Palmaria prove that the Italians were, as I have said, man-eaters. For the present it will be sufficient for me to direct the attention of naturalists to the subject. The Cyclopeans spoken of in the fable were probably these cannibals."

*A Nebula suspected to be nearer to us than certain Fixed Stars.*—Mr. Le Sueur has studied the celebrated nebula around  $\gamma$  Argus with the fine four-foot reflector by Grubb, recently sent out for the Melbourne Observatory. He finds no reason to suspect that any of the stars mapped by Sir John Herschel have changed either in situation or in brilliancy. But the nebula shows so many indications of change, that he has been led to the opinion that it lies *nearer to us than the fixed stars seen in the same field of view*. It need hardly be said that he expresses merely the view suggested to him by the appearance, and changes of appearance, of the nebula. There are no means whatever of determining whether the nebula is nearer to us or farther from us than the stars with which it seems associated. It is, however, possible, that if the nebula is really associated with those stars, the fact may be recognized by peculiarities in the apparent movements of the nebular masses. It seems difficult to study Sir John Herschel's pictures of the irregular nebulae without being led to the opinion that stars and nebulae are actually mixed up together. It will be interesting to learn whether Mr. Le Sueur's pictures of the great nebula cannot be explained as due to motions of the nebular masses around the stars. His present opinion is, however, that we have mentioned above.

The discovery is interesting, coming, as it does, so soon after the enunciation by Mr. Proctor of the theory that nebulae are not external galaxies, but belong to, and fall within, the sidereal system.

Sir John Herschel, commenting on this view, remarks that possibly the nebulae may be miniatures of our galaxy within its limits.

*Expansion of Water in Freezing.*—Herr Rüdorff, of Berlin, makes the expansion of water in freezing very evident by the following experiment, which was performed at a meeting of the Chemical Society. Strong cast-iron tubes were filled with water, closed with a close-fitting screw, and placed in a freezing mixture. In a few

minutes the water freezes and shivers the tubes to pieces with a loud report. It appears, however, from the No. of the *Rivista Contemporanea* for Jan., 1870, that M. Barthélemy, professor in the Lyceum of Pau, attacks the theory; universally adopted by physicists, that water expands in the act of freezing, and attributes the bursting of a bottle containing water which is allowed to freeze, to a development of gas from the water at the moment of its congelation. In the Jan. No. of the *London, Edinburgh, and Dublin Philosophical Magazine*, however, Rev. Canon Moseley reviews, in an article "On the mechanical properties of ice," the evidence in favor of the theory, showing that, in the winters of 1845 and 1846, three independent observers, Schumacher of Copenhagen, Moritz of Dorpat, and Pohrt of Pultowa, investigated the subject, and arrived at an almost identical result for the coefficient of linear expansion, viz., about .000065 for 1° R.

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#### ART.

*Mr. Jarves on the Influence of Art Museums.*—The educational advantages of galleries and museums, and their conservative and refining influence on society, in teaching respect for the past, and affording the means of estimating the actual progress of manners and ideas of various races, are less notably considered. In America the popular notion of them is simply as depositories of curiosities to amuse an idle hour, but not of sufficient importance to be critically examined. The general impression of their contents is that they are well enough for those who made them, but we have got beyond all this. Even for no higher purpose they deserve to be multiplied; for they beguile many from haunts of vice, and in the end will assuredly come to be esteemed on more rational if not æsthetic grounds. As it has taken several centuries to reduce the sense of beauty in us as a race to a mere negative state, probably it will take as many more of culture and encouragement in the opposite direction to make it a vital force again.

Few persons have any conception of the crowd of visitors a gallery attracts. A conjecture of the number that visit the Louvre and Versailles museums may be hazarded from the fact that more than three hundred thousand francs are received annually from the sale of catalogues, which are probably not bought by one visitor in twenty. Before canes and umbrellas were admitted with their owners, one hundred thousand francs were taken in one year from their deposit at the doors. At the current fee of two sous each this sum would represent one million persons who brought these articles with them. Undoubtedly there were very many more who did not thus encumber themselves. It is notorious that the inhabitants of any city are less disposed to enjoy their own sights than those who are obliged to journey to see them. Hence it is reasonable to compute that one million Parisians do not furnish one-tenth part of the frequenters of their galleries. The statistics of the British Museum give corresponding results. They exhibit indirectly the pecuniary advantages conferred on those

communities which possess artistic attractions of sufficient interest to draw to them vast concourses of sight-seers, independent of the instruction and enjoyment they proffer to the inhabitants themselves. Indeed, not a few towns in Europe may be said almost to live on their old art, which really, especially in Italy, constitutes for the whole country a productive capital of untold value, supporting a large number of people. As is natural in America, we think more of establishing railroads and other channels of commerce. But were one of our towns to own a great museum, visitors would flock thither from all parts of the Union in such numbers as would soon repay its outlay, and leave it, as it were, a free gift to posterity, with a prolific income for the benefit of the citizens at large. The pecuniary gain would be none the less because chiefly flowing in from indirect sources. Providence so regulates cause and effect that the best things morally, intellectually, and æsthetically are certain of the best consequences, in not merely these respects, but ultimately in material well-being. To use an expressive Americanism, Central Parks "pay." So do national museums, as that city will discover which is the first to found one on a Central Park scale of organization and administration.—*Art Thoughts.*

*A History of Engraving.*—An interesting collection of prints, produced by various processes, and recently brought together at the House of the Society of Arts, in London, is of an historical character. In arranging it the object has been to illustrate the results attained by each of the processes employed, rather than to point attention to the works of any particular masters of schools of art. The series begins with examples of prints from wood or metal blocks, either simple or compound, and of plain as well as colored impressions obtained by their means, but by a single operation of the printing press.

A London paper, noticing this collection, says: "A set of impressions from the blocks cut by Bewick illustrate the degree of perfection to which wood engraving was advanced at the close of the last century, and examples of split prints from the pages of the *Illustrated News* show the means which have been employed to aid collectors in completing their series from the pages of periodicals and the literature of our own times. Prints from engraved copperplates follow, and they illustrate the results attained by simply cutting away portions of the surface of the metal plate by the engraver; the action of acids, as applied in the production of etchings; and the result of a combination of etching and engraving, as those arts were practised at the period when Hogarth began his career.

"The next set illustrates engravings upon steel, and lithography. Following the lithographic examples is a large series of prints in carbon obtained by a variety of photographic processes. It is curious to remark that the past, the present, and the future of our print-producing powers have each been based upon entirely distinct principles. As greater facilities for producing prints have been demanded, a weaker and apparently less durable source of production has been, and appears, in the future, to be still more resorted to.

Thus, in the past period, engravings were executed and prints obtained from copper and steel plates. At present wood-blocks and lithographic-stones are employed, but the future of our art-producing power appears likely to rest on what are apparently still less durable, viz., gums, resins, and gelatine.

"The series is brought to a close by juxtaposing the works of Doo, Cousins, Landseer, and others, engravers of our own times, as published by Mr. Graves, with the series of carbon prints obtained by means of gelatine, as in the photo-galvanographic process of Herr Paul Pretsch; prints in gelatine by Mr. Swan, of Newcastle, the Autotype Company of London, and Woodbury's process; and prints from gelatine as seen in the examples of M. Tessier du Motay, of Paris, and Herr Albert, of Munich. The collection consists of about 300 examples, and presents a sort of panoramic view of prints and reproductive art during the past century and a half, and it is interesting as showing the direction in which we must look in the future."

*Kaulbach.*—There is not in all Munich a more industrious worker than Kaulbach. Go to him as often as you may, you are sure to find him in his studio, in a loose coat lined with fur, standing before his easel, now working at this chalk drawing of some story from Goethe or Shakspeare, now at a cartoon, and, more rarely, at an oil picture. Drawing is his *forte*, and what he delights in. And a pleasure it is to watch him as, with a piece of charcoal, he draws with sure hand the outlines of a human figure. No workman under an overseer is more regular at his work than he. Now and then he gives himself a holiday, but it is very rarely, and there must be some circumstance which has led to the unusual occurrence. The cause generally is the completion of some task on which he had been long at work; and then he gives himself a holiday, and, if it be summer, stays at home in his shady garden, reading a volume of Scott or Shakspeare. If it be winter time, his pastime is to play with some bit of satire, political or other; and he enjoys the fun as this figure or that group grows into form, and a happy touch gives the character intended. One such cartoon, life size, I remember seeing a year or two ago. It was "Germania," a nobly-proportioned woman, with fine head and thoughtful countenance, armed too, with a mighty sword girded to her side to do battle should need be. Her commanding figure and strong limbs showed that, womanly as she was, she might be a leader in the fight, but all her attention was absorbed by an open book, marked "Philosophy," which she held in her hand; and so intense was her attention, she did not perceive that, as she walked on, the crown which clasped her head was falling down backwards, and would be lost.

A large cartoon, which Kaulbach began long ago in "holiday time," is now being exhibited for a charitable purpose, and has called forth attacks and reproaches from the Ultramontane party. It represents the Grand Inquisitor Arbues (whom the Pope canonized two or three years ago) going to the execution of an heretical family, who stand in the background. The stake with its pile of wood is seen further off, and a troop of monks in solemn procession are advancing to the fatal spot. Be-

side the Inquisitor, some servants of the Inquisition are collecting the moneys and valuables of which the condemned family have been despoiled. A day or two ago one of a party who had come to see the picture was explaining the subject to his friends, when a gentleman who was present grew so angry that a scene ensued. "It was the imperative duty of a good Catholic to destroy such a calumnious work," he said; and matters went so far that the police had to be summoned; and since then an extra policeman is in attendance at the Academy where the cartoon is exhibiting. Formerly there was perhaps no town as large as Munich where political questions were so little regarded, for what did not immediately concern local interests was not heeded, and the elections passed over so quietly that there was hardly a sign of their taking place. Now, however, a battle is fought at the hustings as exciting and determined as elsewhere. Over night, as it were, people have become politicians, and this change has been produced solely by the encroachments making, on the one hand, by Rome, and Prussia on the other.—*The Athenæum*.

*The Sister Arts.*—Music and painting are sister arts; but it is doubtful whether their relation has ever been established so thoroughly as it has been lately by Mr. Barrett, of the London International College. We know that artists are often musicians; we are constantly finding them exchanging terminologies; their vocabularies contain very many words in common. Then some people instinctively associate certain sounds with certain colors, like the blind man who was reminded of scarlet by the blast of a trumpet. But Mr. Barrett has shown us a physical analogy between tints and tones. You know the seven colors of the rainbow, or the solar spectrum? These have often been compared to the seven notes of the musical scale. Newton started the idea, and Mr. Barrett has brought it home to us. In this way:—Light and sound are wave motions. Light-waves are extremely small; sound-waves are larger. The colors of light depend upon the length of the luminous waves; the notes of music depend upon the length of the sonorous waves. For the rays of the solar spectrum, the wave-lengths have recently been accurately determined; similarly, though not recently, for the notes of the musical scale. In the latter, the undulations decrease in length as we ascend the gamut; and there is a like decrement as we ascend the chromatic scale, from red upwards to violet; and beyond, where there are some lavender rays not ordinarily perceptible. Now the curious fact is this—that the *relations* between one wave-length and another for the seven primary colors of the chromatic scale are identical with the *relations* between the wave-lengths for the seven notes of the musical scale. For instance, if we represent the wave-length for the note C by the number 100; then D is 89; E, 80; F, 75; G, 67; A, 60; B, 53; and the octave C, 50. (These numbers, bear in mind, are ratios, not absolute quantities. We do not want the *absolute* to represent the *relative*.) Turning to the color scale: if we call red 100, then the ratios for wave-lengths of orange will be 89; yellow, 81; green, 75; blue, 67; violet, 60; and lavender, 53. Compare the steps of the two scales, and you will see the all

but exact agreement. It follows, from the comparison, that for each combination of sounds pleasing to the ear there is a related combination of colors pleasing to the eye; and it requires no unreasonable stretch of the imagination to conceive an artist determining the coloring of his picture by harmonizing his tones upon the piano-forte.

*Some months ago* there were exhibited in one of the galleries in the South Kensington Museum, London, some thirty or thirty-five sets of designs submitted in competition for a premium of 300 guineas offered by the Art Union Society of London. The series to which the premium was awarded was found to belong to Mr. H. C. Selous, the subject illustrated being the story of "Hereward the Wake; Last of the English," by Canon Kingsley, which originally appeared in *Good Words*. The hair-breadth escapes and daring deeds of Hereward are strikingly illustrated by Mr. Selous. The twenty plates have been engraved by Mr. C. G. Lewis, and these, bound in a volume, will be the presentation book given to each Art Union subscriber of the present year.

*In the Report* just issued by the Directors of the National Gallery, the purchase of the following pictures during the year 1869 is recorded:—"The Courtyard of a Dutch Mansion," by De Hooghe; "A Man's Portrait," by Cuyt; "A Flower Piece," by J. Van Huysum. These three have already been hung in the Gallery. Further, there have been bought, but not yet placed, "An Altar Piece," by Marco Marziale; and a "Madonna and Child," by Bartolomeo Montagna. John Martin's "Destruction of Pompeii" has been bought and placed at South Kensington. So the galleries of the old world grow, while we sit supinely in our seats and permit opportunities to slip by, the like of which we shall probably not soon see again.

*Messrs. Harper & Brothers* have, at their own expense, engaged Hiram Powers, the sculptor, to erect a suitable monument over the grave of the historian Hildreth, late American Consul at Trieste, who is buried in the Protestant cemetery at Florence. The Messrs. Harper are the publishers of all Hildreth's works, and this act of generous thoughtfulness is not less honorable to themselves than to the dead historian.

*The sale of the famous "San Donato" collections* of Prince Demidoff has been in progress during February and March, and has been chiefly remarkable for the enormous prices which have been paid for samples of the boudoir and pastoral art of the Louis XV. period, as compared with the sums realized from important Italian pictures of the best time.

#### VARIETIES.

*Virginia*—The elasticity which follows the adjustment of political troubles is nowhere more manifest than in Virginia. Though but few weeks have passed since she was readmitted to her old place in the list of States, signs of the new energy, which shall yet make her mountains vocal and her valleys rich, are everywhere exhib-

ited. The wealth which Nature has stowed away in her hills will not much longer remain useless to man. Her exuberant forests will yield their tribute to the wants of civilization. Her exhausted soil will be revived by new appliances of agriculture, and by the better industry which will grow out of the inspiring hopes of a people who cannot fail to discern the dawn of a new era. The roads, which are little more than paths and horse-tracks, will give place to others which shall answer more properly the demands of transportation; and the old State will ere long fill wagons and cars and steamers with the contributions of her mines and the products of her soil.

Capitalists are not blind to these prophecies of the early future. The names of her towns and cities, made famous by old and by recent history, are becoming familiar in our financial marts; and enterprises, which recognize the needs of the present and anticipate the wants of the coming time, are not vainly laid before our people. Especially among her railroads is the spirit of rapid rehabilitation marvellously exhibited. The roads, disused and deserted during the war, are being refurnished and set in motion again. The Virginia and East Tennessee Railroad, thanks to the indomitable energy and enterprise of Gen. Mahone, has been equipped anew, and has taken its place as a most important link in the South-Western railroad system. The Richmond and York River Railroad has been rebuilt; the Alexandria and Fredericksburg road is being put under contract; and other railroads in various sections are in progress, or soon will be. Among these, none are more important to the interests of the State than the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, running from Charlottesville westward up the slopes and through the valleys of the Alleghanies, to the rich mineral lands of West Virginia, and the Fredericksburg and Gordonsville Railroad, which connects therewith at Charlottesville, and reaches the Potomac at Belle Plain. By the former road, the vast region of Central and Western Virginia will be opened up; while by the latter the route to tide-water will be shortened over sixty miles, and the distance between Virginia and New York more than twenty miles. The bonds of these two roads have been recently put upon our market, over the names of leading bankers of this city, and afford to capitalists a most desirable investment. Virginia is virtually a new and growing country. Her old habits have passed away with her old history. The days to come will see her moving rapidly forward to her proper place among the States. Her lands will yet bear the price which intrinsic value and admirable location justify, and her towns and villages will swell with the tide of immigration. To such fields, whose values are rapidly enhancing under the impulse of enterprise, there is a resistless attraction for capital, and unexampled promise of rich returns. Such a railroad as the Fredericksburg and Gordonsville, free from the competition of parallel lines, opening up a district of country full of commodities which the world needs, and destined, by its advantages of location and reduced distances, to become an important trunk line, must certainly command the attention of those whose means enable them to control such enterprises. As its bonds, advertised in our columns to-day,

by the well-known bankers, Drake Brothers, are based upon a completed road, costing double their amount, a better security would be hard to find; while the road itself and its connections, opening a new and expeditious route between the North, the South, and the West, must rapidly develop the productiveness and availability of a wide region, whose teeming wealth of Timber, Coal, and Iron has so long awaited the electric touch of Industry and Capital.—*Daily Tribune*.

*Jerusalem*.—A friend in Jerusalem writes:—"It may interest your readers to be informed that the Hospital of the Templars, in Jerusalem, which, ever since the last defeat of the Crusaders by the Moslems, has been defiled as a tanner's yard, was, on the occasion of the visit of the Prince of Prussia, given to him by the Sultan; and that it is said to be the intention of the Prussian authorities to restore the building in its original style. The outer entrance gate and much of the basement of the inclosed edifice itself remain, and are superior examples of the architecture as practised by the Crusaders. It is hoped that these relics will be treated reverentially."—*Athenæum*.

*Difficulties in the Way of Marriage in France*.—When a marriage is being "got up," a distant relative or friend of one of the parties says to the connections or friends of the other, that a young man or a young lady is to be heard of in the most eligible conditions, and offers to "negotiate" the whole. It is found that everything suits, and the preliminaries are arranged smoothly enough, when all at once some one suggests that the young man has been brought up in very indifferent sentiments of respect to the Pope personally, that he is a manner of "Protestant" indeed, or that the young lady has not had a Jesuit for her confessor. From this moment it is hard to describe all the difficulties that arise, and in many cases make a union impossible, which otherwise presented a plurality of guarantees. In the workings of this new species of religion the Jesuits have introduced a complete innovation, namely, the element of inquisitiveness. People dive into each other's secret chambers, and judge each other's thoughts. They will find out what their neighbor believes, and how he "professes," and how he stands towards the Pope's Temporal Power. This is fast destroying all the amenity and charm of Parisian intercourse, and bringing out the disputations and pedantic element which has lain dormant in the French character since the terrible sixteenth century.

*Dr. Underhill's Croton Wine Vineyards*.—These now celebrated vineyards deserve the renown they have acquired for the productions they have so long yielded of pure wines of the best quality. So inestimable for use as medicine, for communion purposes, for invalids, and for all the occasions which properly require a safe, pure, and healthful beverage, they are highly commended by physicians. They are needed in many cases,—decay of health and strength—as renovators of the system. In all these respects Dr. Underhill is a public benefactor, and would receive the thanks and patronage of all who would enjoy the benefits arising from the use of such pure products of the

grape, instead of the noxious and vile compounds sold in the shops, deleterious to both health and life. We have known Dr. Underhill for many years as a gentleman of high character and personal worth, and we commend his variety of pure wines of sufficient age. His depot is at No. 744 Broadway, New York.

*The Giant Cities of Bashan*.—The Pentateuch tells us that Bashan was once inhabited by giants, and it has been argued that the size of the stone houses shows that they were built by a race of abnormal stature, and proves the date of their construction. In reality, however, the private dwellings are the reverse of gigantic, and the rooms they contain are to modern ideas small. If gates are sometimes found eight feet in height, they are always in positions where animals, as well as men, had occasion to pass under them, and those found at the present day in similar situations are of the same dimensions. The stone doors guarding the entrances to the vineyards around Tabreez are larger and more massive than any we saw in Bashan. The extent and number of the ruined towns are used as an argument that they are the remains of the sixty fenced cities conquered and destroyed by Moses. Travellers are apt to forget that Syria formed a portion of the Christian empire of Constantinople, and that in the fifth century there were thirty-three Christian bishops in the Hauran alone. The population which built the churches and the theatres was quite numerous enough to have filled the ruined houses which now remain. If any buildings older than our era still exist in the Hauran, they are, I believe, exceptions, and do not disprove our conclusion that a false impression is given by describing these ruins as "giant cities." It is not of Og but of the Antonines, not of the Israelitish but of the Saracenic conquest, that most travellers in the Hauran will be reminded.—*Freshfield's "Central Caucasus."*

*How Mr. Peabody's Body was Embalmed*.—The preservation of the remains of the late Mr. Peabody was intrusted into the hands of Dr. Perry. The process carried out consisted in injecting the whole body through the arteries with a strong solution of arsenic, containing also some bichloride of mercury. Twenty-four hours afterwards another liquid, consisting of a saturated solution of tannin acid, was thrown in with a view of effecting the gradual conversion of the gelatinous strictures into the tanno-gelatine or the basis of eather. None of the viscera were removed or disturbed, and before the opening into the chest required for the infection practised through the aorta was closed, an arsenical paste, or rather cream, consisting of arsenic, camphor, and spirits, was introduced into the thoracic cavity, also through an opening in the diaphragm into the cavity of the abdomen, and freely distributed about. Death had taken place about two days and a half before the process was commenced, and decomposition had set in, so as to produce great distension of the abdomen; but the process was found to check all this, and when completed, all signs of a tendency to decomposition were removed. We may add that under the silk shroud, and upon the floor of the coffin, there was placed a bed of well-burnt animal charcoal.—*Lancet*.





1. Mary Ward Beecher



sition of  $\frac{1}{3}$  or  $\frac{1}{3\frac{1}{2}}$  of rock could be said to have been deposited year after year, without break and without intermission. If there be one thing proved more than another, it is that there is an interval of time between any two strata in juxtaposition. That rocks are deposited in different strata implies a break of continuity. The same fact is brought more vividly to notice by the presence of one rock on the upturned waveworn edges of another, such as may be seen in many Silurian localities, and especially in the Coal Measures and overlying strata in Somersetshire. These breaks have been proved by Professor Ramsay to represent an indefinite lapse of time, which in some cases must have been very considerable. The rocks, moreover, as we find them now, are confessedly the mere rags and tatters of those that have been, and do not represent in any sense whatever a perfect and unbroken sequence. To what extent the present strata are representatives of the entire series we do not know, and until accurate knowledge on this point can be gained, it is idle to divide their total thickness by any hypothetical number of years. The breaks in the succession may or may not represent a lapse of time as great as that during which the existing strata were formed. Sir William Thomson's limit of years therefore cannot be tested by a mere sum in division. So far as the geological evidence goes we are in profound ignorance of the lapse of time represented by the stratified rocks; they are as likely to have been deposited in one million as in five hundred millions of years. Sir William Thomson has not proved that his allowance of time is too small for the geologists, nor has Professor Huxley proved it to be sufficient for them in his argument which we have quoted.

Professor Huxley, however, carries the war successfully into his opponent's camp, by showing that the eminent mathematicians and physicists are by no means agreed as to the cause of tidal retardation, or that the sun is a mere cooling body, like a hot brick, without the power of renovation, or that the cooling of the earth may not have been retarded by an atmosphere containing more aqueous vapor than our own. Until all these questions are finally settled, it seems to us that any speculation as to the age of

the earth based on purely mathematical considerations must be worthless. At present there are no data for their solution.

The principal ground of difference between Sir William Thomson and the geologists is the relation of geological time to our unit of years. If we use the term Silurian epoch, we merely refer to that indefinite interval between the Cambrian and the Devonian periods, during which, or a portion of which, the Silurian rocks were being deposited, not to an exact and well-defined period, like the reign of William the Conqueror. The geological "when" simply means before and after certain observed phenomena, while the historical involves also the idea of how long before and how long after. The use of years as a means of reckoning the past, therefore, is merely co-extensive with the range of history. Who, for example, would dream of fixing the date of the arrival of the stone or bronze folk in Europe? If, then, years cannot be made use of in the computation of events that happened in the period immediately outside history, how can they be used in estimating the lapse of time between even the latest geological epoch and the present day? Sir William Thomson, in his attempt to limit the duration of life on earth to a maximum of five hundred million years, errs precisely in the same way as Mr. James Croll,\* in his calculation of the date of the glacial period. All such attempts to gauge the geological past by years can only end in vanity and vexation of spirit.

We will now pass to the examination of Professor Huxley's definition of the present state of geological theory. There are three great schools of geological thought, each of which is more or less antagonistic to the other two—Catastrophism, Uniformitarianism, and Evolutionism. The first of these accounts for all geological phenomena by "the operation of forces different in their nature or immeasurably different in power, from those that we see in action in the universe. The doctrine of violent upheavals of mountains, of the sudden depression of continents, of universal cataclysms, and the like, is catastrophic, in so much as it assumes that the forces by

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\* Phil. Mag. 1865-6.

which they were brought about were more intense than, or different from, any of those which we now experience. The Hindoo, the Egyptian, and the Mosaic cosmogonies may be quoted as examples as well as that of the Stoics. During the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries this method of accounting for geological phenomena was almost universal, and at the present time it is undoubtedly the most popular on the continent of Europe. Among the most eminent of its exponents in modern times may be reckoned Baron Humboldt, M. Elie de Beaumont, Professor Sedgwick, and Sir Roderick Murchison.

"The crust and outline of the earth" (writes the latter, in the last edition of his *Siluria*), "are full of evidences that many of the ruptures and overthrows of the strata, as well as great denudations, could not, even in millions of years, have been produced by agencies like these of our own times . . . We further maintain that no amount of time (of which no true geologist is ever parsimonious when recording the history of bygone accumulations of sediment, or of the different races of animals they contain) will enable us to account for the signs of many great breaks and convulsions which are visible in every mountain chain, and which the miner encounters in all underground workings."

This may be taken as a fair exposition of the catastrophic creed.

The second or the uniformitarian, is the doctrine of Hutton and Lyell, by which all phenomena in the past history of the earth are ascribed to forces identical in nature with, and not more energetic than, those now active on the face of the earth. From this point of view the forces that are now bringing about changes so gradually that they almost escape observation, are adequate to produce the most stupendous geological results in unlimited time. Things have remained during the remote past very much as we have known them during the last two or three thousand years, and the equilibrium of nature has not been destroyed, although local changes have taken place. According to Hutton, there is no physical evidence "of a beginning—no prospect of an end." And in this he is followed by the great apostle of the Uniformitarian school, Sir Charles Lyell.

"As geologists, we learn that it is not only the present condition of the globe which has

been suited to the accommodation of myriads of living creatures, but that many former states also have been adapted to the organization and habits of prior races of beings; the disposition of the seas, continents, and islands, and the climates have varied; species likewise have been changed; and yet they have been so modelled on types analogous to those of existing plants and animals as to indicate throughout a perfect harmony of design and unity of purpose. To assume that the evidence of beginning or end of so vast a scheme lies within the reach of our philosophical inquiries, or even of our speculations, appears to be inconsistent with a just estimate of the relations which subsist between the finite powers of man and the attribute of an infinite and eternal Being." \*

We fully endorse Professor Huxley's criticism on this passage:—

"Why for all time must the geologist be content to regard the oldest fossiliferous rocks as the ultima thule of his science, or what is there inconsistent with the relations between the finite and the infinite mind, in the assumption that we may discern somewhat of the beginning, or of the end, of this speck and space we call our earth? . . . This attempt to limit at a particular point the progress of inductive and deductive reasoning from the things which are to those which were—this faithlessness to its own logic, seems to me to have cost uniformitarianism the place, as the permanent form of geological speculation, which it might otherwise have held."

There can be no doubt that this doctrine has been mainly instrumental in raising geology to the rank which it now occupies among the sciences, and that the law of rigid induction which it inculcates has led to most important results; but it seems to us that the time during which we have been able to observe existing phenomena is too short for a sweeping generalization as to those which have happened in the immeasurable past. As catastrophism has erred in not exhausting the known causes, before flying to the unknown, so uniformitarianism has erred in another direction in ignoring all speculation of a state of things on this earth different from that which we experience at the present day. Both Sir Charles Lyell and Hutton have fixed their eyes so intently on the stratified rocks that they have omitted to notice any condition of things which existed before those rocks were formed:—

"The astronomer," writes the former, "may

\* *Principles of Geology*, 10th edit. vol. II. p. 613.

find good reasons for ascribing the earth's form to the original fluidity of the mass in times long antecedent to the first introduction of living beings into the planet; but the geologist must be content to regard the earliest monuments which it is his task to interpret as belonging to a period when the crust had already acquired great solidity and thickness, probably as great as it now possesses, and when volcanic rocks, not essentially differing from those now produced, were formed from time to time, the intensity of volcanic heat being neither greater nor less than it is now.\*

In another passage, however, he seems to admit that the earth was at one time fluid, and thus he accounts for its present internal heat; but he merely devotes one short paragraph in the last edition of the *Principles*† to this most important subject. He seems moreover to trust to the renovating powers of nature for the restoration of the heat which is radiated from the earth, and he throws out the suggestion that it may be restored by electrical forces—a suggestion which is equivalent to saying that the earth's loss by radiation is made up by the access of heat from without, since by Mr. Grove's experiments it has been shown that light, heat, electricity, and motion are convertible terms. Sir Charles Lyell himself would, we are sure, be very unwilling to maintain this last proposition. If the original molten condition of the earth be admitted, as we believe it must be, the uniformitarian doctrine cannot be maintained in its entirety. If, on the other hand, we refuse to recognize any condition of things existing on this earth different from that in which we now live, we not only shut ourselves off from all considerations of the origin of our planet, but also from some of the more interesting and valuable deductions of modern physics. "Inasmuch," argues Sir William Thomson, "as energy is being continually lost from the earth by conduction through the upper strata, the whole quantity of plutonic energy must have been greater in past times than in the present."‡ The uniformitarian critic, in the "*Quarterly Review*," gets over this difficulty by the device of comparing the earth to a man-of-war, and its store of potential energy to the

magazine, and he proceeds to show that the gun loaded with the last charge of powder in the ship may possibly be as effective as that fired with the first. It is undoubtedly true, that the quantity of powder in store does not influence the fire of the guns, but we fail to see how that fact bears on the energy stored up in the earth. Were the actual terrestrial energy as completely isolated from the potential as the charge in the gun from the powder in the magazine, the analogy might hold good. Since, however, we have no reason for believing that this is the case, we must look upon the argument as an ingenious attempt to kick a stumbling block out of the uniformitarian path. We shall adduce geological evidence that the terrestrial energy was greater in the past than it is now, in discussing the third great geological school, although in the survey of the stratified rocks there be no direct proof of its diminution.

Catastrophism is, according to Professor Huxley, the doctrine of a past era in geological inquiry; uniformitarianism, that of the present; while to the third, or evolutionism, he assigns the high honor of being that of the future. The evolutionists of the present day are few in number but eminent in reputation. Dr. Tyndall, Mr. Herbert Spencer, Professor Huxley, and Sir William Thomson may be quoted as the most prominent leaders in England. The doctrine of the origin of species is indeed merely evolutionism applied to biology, and so far Mr. Charles Darwin may also be considered to belong to this school. Its founder was the great Emanuel Kant, whose work in physical science is only now beginning to be duly recognized:—

"Kant (writes Prof. Huxley) expounds a complete cosmogony, in the shape of a theory of the causes which have led to the development of the universe from diffused atoms of matter endowed with simple attractive and repulsive forces.

"'Give me matter,' says Kant, 'and I will build the world;' and he proceeds to deduce from the simple data from which he starts, a doctrine in all essential respects similar to the well-known 'Nebular Hypothesis' of Laplace. He accounts for the relation of the masses and the densities of the planets to their distances from the sun, for the eccentricities of their orbits, for their rotations, for their satellites, for the general agreement in

\* *Principles*, vol. ii. p. 211. † Vol. ii. p. 227.

‡ *Of Geological Dynamics*, p. 21. (Trans. Geol. Soc. Glasgow.)

the direction of rotation among the celestial bodies, for Saturn's ring, and for the zodiacal light. He finds in each system of worlds indications that the attractive force of the central mass will eventually destroy its organization by concentrating upon itself the matter of the whole system; but, as the result of this concentration, he argues for the development of an amount of heat which will dissipate the mass once more into a molecular chaos such as that in which it began.

"Kant pictures to himself the universe as once an infinite expansion of formless and diffused matter. At one point of this he supposes a single centre of attraction set up, and by strict deductions from admitted dynamical principles shows how this must result in the development of a prodigious central body surrounded by systems of solar and planetary worlds in all stages of development. In vivid language he depicts the great world-maelstrom widening the margins of its prodigious eddy in the slow progress of millions of ages, gradually reclaiming more and more of the molecular waste, and converting chaos into cosmos. But what is gained at the margin is lost in the centre; the attractions of the central systems bring their constituents together, which then by the heat evolved are converted once more into molecular chaos. Thus the worlds that are, lie between the ruins of the worlds that have been and the chaotic materials of the worlds that shall be; and in spite of all waste and destruction Cosmos is extending his borders at the expense of Chaos."

Kant then proceeds to apply his views to the earth by an appeal to the "gradual changes now taking place," by earthquakes, by marine and fresh-water action, by the winds and frosts, and finally by the operations of man. In common with Lyell and Hutton, he argued from the present order of things to the past, using, so far as the knowledge of his day would allow, the uniformitarian doctrine:—

"With as much truth as Hutton, Kant could say, 'I take things just as I find them at present, and from these I reason with regard to that which must have been.' Like Hutton, he is never tired of pointing out that 'in nature there is wisdom, system, and constancy.' And as in these great principles, so in believing that the cosmos has a reproductive operation 'by which a ruined constitution may be repaired,' he forestalls Hutton; while, on the other hand, Kant is true to science. He knows no bounds to geological speculation but those of the intellect. He reasons back to a beginning of the present state of things; he admits the possibility of an end."

Professor Huxley is perfectly justified in his high estimate of Kant as the founder of the system of evolution, although the advance of modern science renders some of the views of the latter untenable.

These three schools of geological speculation are not necessarily antagonistic:—

"Catastrophism has insisted upon the existence of a practically unlimited bank of force, on which the theorist might draw; and it has cherished the idea of the development of the earth from a state in which its form, and the forces which it exerted, were very different from those we now know. That such difference of form and power once existed is a necessary part of the doctrine of evolution.

"Uniformitarianism, on the other hand, has with equal justice insisted upon a practically unlimited bank of time, ready to discount any quantity of hypothetical paper. It has kept before our eyes the power of the infinitely little, time being granted, and has compelled us to exhaust known causes before flying to the unknown.

"To my mind there appears to be no sort of necessary theoretical antagonism between Catastrophism and Uniformitarianism. On the contrary, it is very conceivable that catastrophes may be part and parcel of uniformity. Let me illustrate my case by analogy. The working of a clock is a model of uniform action; good time-keeping means uniformity of action. But the striking of the clock is essentially a catastrophe; the hammer might be made to blow up a barrel of gunpowder, or turn on a deluge of water; and, by proper arrangement, the clock, instead of marking the hours, might strike at all sorts of irregular intervals, never twice alike in the intervals, force, or number of its blows. Nevertheless all these irregular and apparently lawless catastrophes would be the result of an absolutely uniformitarian action; and we might have two schools of clock-theorists, one studying the hammer and the other the pendulum.

"Still less is there any necessary antagonism between either of these doctrines and that of Evolution, which embraces all that is sound in both Catastrophism and Uniformitarianism, while it rejects the arbitrary assumptions of the one and the as arbitrary limitations of the other. Nor is the value of the doctrine of evolution to the philosophic thinker diminished by the fact that it applies the same method to the living and not-living world, and embraces in one stupendous analogy the growth of a solar system from molecular chaos, the shaping of the earth from the nebulous cubhood of its youth, through innumerable changes and immeasurable ages, to its

present form, and the development of a living being from the shapeless mass of protoplasm we term a germ."

The doctrine of Evolution thus eloquently advocated by Professor Huxley is remarkable for its simple explanation of the complex phenomena of the outer world. We shall proceed to test its value by an appeal to well-ascertained geological, physical, and astronomical facts, throwing aside all cosmogonies as mere matters of speculation which may or may not be true.

What do we actually know of the condition of the interior of the earth at the present day? After passing down through "the veil of the stratified rocks" more than ten miles in thickness, we suddenly arrive at the crystalline granites and granitoid series, that bear unequivocal traces of having been once in a molten state. These are found all over the earth at the base of the sedimentary series, and present everywhere, as the great Humboldt observes, the same essential mineralogical forms, and therefore the conditions under which they originated must have been the same universally. They are proved not only by the cavities filled with vitrified matter, found in their component crystals by Mr. Sorby, to have been formerly heated to high degree, but also by the metamorphism of the strata immediately overlying them, such as the change of shale into mica schist, and of limestone into marble. The increase of temperature universally observed in the descent of mines, as well as the phenomena manifested by volcanoes and hot-springs (that of Bath is 118 degrees), testify to a continual flow of caloric from the centre towards the circumference of the earth, and prove that at some point deep down the heat is sufficiently intense to fuse all known substances. According to Sir Charles Lyell, the increase of one degree for every sixty-five feet of descent would be sufficient to boil water at a depth of two, and melt iron at a depth of thirty-four, miles. If then we follow Professors Phillips and Bischoff in ignoring the effect of pressure on the fusing points of the different elements, a greater thickness than thirty or forty miles cannot be assigned to the solid crust of the earth, which must rest everywhere on matter kept fluid by intense heat. But we have

no right to do this, since it has been proved by actual experiment that some substances, such as water and sulphur, can absorb an enormous quantity of heat under pressure without passing into the liquid or gaseous condition. Now the gravitating force exerted by thirty or forty miles of solid rock must be enormous, and the deeper we go the greater it will be; and, therefore, unless it can be proved that the increase of the expansive power of the heat preponderates over the compressing power of gravitation, the existence of a molten zone everywhere supporting a solid crust cannot be inferred. If the pressure preponderate, as Mr. Scrope believes, the earth may be solid to its very core. By this line of inquiry therefore we can only safely infer that the interior of the earth is heated to an inconceivable degree, and as we do not know the relation of heat to pressure we cannot tell whether or no the surface of the earth be supported by a chaos of molten rock. If at any point the heated matter be kept solid by pressure it will start into fluidity if the pressure be lessened. Hence Mr. Scrope argues rightly that the outpouring of lava from volcanoes has no necessary bearing on the thickness of the earth's crust.

Nor can we obtain any light on this point from the consideration of the phenomena of precession and nutation, from which Mr. Hopkins ingeniously argued some thirty years ago, that the solid crust of the earth must be at least from 800 to 1,000 miles thick. Sir William Thomson has lately inferred from the same premises that "no continuous liquid vesicle at all approaching to the dimensions of a spheroid 6,000 miles in diameter can possibly exist in the earth's interior without rendering the phenomena of precession and nutation sensibly different from what they are;" and that the earth, as a whole, must be far more rigid than glass and probably even more rigid than steel, "while the interior must be on the whole more rigid, probably many times more rigid, than the upper crust." These conclusions, drawn by two men of such eminence, clash with two well-ascertained geological facts. If the earth be a solid mass, pockets and isolated seas of lava may remain here and there at different depths, to be the

foci of the volcanic and seismic energy, and thermal springs may be the result of the percolation of water down to the igneous reservoirs. This ingenious application of the theory of precession and nutation to the analysis of the thickness of the earth's crust might indeed be considered decisive had not M. Delaunay lately demonstrated before the French Academy by actual experiment that it had no bearing whatever on the problem. Both Mr. Hopkins and Sir William Thomson assumed in their calculation that the molten rock would be absolutely fluid and altogether devoid of viscosity. The eminent French mathematician proved that this latter property, inherent in all matter, would be sufficient to cause the earth, whether fluid or not in the interior, to behave precisely as if it were one homogeneous solid body. By imparting a slow revolving motion to a glass globe filled with water, he showed that both water and glass revolved precisely as if the whole had been frozen into one solid mass. The light therefore thrown by these researches on the condition of the interior of the earth is but darkness. The mathematicians of the present day for the most part accept the views of Mr. Hopkins and Sir William Thomson, while the geologists either maintain the existence of a fluid zone underneath the earth's crust, or pass by the problem altogether.

But if mathematics fail to tell us anything about the constitution of the interior of the earth, we do not appeal in vain to chemistry. We are indebted to M. Durocher\* for a satisfactory classification not only of the crystalline rocks that underlie the sedimentary deposits, but also for absolute proof that the earth was an incandescent molten sphere before atmospheric and aqueous agencies had clothed it with the strata so familiar to our eyes. His researches, strange to say, are almost unknown in England, and have been noticed in but one of the many geological manuals that have been published during the last few years. They have, however, been endorsed by the high authority of Professor Houghton,† and have been approved

by the most eminent mineralogist in Britain in his presidential address to the Geological Society. M. Durocher divides all crystalline rocks into distinct classes, the one containing a mean proportion of 71·0 of silica, which he therefore terms siliceous, the other containing but 51·5, and being characterized by large percentages of lime, magnesia, manganese, and iron. To the first of these belong the granites, porphyries, and trachytes that underlie the stratified rocks, and occur also in all the older volcanic outbursts. They gradually become rarer and rarer from the palæozoic age to the present day. It is undoubtedly true that they are represented by the modern silicated trachytes and obsidians of the volcanoes of the Andes and of Iceland; but these are poorer in silica and richer in earthy bases than the more ancient silicated outbursts, and are, moreover, now extremely rare. This group of rocks has a mean specific gravity of 2·4. To the second, which, from the predominance of earthy bases, he terms basic, belong all the trap and greenstone rocks, basalts, dolerites, and augitic lavas, that are rarely met with among the older products of subterranean energy, but which become more and more abundant through the palæozoic and mesozoic epochs, until at the present day they are the staple produce of volcanoes. They possess a mean specific gravity of 2·72, being heavier than the siliceous group, in a ratio greater than that of water to oil. They have never been found in a position underneath the oldest sedimentary strata. Thus it is recognized that the silicated group of rocks which is the lighter is the older of the two, while the heavier is that which appeared later in time, and gradually became prominent, manifesting itself in greater and greater force down to the present day. From these premises it follows that heavier basic rocks lie underneath the lighter granitic, whether fluid or not we cannot tell, and that the latter, from their rare occurrence in the products of existing volcanoes, have for the most part cooled sufficiently to be solidified. It also follows from this arrangement, according to specific gravities, that at one remote epoch of the earth's history there were two continuous zones of molten matter;

\* *Essai de Pétrologie comparée*, Annales des Mines, 5 série, tom. xi. (1857).

† *Manual of Geology*, 1866, 8vo, 2d ed. Lecture 1.

as clearly defined from each other as water from oil, and that the lighter was the first to form a thin pellicle on the surface of the incandescent globe. It is worthy also of note that nearly the whole of the earliest, or palæozoic strata, is formed of the detritus of the granitic layer, and is remarkable for its poverty in limestones, while the comparatively large development of the latter during the carboniferous, mesozoic, and cainozoic periods may be ascribed to the large percentages of lime furnished by the basic layer, which was then making itself felt more and more at the surface. The granitic rocks, moreover, must be very thin as compared with the earth's radius, for if at the present day they were sunk sufficiently deep to be heated up to their fusing points in the earth they would more often be found among volcanic ejecta. There are no means of estimating the thickness of the basic layer. These deductions from M. Durocher's admirable essay may be assumed to be true in proportion as they explain the complicated phenomena presented by the igneous rocks. It is not too much to say that his theory reduces the chaos which is to be found in all geological manuals, except that of Professor Haughton, to an admirable Cosmos.

But our knowledge of the interior of the earth does not stop here. There is reason for the belief that under the heavy basic matter there are those elemental substances which are either sparingly or never found in a state of combination in either of the two layers of igneous rock, such as arsenic, antimony, selenium, gold, copper, and the heavy metals, which occur in a great many of our mines uncombined with a particle of oxygen. "The metallic ores," writes Professor Haughton, "whatever be the condition in which they are found in our mines, originally came from below sublimed from the interior of the earth as sulphur salts." The fact that mineral veins occur both in siliceous and basic rocks, in such a manner as to show that they are of later origin than either, points also in the same direction. The process may still be studied at the crater of any active volcano. The high specific gravity also of the earth tends strongly to corroborate this inference, for it is more than twice as great as either of

the two kinds of igneous rocks; and when we take into consideration the comparatively low specific gravities of the latter, of water, and of the sedimentary rocks which are included in the estimate of 5.5 of the whole mass, it follows of necessity that the subjacent matter must be specifically heavier than 5.5. How much heavier we do not know, because of our ignorance of the thickness of the siliceous and basic layers; but it may fairly be assumed to be at least as heavy as the heavy bases and metals that range from 6.0 and upwards. Sir William Thomson throws out a speculation that it consists of a mass of magnetic iron, like that of some of the meteorites.

This evidence which we have adduced as to the ancient physical condition of the earth, is wholly inconsistent with the uniformitarian doctrine, because it points back to a time when the condition of the earth differed from that which it now presents. The arrangement according to density implies not only the igneous origin of the earth, but that in the time of its being in a molten state down to the present day it has been gradually cooling. The ignoring of this change of state constitutes, as Professor Huxley writes, the logical weakness of the uniformitarian doctrine. And just in proportion as the evidence is incompatible with the latter doctrine does it agree with Evolutionism, of which the chief corner-stone is the recognition of a change of state. The evidence points to change in a definite direction, it traces back the history of this earth to a time before the present order of things had been instituted, to a time before the molten sphere was cooled sufficiently to admit of the detrital action of water or of its accumulation in rivers, lakes, and seas.

Can we trace the earth's history further back than this? Are we justified in looking on our orb as a thing *sui generis*, united by no links with its fellow wanderers in space? If so, then we can never hope to gain any other idea of its early condition than that which has been sketched out. Fortunately the united labors of the chemist and the astronomer show that it is united with the planets and meteorites by a bond of the closest possible kind. Its present outward conditions now have been prov-

ed by Professor Phillips and others to be repeated in a most remarkable way in the planet Mars. The Martial surface is diversified by sea and land, and even is subject to the same climatal changes as our own. As the winter comes on the snows gradually creep over the ruddy surface towards the equator, until they cover an area round the poles extending as far as the forty-fifth degree of latitude with a shining mantle of white. When the spring comes round they retreat again, until at midsummer they form an arctic barrier extending ten degrees round the poles. Mars therefore has a polar and a temperate region, and probably also an equatorial, just like that which we enjoy. It presents precisely the same phenomena to our eyes that would be seen were an observer on its surface to direct his telescope at our earth. We are therefore justified in concluding that in all essential features Mars is a mere repetition of the earth. So far as heat and cold, summer and winter, land and water, and atmospheric conditions generally are concerned, there is every reason for believing that it is as fitted for the maintenance of life as our own planet. Unfortunately the rest of the planets are so concealed by thick cloud-envelopes that their true surfaces cannot be determined, but they have been proved by the researches of Father Secchi and M. Jannsen to possess atmospheres containing aqueous vapor. It is, then, by no mere guess-work that the earth is brought into correlation with other planets, but by the testimony of our own eyes. The singular identity of outward condition in the only planet in which the external surface can be properly examined, implies an affinity not only with it, but with the others. To suppose that the resemblance is a mere accident is to ignore the reign of law.

The meteoric evidence also is of the highest value in the correlation of the earth with extra-terrestrial matter. The astronomical discoveries of modern days have increased the number of planets from seven to eighty-eight.

"The smallest of these" (Mr. Grove writes \*) "is only twenty or thirty miles in diameter, indeed, cannot be accurately mea-

sured, and if we were to apply the same scrutiny to other parts of the heavens as has been applied to the zone between Mars and Jupiter, it is no far-fetched speculation to suppose that, in addition to asteroids and meteorites, many other bodies exist until the space occupied by our solar system becomes filled up with planetary bodies varying in size from that of Jupiter (1,240 times larger in volume than the earth) to that of a cannon-ball, or even a pistol-bullet."

And as from time to time some of these smaller bodies become drawn within the influence of the earth's attraction, and fall to the ground as meteorites, we have the means of judging by chemical analysis of the constitution of what may be called planetary matter. It has long been known that they have never yielded any new elemental substance, and that they revolve round the sun in a cold state, the thin glaze on their surfaces being derived from the enormous friction which they undergo when they penetrate the earth's atmosphere. We are indebted to M. Daubr  e for the admirable manner in which they have been classified, and in which their evidence has been brought to bear on our earth's structure. They consist of nickeliferous iron, combined with various proportions of stony matter; sometimes the iron is perfectly pure, and capable of being turned to the ordinary purposes of manufacture, at others it is represented by an extremely small percentage in combination with sulphur or oxygen. The number of meteoric elements, established by the results of more than one hundred analyses, amounts altogether to twenty-seven, or to considerably more than one-third of those discovered in the earth, and these are for the most part abundant. Oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and chlorine, iron, magnesium, lithium, silicium, manganese, aluminum, potassium, sodium, calcium, sulphur and carbon, nickel, zinc, copper, arsenic, phosphorus, antimony, lead, and tin, are common terrestrial substances. Of the remaining four, cobalt, chromium, titanium, and selenium, the latter is the only one rarely met with on our earth, and it has been furnished only by the meteorite that fell at Bitbourg. If an equal weight of the earth's crust taken at haphazard were analyzed, it would hardly furnish a longer list of elements than this.

\* Correlation and Continuity, 1867.



But the meteorites have a yet stronger bond of union with the earth than that of a mere elemental identity. They present precisely similar combinations of the elements to the number of over forty. The beautiful iridescent Labrador spar, for instance, is comparatively abundant. Serpentine also exists similar to that of Cornwall, and gypsum, while, if we believe in the doctrine of final causation, we may add sal-ammoniac for those that faint, and Epsom salts for those that require them. M. Daubrée has even succeeded in manufacturing meteoric matter from melted rock of the basic layer. His experiments show that they were consolidated in an atmosphere containing very little oxygen, since the oxides are but rarely met with; and thus he accounts for the large percentage of metallic iron, which in our earth is represented by the almost universally distributed oxide. This poverty of oxygen exists also in the heavy or basic layer of crystalline rocks.

The specific gravities also of meteorites illustrate forcibly those presented by the earth, for those which contain a large percentage of alumina have a density of 3.0, which corresponds very nearly with one of the heavier basic rocks (lherzolite), while those which contain large percentages of the unoxidized metals range from 6.5 to 8. Thus the latter present a density nearly identical with that which from our previous argument has been assigned to the unoxidized terrestrial nucleus. Indeed, it is only reasonable to infer that the heavy meteorites are fair samples of the earth's nucleus, since the lighter ones represent exactly some varieties of the basic layer above. In a word, some meteorites repeat so remarkably the structure of some terrestrial rocks, that no hard and fast line can be drawn between them. Moreover, there is a greater elemental difference to be observed between some meteorites and others, than between their whole mass and the earth. And therefore we may fairly conclude that both were formed out of the same elementary matter, which in the former has become perfectly cold, while in the latter it is gradually cooling. This view of M. Daubrée's has been accepted in this country by no less authorities than Professor Warrington Smythe and Mr. Grove.

We will now pass on to the investigation of extra-terrestrial matter in a state of combustion, by the aid of spectrum analysis, by which "two German philosophers quietly working in their laboratories at Heidelberg" have obtained results almost challenging belief from their novelty and wonder. The light of sun, stars, nebulae, and comets is made to unfold the constitution of the bodies whence it emanates. "It does indeed appear marvellous," says Professor Roscoe, "that we are now able to state with certainty, as the logical sequence of exact observations, that bodies common enough on this earth are present in the atmosphere of the sun at a distance of ninety-one millions of miles, and still more extraordinary, that in the stars the existence of such metals as iron and sodium should be ascertained beyond a doubt." Truth in this case, as in many others, is stranger than the wildest fiction. For a clear and attractive account of spectrum analysis we would refer to Professor Roscoe's work, above quoted, which consists of six lectures delivered in 1868 before the Society of Apothecaries, together with appendices that almost exhaust the subject. The history of the discovery of this remarkable means of acquiring knowledge of matter dates as far back as the year 1675, when Sir Isaac Newton succeeded in decomposing light into the six colors of the spectrum by passing it through a round hole in a shutter and a triangular prism of glass. In the beginning of this century, Dr. Wollaston modified the experiment by making the light pass through a fine slit instead of a round hole, and was consequently enabled to detect the fine black lines in the solar spectrum, which have led to such wonderful discoveries during the last ten years. The careful examination of these lines was the work of a German optician, Fraunhofer, by whom no less than five hundred and seventy-six were mapped in 1814. Their presence in every kind of sunlight, whether reflected as in the moon and planets or not, and their fixity of position in the spectrum, was ascertained by that acute philosopher.

"Another important observation was made by Fraunhofer, namely, that the light from the fixed stars, which are self-luminous, also contains dark lines, but different lines from

those which characterize the sunlight, the light of the planets, and that of the moon; and hence, in 1814, Fraunhofer came to this remarkable conclusion: that whatever produced these dark lines—and he had no idea of the cause—was something which was acting beyond and outside our atmosphere, and not anything produced by the sunlight passing through the air. This conclusion of Fraunhofer has been borne out by subsequent investigation, and the observations upon which it was based may truly be said to have laid the foundation-stone of solar and stellar chemistry." (*Roscoe's Spectrum*.)

While these discoveries were being made in the spectra of the sun and stars, there was a corresponding advance in the knowledge of those of different terrestrial substances. Thomas Melville in 1752 first observed the yellow flame of sodium, while Sir John Herschel, after investigating the spectra of many colored flames, wrote in 1827, "that the colors thus contributed by different objects to flame afford in many cases a ready and neat way of detecting extremely minute quantities of them." Fox Talbot, a name eminent in the annals of photography, describes the spectrum of the red fire of the theatres as being possessed of "many light lines or maxima of light." He then goes on to say that there are marked differences between the red, orange, yellow, and green fire, and throws out the probability "that a glance at the prismatic spectrum of a flame might show it to contain certain substances which would otherwise require a laborious chemical analysis to detect." He followed up the inquiry, and in 1836, after pointing out the differences between the spectra of lithium and strontium, he wrote, "that optical analysis can distinguish the minutest portion of these two substances from each other with as much certainty, if not more, than any known method." Faraday's discovery that the electric spark "consists solely of the material particles of the poles and the medium through which it passes," was used by Sir Charles Wheatstone in 1834 for producing the spectra of incandescent metals; he was the first to attempt to represent them in a map. In 1845 Professor William Allen Miller experimented on the spectra of colored flames produced by the metals of the alkaline earths, and represented his results by diagrams which approxi-

mated closely to the great discovery which Professors Bunsen and Kirchhoff arrived at in 1861; he would have anticipated the latter had he not used a luminous flame. Twelve years after this, Professor Swan pointed out the characteristic of the soda flame, and discovered the great sensitiveness of the sodium reaction, which had led previous observers astray, because they could not believe in the almost universal distribution of that element.

"There is not a speck of dust," writes Professor Roscoe, "or a mote in the sunbeam, which does not contain chloride of sodium. Sodium is a prevailing element in the atmosphere; we are constantly breathing in portions of this elementary substance together with the air which we inhale. Two-thirds of the earth's surface is covered with salt water, and the fine spray which is continually being carried up into the air evaporates, leaving the minute specks of salt which we see dancing in the sunbeam. If I clap my hands, or if I shake my coat, or if I knock this dusty book, I think you will observe that this flame becomes yellow. This is not because it is the hand or coat of a chemist, but simply because the dust which everybody carries about with him is mixed with sodium compounds. If I place in the colorless flame this piece of platinum wire, which has been lying on the table for a few minutes, since I heated it red hot, you see there is sodium in it; there, we have for one moment the glimpse of a yellow flame. If I heat the wire in the flame the sodium salts will all volatilize, and the yellow flame will quite disappear; but if I now draw this wire once through my fingers, you observe the sodium flame will on heating again appear. If I heat it again and draw it through my mouth, it will be evident that the saliva contains a very considerable quantity of sodium salts. If I leave the wire exposed here, tied round this rod, so that the end does not touch anything, for ten minutes or a quarter-of-an-hour, I shall obtain the sodium reaction again, even if the wire be now perfectly free. This is because sodium salts pervade the atmosphere, and some particles of sodium dust flying about in the air of the room settle on the wire, and show their presence in the flame."

Thus it was that the value of the bright lines in the different spectra in chemical analysis gradually became realized, until in 1860 Professor Bunsen employed them in his memorable discovery of two new elements—cesium and rubidium.

"Shortly after he made his first experiments on the subject of spectrum analysis, Bunsen

happened to be examining the alkalies left from the evaporation of a large quantity of mineral water from Dürkheim in the Palatinate. Having separated out all other bodies he took some of these alkalies, and found, by examining by the spectroscope the flame which this particular salt or mixture of salts gave off, that some bright lines were visible which he had never observed before, and which he knew were not produced either by potash or soda. So much reliance did he place in this new method of spectrum analysis that he at once set to work to evaporate so large a quantity as forty-four tons of this water in which these new metals, which he termed *cæsium* and *rubidium*, were contained in extremely minute quantities.

"In short, he succeeded in detecting and separating the two new alkaline substances from all other bodies, and the complete examination of the properties of their compounds which he made with the very small quantity at his disposal remains a permanent monument of the skill of this great chemist. Both these metals occur in the water of the Dürkheim springs. I have here the numbers giving Bunsen's analysis, in thousand parts, of the mineral water of Dürkheim and Baden-Baden.

"The quantity of the new substance contained in the water from the Dürkheim springs is excessively small, amounting in one ton to about 3 grains of the chloride of *cæsium* and about 4 grains of the chloride of *rubidium*; whilst in the Baden-Baden spring we have only traces of the *cæsium* chloride, and a still smaller quantity than in the other spring of the *rubidium* chloride. From the forty-four tons of water which he evaporated down Bunsen obtained only about 200 grains of the mixed metals."

The delicacy of this kind of test was firmly established by this wonderful result. Two years previously its importance as a means of recognizing extra-terrestrial matter was shown by the great physicist, Kirschhoff. "So long ago as 1814 Fraunhofer discovered that the dark lines in the sunlight were coincident with the bright sodium lines. The fact of the coincidence of these lines is easily rendered visible if the solar spectrum is allowed to fall into the upper half of the field of our telescope, while the sodium spectrum occupies the lower half. The bright lines produced by the metal, as fine as the finest spider's web, are then seen to be exact prolongations, as it were, of the corresponding solar lines."

These facts, however, remained altogether barren of consequences, so far as regards the explanation of the phenome-

na, except to the bold minds of Angström, Stokes, and William Thomson; the last two of whom, combining the facts with an ill-understood experiment of Foucault's made in 1849, foresaw the conclusion to which they must lead, and expressed an opinion which subsequent investigations have fully borne out. Clear light was, however, thrown upon the subject by Kirschhoff in the autumn of 1859. Wishing to test the accuracy of this asserted coincidence of the bright sodium line and the dark solar lines with his very delicate instrument, Professor Kirschhoff made the following very remarkable experiment, which is memorable as giving the key to the solution of the problem concerning the presence of sodium and other metals in the sun:—

"In order," says Kirschhoff, for I will now give his own words, "to test in the most direct manner possible the frequently asserted fact of the coincidence of the sodium lines with the lines *D*, I obtained a tolerably bright solar spectrum, and brought a flame colored by sodium vapors in front of the slit. I then saw the dark lines *D* change into bright ones. The flame of a Bunsen's lamp threw the bright sodium lines upon the solar spectrum with unexpected brilliancy. In order to find out the extent to which the intensity of the solar spectrum could be increased without impairing the distinctness of the sodium lines, I allowed the full sunlight to shine through the sodium flame, and to my astonishment I saw that the dark lines *D* appeared with an extraordinary degree of clearness. I then exchanged the sunlight for the Drummond's or oxyhydrogen lime-light, which, like that of all incandescent solid or liquid bodies, gives a spectrum containing no dark lines. When this light was allowed to fall through a suitable flame colored by common salt, dark lines were seen in the spectrum in the position of the sodium lines. The same phenomenon was observed if, instead of the incandescent lime, a platinum wire was used, which being heated in a flame was brought to a temperature near its melting point by passing an electric current through it. The phenomenon in question is easily explained upon the supposition that the sodium flame absorbs rays of the same degree of refrangibility as those it emits, whilst it is perfectly transparent for all other rays."

Thus it was that the problem of the dark lines in the solar spectrum was solved. The delicacy with which Bunsen detected the infinitely small quantities of strange elements in the spring of Dürkheim was subsequently brought to bear on the analysis of the heavenly

bodies by Huggins, Norman, Lockyer, Dr. Miller, and others.\* The discovery was the result of co-operation, and the fruit of the seed sown by Sir Isaac Newton. By its means we can acquire a knowledge of the condition of matter at the most stupendous distances from our earth. The sun will first of all engage our attention.

Whence spring the light and the heat of the great centre of our system, the life-sustainer, our fount of energy, our glorious sun? The wonderful results of spectrum analysis coupled with the progress of astronomical inquiries during the last few years yield no doubtful or hesitating answer. The sun is proved to be a great fiery globe surrounded by an atmosphere of intensely heated gases and vapors that are continually rising or falling like our clouds, according to their change of temperature. The willow leaf-shaped bodies which constitute the dazzling envelope or photosphere are probably foreshortened views of such clouds. During the last total eclipse the red flames, which flare out in some cases as much as from seventy to ninety thousand miles in height above the photosphere, were found to consist of burning hydrogen. The photosphere itself has yielded on analysis no less than thirteen of the elements—namely, hydrogen, sodium, magnesium, calcium, titanium, chromium, manganese, iron, nickel, cobalt, copper, zinc, and behrium, to pass over others of which there is some doubt. Whether carbon, oxygen, or nitrogen can be added must remain doubtful, according to Dr. Angström and Professor Roscoe, because these constituents of our atmosphere yield a spectrum that is not visible “even between the carbon poles of a battery of fifty cells.” Every one of these elements has been found in the meteorites as well as in the earth. That is to say, that the matter from which our light and heat proceed in the sun is identical with that which falls to the earth cold and solid in the meteorite. There is also another important fact to be noted—that in the sun the elements seem to be arranged according to their vapor densities. The red flaming hydrogen, for instance, far

outreaches the atmosphere of the other gases, and apparently does not obey the law of gaseous diffusion which is invariable on the earth. This may possibly be brought about by the intensely heated state of the solar elements.

From this brief sketch of the sun all details foreign to the present argument are omitted, such as the different layers of luminous vapor, the solar spots, and the wonderful fiery storms that sweep over the photosphere more swiftly than the wildest terrestrial hurricane. The two facts which have a most important bearing on the ancient history of the earth are that the solar elements are identical with the terrestrial and the meteoric, and that the sun gives light and heat literally because it is on fire. Now we have adduced geological evidence that the earth was at one time molten; is it unfair to illustrate its history from its elemental identity with the sun? May we not look upon it as having passed through precisely the same stage of being as the sun, and as having been a centre of light and heat to its tributary satellites? The analogy rises almost to the dignity of an induction. On the one hand, geology points to a molten globe, which from its very heat must have been clothed with the gases of the metals and other elements not now found in our atmosphere; on the other, astronomy and chemistry show us a globe composed so far as we know it of terrestrial elements, incandescent, and a centre of light and heat. To put the two ideas together seems to us to be no forced union; they are the elements of a concept that transgresses no known physical law, and that agrees with every chemical, astronomical, and geological fact that has a bearing on the question.

If this view be accepted we must look upon the sun as picturing to our eyes what may be called the sun-stage in the genesis of the earth, and we may consider that the present state of the earth is in some degree prophetic of the time when the solar light will be quenched, and its superficial heat so reduced as to admit of those chemical combinations now common on the earth—prophetic of a time when the molten surface will become solid, the fiery clouds be replaced by aqueous vapor, and rain, river, and sea gradually cover up the ig-

\* Philos. Trans., 1861–9. Proceed. Roy. Soc., 1861–9.

neous crystalline surface with sedimentary rocks, and the earth-stage of development be initiated. This argument from sun to earth and earth to sun is founded on premises which are admitted on all sides to be true, while they are scattered through the pages of various writers; they can scarcely be termed false when they are placed side by side and compared. The conclusion is altogether inconsistent with the teaching of the uniformitarians that the only key to the past history of the earth is afforded by its present condition. They expect too much when they tell us to shut our eyes to the truths of astronomy and physics.

The stars also have been proved by spectrum analysis to be constituted very much as our sun, each consisting of "a white hot nucleus giving off a continuous spectrum, surrounded by an incandescent atmosphere in which exist the absorbent vapors of the particular metals." In the star Aldebaran nine elements have been detected by Mr. Huggins and Dr. Miller—hydrogen, sodium, magnesium, calcium, iron, antimony, mercury, bismuth, and tellurium. It is worthy of note that these three latter have not been detected in the sun. In most of the other stars hydrogen has been discovered, and to its conflagration was owing the sudden splendor of a small star in the Northern Crown, which blazed out in 1866, and as suddenly relapsed into its normal insignificance. The nebulae consist, some of gaseous matter containing hydrogen and nitrogen, while others give a continuous spectrum which implies that they are composed of solid matter.

In fine, the inevitable conclusion derived from the study of the heavenly bodies—of sun, earth, stars, meteorites, and nebulae—is that the immeasurable space is full of matter of the same kind, but aggregated in different fashions; sometimes being gaseous, at other times solid, sometimes in a state of the most intense heat, at other times cooled sufficiently to admit of the presence of life, as in the earth and Mars, or lastly cold, barren, and lifeless, as in the meteorites. Whether the gaseous condition of matter preceded in any particular case the solid we cannot tell. So far as our earth is concerned, the only idea that we can

grasp of its origin is that it was a fiery body like the sun, and that it has been gradually cooling from that time down to the present day. This realization of a steady change is the fundamental doctrine of Evolutionism.

Moreover, if we have sufficient hardihood with Sir William Thomson to look out into the earth's future, the rate of its present loss of heat by radiation implies that the time will arrive, when, like a meteorite, it will become cold to its very core, and when life will cease to be found upon it on account of the low temperature; provided that no collisions with other bodies happen to restore the heat which has been lost. And this exception leads to a mystery. Arrested motion, as Mr. Grove showed long ago, takes the form of light and heat. The motion of the train is visible in the sparks that fly from the break, and the impact of a cannon-ball on an iron target is seen in the dazzling flash, and felt in the heat of both ball and target. In like manner the heat and light of the sun are supposed by Sir William Thomson to have originated in the arrested motion of cosmical bodies which have fallen into it, and are considered by Dr. Meyer and other eminent physicists to be maintained by the constant gravitation into it of asteroids, meteorites, and planets.

"If the planet Mercury" (writes Professor Tyndall) "were to strike the sun, the quantity of heat generated would cover the solar emission for nearly seven years; while the shock of Jupiter would cover the loss of 32,240 years; our earth would furnish a supply for 95 years."

Whether this mode of accounting for the solar heat be accepted or not, it is absolutely certain that all planetary matter is inevitably gravitating towards the sun, which will be the common bourne of our system. "As surely," eloquently writes Sir William Thomson, "as the weights of a clock run down to their lowest position, from which they can never rise again, unless fresh energy is communicated to them from some source not yet exhausted, so surely must planet after planet creep in, age by age, towards the sun;" not one can escape its fiery end. In like manner the satellites of the planets must inevitably fall into their respective planets.

As then it has been proved by geolo-

gy that our earth had a fiery beginning, so it is shown by an appeal to the law of gravitation that it will have a fiery end. Nor are we justified in viewing this as a never-ending cycle of change, or as a kind of phœnix life. For if we believe that the sun—the immediate goal of our planetary system—derives its light and heat from the impact of cosmical bodies, there must come a time when it will absorb all these into its own mass, unless we suppose with Kant that fresh matter be eternally drawn within the influence of its attraction, or, in other words, that the “Kosmos of our own system is continually being enlarged at the expense of Chaos,”—a supposition that is full of poetry, but not based on any known facts. When this comes to pass it must inevitably gradually lose its light and gradually pass into the earth-stage of development. In all this a progress is clearly shown. The earth passed from the incandescent into the habitable state, and will have its individuality annihilated by falling into the sun, and the same fate

will ultimately overtake the sun if it be true that it also is revolving round some enormously distant centre of attraction.

Such as these are the results of modern inquiry in widely diverse fields, in physics, astronomy, and geology. They prove that the earth is united by the closest bonds to the heavenly bodies, and that terrestrial change is one in a definite direction, in a straight line, so to speak, and not in a circle. We have thrown aside all speculative cosmogony and reduced the reasoning as far as possible to the law of a rigid induction. The facts adduced confirm most remarkably the truth of the doctrine of evolution first taught by the great philosopher Kant, and held by some of the ablest thinkers of the present day. It is impossible, in the face of rapidly increasing discoveries in spectrum analysis, any longer to shut our eyes to the condition of extra-terrestrial matter, in considering the past, and the probable future of the earth.

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Cornhill Magazine.

#### THE BARBAROSSA LEGEND.

IN that special kind of German folklore, which is of a half mythical, half political character, Frederick the Redbeard plays the most prominent part. We come across him in local traditions, in popular poems, in national harangues, now and then even in parliamentary discourses, or in newspaper articles. Only quite recently he made his spectral apparition in a speech of Baron Weichs in the Austrian Reichsrath. Shortly before, it had been said in the Prussian House of Deputies, that the fall of German unity dated from the end of the Imperial Hohenstaufen race, to which Frederick Barbarossa belonged, and that German history, which had gone astray since then, ought to be resumed at that particular point.

The legend itself is, in its essence, well known all over the world. The great German king and emperor has never in reality died, but only withdrawn into the Kyffhäuser mountain: there he sits, in a crystal cave, at a marble table of snowy whiteness, surrounded

by his knights—their horses being ready saddled. The whole company are asleep—in a trance—enchanted. Every hundred years the red-bearded prince awakes, and then asks a dwarf, who acts as a page, whether the ravens still fly around the mountain? If the dwarf comes back with the unwelcome message that they still do, Barbarossa and his men again fall asleep for another hundred years. At last, however, the ravens will cease to encircle the hill: he will come out of his magic abode, when he will restore the greatness, power, and welfare of Germany after a bloody battle, in which hosts of her foes will fall.

This story is in keeping with a much-prevailing notion about the whole House of Hohenstaufen. The epoch in which successive rulers of that name held sway in Germany, and over the “Roman Empire” at large, has been designated as the Political Romance of the Middle Ages, as the Epic of our Imperial annals. And, indeed, there has been no lack of dramatic development, of tragic gran-

deur, of lustre and terror, of stirring contrasts between attempts at vast dominion and a precipitate fall, during the deeply-agitated time from Konrad III. to Konradin. Even as a glittering sword flashes forth from the darkness of night, so—in the words of Zimmermann—the Hohenstaufen race broke with startling brilliancy into our German history. Originally an insignificant family of “adalings,”\* they, with giant steps, strode up to the summit of dazzling power. Their rule, from beginning to end, was an incessant glistening of the brandished glaive. And in the flash of the executioner’s axe, on the block at Naples, their trace suddenly vanishes—the whole constituting a true tragedy, of soul-moving effect, which only has not yet found its proper poet.

“Heroes” the Hohenstaufen have been called. But heroes of the rising spirit of their time they certainly were not, as the same Suabian historian observes. From the strong root of their power, from Germany, they tore themselves away, slaughtering German right and freedom at the altar of their Italian ambition, and attacking the free cities of Lombardy with a fierce cruelty that sickens the eye and the heart. Nor can it be said even in mitigation, that through their warlike despotism they, at least, upheld the unity of their own nation against the foes which internally undermined it. On the contrary, their unbridled ambition, which continually drove them to seek fields of glory abroad, had the effect of weakening the central authority at home in its dealings with those local governors, whose never-ending, and, at last, successful, rebellion finally led to the establishment of a medley of sovereign dynasties, in the place of a United Empire served by officials removable at will. The Hohenstaufen policy, in fact, was the cause of the later disruption of our national union. The Kaiser had to buy the military aid, which he so frequently required for his expeditions abroad, by concessions of sovereign privileges to his subordinate officials—the dukes and princes. The very foundation of Austria as a distinct country, whose ruler should not be amenable any longer to the strict control of the German king and Kaiser, is traceable to such

a mistaken act of Frederick Barbarossa. Most unjustly, therefore, is he considered the very representative of German unity.

Friends of art and poetry the Hohenstaufen were. They also had, each in his own way, great personal gifts. Bold warriors; some of them *minnesänger*, or troubadours; or inclined towards science and the intellectual enlightenment that flows from it, they yet, with scarcely an exception, were of a despotic temperament. One of the harshest was the famous Redbeard. He had the full *Junker* and tyrant vein. Without being remarkably pious, he yet delivered over that good reformer, Arnold of Brescia, to the Pope, who put him to the stake. The smell of the burnt human flesh was yet in the air when Barbarossa entered Rome, to be crowned emperor by the Pope, Hadrian IV. The towns, the peasantry, had no favor from that German emperor. His notions about his regal power were more than Cæsarean—they have a tinge of the Tartar. When the banner of freedom of the city of Milan was lowered before him, and the unhappy citizens were prostrated at his feet, with ropes round their necks, tears came into the eyes of all those present, at such humiliation of brave men. The Kaiser alone showed a face like a flint: “*sed solus imperator faciem suam firmavit, ut petram.*” He was an enemy of the people, this glorious, but at last doubly-defeated, Cæsar. It is true, towards the end of his prolonged and checkered rule, he made his peace with the Lombard League of Free Cities, and even expressed deep regret for what he had done. That was shortly before his decease. In Asia Minor, on a crusade, he met with his death (1190) in a manner not quite cleared up. Then the ever-busy Saga wove its veil over his memory, transfiguring him to such an extent as to make historical truth well-nigh vanish entirely from this new conception of his character.

Now, it may well be asked: how is it that this arbitrary, in many of his acts rather barbarous, often triumphant, but at last totally and deservedly humiliated warrior-king, who, during a long lifetime, had proved so bitter a foe to the popular classes in town and country, has, after all, been converted, by legend, into a very favorite, darling hero, and future national saviour, of the German nation?

For nearly forty years had the Red-

\* Noblemen.

beard stood at the head of our empire. His figure, therefore, necessarily made a deep impress on his epoch. Even in a bodily sense he was somewhat apt to captivate the people's imagination, if his court writers, who depict him to the very detail of his ears and teeth, have told the truth. They describe him as above the common height, of graceful build and noble deportment. They speak of the lustre of his reddish hair—(which, by the by, he wore short, not in waving locks, such as our painters erroneously attribute to him);—of the terrible glare of his blue eyes, comparable to the lightning of Heaven; of the dazzling whiteness of his skin, reminding one of the Alpine snow in the glow of the glaciers! It will be seen from this that the scribes laid it on thick; and Frederick was not the man to stop them in their ardor.

Yet, however strong the mark may have been which Barbarossa's image made on his contemporaries, and on the following generations, the question still remains,—How could such an enemy of the people, with all his heroics, be turned into a representative of popular aspirations? Why was he chosen to typify the Sleeping Deliverer?

Some may answer that the memory of Frederick I. had become purified, cleansed, as it were, by his later confession of repentance. Others may say that the world of aristocratic chivalry, combined with the influence of the priesthood to whom he had at last become reconciled, had done their best to give the convenient myth a popular currency. All that is, however, not a sufficient explanation. To arrive at a full understanding we must dig deeper. We must try to find the strong roots from which such fables sprout up and burst forth ever and anon, and show the process of transfiguration which they invariably go through, on having attained a certain stage.

First, then, the following facts and principles ought to be kept in mind:—The Redbeard myth is by no means so exact, rounded off, and clearly circumscribed, as one would suppose, for instance, from Rückert's poem. Its contents are *not* identified with a single individual hero. That Saga is rather a poetical transmutation of ancient Germanic religious creeds and attempts at an explanation of the phenomena of na-

ture; and the strangest bits of oriental mythic lore have gradually become interwoven with it.

"We have then"—some will say—"a *quid pro quo* before us?"

To this I can only reply in the affirmative.

Yes, paradoxical as it may seem at the first glance,—the emperor who dreams in the mountain-cave, who has never died, and who is surrounded by crystal splendor, is nothing else than the human transformation of the All-Father Wodan. The tale of the "Wild Hunter," and of the "*Wuthende Heer*," is equally to be traced back to Wodan; and, in a great measure, the vast and winding currents of that strange myth commingle with the not less fantastic course of the Redbeard legend. Not Barbarossa alone, but other Germanic heroes and leaders also, were "enmoun-tained," if I may say so, by popular fiction. Nay, extraordinary, or even ridiculous, as it may sound, there is yet no doubt for the inquirer that Barbarossa in the Kyffhäuser, that the Rodensteiner who dwells in a hill of the Odenwald, that the Schnellert's Spirit, ay, that the Rat-catcher of Hameln, known to the general reader of German literature from Goethe's poem, and that the very bogies of the Christmas time—Knecht Ruprecht, Niklas, and Pelzmärtel—are, after all, the same figure, only in different costumes. If that can be proved, the Barbarossa myth certainly loses very much, though not everything, of its *political* significance. Through centuries, through thousands of years, the materials of Sagas remain essentially the same. The ever-weaving hand of fiction only seeks for new garnish, with which to edge, lace, and border out the familiar garment. Fresh colors are added, fresh adornment wrought into it; but its basis remains unchanged. Thus it preserves the charm of time-honored remembrances, and still appears attractive to each succeeding generation.

When we look at the old Germanic tale-treasure and endeavor to reduce its contents to the simplest elements—even as we do with a language, when trying to get at its roots—one experiences a feeling as if seeing, in remote antiquity, lofty trees growing up from a few germs, trees which, like unto those of



the virgin forest, lower their branches earthwards—striking root once more, so to say, from above: then rise again with firm stem, spreading their boughs—until at last an impenetrable thicket is created, an entangled, labyrinthine wood, in which tree interlaces and grows out from tree, and the very soil seems gnarled, knotted, and fibrous, whilst the thick roof of leaves shuts out every ray of light.

Thus it is with sagas and tales. From Asia a forest of popular legends has spread over Europe, which all curiously hold and interlace each other. Tales which at present have only a place in the nursery, or are yet narrated in a lonely village—by the side of the spinning-wheel, before the flickering fire, when nature seems entranced in a weird winter sleep,—were once a part of glorious hero-sagas, of ambitious religious systems, of heathen creation-stories, of ancient attempts at a philosophical or physical explanation of this wondrous world. That which a superficial half-culture formerly derided as mere boorish nonsense can in this way be followed into Indian or Egyptian antiquity, and sometimes suddenly comes back upon us in the legends of the Red-skins on the other side of the ocean. But I have to furnish the proof of the Barbarossa legend being only a transformation of older tales and mythologies.

So far from his being alone spirited away into a mountain hollow, the same was fabled, before him, of Charlemagne, who is said to sit enchanted in the Desenberg, near Warburg; or in a hill near the Weser; in the Spessart; in the Donnersberg; in the Untersberg, and elsewhere. He, too, was to break forth one day from his subterranean dwelling-place as a great leader of battle. The same tale was told of our Henry I. of Germany, who was said to be enmounded near Goslar, and of our Otto the Great, to whom the Kyffhäuser itself was ascribed as his spectral abode. Later, the legend substituted Friedrich the Hohenstaufen for those earlier German kings and emperors. Now the Redbeard was conjured away into the Kyffhäuser; another myth placed him in the Untersberg, one of the legendary haunts of the Franconian Karl the Great.

The doubts about the manner in

which Frederick had found his death in the river Seleph—whether it was during a bath, or in riding through it; whether he was drowned, or died a few days after an injudicious plunge into the cooling water,—together with the fact of his having disappeared in the far East, where fables seem to grow wild—contributed certainly much to his name being chosen as a graft on the old mythic stem. The mystery that hung round his decease made him a fit subject for fiction.

Some particular traits of the Barbarossa legend are clearly derived from the East. There is an Asiatic tradition of the fourteenth century, which said that the dominion of the world would once fall to a Prince who could succeed in hanging up his buckler on a certain withered tree. The Tartars related that this tree stood in Tauris—in the Crimea. Other Oriental nations mentioned the Mamre Wood as the place. I may observe, in passing, that this myth has some vague affinity to the ancient Greek tale of the Golden Fleece, which hangs on a tree in a sacred wood, and the conquest of which was to bring glory, riches, and power of dominion.

Now, of Frederick I. of Germany it was fabled that if his beard had reached, in growing, the third corner of the table, an immense change would occur in the world. On the Walser field a great battle would be fought; there a withered tree would stand, on which the Redbeard was to hang up his buckler: thus the victory would be gained, and Germany's dominion would be founded.

Hence it is proved already that Frederick is neither the only mythic figure of this kind, nor the tale itself of exclusively German origin.

Another Barbarossa legend has it that the battle on the Walser field is to herald in the world's end—so to say, a *Götter-Dämmerung*. The bad are slain by the virtuous; Truth and Right obtain the mastery. The political meaning of the myth here disappears entirely. The great carnage which is to take place has a religious significance. The form of this particular saga has a Christian aspect; but its ancient heathen contents may be easily peeled out from it, even as in the *Nibelungen-Lied* the old Ger-

manic heathens may, without difficulty, be recognized under similar garb.

Popular fiction has not stood still after Frederick in its transmuting procedures. About four centuries after him, Charles V., certainly not an emperor of very patriotic German character—he could not even properly converse in German; the Spaniards said he was defective also in Spanish!—was similarly drawn into the poetic cauldron. Down to quite recent times the peasantry in Upper Hesse related of him that he had fought a great battle and been victorious; in the evening a rock opened, taking in Karl and his army, and then closing once more its walls. There the Emperor sleeps now in the mountain. Every seven years he issues forth with his men in ghost-like array: a storm is heard whizzing through the air, together with the neighing of horses and the clatter of hoofs; after the spirit procession is over, the Wild Chase returns to the mountain.

Now this Charles V., besides being very little of a true German, had given the peasantry small cause for liking him particularly. Under his government occurred that terrible overthrow of the so-called "Peasants' War," which ended with the application of the most frightful punishments and tortures to the defeated insurgents. They were strung up like so many braces of birds, or quartered, or put to death with red-hot irons, the flesh being taken from them piece-meal; or their bodies were ripped up, and their bowels taken out, whilst the whip was applied to the lacerated and howling forms of suffering humanity. And yet the legend of the peasantry transfigured even the Emperor under whom all this happened into a demi-god, throning in a magic cavern!

The fact is, this legend about Charles V., which seems to have arisen as a superstructure on the Barbarossa myth, has a common root with the latter, namely, the myth about the Wild Hunter and the *Wuthende Heer*, which, in its turn, springs from the Wodanic circle of sagas.

Wodan, Wuotan, or Odin, was mainly considered as Lord of the Air, who chases through the sky in the roaring storm. Perhaps his name signified "the Quick-going;" hence the storming, the

raging, which would the better account for the transmutation of Wodan's or Wuotan's hosts into a *Wuthende Heer*. But into this etymological question I will not enter, knowing too well the irreconcilable nature of the different derivations, and the impossibility of arriving at any satisfactory solution. On surer ground we tread—if the quaking soil of mythology can at all be regarded as sure—when remembering how similar the ghost-like procession of various popular heroes is to that of the heathen All-Father.

The myth represents him as careering along on a milk-white horse, from whose nostrils fire issues. A broad hat covers the gray head of the ancient god; a wide flowing mantle flutters about his shoulders. The horse is considered a symbol of the drifting cloud. The wide mantle equally typifies the cloud-specked sky; the hat, even, is thought to be a representation of the cloudy cover of the earth. As a symbol of the starry sky, Wuotan, or Muot, as he is sometimes called, with a not unfrequent change of the initial consonant, is also sometimes regarded. Witness the riddle of the Swiss peasantry in the Aargau:—

Der Muot,  
Mit dem Breithut,  
Hat mehr Gäste  
Als der Wald Tannenäste.

To this Lord of the Sky, of the Clouds, and the Winds, the myth attributed the additional character of a Chieftain and Marshal of the Dead, who leads the souls of the departed through the air to the splendid palace, the *Wal-halla*. The Romans compared our Wodan to their own Mercury. Evidently the point of comparison was this, that both held the office of guides to the other world; hence Mercury was called "Psychopompos."

However, it may be asked, what has all this to do with Barbarossa? The close connection will presently be seen.

That god of the winds who careers through the air, leading on horseback the army of the dead, was represented, when not engaged in such stormy procession, as sleeping, dreaming; sleeping in a glistening cloud-castle, or mountain of clouds, in a *Wolkenburg*, or *Wolkenberg* ("Burg" and "Berg" are traceable to the same root). It means the storm

that sleeps in the cloud-castle, or, in more sensual form, the Storm-God, the ancient, hoary-headed. And as this storm-god is a leader of the dead whose souls depart through the air, we have here at once the whole necessary scaffolding for the construction of a legend about a great army leader, or warrior-king, or, if need be, also a wild hunter, who sleeps and dreams in a mountain, where he waits his time, or from which he occasionally breaks forth. The *Wüthende Heer* of the *wilde Jäger* is Wuotan's army. For a while the two myths go side by side, each with a touch of the other. Then they separate entirely, that is to say, when, in the memory of the masses, among whom those myths hold sway, all recollection of the root and origin of the words in question has disappeared.

How often, through the misconception of words, has a new mythology, a new superstition, arisen! First, a word was misunderstood; then it was filled out with the corresponding contents which it seemed to indicate. Thus, in some parts of Germany, the *wilde Jäger* became a *Weltjäger*, a world-hunter; and, curiously enough, this latter expression, which has simply been begot by an error of the ear, comes nearer once more to the original idea of the stormy wind, or the storm-god, who pervades, as Wodan, the world. In this manner the false idea comes out of the originally correct word, and the more correct idea grows up from a misconceived designation. Clearly, mankind has some difficulty in getting at truth with such inherent failings of language.

The two great branchings-off of the Wodanic idea are, consequently, the Wild Hunter who dwells in the mountain, and who leads the hosts of the departed; and the different Warrior Kings who sleep in a mountain with their dead yet never-dying hosts.

Each of these separate outgrowths of the Wodanic Saga circle have been worked in the most variegated manner by local fiction. In Brunswick the grave is shown of a Junker Hackelberg, who is there regarded as the wild hunter. In the Uckermark there is a tradition of a wretched huntsman, Bärens, who once went a-chasing on a Sunday, and who is now condemned, with his hounds, to be

on the chase for all eternity—at least, whenever the wind howls at night. Would it be believed that this Junker Hackelberg and this wretched Bärens are, even in name, old Wodan? "*Hakol-bërand*" was once one of the names of Wodan. It means the mantle-wearer,\* the wearer of the cloud-mantle. Wodan *Hakol-bërand* became *Hackelberg*; and lastly, throwing off his mantle altogether, he became simple *Bärens*. A whole crowd of figures of the spirit and fairy land, male and female, have in a similar manner been evolved out of some misunderstanding of the numerous surnames and attributes of our ancient German gods and goddesses. To treat of this would, however, lead too far; and I will only remark in passing that Goethe's *wohlbekannter Sängers, der vielgereiste Rattenfänger*, who "occasionally also catches girls," has arisen from a strange combination of two qualities attributed to Wodan. The rats or mice which he catches are originally nothing but the symbols of the souls whom the All-Father carries to their final destination; the souls, in ancient popular superstition, being often represented as mice. Thus, a little red mouse issues from the mouth of the beauty with whom Faust dances on the Blocksberg. The "girl-catching" of the *Rattenfänger* is reducible to the tradition of Wodan hunting and catching the moss-women, wood-nymphs, and *Loh-jungfern*—that is to say, the storm-god, or the storm, seizes the boughs and the leaves of the forest-tree, shaking and catching them in his embrace. The Hackelberg and the Bärens at last lose, in some parts of Germany, even the faint trace of some resemblance in name to the old heathen god. In Schleswig-Holstein the wild hunter finally came to be a certain Frederick Blohm, the gamekeeper of a bishop; or a certain Herr von Schlippenbach; or, in other provinces, a General Sparr, and so forth. In this manner Wodan had at last donned a livery or a uniform! The manifold popular tales about aristocratic robber-knights also aided in the process of transfiguration. The oddest and most insignificant per-

\* From "*hakol*," Latin *cucullus*, cowl,—*Gug-el*, the German *hehlen*, *Hülle*,—and "*beran*," to bear.

sonages were engrafted on the mythic trunk.

But it is time to pass over to the other branch-line of the Wodanic Saga circle, where we are to meet our Barbarossa. The Junker Hackelberg—and this will explain why I have gone into some details on matters apparently unconnected with the Redbeard legend—may serve here as a transition. He forms, so to speak, with the hero of the Kyffhäuser, an ill-matched Siamese twin.

When Junker Hackelberg and the other wild hunters are roving about at night, a raven flies before them. The nocturnal phantom passage of Wodan was equally preceded by the mortuary birds, the ravens. They were the black-feathered harbingers of the souls destined to Walhalla. Besides the ravens and the horses of the Wodanic procession, we also find boars connected with the stormy march of his Hosts of Departed. And here it may be observed that, in the mythic lore of our forefathers, the wind, which scrapes and roots up the soil and raises clouds of dust, was represented as a boar, from the well-known scraping propensities of that tusked quadruped. Even nowadays the peasantry in some Bavarian districts speak of the "Wind-Sow" which tramples and roars through the country. The expression is certainly less poetical than that which prevails in some other parts,—namely, *die Windin*, the Lady of the Air, a playful goddess of the storm, whose delight it is to snatch the hats from men's heads, so that they should run after her.

I have spoken of Wodan's ravens, horses, and boars. They are all to be found in the Barbarossa legend. Thus, that warrior-king is again the wraith of the Germanic god that has been spirited away into an underground world. From the dazzling palace, up there in the milk-white cloud-castle, he has, by an inverted *Fata Morgana*, been charmed into a glittering crystal palace of a subterranean cave, where he sits, not on a white horse, but on a white ivory chair, at a white marble table; his whole suite of heroes and representative animals having remained with him. Only, the ravens which formerly preceded Wodan, or sat on his shoulders, now flap their wings round the mountain. But whoever, by chance,

strays into the Kyffhäuser, as it happened now and then to some peasant, will see there the horses tied to their stabling places, and boars also will be met with, running in and out. Now and then, a strange clangor and clatter, as of chains, is heard. It is the storm that is awakening—it is Barbarossa that wants to ride forth into the surrounding land.

We have to take into account here, also, another component part in the formation of myths. Christianity, it is known, had some difficulty in getting a hold on some of the German tribes. They killed the messengers of the new faith who had struck down their sacred trees. The Saxons battled for long years against Charlemagne, as much from love of independence and self-government as from attachment to their own creed, which pleased their warlike and defiant character better than did the meek doctrine of the Saviour who wore the crown of thorns. Now, many among the people, in spite of outward conversion, remained secret adherents of the old *Asen-Saga*. The rites of the Blocksberg, the many trials of persons reputed to be witches dealing with demons, prove the fact in their own way. It has been said that the Reformation could strike root more quickly in the North, because Catholic Christianity had scarcely yet been firmly implanted there. This is certainly true, to some extent; however, I believe that even in the South the heathen ideas and customs, though disfigured in their meaning, and no longer understood, have scarcely died out earlier than they did in the North. It is a chapter on which much indeed might be said. Even now, the reapers in some Bavarian districts are accustomed to bind together the stalks that have remained untouched by the sickles, forming a figure of it, with a head and arms rudely fashioned out of a sheaf, which they call the "Oanswald," "Aswald," or "Oswald," and before which they kneel down, offering thanks and prayers, and exclaiming: "This is for the Aswald!" Here we have an ancient form of worship in honor of the "Asenwalter," or ruler of the gods, the all-creative force—which afterwards was changed into a "St. Oswald."

The priests, themselves, favored such transformations. In order to wean the

people from its heathen creed, they did not deny the existence of the pagan divinities, but only degraded them, turning them into devils, and making the converts abjure them as if those "devils" had real existence. We have yet such an ancient formula of abjuration, dating from the eighth century, and referring to Thunar, Wodan, Saxnote, "and all the other fiends that are their associates." Sometimes, the dethroned gods and goddesses were changed into dead-alive cave-dwellers of the heroic mould, or into ghastly forms of the lower regions, into nocturnal lemures and gnomes. The people, still faithful to the old superstition, and bearing in their hearts the ancient god, though not daring to exhibit him in the light of day, hid him by preference in a mountain—embalmed him, if I may say so—put him to sleep—made him dream, and only called him out, in their imagination, at night, or at great distances of time, when he came, as it were, on an occasional visit.

After a while, all recollection of the original significance of the myth vanished, and as this occurred in an age when there were few books, and the art of printing was still unknown, Fancy, which is always apt to run wild among the half-cultivated, then felt perfectly free, and easily broke out into the most disordered inventions. In the long evenings, at the fir-wood fire, when light and shadow play hide-and-seek, the most incredible substitutions and transformations were begotten by an unbridled imagination. Thus Charlemagne—that enemy of the Wodan creed—himself became the substitute of Wodan, and *he* was concealed in the underground palace! Again, later, his place was taken by Frederick of Hohenstaufen; the enemy of the people becoming its apparent favorite. In this way, the most opposite notions and tendencies, heathen and Christian, European and Asiatic, religious and political, are combined in inextricable confusion. The forces of nature, gods, heroes, devils, hags, gnomes, and animals, are all thrown together in a confused heap, forming a precious broth of witchcraft.

I have mentioned Karl the Great as the predecessor of Barbarossa in that particular form of myth which removes

a hero from the eyesight of men, giving him a spectral, and yet, at the same time, terrestrial abode. I might allude to a similar myth referring to Dietrich von Bern, that is, Theodorich, the King of the Goths, of Verona, in which all the constituent elements of the legend, with the usual sorcerer's apparatus, are already contained, viz., the mountain, the horses, the dogs, the ravens, the sleep and the dream of the spell-bound hero, as well as the rustling and clatter in the air when he starts for his roving hobgoblin expedition. It is always the same tale, only new raiments are ceaselessly woven for it at the ever-whirring loom of time.

Thus mythology, the heroic legend, and all folk-lore and fairy-tale matter is engaged in a continuous up-and-down process of development and degeneracy. First, we see the feeble attempts of a people in remote antiquity, trying to account for the world and its working forces. Then, partly by the artistic instinct, partly by a misconception of words, partly by the rise of a priestly caste, which endeavors to use the crude ideas of the mass as a means of power and influence for itself, a series of idols and gods are shaped, which either are supposed to walk on the green earth, to haunt its mountains, fields, and rivers, or which are made to throne in the welkin. With these celestial figures the heroes of this world, raised to the position of demi-gods, are gradually confused, if the gods have not been altogether fashioned out of worshipped human leaders. Later, when the original belief suffers in its influence by the invasion of a new mythic creed, an evolution in an inverse rate takes place. Then fiction no longer spreads upwards, but it descends from the serene and lofty heights to the earth, and even into the regions beneath it. The gods once more become simple heroes, men, nay, even cobolds and spectres. The once powerful figure of a Wodan shrinks into an uncommon, or even a common, emperor or king. It suffers diminution to the extent of being changed into a wild hunter, or a gamekeeper on a lordly demesne; or it turns up, after much variegated masquerading, as a Pelznickel among the peasant children, whom it terrifies or rewards before Christmas.

time, according to their behavior. Thus, Freia-Holda, the noble goddess of love, the German Venus, becomes simple Frau Holle, a beautiful witch, or even a spuke, and a hag, charming in the face, but similar to a hollow tree from behind. And songs, which once may have formed part of religious rites, are at last only yet found in a fragmentary form, apparently of sense devoid, or only with an occasional glimpse of meaning—such as the “Song of the Stork,” or the “Song of the Kindleins-Brunnen,” which children repeat with lisping voices, having heard them when on the mother’s or the nurse’s knee.

Thus, that which once was revered as heavenly, returns to the earth, is transplanted into field and dale, into caves, nay, even into the kitchen; and a splendid fable of gods ends as an Ashpittel,

a Cinderella, who drearily sits at the hearth, shelling peas, despised and ill-used by her sisters, the new religions, until one day the inquirer comes, who, from the delicate slipper, recognizes the sublime beauty, and who raises the soiled tale once more from dust and dirt to its high poetical rank, to its philosophical significance.

In this way we have to comprehend also the Redbeard legend. In doing so, we shall be able to enjoy its poetical contents, without allowing ourselves to be misled in the appreciation of an historical character, and without becoming untrue to those principles of humanity and freedom against which the famous Hohenstaufen Prince was one of the worst offenders.

KARL BLIND.

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St. Paul’s.

#### COLORS OF THE DOUBLE STARS.

OLD Zahn, in the strange work called the “Syntagma,” says of the stars that they shine “more like torches burning with eternal flame before the altar of the Most High, than the lamps of the ethereal vault, or the funeral lights of the setting sun.” And he proceeds to discuss the various colors seen among the stars, arguing that the stars show by their tint to which planetary party they belong. There are the partisans of Saturn, with a dull and leaden aspect; the Jovial stars brilliantly white; and the Martial party with fiery, ruddy rays. Those stars which have an orange-colored light are the adherents, he thought, of our sun; while those which are pale and faint belong to the Moon. Lastly, the stars which obey the planet of Love, shine with a box-colored light.

One cannot wonder that even before its true significance was understood, a phenomenon so beautiful as the colored splendors of the stars should have attracted attention. In our latitudes, indeed, the colors of the stars are not very striking, though even here they may be very easily recognized when the air is clear and dry. But in southern climes, and especially in that land where astronomy had its birth, the colors of

the stars form a very beautiful feature of the nocturnal heavens. “The whole sky,” remarks a modern traveller, “seems set with thousands of varied gems.” Nay, even the shooting-star, as it flashes across the heavens, exhibits colors which are never seen in our latitudes. Sir Alexander Burnes remarks on the magnificent spectacle presented by the colored shooting-stars seen from the elevated table-land of Bokhara, and Humboldt was deeply impressed by the same beautiful phenomenon.

The colors, then, which we notice in the stars are to be looked upon as giving but the faintest notion of the real splendor of the hues with which those distant suns are shining. If the mere change from our latitudes to tropical climes can add so much to the brilliancy of the stellar colors, how gorgeous would be the scene if we could behold the galaxy of suns from above the limits of our own obscuring atmosphere! We should see Arcturus and Aldebaran, Pollux, Antares, and Betelgeux, blazing like sun-lit rubies among their fainter neighbors; the glorious yellow of Capella and Procyon would surpass the most splendid golden or topaz colors known to our artists; while the brilliant white

hues of Vega and Altair and the blazing Sirius would be no less beautiful and striking.

But even such a scene as this, wonderful as it would appear, would be as nothing when compared with the splendors which would come into view if the powers of the observer's vision could be gradually increased until the stars, which are now only detected by the piercing eye of the telescope, were seen in all the richness and variety of their colors. It is among the stars which are invisible to the unaided eye that the real splendors of celestial coloring are to be found. No words can adequately describe the beauty of the scene which our observer would behold; but if he sought to convey some imperfect notion of the glories revealed to him, he could find perhaps no apter account than the well-known lines of Thomson:—

"First the flaming red  
Sprang vivid forth; the tawny orange next,  
And next delicious yellow; by whose side  
Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing green.  
Then the pure blue that swells autumnal skies,  
Ethereal play'd; and then, of sadder hue  
Emerged the deeper indigo (as when  
The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost),  
While the last gleamings of refracted light  
Died in the fainting violet away."

In this order would the colors of the stars come into view. We see in the nocturnal skies no traces of those green and violet and blue and purple suns which are really pouring forth their richly-tinted rays on other worlds and other scenes. Only the ruddier tints of the prismatic color-scale are visible to the unaided eye, and even these not with that fulness or depth of tone which may be recognized in the telescopic stars.

But even among the stars which the telescope reveals to us, the full range of color is only to be seen among the members of a peculiar order. There is a little difference among astronomers on this point; but most of them agree that no isolated stars of a blue, or green, or purple color can be seen even with powerful telescopes. So commonly has this been asserted, that the late Admiral Smyth, who thought he could recognize very decided blue tints among the minuter stars, expressed a doubt whether this might not be due to some idiosyncrasy of his eyesight. And certainly there is no instance, among the thousands

and thousands of stars whose places have been recorded, of one isolated star of a well-marked blue color.

But when we turn to those interesting objects, the double stars, the scene is wholly changed. Every variety of color is seen among these singular systems. We not only find all the tints of the rainbow, but a number of other colors, such as fawn, buff, ash-color, silvery-white, coppery, and gray. The range of color seems, in fact, wholly unlimited; and astronomers need the aid of a practical artist before they can even tabulate the long list of colors which the double stars exhibit to them.

There are few subjects which seem better calculated to attract and interest even the least thoughtful than the presence of these singularly beautiful colors among the orbs of heaven. Regarding the fixed stars as suns, the centres of schemes of dependent worlds resembling in many respects the worlds which circle around our sun, we cannot but look with wonder upon the strange scene which must be presented amid those distant systems. It would be interesting enough to consider merely the case of a number of worlds circling around a red, or orange, or yellow sun. But when we imagine the condition of those worlds which travel round a pair of differently-colored suns, we are lost amid the perplexing considerations which suggest themselves. "Imagination fails to conceive," says Sir John Herschel, "the charming contrasts and grateful vicissitudes of a red and green day, alternating with white light or with darkness, in the planetary systems belonging to these suns."

Perhaps, however, we do not see in this description the true result of the presence of two suns as the companion rulers of a planetary scheme. Until we know something of the distance at which the members of such a system circle around their double primary, we can hardly assert with confidence that those planets have days of different colors. It may well be that they are so far from both the orbs which sway their motions, that their two suns are always seen close together, as they appear to us, who are so much farther off.

But even when we take this view, we are struck with the thought of the strange scene which the sky of one of those dis-

tant planets must present. Conceive two colored suns above our horizon. Now one, now the other, is the leading light of the firmament. Their distance from each other is constantly varying as the planet circles round them. Often one must pass before the other, and then the color of the day changes, passing through many gradations, as the strange transit of sun over sun is in progress. Then every object on such a planet must cast two different shadows. If the suns are red and green, for instance, the shadows are green and red. When we remember how large a part shadows play in the appearance of a landscape, we see at once how strange a scene the hills and dales and valleys and woods in those distant worlds must present to those who inhabit them. Living creatures must exhibit a yet stranger aspect.

But our object is not to deal with fanciful speculations such as these. There is a real physical meaning in the colors of the double stars which is well worth searching out.

Let us first notice certain facts about the colors of the double stars which are at once interesting and instructive.

In the first place, it has long been noticed that among many double stars complementary colors may be recognized. Red and green companions are commonly seen; in some instances the beautiful contrast between yellow and purple is exhibited, while not unfrequently blue and orange stars are seen in company.

It was suggested that this peculiarity might in reality be rather optical than real. It is well known that where the brighter of two neighboring objects presents a well-marked color, the fainter very commonly presents the complementary color, though not in reality tinted with that hue. Artists are familiar with this peculiarity, inasmuch that some of the most striking effects of color in well-known paintings have been produced, not by a real intensity in the colors made use of, but by the judicious contrast of suitable complementary colors. Many of our readers have doubtless heard the story of the French painter who tried in vain to obtain a certain brilliant yellow tint, which he was desirous of introducing into a picture, and was about to set out for the Louvre, to see how other painters had mastered the difficulty,

when a passing cabriolet, the yellow wheels of which were picked out with purple, showed him how he could give brilliancy to the yellows he had been so little satisfied with. Thus astronomers thought the green companions of brilliant red stars, or the blue companions of brilliant orange stars, might be in reality simply white stars whose purity of tint is over-mastered by the effect of contrast.

But this idea had to be abandoned. It was found possible in several instances to hide the brighter of the two stars from view while the smaller still continued visible. When this was done there remained, of course, no effect of contrast. Yet in nearly every instance the color of the smaller star continued as well marked,—though not perhaps as pleasing,—as when both stars were visible together. Usually this plan of hiding one star while the other continued visible was effected by artificial means, a small cross-bar of brass or copper being introduced into the telescope's eye-piece for the purpose. But there is one instance in which the moon was made to aid the astronomer; and the story seems to us so interesting that we venture to give it in full :—

The star Antares, or the Scorpion's Heart, had long been a source of perplexity to astronomers. It is a brilliantly-red star, and has indeed been called the Sirius of red stars. But when the star is watched intently, especially with an instrument of adequate power, a singular scintillation of green light is found to obtrude itself most persistently into notice. It was suspected, at length, that this star must have a green companion, but for a long time none could be found. At length the late General Mitchell, with the fine telescope of the Cincinnati Observatory, detected a companion to the brilliant Antares, and, as had been suspected, this companion proved to be green. This, the first noteworthy achievement of the Cincinnati telescope, was a source of considerable gratification to Mitchell, until he heard that at another observatory two green companions could be seen. He searched again and again for the second green star, but could find no trace of it; and at last the welcome news came that the telescope of the other observatory was in fault. It possessed the undesirable faculty of dividing small



stars on its own account,—that is to say, it divided stars which really were single. Reassured of the fidelity of his telescope, General Mitchell re-examined the star. But he, and others who joined in the work, found it difficult to satisfy themselves as to the real greenness of the companion. The latter also was too minute an object, and too close to its primary, to be separated by the artificial device mentioned above. It happens, however, that Antares is one of those stars which the moon occasionally passes over as she travels along the zodiac; and the late Mr. Dawes, perhaps the most sharp-sighted observer that ever used a telescope, availed himself of one of these passages to settle the question of the tiny star's color. When the moon had hidden Antares, there, for a very few seconds, was the small companion shining alone in the telescope's field of view. Its color was then seen to be unmistakably green.

Another peculiarity of the colored stars is even more surprising. Some of them appear to possess the extraordinary power of changing color, as the chameleon does. Startling as this circumstance appears, yet the evidence on which it rests is too strong to be resisted.

We may remark, in the first place, that even among the brighter stars a similar peculiarity appears to exist. Sirius, which outshines nearly fourfold all the other stars visible in our northern skies, is now brilliantly white. Yet the ancients recognized Sirius as a red star. Both Ptolemy and Seneca expressly mention his ruddiness of hue; indeed, it is doubtless to this tint that the star owed its bad reputation among the ancients. Another star, called by astronomers  $\gamma$  Leonis, was white in Sir William Herschel's time, but is now golden yellow; and it happens that we are more certain than we could otherwise be about the reality of this change, because Sir William Herschel was rather apt to over-estimate the yellowness or ruddiness of stars, so that a star described as pure white may be suspected of having been somewhat bluish.

But some of the changes among the double stars are more striking even than these. We shall confine ourselves to one very noteworthy instance:—

In the year 1856, Admiral Smyth,

who took particular interest in the question of star-colors, called the attention of his son, the present Astronomer-Royal for Scotland, to the good results which might be secured if the latter observer examined the color of the stars from the summit of Teneriffe, whither he then proposed to betake himself to carry out his now celebrated "astronomical experiments." An observatory was not set up on the summit of Teneriffe, owing to insuperable difficulties, but the Pattinson telescope, of  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches aperture, was hauled up to the Alta Vista, and there mounted at an elevation of 11,000 feet above the sea-level. In pursuance of his father's wishes, Mr. C. Piazzi Smyth observed carefully the colors of several well-known doubles. Often he had the assistance of visitors in this work; and among the stars which he examined in company with others was one known to astronomers as 95 Herculis. He entered the colors of this double in his note-book as "both yellow, with tinge of bluish green." Admiral Smyth adds that "the tints of the two stars—though not quite the same at each examination—were judged to be common to both, and the impression was ratified by the evidence of some Spanish visitors at the astronomical aerie."

Now this particular double had been very carefully studied by the elder Smyth, and he had described the companion stars as "apple green" and "cherry red." He therefore re-examined the double, and there were the colors apple green and cherry red as before. He next applied to other well-known observers of double stars. Mr. Dawes wrote to him as follows:—"On referring to my color-estimations I find that they agree very nearly with your own." Lord Wrottesley pronounced the brighter star to be greenish, the other reddish. Mr. Fletcher said that "to his eye the brighter appeared light green, the other pink." Mr. H. A. Fletcher thought the stars bluish green and orange. Mr. Carr thought them light green and dull red.

These results, it will be seen, agree closely enough together, but are altogether opposed to the Teneriffe observations. And to add to the difficulty, it was found that in 1844 the Italian astronomer, Sestini, had seen both the stars

golden yellow, while his colleague, De Vico, "in the same place and with the same instrument, dubs them 'rossa e verde.'"

"Assuredly," as Admiral Smyth remarks, "all this is passing strange." It was quite impossible to refer the difference to peculiarities in the visual powers of the observers, because no known instances of color blindness correspond to this particular case. And besides, the list sent by Piazzi Smyth to his father showed in all other respects the most satisfactory accordance with the observations made by the latter. "A general agreement existed throughout the list," remarks Admiral Smyth, "even in some of the most delicate hues."

It may, however, be interesting to inquire what effect can be ascribed to different qualities of eyesight in this peculiarly delicate work of estimating star-colors. Admiral Smyth fortunately was at the pains to try the experiment, and the result will be found at once amusing and instructive:—

He placed a fine Gregorian telescope of 5½ inches aperture\* in front of the south portico of his house, and invited a party of six ladies and five gentlemen to gaze upon the fine double star Cor Caroli. "They were each to tell me," he says, "but sotto voce, to prevent bias, what they deemed the respective colors of the components to be." First to step forth was the late Rev. Mr. Pawsey; "more addicted," says the Admiral, "to heraldry than to astronomy." "After a momentary watch, he flatly declared that 'he could make out nothing particular.'" The other spectators were more patient, and their respective impressions are thus noted down in the large album of the Hartwell Observatory. It is to be noticed that A means the chief star of the pair, B the companion:—

Mrs. Tyndale .	{ A. Pale white. B. Violet tint.
Mrs. Rush.....	{ A. Yellowish cast. B. Deadish purple.
Miss Honor....	{ A. Yellowish. B. Lilac.
Miss Charlotte.	{ A. Light dingy yellow. B. Lilac.

Miss Emily....	{ A. White. B. Plum color.
Miss Mary Anne	{ A. Palish yellow. B. Blue.
Mr. Rose.....	{ A. Cream color. B. Violet cream (!).
Mr. B. Smith...	{ A. Pale blue. B. Darker blue.
Dr. Lee.....	{ A. Whitish. B. Light purple.
Captain Smyth.	{ A. White. B. Plum-color purple.

One would hardly imagine that so great a difference would be found in the estimates made by different persons of the colors of the same pair of stars. As Admiral Smyth remarks, "Whatever may be said about instrumental means, weather influence, atmosphere, or the position of the object, it is clear that in this instance all these properties were common to the whole party, and we doubtless all meant the same hues. It must be admitted, however, that the star was new to most of the spectators; and although," adds the gallant seaman, "some of the eyes were surpassingly bright, they had never been drilled among the celestials."

The experiment is one which might be repeated with advantage. The regular observer of the stars is not apt to look with particular complacency on the advent of visitors, but the most cross-grained of star-gazers might sometimes usefully apply the sight-seeing energies of his visitors in the way suggested.

It will be noticed that there is nothing in the above list of color-estimates to explain the discrepancies in the case of the star 95 Herculis. All the observers recognized a difference of tint between the two stars, and only one, Mr. B. Smith, failed to recognize the difference in the colors. It may be accepted, therefore, as certain that the components of this remarkable pair change in color to a very noteworthy extent.

Among the various explanations which were put forward to account for the enormous variety observed in the colors of the double stars, and also for the fact that these objects sometimes seem to change in color, there is one which, though incorrect, is too interesting to pass unnoticed.

The reader is aware that light is merely a form of motion; that it travels in a series of undulations, not by a trans-

\* It is worth noticing that small reflectors are the best telescopes for showing star-colors.

mission of material particles; and that the color of the light depends on the length of these undulations. In ordinary cases light-waves of many different lengths travel together, just as we often see the face of the ocean traversed not by a series of uniform waves, but by a number of waves of many different sizes.

Now the idea occurred to a French astronomer named Doppler, that if we are rapidly approaching a star or receding from it, either by our own motion or the star's, its color ought to be changed. To a swimmer swiftly crossing a wave-tossed sea, the waves will clearly seem narrower or broader, according as he swims against or with them,—for, in the first case, he will pass them more rapidly. So, too, of the waves which produce sound. It has been shown that if an instrument which is giving forth a particular note is moved rapidly towards or from the bearer, the tone of the note perceptibly varies. When the instrument is approaching the hearer all the sound waves are apparently shortened, so that the tone appears more acute; and when the source of sound is moving away the tone appears more grave. Professor Tyndall remarks that when the whistle of the steam-engine is sounded as an express train rushes rapidly through a station, persons on the platform can detect a well-marked lowering in the tone of the whistle as the train, after rapidly nearing them, as rapidly passes away.

If we apply this principle to the case of light, we see that there might conceivably be a star which, while seemingly blue, or red, or green, was in reality sending forth light of another color. If a star were emitting those light-waves, for example, which produce a red color, and we were very rapidly approaching the star, the light-waves might be apparently so much shortened that they would produce the effect of blue light. In other words, the star would seem to be blue, though in reality it would be red. And so a blue star rapidly receding from us might appear red. And if a green star were sweeping rapidly round and round in a long oval path, first coming swiftly towards us and then moving as swiftly from us, it might change in color, apparently, through all the hues of the rainbow.

This was a very ingenious theory, but, unfortunately, like many other very ingenious theories, it was surrounded with great difficulties.

In the first place, it seemed inconceivable that any of the stars could be moving with the enormous velocity which the theory required. It must be remembered that to produce any apparent change of color a velocity was required which should bear an appreciable proportion to the velocity with which light travels. To return to the case of our swimmer: unless he were urging his way through the water with considerable speed he would not seem to cross the waves much more rapidly when he was facing them than when he was swimming with them. Nor, again, in the case of sound, can we notice any appreciable change of tone unless the motion with which the source of sound is approaching or receding is very great,—in fact, unless it bears an appreciable proportion to the velocity with which sound travels. But the velocity of sound may be looked upon as absolute rest compared with the tremendous velocity of light. We know that when a cannon is fired at some distance from us an appreciable interval elapses after our seeing the flash before the sound is heard. But light travels so swiftly, that while the sound of Big Ben is travelling from Westminster to Constitution Hill, light would travel a distance exceeding that which separates us from the moon. Eight times would light circle the earth on which we live in the course of a single second. It was reasonably doubted, therefore, whether the stars can be assumed to travel with a velocity which can be compared with the inconceivable velocity of light.

But this was not all. It was pointed out that even if the double stars were circling around each other with a velocity so enormous as M. Doppler's theory required, yet there would be no apparent change in their color. We have been supposing that the light waves proceeding from a star were all of one definite length. But this is not the case. The light of a star, like the light of our sun, is composed of waves corresponding to many different colors. This is as true of the colored stars as of the white ones. Their light, when subjected to

prismatic analysis, is changed into the rainbow-tinted streak which is called the prismatic spectrum.

Now this changes the nature of the case altogether. So long as it was supposed that only light waves of a certain length came from a star, then we might fairly compare those waves to a series of rollers crossing a sea over which a stout swimmer was urging his way, or to the uniform sound-waves which proceed from a railway whistle. But now we must alter the analogy altogether. We must suppose our swimmer to be in the midst of a sea across which waves of many different forms are travelling. We must imagine that not one sound is given out by the approaching or receding railway whistle, but a number of different tones. We see that this alters the result also. Our swimmer would no longer be able to recognize the effects of his own motion; nor would the nicest ear be well able to appreciate the change produced in the tones which reached it. And in the case of the star we see that while there could be a change, it would be one far more difficult to detect—even if nothing more remained to be said—than the change we considered before. As a matter of fact, however, it would be absolutely impossible to detect it, for a reason which remains to be noticed.

At each end of the rainbow-tinted streak called the spectrum, there are waves which produce no sense of light. Beyond the red end there are waves longer than those which produce red light, and these waves, while they produce the sensation we call heat, exert no effect on the visual organs. Beyond the blue end of the spectrum there are waves shorter than those which produce violet light, and these, though they produce certain chemical effects, are also not recognizable by the eye. Now, if all the light-waves were lengthened through the rapid recession of a star, some of the waves at the red end of the spectrum would be rendered invisible, being changed into heat rays. Beyond the blue end of the spectrum a number of chemical rays would be lengthened, and become visible as violet light. We see, then, that the rainbow-streak would remain absolutely unaltered. It would begin with the deepest visible red, and would pass through all the seven grada-

tions of color down to the deepest visible violet, just as it did before. And clearly the rapid approach of a star would be similarly ineffective in changing its apparent color.

Doppler's theory, therefore, though it had a singular fascination for many thoughtful minds, had to be given up.

But the time was approaching when the powers of the most searching instrument which the astronomer has yet been able to devise were to be directed to the solution of this difficulty. It had long ago occurred to Sir David Brewster that if the light of the colored stars could be analyzed by means of the spectroscope, something might be learned respecting the cause of these beautiful and varied tints which they exhibit to the telescopicist. This, be it remembered, was before the invention of what is now termed spectroscopic analysis. He could not have argued more justly than he did, however, had he known all that Kirchhoff afterwards discovered. "There can be no doubt," he remarks, "that the spectrum of every colored star wants certain of the rays which exist in the solar spectrum." Nay, he made an observation with a rock-salt prism, which may be looked upon as absolutely the first application of the spectroscopic analysis to the stars. He says, "In the orange-colored star of the double  $\zeta$  Hercules I have observed that there are several defective bands. By applying a fine rock-salt prism to this orange star, as seen in Sir James South's great achromatic refractor, its spectrum clearly showed that there was one defective band in the red space, and two more in the blue space. Hence the color of the star is orange, because there is a greater defect of blue than of red rays."

Here is, in fact, the optical explanation of the whole matter. Subsequent observations by the experienced spectroscopists who now apply the power of the new analysis to the stars, have confirmed Sir David Brewster's observations in the fullest possible manner; and so far as the mere optical peculiarity is concerned, nothing further remains to be said. But it must be remembered that the new analysis deals with more than mere optical peculiarities. It is its distinguishing characteristic that it gives a physical interpretation of these peculiari-

ties. A certain dark line, or group of lines, is seen across the rainbow-tinted spectrum, and the physicist at once announces that the vapor of a certain element surrounds the body whose light he is analyzing. A certain set of bright lines appear as the spectrum itself of a given source of light, and he pronounces with equal confidence that that source is a certain incandescent vapor.

Now how does the spectroscopist interpret the fact which Sir David Brewster discovered?

It is, of course, not always possible to say of a set of bands crossing the spectrum of the light from a star, that it is due to the presence of this or that element, because as yet spectroscopic analysis is in its infancy, and we do not know the spectra of many of the elements so exactly as we hope to do; but the physicist knows very certainly that the presence of a set of bands indicates the existence of some absorbing vapors around the source of light. And this is precisely what Sir David Brewster did not know. In fact, Admiral Smyth, after quoting Sir David Brewster's observations, added, "We have no reason to believe that these defective rays are absorbed by any atmosphere through which they pass." At present we have not only reason to believe this, but we feel absolutely certain about it.

What we know, then, about the colors of the double stars is this, that they are

due to the existence of certain vapors around the stars. Why the two stars should be in many cases differently constituted, so that around one a different set of vapors should be suspended than around the other, we do not know. But we can readily understand that such differences should exist. Again, we cannot tell at present why these vapors should sometimes subside, as they must do when a star changes color. But this also is not difficult to understand, since we know that even our own terrestrial atmosphere is more heavily loaded sometimes with aqueous vapor than it is at others.

What we do know is, however, sufficiently interesting, without hazarding speculations about that which is unknown. We see that those beautiful objects which have been so long the delight of our telescopists can teach us much respecting the constitution of the universe. Out yonder, amid the unfathomable depths which the telescope only can explore, vapors are forming and dissipating according to laws not dissimilar from those which regulate the vapors of our own atmosphere. There is no quiescence in those far-off regions any more than our own neighborhood. Ceaseless change and endless variety characterize no less the universe of stars than the terrestrial scene with which we are so familiar.

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Blackwood's Magazine.

CHATTERTON.\*

IN the middle of last century, in the year 1752, there was born, in the old town of Bristol, a child, perhaps the most remarkable of his entire generation, called Thomas Chatterton. He was a posthumous child, brought into the world with all that natural sadness which attends the birth of an infant deprived, from the very beginning of its days, of one-half of the succor, love, and protection to which every child has a right. The father might not be much to brag of—might not have done much for his

boy; but still there is nothing so forlorn as such an entrance into the world. And it was a hard world into which the boy came, full of the bitter conditions of poverty, with little to soften his lot. His mother was poor, and had to work hard for her living and his. She had no time to spare for him, to understand what kind of a soul it was which she had brought into the world. If nature even had given her capacity to understand it, the chatter of her little pupils, the weary toil of her needlework, absorbed the homely woman. The family to which she belonged was of the lowest class, and yet possessed a certain quaint antiquity

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\* Chatterton: a Biographical Study. By Daniel Wilson, LL.D. Macmillan: London. 1870.

and flavor of ancient birth. As ancient as many a great family of squires or nobles were the Chattertons. The only difference to speak of between them and the Howards was, that while the representative of the one held the hereditary office of Earl Marshal of England, the other held only that of gravedigger of St. Mary Redcliffe—but with a hereditary succession as rigid and unbroken. For a hundred and twenty years which could be clearly reckoned, and no one could tell how many more which had escaped in the darkness of time, Thomas had succeeded William, and William Thomas, in that lugubrious office. The pedigree, such as it was, was complete. They had buried all Bristol, generation after generation. The race, however, was perhaps beginning to break up in preparation for that final bloom which was to give it a name among men, for Chatterton's father had not held the hereditary place. It had passed in the female line to a brother-in-law, and he had made a little rise in the social scale, first as usher, and then as master of a free school close to the hereditary church of St. Mary Redcliffe. Such a position implies some education, though probably it was neither profound nor extensive. He held the office of sub-chantor in the cathedral at the same time; and was a member, it would appear, of the jovial society of tradesmen, deriving a certain taste for music from the choral services of the cathedral, which probably many of them had taken part in, in their boyhood, as choristers, which assembled in those days in certain well-known taverns. The most noticeable fact in his life, however, so far as his son is concerned, is his share in a kind of general robbery perpetrated by the community upon the muniment-room of St. Mary Redcliffe, where a number of old papers had been preserved for centuries in certain ancient oak chests. These chests were broken open in order to find some deeds wanted by the vestry, and were left, with all their antique contents, at the mercy of the gravedigger's family, or any other that could obtain access to them. The parchments were carried off in boxfuls, to answer all kinds of sordid uses. It was the usage of the eighteenth century. No doubt, if any accident had befallen St. Mary's itself, the citizens would have

carted off the stones to repair their garden-walls with. Chatterton the schoolmaster carried off the old parchments, covered copy-books with them, and kept the records of mediæval life like waste paper about his house, ready to serve any small emergency. It was no such dreadful sin, after all, to have been followed by so strange and solemn a punishment. Was it that the ghosts of citizens whom a Thomas Chatterton had buried came clustering up, a crowd of angry spirits, to avenge the liberty thus taken with the yellow forgotten records of their wishes and hopes? The schoolmaster, thinking little of the ghosts or their vengeance, left his house full of those stolen documents, and thus left behind him, without knowing it, the fate of his unborn boy.

The widow was young—not more than one-and-twenty—when this child of tears was born. She was left as is all but inevitable in such circumstances, penniless, to struggle for herself as best she could. When such a necessity happens to a poor lady, our hearts bleed over the helpless creature; but it is common, too common, to demand any particular comment among the poor. Mrs. Chatterton took up a little school, and took in needlework. She had a little daughter older than her boy; she had women-friends about her working with her, helping her to keep her head above water, and probably, after all, was not so very much to be pitied for the loss of her jovial husband, who, according to the record, kept his good humor for his cronies out of doors. But her boy was a wonder and a trouble to the poor young woman. Probably it was her hope and longing from his birth that he should be educated as became the son of a scholar; and it broke her heart to find that "he was dull in learning, not knowing many letters at four years old." These were the days of infant prodigies—for this stupidity on the part of the little Chatterton does not strike us with the same dismay as it struck his mother. There were, however, other puzzling peculiarities about the child. "Until he was six years and a half old, they thought he was an absolute fool," says his mother's most intimate friend who lived in the house. He was sent back upon her hands by his father's successor in the free school,

somewhere about that early age, as an incorrigible dunce. Poor little bothered melancholy boy! he would sit alone crying for hours, nobody knew why—and the sense of disappointment so natural to a female household finding out to its dismay that the little male creature belonging to it was not (as it hoped) a creature of overwhelming ability, does not seem to have been concealed from the child. “When will this stupidity cease?” his mother cried, when “he was in one of his silent moods.” She had little pupils of her own, brisk little girls, learning their lessons, no doubt, with all the vivacity of town children kept alert by the tide of ordinary life going on around them; and the contrast must have been very galling to the young mother. At seven years old, we are told, “he would frequently sit musing in a seeming stupor; at length the tears would steal one by one down his cheeks—for which his mother, thinking to rouse him, sometimes gave him a gentle slap, and told him he was foolish.” No doubt it must have been very trying to the poor soul: her only boy, the son of a great scholar, and nothing more than this coming of him! One can forgive Mrs. Chatterton for giving that gentle slap to the weeping child over the fire. It is hard upon a widow to be driven to confess to herself that there is nothing more than ordinary—nay, perhaps something less than ordinary—about her fatherless boy.

This dulness, however, lasted but a short time. With a certain curious wasteful Vandalism which seems to have been peculiar to the age in small things as well as great, Mrs. Chatterton, who made thread-papers of the old parchments out of St. Mary’s, tore up for waste paper an old music-book of her husband’s. The moody child, sitting by, was suddenly attracted by the capital letters, which were illuminated, the story goes; so that it must have been a valuable book which his mother was thus destroying. This was the first step in his education. He learned to read thereafter from a black-letter Bible, and never could bear to read in a small book. In this quaint way the first difficulties were got over. One would think that to acquire modern English afterwards would have been almost as difficult as learning a new language; and the reader is tempt-

ed to wonder how any one in that homely, ignorant sempstress-household should have been sufficiently at home in the black-letter to make a primer of it. Such, however, are the recorded facts. And what with the illuminated capitals and the black-letter book, the little fellow left off mooning, and woke up into the light of common day. “At seven he visibly improved, to her joy and surprise; and at eight years of age was so eager for books that he read from the moment he waked, which was early, until he went to bed, if they would let him.”

So early, it would appear, as this age, the child had appropriated to himself a lumber-room in which, among other rubbish, were the boxes into which his father’s spoils of old parchment had been turned; and here he was accustomed to shut himself up with such treasures as pleased him most. He had a turn for drawing, not unusual in children; and, instead of more ordinary playthings, he had collected “a great piece of ochre in a brown pan, pounce-bags full of charcoal-dust, which he had from a Miss Sanger, a neighbor; also a bottle of black-lead powder, which they once took to clean the stoves with, making him very angry.” With these materials, and the unceasing supply of parchment to daub them on, what delicious begrimings the little artist must have made! Here, for the first time, the child becomes intelligible—perhaps an infant poet already, as some assert; but, what is better, an eager little boy, blacked all over with his hideous pigments, and making, no doubt, horrible pictures upon his parchments and his walls and his floor. They could not get him out of the room in which abode all this precious dirt. Sometimes the key was carried off, out of anxiety for his health, and his clothes, and his little grimy face; but then the little man fell to kissing and coaxing till he got it back again. So long as he remained in Bristol this garret was the refuge and comfort of his life.

When Chatterton was nearly eight years old he became a scholar of the Bluecoat School of Bristol, an institution called Colston’s Hospital, founded by a merchant of Queen Anne’s time, and therefore still in its youth. The dress, but unfortunately nothing else, was copied from that of Christ’s Hospital.

Bristol had already a grammar-school, and the supplementary institution was for poor children, and not by any means intended as a ladder to help them to ascend. They had the blue gown and yellow stockings, and funny little round cap, called, apparently, a tonsure, in the Bristol school; but they had not the liberal education which has made the London Bluecoat School so famous. The children were to be "instructed in the principles of the Christian religion as they are laid down in the Church Catechism," and not demoralized by Latin and Greek. Twice a-week this grand epitome of doctrine was to be expounded and brought down "to the meanest capacity" according to the rules of the Hospital: poor fare enough for the little genius whom poverty shut out from any better training. The child, we are told, was elated at his election, "thinking," says his foster-mother, "he should there get all the learning he wanted; but soon he seemed much hurt, as he said he could not learn so much there as at home." Thus curiously came the first check upon his precocious hopes. No doubt the vague fame of his father's learning had been long held up before the boy, and it is equally certain that many of the old documents with which he had surrounded himself must have been in Latin, puzzling and tantalizing him in his childish eagerness. Perhaps, with a child's confidence in his own powers, he had felt equal to the task of puzzling out the dead old solemn language by himself amid his ochre and his charcoal in the lumber-attic; and to come to nothing but the Catechism was hard. To be sure a certain amount of reading and writing must have accompanied the theology, and the life does not seem to have been a particularly hard one. Every Saturday he had holiday, and came home rejoicing at noon to rush up to his attic and lose himself in his old dreams. When he came down to tea he was all over stains of black and yellow. There, at least, he must have been happy enough—though it was hard to get him to meals; and even tea-time, fond as he was of tea, was not so attractive as his parchments and his ochre. Yet the boy apparently was at this time, to all spectators, an ordinary enough boy, with nothing moody or abstracted about him. He is de-

scribed as a round-faced rosy child, with bright gray eyes, light hair, and dimples in his cheeks; very frank and friendly, making acquaintances with a natural ease scarcely to be expected from his other peculiarities, very affectionate at home, though impatient by moments, a characteristic not unusual in a school-boy; and with every appearance of entering quite cheerfully, without any clouds brooding about him, upon the course of a commonplace life.

There is, however, one wonderful influence to be taken account of in his education, which had little to do with the training of his contemporaries. Mrs. Chatterton's little house was opposite to the noble church of St. Mary Redcliffe, and from his earliest infancy her boy had been accustomed to totter about that wonderful place. His uncle was sexton, and no doubt the natural pride of descent, pride common to all classes, had early made him aware that his ancestors for centuries had been its servants. It opened its great aisles to him full of whispering stillness, full of weird effects of light, with all those stately combinations of exquisite form and color which the age was too prosaic to appreciate, but which went into the very depths of the young muser's heart. He was born with a thirst upon him for everything that was noble and stately and splendid; and here was his palace, where nothing narrow confined his imagination, and nothing mean distressed his fine sense of beauty. What a wonderful refuge—what a home for the dreamy childish imagination which had no words to explain itself, and nobody to understand, could it speak! "This wonder of mansyons," he called it in later days, when he got utterance; and the very title is significant, for it was the boy's mansion—his house in which he lived and mused. There a silent population—not mean and imperfect beings like the homely folks that walked and talked out of doors, but stately splendid images saying nothing, leaving all to an imagination rich enough to make up every deficiency—was around him; mailed knights, and ladies in veil and wimple—faithful mates lying solemn side by side through all the silent ages, names once so full of meaning, now significant only to the little watcher with big eyes full of thought



that brooded over them. He is supposed to have made a little picture of this house of his dreams, representing himself in his blue-coat dress, led by his mother, in the midst of that familiar scene. Even earlier than the blue-coat era, the little fellow, when missed from home, would be found seated by the tomb of William Canynge in the great silence. And here, there can be little doubt, arose the first beginnings of that visionary friendship which was the soul of all his after-life, his favorite illusion, and, as severe critics have thought, his crime. We have but to turn to our own nurseries, if indeed the remembrances of childhood are too far past to be recalled with a still more personal force, for an explanation of that first germ of Rowley which, one cannot tell when or how, dawned upon the mind of Chatterton in his childhood. Such dreams can scarcely be called rare among children. The present writer has by his side at this present moment a healthy, sturdy little boy, not overcharged with imagination, who lived for several of the first years of his life in constant communication with an imaginary friend, a very splendid, princely individual, whose sympathy consoled him in many a baby trouble. This child was free to talk of his beloved companion, who gradually disappeared behind the growing realities of existence, and now is as a dream to its creator. But it is easy to realize how such a lonely little dreamer as the boy Chatterton would cling to and expand into ever fuller and fuller being the image which he loved. While he sat by Canynge's tomb, in the speechless desolation of childhood, all alone, knowing that there was nobody in all the world with sufficient leisure to consider his wants and console his despondencies,—nobody that could divine what he meant, or shed the warmth of sympathy about his little life,—what wonder if the kind shadow which had full leisure for him and all his affairs—time to weave histories for him, to beguile him out of the present, to fill his ears with melodies which seem to come across the ages—should grow and grow as the boy grew, strengthening with his strength? All these long imaginary conversations which we suppose every intelligent child holds with a little crowd of interlocutors, a mere expenditure of

superabundant fancy, must have been concentrated by little Chatterton into the one person of the kind priest, who was the companion of his soul, an ideal father to him, a teacher such as he could never have in the flesh. How the forlorn little fellow must have brightened unawares as he felt the soft steps of his visionary friend coming down the long stately aisle from the veiled altar! Had he just been saying a mass for William Canynge's Christian soul? Did he come with the serious calm upon him of those uncomprehended mysteries? When Priest Rowley appeared out of the religious light, the little dreamer was no longer alone. To any ordinary child, Rowley, in all likelihood, would have had existence only as the consoler, the depository of childish grievances, the sympathetic listener to all trouble. But to Chatterton he was more. The boy did not know in these early days that he was himself a poet; but he felt by instinct that the friend was who bent over him in visionary intimacy and consolation. When he was called back unwillingly to his little mean home, to the meals which he was not hungry enough to care for, to the monotonous hum of the lessons and litter of the dressmaking, and to the mother and sister, who were all too busy to do more than scold him for his absences, sometimes good-humoredly, sometimes sharply, but never with any sense of the unseen world, which was reality to him—what wonder if the boy was like a being dropped from another sphere? The women at their work were not to blame. How were they to divine, as they sat and cut out their old-fashioned sleeves and bodices from patterns made out of the parchments of the muniment-room, that these were Rowley's parchments, written all over with a poetry yet illegible, but destined to grow clear in time? They would give him "a gentle slap" to rouse him as they passed; they would be driven to momentary impatience by his meaningless silent tears. What did it all mean? when would this stupidity cease? But perhaps there was a wedding order on hand—perhaps the doleful black, which it was still more needful to get finished. They had to sit up into the night working for him, to mind their business, to thread those weary needles, and stitch

those long, long lines of endless trains, or get through miles of frilling before night. It was no fault of theirs, poor souls! They gave him all they had to give, and did not even refuse the indulgence of that attic solitude, where Priest Rowley lived as much as he lived in the church, and where such tales of wonder waited the tingling ears of the little lonely boy.

It is hard to realize the possibility of a very severe intellectual disappointment at eight or even nine years old; but yet the difference between the practical and the ideal, between the enthusiasm of learning into which he was prepared to plunge and the routine of the merest schoolboy-life, seems to have restored something of the despondency of his early childhood to this strange little scholar. His mother and her friends began to grow anxious about him again when he shut himself up in his attic through the long holiday summer afternoons when every other Bluecoat boy was enjoying the air and sunshine. They made him angry by attempts to invade his solitude. "I wish you would bide out of the room—it is my room," he cried, in boyish rage, thrusting his parchments out of sight. The women even alarmed themselves with the curious fancy that his ochre and charcoal were intended to stain his own face in order that that he might join the gypsies—the strangest notion, considering the habits of the studious boy; but "when he began to write poetry he became more cheerful," his sister testifies. All through that childhood which represents youth in his short life he had been struggling with the silence round him, a little soul in prison known to no one but his Rowley; but when the gift of utterance came his chains began to break. When he was only ten he seems to have been confirmed, a curious instance of seeming maturity; and following on that event which appears to have roused in him all the half-real half-fictitious solemnity so often seen in children, he wrote his first poem, or at least the poem first published—a little "copy of verses" upon the Last Day, which is only remarkable as the beginning of his poetical efforts. It was published in "Felix Farley's Journal," a local paper, which afterwards received many of his productions. From that

moment his restless pen was never still. A few months later he discovered with all the glee of a schoolboy that he could make it a weapon of offence, and immediately rushed at his foes, or at the innocent persons whom he chose to set up as adversaries. The temptation of irreverent youth to assail local dignities of all kinds, and to reap the quickly-got satisfaction of parochial stir and commotion, is always very potent; and a poet of eleven would have been a stoic indeed had he been able to withstand it. He fell upon "Churchwarden Joe," who had pulled down a beautiful cross in the churchyard of St. Mary, and upon Apostate Will, a less distinguishable butt, with wild delight. These early satires reveal to us all at once a whole little local world beyond Mrs. Chatterton's house and the lumber-room on the one hand, and the grand aisles of St. Mary's on the other. There are the bustling parish authorities, scorned yet feared, and all the babbling bee-hive of a school, and the masters, some despised and some beloved. And there is the half-seen audience of the parish behind reading the paper and chuckling over the allusions which everybody can understand; the whole stirred up and set into motion by the boy in his yellow stockings, about whom already there are strange rumors afloat, and who hugs himself in his secret, and feels, no doubt, a certain judiciary power of life and death, now the paper is open to him, and all Bristol lying helpless ready to become his victims. It says a great deal for Chatterton's better nature that a temptation so overwhelming at his age, and so potent on the untrained intelligence at all times, should have at least temporarily passed away from him. It was his priest who drew him into the gentler, more harmonious regions of the past.

He was only twelve, say various witnesses, when he took to an usher called Phillips, his favorite master, a curious manuscript poem, which he had found, he said, among the parchments taken by his father from St. Mary's. Phillips was a kind master, sympathetic and beloved; and he is said to have had some poetical knowledge and faculty: but he was not learned in ancient MSS. He gazed at this curious production with mingled consternation and curiosity. A school-

fellow who was present, and who afterwards attained some small local eminence as a poet, describes the event with something of the contempt of a man who knew himself to be quite as good as Chatterton. "For my own part," he says, "having little or no taste for such studies, I repined not at the disappointment. Phillips, on the contrary, was to all appearance mortified,—indeed much more so than at that time I thought the object deserved,—expressing his sorrow at his want of success, and repeatedly declaring his intention of resuming the attempt at a future period." The MS. this informant asserts to have been the ballad of "Elinoure and Juga," certainly a very extraordinary production for a poet of twelve, and which was not published till five years later. It is one of the so-called Rowley poems, and if not the first written, was at least the first submitted to any eye but his own.

Probably up to this time no definite idea of the dangerous course upon which he was entering had come into the schoolboy's eager mind. We cannot imagine for an instant that any deliberate deceit was intended. It was one of the innocent mystifications, strange purposeless webs, half of pure imagination, half of mischievous intent to bewilder, which are so common among children. By this time his visionary companion had developed into clearer and clearer proportions. Nothing in life had come to him with sufficient force or vividness to withdraw him from the society of his gentle, unrepining, always sympathetic, spiritual associate. When even the mother was unkind, and the good schoolmaster hard upon him, Rowley's countenance was never averted. From the first germ of the benign shadow in the great silent church whole histories had grown. The boy's imagination had worked out every accessory of the picture. The principal figure was Thomas Rowley, a parish priest, not a friar—the name probably seized upon at hazard from some chance roll of ancient names—the story made out bit by bit,—a friend of noble Master Canynge's, he of the great tomb—nay, more than a friend—a brother dearly beloved. And then Canynge, too, found his place on the canvas. In short it was no canvas, but a magic mirror, into which those mystic

figures floated, now one by one, now in a stately crowd. Naturally the priest became a man of letters, because in the mind of the dreaming boy there was nothing so high or honorable; and Canynge grew by his side into the enlightened patron, the head of the gentle company. What things they did, what witty conversations they held, what stately masques and splendid revels were heard before them! Chatterton was one of them as he mused. He saw the correspondence of his visionary friend with the abbots, and canons, and even bishops, who loved song like himself, and were ready now and then to throw in a supplementary lay. He assisted at the performance of "The Tragical Entlude," and many another private drama represented before the refined society of Rudde House, William Canynge's dwelling. Not only names came easy to his fancy, but he was ready to invent a whole lineage, build a special convent, construct a new world, if needful, to justify the existence of the various personages who were grouped round Rowley. His whole mind and leisure must have been occupied by this wonderful dream. It saved him from all boyish and poetic yearnings after some one to love, respect, and honor in the outside world. He had Rowley for all these higher uses of the soul, and he was free, accordingly, to treat with a frank contempt the actual visible, but not half so real, men whom he saw around him every day.

None of the critics who have examined into the strange problem of this double existence, seem to have realized the phenomenon as in fact a sufficiently common one, elevated out of resemblance to the ordinary only by the genius of the boy. He was in the midst of a perpetual drama, daily spreading further and further round him. His imagination was delighted with a constant succession of beautiful and curious visions. In his garret, all by himself, he was in the midst of the finest company. One festivity led to another. There were tournaments of arms and tournaments of song, and a thousand pageants, which swept him with them in their splendid passage. No doubt the first daring touch by which he made Rowley's poetry into actual verse, gave a certain

thrill to the boy. The actual and the visionary clashed, and that tender fiction of the heart appeared, as it were, out of doors, where men, without any just powers of judging, might call it falsehood and forgery. But he was so young that this fear could not have appalled him much—twelve years old; and no doubt he felt a certain longing to make known to somebody what a splendid world he had possession of—how much wiser and cleverer he was than his neighbors—and what a horde of secret treasure he had upon which he could draw at will; a desire which was all mixed up and blended with a child's romancing, its uncertain sense of the boundary between the false and the fanciful, and love of everything dramatic and marvellous. This, according to every canon of human nature, and especially of a child's nature, seems to us the natural interpretation of the wonderful fiction of Rowley's poems. Rowley, no doubt, had come into being years before, to the much consolation of his little companion's soul.

We are not told whether he interpreted to Phillips the wonderful MS. which so much puzzled him; nor, indeed, has anything but the date of its first exhibition, and the "mortification" of the usher when he found himself unable to make it out, been preserved to us. A little later Chatterton distinguished himself by a piece of fiction of a less innocent but more amusing kind. At the foot of the bridge which he had to cross every Saturday on his way home, was a pewterer's shop, kept by two men called Catcott and Burgum. They were not of the modern race of shopkeepers, prone to villas in the country and a discreet silence as to their means of income. They were men not ashamed of the counter, ready to hold their own with any comer; important in their own eyes, and not unnoted among their townsfolk. Burgum was the less elevated of the two, not born a citizen of Bristol, and possessing little education but much vanity. Catcott, a clergyman's son, was a man of good connections, such as would scarcely be consistent nowadays with the pewterer's shop. His brother was a clergyman in the town, and he would seem to have had a certain place in society; but his

love of display and notoriety was known to everybody. He was so fond of self-exhibition that he rode his horse over the planks of a half-built bridge, in order to have the honor of being the first to cross it; and, with equally silly daring, had himself hoisted up to place a pewter tablet under the crowning stone of the new church steeple, by way of preserving the record of his name to all posterity. Such a pair would seem to have been marked out for the tricks of any mischievous schoolboy; and Chatterton was full of mischief and delight in his own skill and powers of mystification. No doubt the boy was known to both of them, as everybody, even a charity-boy, becomes known in a limited local circle. One day, when it is supposed he was about fourteen, he suddenly entered the shop he had passed so often, and disclosed a great discovery he had made. He had found the De Bergham pedigree amongst those wonderful inexhaustible papers of his. The shop was in the process of rebuilding; and Burgum, poor soul! was probably worn out by builders and painters and their lingering workmen when this wonderful news was brought him. He fell at once into the snare. No wondering sense that a Bluecoat boy was an unlikely person to make such discoveries seems to have crossed his mind, any more than it did those of greater critics at a later period. He accepted the De Bergham pedigree for gospel, and begged a sight of it. Within a few days he received "an old piece of parchment about eight inches square, on which was the shield, blazoned and full of quarterings, of the great family to which he was said to belong, and a first instalment of the pedigree. This document was one of the most extraordinary kind. It set forth the arrival in England with the Conqueror of a certain knight called Simon de Seynote Lyze or Senliz, whose marriages and great deeds are described with solemn gravity. It had a heading in large text to the effect that it was an "Account of the Family of the De Berghams from the Norman Conquest to this time, collected from Original Records, Tournament Rolls, and the *Heralds of March and Garter's Records*, by Thomas Chatterton." It was enriched with marginal references, done in the very irony

of mischief. "Roll of Battle Abbey." "Exstemma fam. Sir Johan de Leveches":—Stowe, Ashmole, Collins, Dugdale, Rouge Dragon, Garter, Norroy, and the Rowley MSS. being quoted as authorities. The lad even went so far as to cite "*Oral* ch. from Henry II. to Sir Jno. de Bergham," as one of the sources from which he had drawn his materials. There were Latin notes to this wonderful document, which, as at present to be seen, are translated in the handwriting of Barrett, the author of a history of Bristol, one of the leading antiquarians and *virtuosi* of the neighborhood. These translations mark the curious fact that a man of some learning, and pretending to some acquaintance with the real antique, was actually taken in by the pedigree, with its circumstantial records and dazzling blazonry. As for Burgum, who had no learning at all, he conceived no doubt on the subject; but with his heart beating proudly in his breast, presented the boy with five shillings for his timely and wonderful discovery. Never was there a more successful practical joke; and Chatterton must have left the shop swelling with fun and triumph, with his crown-piece in his pocket and delight in his heart.

He had not, however, done with the pewterer. The pedigree thus miraculously found brought down the family of De Bergham only to the thirteenth century, between which and the time of Henry Burgum there might be many slips. And accordingly, the discoverer, too lavish in his fertile powers of invention to cut any thread short which he could spin out, caught up the uncompleted tale, and gave its continuation with a still more lavish hand. What so easy as to sow distinguished personages into the roll which could be subjected to no test but that of imagination? Accordingly he pauses in the commonplace record of knights and ladies to interpolate a certain Master John de Bergham, a Cistercian monk, who "was one of the greatest ornaments of the age in which he lived," a poet, and translator of the "*Iliad*," whose talents had been fully recognized in his own century, though grown somewhat dim in the eighteenth. "To give you an idea of the poetry of the age," said this strangest of heralds, "take the following piece, written by

John de Bergham in the year 1320." And here follows the "*Romaunte of the Cnyghte*," one of the most archaic of all the poems, which, as well as a Latin letter from the University of Oxford, commending the high qualities of Friar John, is introduced into the very heart of the pedigree. We do not need to add that the Latinity of this letter, as well as sundry other scraps which shall follow, was of the most doubtful kind. The second part of the De Bergham pedigree produced another crown for Chatterton's empty pockets, and no doubt he felt himself thoroughly well paid for the moment. A great deal of quaint indignation has been wasted on this piece of most elaborate nonsense. Such a trick, if performed by any public-school boy of the present day, would meet with more laughter than reprobation; but Chatterton's critics have made it out to be "indescribably ignorant and impudent," and no better than a piece of swindling. Poor fourteen-year-old boy! It was indescribably clever and mischievous, and, no doubt, would have been punished by a hard imposition had such a trick been discovered by a strong-minded master at Eton or Harrow; but poor Chatterton was not permitted the privileges of his boyhood. "It may console the reader who sympathizes in such virtuous indignation," says Dr. Wilson, who entertains other notions, "to know that the pedigree did not after all prove a bad investment. The copy-books, containing along with it and its '*Romaunte of the Cnyghte*,' some of the earliest transcripts of the Rowley poems, were ultimately disposed of by the family to Mr. Joseph Cottle for the sum of five guineas." So thorough, however, was the belief of the descendant of the De Berghams in his new-found pedigree, that he actually submitted the document to the College of Heralds for confirmation—a step which, however, it is supposed was not taken till after Chatterton's death.

By this time the boy had begun to make friends out of his own sphere. The antiquarian Barrett, who was laboring busily at a history of Bristol, which has been covered with confusion, yet almost introduced to fame, by the fact that half its assertions are made on the authority of the Rowley MSS., began to traffic

with him for his wonderful stock of papers, and "used often to send for him from the charity-school, which was close to his house, and differ with him in opinion, on purpose to make him in earnest, and to see how wonderfully his eye would strike fire, kindle, and light up." At one time a hope of studying medicine under the care of this gentleman, who was a doctor, seems to have crossed his mind; and it is evident that he was permitted to read many medical works, and to pick up some superficial knowledge of the science. Barrett is much blamed by Dr. Wilson for his want of insight into the poet's character, and for having repulsed his confidence and lost the opportunity of leading him safely into the paths of greatness. But notwithstanding all the sympathy we feel for Chatterton, it cannot be denied that he hoaxed his friends all round with charming impartiality, and afterwards satirized them with a plainness of speech at which it is natural enough to suppose they must have winced. Had anybody been able to foresee the blackness of darkness so soon to overtake him, the wild despair and miserable fate of a boy so full of exuberant life and power and prodigal energy, who can doubt that Barrett and Catcott and the rest would have used their possibilities of help in a different way? But nobody ever foresees such wonderful and tragic breaks upon the ordinary routine of existence; and the boy in his rash precocity, and the men in their commonplace indifference, went their way, roused by no presentiment. A certain wonder, one would think, must have grown about the lad who could produce such treasures at a moment's notice; but it does not seem to have affected the minds of his schoolfellows, who dabbled in small verses themselves, and were, each boy to his own consciousness, as good men as he. It is curious to find that none of the admiring devotion with which every gifted schoolboy in a higher class is regarded by some at least of his comrades, seems to have attended Chatterton. Probably this is explained by the lower range of breeding and training, and that strange insensibility to personal influence and high esteem for self, which make the tradesman-class everywhere the one least subject to any generous

weakness of enthusiasm. The Bristol men who were boys with Chatterton were all indignant at the mere suggestion that Rowley and he were one. They were affronted by the idea. It was a personal injustice to them that their schoolfellow should be made out a genius. They had no objection to his acknowledged writings, which they considered no better than their own. But Rowley's poems, they were sure, with an indignation which had a touch of bitterness in it, were no more his writing than theirs. He had friends, but he had nobody who believed in him—a curious distinction of the class in which he was born. Had he been a gentleman's son, no doubt a young guard of honor, schoolfellows, college friends, half of the youth he came across in his career, would have been ready to risk their life in proof of his genius. And the chances are, that in these circumstances the lad himself would never have been tempted to the fierce satire and bitter scorn of many of his youthful productions. But it is necessary for us to accept him as he is, a poor charity-boy among a set of young apprentices, Bristol tradesmen in the bud, all confident of being as good as he or as any one, and capable of no worship of the greater spirit in their midst.

After the era of the pedigree, Chatterton seems to have gone on with a still stronger flight. He cannot have been more than fifteen, for he still wore the dress of his school, when he met with the other partner in the pewterer's firm. No doubt Burgum had exhibited proudly to his partner the proofs of his own splendid descent, and pointed out the passing schoolboy to whom he owed it; and Chatterton probably was attracted towards Catcott by the achievement above recorded, his crossing of the half-built bridge upon planks laid from pier to pier, with a daring-do worthy of any knight of romance. This event took place in June, 1767; and in July of the same year the lad left school, and put off his yellow stockings and tonsure-cap; so it must have been on one of the summer days intervening that the two first met. Mr. Catcott was walking with a friend in Redcliffe Church when he was informed of the fact that several ancient pieces of poetry had been found there, and were in the possession of a "young person"

known to his informant. This news prompted him to seek Chatterton, perhaps to call him in as he went past into the shop already so well known to him, which contained such a monument of his skill. The boy showed not the least reluctance to speak of his discoveries; and, according to Catcott's statement, gave him at once "The Bristowe Tragedie; or the Deth of Sir Charles Bawdin," and several of the smaller poems. Probably they were but submitted to his criticism and approbation. He was a man with a library, and every possibility of getting at books was precious to the boy; and this was the commencement of a curious kind of friendship, in which there seems to have been little regard on the one side or the other, but a considerable attempt at mutual profit. In Catcott's hands many of the MSS. remained after Chatterton's death, and he does not seem to have made a generous use of them; nor did any gleam of insight into the strange story occur to the eyes of the self-occupied shopkeeper. He too received Rowley with undoubting faith. The boy was but a charity-boy—one of the many blue-coated urchins that swarmed past the shop-windows all the year round, and broke the panes, and got in everybody's way. Genius! Mr. Catcott would have laughed at the idea. The boy was old Chatterton's grandson, the gravedigger, and no doubt had got at the poems exactly as he said. Not the remotest suspicion of a hoax seems to have disturbed the composure or self-conceit of these shallow men. And thus the boy went and came—to Barrett, who probably gave him an occasional half-crown for the bits of curious information about old Bristol which he brought him from time to time, and who liked to see the light flash up in his great gray shining eyes; to Catcott, who received his MSS. with pompous pretended knowledge; and by and by to Catcott's clergyman brother, and other worthies of their set, no doubt with a wonder growing in his mind that no one divined the real source of all these marvels. One can imagine the lad's half-trouble, half-delight, in thus bewildering so many—and at the same time the wistful sense of uncomprehended power which must have grown upon him and driven him back to his visionary asso-

ciates. We are told even that he tried more than once to confide in Barrett, faltering forth an admission that the fine and vigorous poem called the "Battle of Hastings," which he presented to the antiquary in his own handwriting, was actually his own composition, and "done for a friend." Barrett, wise man of the world, not to be taken in by such fictions, laughed at the boy. He pressed him to produce the rest of the poem, which was accordingly done at intervals, in fragments, as they could be composed; and pressed him still further for the original MS., which the lad—amazed, disappointed, and yet filled—who can wonder?—with a certain mischievous contempt for the man who swallowed every fiction he chose to bring yet laughed at the truth—instantly began to fabricate. His docility in such a case is very comprehensible. All the fun of his school-boy nature, and all the scorn with which an inexperienced young soul looks upon stupidity and intellectual blindness, must have moved him to fool his patron to the top of his bent. It was the man's sin, if any real sin was in it, and not the boy's.

In July, 1767, Chatterton was transferred from school to the office of an attorney, to whom he was bound apprentice, the fee being supplied by the Hospital. He was to have no wages, but to be clothed, lodged, and maintained by his new employer, a Mr. Lambert—to take his meals with the servants and sleep with the footboy; an arrangement which was supposed by all parties very satisfactory for a Bluecoat boy. So far as we are informed, he himself does not seem to have been any way revolted by it as we are; for it must be remembered that Chatterton as yet had only a boy's glorious sense of being able to do almost anything he tried—the first and perhaps the most delicious sensation of genius—without knowing what was his own real standing among all the owls and bats who were so much more important in the world's eye than he. His office hours were from eight o'clock in the morning till eight in the evening, with an hour in the middle of the day for dinner, and he was expected to return to his master's house every night by ten o'clock. Two hours in the evening were thus all he had for recreation of any kind, and

these he almost invariably spent at his mother's house. During the two years he remained with Mr. Lambert he was only once late in returning. These facts effectually dispose of all the insinuations made against the poor boy's character. He never drank, avoiding even the most modest potations—was fond of tea, and not, it would seem, without an innocent liking for confectionery, simplest of all the tastes of youth. Twelve hours in the solitude of the office, where now and then the footboy or a maid from Mr. Lambert's would come on some pretended errand to make sure that he was there, for the attorney himself was almost always absent; two hours in the evening spent with his mother among her shreds and patches, or in the beloved retirement of his lumber-room. Never did monk observe a severer routine of duty; and yet the poor boy was called a profligate: no imputation was ever more unjust or untrue.

But it would be wrong to suppose that this intermediate period was a loss to Chatterton. Mr. Lambert's business seems to have been a very light one, and his apprentice must have been as much office-boy as clerk—"he had little of his master's business to do, sometimes not two hours in a day," says his sister; and though he was supposed to be "improving himself in professional knowledge" by copying precedents during the remainder of the long lonely days, there was plenty of time left for more congenial work. "Nearly four hundred closely-written folio pages" of these precedents are left to prove that he did not neglect even this musty work—which is no small tribute to his sense of duty; for the master was absent, and there was no one to keep him to the grindstone, and so many inducements to drop away. The office contained, besides a library of law-books, a complete edition of Camden's "Britannia;" and his friends whom he supplied with a succession of wonders lent him books at least, which was some small return. A number of dictionaries of Saxon and early English, Speght's "Chaucer," and various old chronicles, fed his mind and formed his style. We are told that he compiled from these authorities for his own use an elaborate glossary in archaic and modern English, which was his constant compan-

ion. There can be no doubt, as Sir Walter Scott suggests, that to master a style so cumbrously and artificially antique must have taken almost as much time as the learning of a new language; but yet there is a great deal in the trick of such a mode of writing, and we are inclined to believe that the real labor must have been in the compilation of the glossary, which made the rest easy enough—especially as the antiquity of the Rowley poems is entirely artificial; and the young poet does not seem to have felt that any study of the sentiments or forms of expression natural to the period was required to give an air of truthfulness to his productions, greedily and unhesitatingly as they were swallowed by all the authorities round him. The fact seems to have been that a certain impetuous, almost feverish, haste and impatience had come upon the lad unconsciously to himself. The silent moments flew over him as he labored in that dreary little office. Something in him, something instinctive, inarticulate, incapable of giving any warning of what was to come, had been impressed by a sense of the shortness of the time and the quantity of work to do. We are informed repeatedly that the attorney on his visits to the office tore up pages of poetry which he found in his clerk's handwriting, and which he perceived was not law-work, nor within his range of comprehension; so that it is perfectly probable that a much larger quantity of the Rowley poems was produced than those which have reached us. In his ignorance and innocence most likely the boy was swept along by an eager desire to set Rowley, and his time and ways and everything surrounding him—the friends and citizens and noble knights who were so much kinder, nobler, and more true than anything in the eighteenth century—fully before his audience. He wanted, with a certain human longing at the bottom of all his childish trickery and intrigue, to convey to others some glimpse of that splendid visionary world which, from his earliest years, had surrounded himself. And he thought he had succeeded in doing so, poor, brilliant, foolish boy of genius! He thought his painfully-selected, uncouth words, and wonderful spelling, were no masquerade, but gave a real



representation of the life he wanted to make apparent to the world. Nothing could show more clearly his unsophisticated simplicity; for he believed in their truth himself as fervently as the most credulous of all his dupes,—not in their truth of fact as the poems of Rowley, for that, of course, was impossible; but in their truth to the period they professed to represent, and real faithfulness to its characteristics—a belief which only shows how little educated, how simple and unacquainted with the history of the ages, and the difference between one and another, was the boy poet. The masquerade, transparent as it is to us, was reality to himself.

In 1768, when Chatterton was sixteen, after he had been a whole year in Mr. Lambert's office, the new bridge, over which, when half built, Catcott had ridden with so much silly braggadocio, was formally opened; and on occasion of this ceremony, Chatterton tried his hand at a mystification of the general public. He sent an extract to a local paper out of Rowley's wonderful stories, in which, it appeared, every kind of illustration appropriate to every variety of experience might be found. "The following description of the Mayor's first passing over the Old Bridge, taken from an old MS., may not at this time be unacceptable to the generality of your readers," he says, signing himself "Dunelmus Bristolensis," to "Farley's Bristol Journal;" and the accompanying extract was given with all formality as it is quoted. The reader will perceive how, under the strange and over-elaborate marks of antiquity, are forms of expression audaciously modern, and a general air of to-day, by which no true antiquary could ever be deceived:—

"On Fridae was the Time fixed for passing the newe Brydge: Aboute the Time of the Tollynge the tenth Clock, Master Greggorie Dalbenye, mounted on a Fergreyne Horse, enformed Master Maior all Thyngs were prepared; when two Beadils want fyrst streying fresh stre, next came a Manne dressed up as follows: Hose of Goatskyn, erinepart outwards, Doublet and Waystcoat also, over which a white Robe without sleeves, much like an albe, but not so longe, reeching but to his Lends; a girdle of Azure over his left shoulder, rechde also to his Lends on the Ryght, and doubled back to his Left, bucklying with a Gouldin Buckel, dangled to his

knee; thereby representing a Saxon Elder-man. In his hande he bare a shield, the Maystrie of Gille a Brogton, who painted the same, representyng Saincte Warburgh cros-synge the Ford. Then a mickle strong Manne, in armour, carried a huge anlace; after whom came six claryons and Minstrels, who sang the Song of Saincte Warburgh; then came Master Maior, mounted on a white Horse, dight with sable Trappying, wrought about by the Nunnes of Saincte Kenna with gould and silver. Next followed the 'Eldermen and Cittie Broders' all fitly mounted and caparisoned; and after them a procession of priests and friars, also singing St. Warburgh's Song.

"In thilk Manner reechyng the Brydge, the Manne with the anlace stode on the fyrst Top of a Mound, yreed in the midst of the Bridge; then want up the Manne with the sheelde, after him the Minstrels and Clarions; and then the Preestes and Freeres, all in white Albs, makyng a most goodlie shewe; the Maior and Eldermen standyng round, theie sang, with the sound of Clarions, the Song of Saincte Baldwyn: which beyng done, the Manne on the Top threwe with greet Myght his anlace into the see, and the Clarions sounded an auntiant charge and Forloyn: then theie sang againe the Song of Saincte Warburgh, and proceeded up Chryst's Hill to the Cross, where a Latin Sermon was preached by Ralph de Blundeville. And with sound of Clarion theie agayne went to the Brydge, and there dined; spendyng the rest of the Daie in Sportes and Plaies: the Freeres of Saincte Augustine doeyng the Plaie of the Knyghtes of Bristowe, making a greete Fire at Night on Kynwulph Hyll."

This bit of supposed antiquity caused a considerable sensation in the town. It had been brought to the printing-office by a stranger, and it was only on his return with another communication of a similar character that his identity was discovered. Catcott, to whom the narrative was doubly interesting on account of his recent exploit, had made eager inquiries about the source from which it came, and was no doubt confirmed in his belief in Rowley by finding that this wonderful piece of narrative proceeded from the same inexhaustible stores. The boy appears to have been rather roughly handled by the printing-house people. "His age and appearance altogether precluded the idea of his being the author;" and when peremptorily questioned as to where he got it, he drew back within himself, and became as obstinate as his questioners were surly. It was only when they softened, and begged for the

information which he alone could afford, that he yielded. He gave the same reply that he had already done to Catcott and Burgum—that this was one of the many MSS. which his father had taken from the muniment-room at Redcliffe Church. At the very same time, however, he showed to a certain John Rudhall, one of his comrades, with boyish imprudence, the process by which he prepared his parchments and imitated the ancient writing. No doubt the publication of this scrap of history gave fresh energy to his dealings with Barrett, whom he served in the strangest way, humoring his longing for original documents, and inventing, as he went along, with a miraculous appropriateness to the need of the moment, which one would think must have excited some suspicion in the mind of the historian. Authorities do not generally drop down from heaven upon a writer exactly when he wants them in this lavish way. But no doubt seems to have crossed the mind of the antiquary. “No one surely ever had such good fortune as myself,” he cried many years after ecstatically, “in procuring MSS. and ancient deeds to help me in investigating the history and antiquities of this city.” It does not seem even to have occurred to the self-absorbed compiler that there was anything remarkable in the fact of the lad Chatterton being able to decipher and identify such documents, even had his possession of them been fully explained. He took everything for granted with the most admirable imbecility, and made the fullest use of them, as will be seen from the following account of his work, which we quote from Dr. Wilson:—

“If the reader turn from the biographer's pages to those of the historian and antiquary of Bristol, for information about William Canynge the elder, merchant and mayor of Bristol in the age of Chaucer, when Edward III. and his grandson Richard reigned; or for the facts concerning the younger Canynge of the times of the Roses; of Sir Symon de Byrtoune, Sir Baldwin Fulford, or even of the good priest Rowley—he suddenly finds himself involved in the most ludicrous perplexities. Mr. Barrett was, in earlier days, an undoubted believer in Rowley, and continued to welcome with unquestioning credulity the apt discoveries which were ever rewarding the researches of Chatterton among the old parchments purloined by his father

from Redcliffe Church. Did the historian attempt to follow up his first chapter of British and Roman Bristol, with its Roman camps, roads, and coins, by a second, treating in like manner of Saxon and Norman Bristol, his meagre data are forthwith augmented by the discovery of an account by Turgot, a Saxon ecclesiastic, who lived not long after the time assigned by Camden for the origin of the city, ‘Of auncient coynes found at and near Bristowe, with the hystorie of the fyrst coynynge, by the Saxones, done from the Saxon ynto Englyshe, by T. Rowlie.’ From the same veracious pen follows an account of ‘Mayster Canynge, hys cabinet of auntyaunte monuments;’ the same being a wondrous library and antiquarian museum of Bristol in the days of Henry VI. Did Leland fail the historian, painfully assiduous in researches into early ecclesiastical foundations: an old MS. of Rowley fortunately turns up, with valuable notes on St. Baldwin's Chapelle in Baldwin's Street; the Chapelle of St. Mary Magdalen, in the time of Earl Goodwyne; Seyncte Austin's Chapelle, with its ‘aunciauntrie and nice carvellynge;’ and other equally curious and apocryphal edifices.

“So it is throughout the volume.”

It seems to have been only when he had thus fully convinced all the authorities round him—and of course such men, as the Catcotts and Barrett were, till he saw through them, great men to the attorney's apprentice, the charity-boy and descendant of gravediggers—that Chatterton began to dream of fame and fortune. No doubt it must have been every way bad for the boy to fathom so speedily, and find out the narrowness and meanness of the only people he had to look up to. When he perceived with his clear eyes how utterly deceivable they were and yet how selfish, taking from him what they wanted without any attempt to help him, or the slightest appreciation of his powers, it is not wonderful if the natural impulse of arrogant youth to despise its pottering commonplace seniors, grew stronger and more bitter within him. He took these small luminaries as a type of the critics and teachers of the world—as indeed, to a certain extent, they were—and trimmed his pinions to a loftier flight. As he had taken in the wiseacres at home, no doubt he could take in the others outside the little world of Bristol, and make a stepping-stone of them, and dash forth upon a universe where surely—grand final hope which represents some faith still in an ideal human nature—somebody was to

be found who would know what all those hieroglyphics meant, and decipher the strange language and hail the new poet. There is the strangest mixture of simplicity and cunning, belief in the credulity of others, and pathetic credulity on his own part, in Chatterton's first attempt upon the larger world. He wrote to Dodsley the publisher, offering "several ancient poems, and an interlude, perhaps the oldest dramatic work extant, wrote by one Rowley, a priest in Bristol, who lived in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV." Receiving no answer to this letter, after an interval of two months he wrote again, a pitiful epistle, giving an account of the tragedy of "Ella," and asking for "one guinea to enable him to procure permission to copy it." Poor boy! The extreme poverty to which one guinea is a matter of importance has something pathetic in it, which drops a merciful veil over those little meannesses, by none more bitterly felt than by those compelled to do them, which need produces. Whether he received any answer at all to this painful application there is no way of knowing. But shortly after, he made another and more dignified effort. Horace Walpole, who is so well known to us all—a man of much greater calibre than the Catcotts and Barretts, yet who probably in the same circumstances would have been as easily deceived, and as little conscious of Chatterton's real qualities as they—was, at the distance from which alone the Bristol boy could regard such a potentate, as a god among men. Distance, alas! has an immense deal to do with many reputations. A vague dilated idea of the noble gentleman, who, though already in the highest place which fortune could bestow, yet condescended to write, to take an interest in art, and to bestow a glorious patronage upon its professors, was the young poet's conception of the *dilettante* of Strawberry Hill. He was a patron worth having—a man whose notice would open an entire world of honor and gladness to the ardent boy. He too, even, had sinned, if it could be called sin, in the same splendid way. Chatterton was Rowley; but was not Walpole the Baron of Otranto, able to understand all these quaint delights of antiquity, half simulated, half real—to see through the dis-

guise, and recognize the real poet? Such, no doubt, was the poor lad's dream—and such a dream has aroused, one time or another, every poetical youthful imagination. A sudden exhilaration seems to have filled his mind when this project dawned upon him. He could not, would not, doubt its success. "He would often speak in great raptures of the undoubted success of his plan for future life," says his sister. "His ambition increased daily. His spirits were rather uneven, sometimes so gloomed that for days together he would say but very little, and apparently by constraint; at other times exceedingly cheerful. When in spirits he would enjoy his rising fame: confident of advancement, he would promise my mother and me that we should be partakers of his success."

Strangely enough, however, this pure impulse to seek a higher sphere and a patron more likely to comprehend him, was carried out by another of those amazing fictions to which his mind had grown familiar. He approached Walpole not as a young poet seeking to make himself known, nor even as the discoverer of a poet, but with a long, quaint, very absurd, and, to our eyes, very transparent account of a multitude of mediæval painters, immortalized by Rowley, which might be used (he suggests) in a future edition of Walpole's "Anecdotes of Painting"! Nothing more daring than this sudden creation of a Bristol school of painters, as numerous as the Umbrian or Venetian, and to all appearance quite as distinguished, could be conceived; and it shows the wonderful simplicity of the poor boy, and his unconsciousness of the fact that history did exist independent of Rowley, and that his wonderful statement could be put to its test. In the note which accompanied this extraordinary production he introduced himself to Walpole as a brother *dilettante*. "Being versed a little in antiquities, I have met with several curious MSS.," he says. No doubt this mode of approaching the great man seemed to the youth the perfection of craft and prudence; and when he received in return a courtly letter, complimenting him upon his learning, his urbanity, and politeness, and couched in the terms due from one stately student to another, it is not wonderful if he felt his hopes almost realized.

The poor boy wrote again, not abandoning his grandiloquent pretences as to Rowley, but bursting into a little personal history as well. He told his splendid correspondent that he was "the son of a poor widow who supported him with great difficulty; that he was still an apprentice to an attorney, but had a taste or turn for more elegant studies; and hinted a wish," says Walpole, who is our only authority as to the words of this letter, "that I would assist him with my interest in emerging out of so dull a profession by procuring him some place in which he could pursue his natural bent." With this letter Chatterton enclosed no more nonsense about painters, but several of the Rowley poems, and awaited the result with, it is too easy to imagine, a beating heart.

The result was such as might have been anticipated. The courteous reception of a doubtful antiquity from a brother virtuoso, which involved nothing more than civility and a learned correspondence, was one thing; but to take bodily upon one's shoulders the charge of an uneducated and penniless lad, with a fardel of very suspicious MSS., was a totally different matter. Our friend Horace was taken much aback. He had no way of knowing that it was a matter of life and death to his correspondent; and even had he done so, it is doubtful whether he would have thought the despair of a Bristol apprentice anything like so important as his own comfort and equanimity. But he was still courteous, even kind in his way. He submitted the poems to Gray and Mason, whose opinion against their genuineness was stronger than his own, and he wrote very civilly to the young unfortunate. "I undeceived him," he says, "about my being a person of interest, and urged him that in duty and gratitude to his mother, who had straitened herself to breed him up to a profession, he ought to labor in it, that in her old age he might absolve the filial debt. I told him that when he should have made a fortune, he might unbend himself with the studies consonant to his inclination." Pitiless words! yet not meant badly by the fine gentleman, to whom, no doubt, it appeared quite possible that a budding attorney might one day make some kind of dirty little fortune. Poor Chatterton, stinging and

tingling in every vein, yet keeping his temper with a miraculous effort, replied in defence of his MSS., upon which his correspondent had thrown a doubt. "I am not able to dispute with a person of your character," cries the poor boy, who, even in this bitter moment, cannot refrain from some circumstantial fibbing about his Rowley, whose productions he copied, he says, "from a transcript in the hands of a gentleman who is assured of their authenticity." But he concludes with a burst of indignant but not undignified feeling. "Though I am but sixteen years of age, I have lived long enough to see that poverty attends literature. I am obliged to you, sir, for your advice, and will go a little beyond it, by destroying all my useless lumber of literature, and never using my pen again but in the law."

Poor hot-headed disappointed boy! no doubt there were bitter tears in his eyes as he wrote these words, so full of indignant meaning, so real in feeling, and yet so impossible. Twice after he had to apply to Walpole for the return of his MSS., Horace having gone to Paris to enjoy himself for six weeks in the mean time, and forgotten all about his petitioner. They were finally returned without a word to apologize for the delay. And thus ended poor Chatterton's dream—the only project with any real foundation to it which had yet entered his fertile brain.

But yet it would be cruel to impute any serious blame to Walpole. Advice is an unpalatable substitute for warm support and championship; but there was no reason why he should accept the task of setting up this boy in the world, and making a career for him. No doubt he was sorry afterwards if it ever occurred to him that his repulse had anything to do with Chatterton's fate. But we cannot believe that it had actually anything to do with it. The boy's energies were quite fresh and unbroken, and the sting of a great disappointment is quite as often a spur as a discouraging blow. Probably the cutting off of his hopes had something to do with the sharp and angry satires produced during his last year in Bristol, and which seem to have been chiefly directed against his friends. One of these, Mr. Catcott the pewterer, received his casti-

gation in such a Christian spirit, or rather with such unexampled vanity, as to annotate and preserve it, evidently with an idea that fame is fame, and that to be celebrated in satiric verse is better than not to be celebrated at all. But his brother the clergyman, with whom Chatterton had become intimate, received it in quite another fashion, and broke off all intercourse with the rash boy—a fact which would seem to have startled him—the first punishment of his unsparing ridicule. By this time he seems to have become very well known in Bristol. He had a bowing acquaintance, his sister tells us, with almost all the young men; and his strange ways, his fits of silence, his abstruse occupations, and no doubt in such an age his unusual temperance, made him an object of some wonder to the common crowd. He was like nobody else in that little world. He was known to be already a man of letters, contributing to the newspapers and magazines; and that of itself was foundation enough upon which to attribute to him all manner of oddity. Wondering looks followed as he went on his dreamy way from Mr. Lambert's house to his office—from the office to his mother's humble little dwelling. That was the utmost extent of his locomotion on week-days; but on Sunday he made expeditions into the country, and would bring home drawings of village churches which had taken his fancy; or beguiling a half-reluctant companion to the river-side, would throw himself down on the grass and read to him, probably to the great bewilderment of his faculties, one of Rowley's poems; or in a gayer mood would join the gay crowd in the public promenade, where the girls went to show their finery. He had many friends among those "girls," the pretty blossoms of their generation, who perhaps were less hard upon him than wiser folk—and wrote verses to them, and promised to write them letters when he went away; but these friendships were such that he could send his messages to them through his mother—a harmless mode of correspondence.

These are the higher lights of Chatterton's life. But all this time it must be remembered that the lad who had been permitted to discuss theology with

the clerical Catcott, and give information to the antiquarian Barrett—who had corresponded with Walpole, and seen himself in print in a London magazine—and who had formed a thousand dreams more splendid than any reality—was still the bedfellow of Mr. Lambert's footboy, eating his spare meals in Mr. Lambert's kitchen with the maids, and with no place of refuge from these companions except in the office, where sometimes Mr. Lambert himself would appear furious, seizing upon his cherished labors, and scattering the floor with the fragments of his lost poetry. He was boarded and clothed by this harsh employer, but had not a penny even to provide himself with paper, except the chance half-crowns which Barrett or Catcott bestowed upon him for his MSS. If he was "moody and uneven in spirits," what wonder? With such associates round him continually, it would have been strange if he had not been subject to "fits of absence." And as he grew and developed, the yoke became more and more irksome. He was apprenticed to Mr. Lambert for seven years, only two of which were gone, and to get free was the object of his constant longing. He would run away, he said, in despair, in the evening hours which he spent at home, and which were often spent, no doubt, in those anxious pleadings with him for patience on the part of the troubled women, and wild complaints on his side, which are unfortunately so common. One knows the very arguments the poor mother would use, praying her impatient boy, with tears in her eyes, to put up with it a little longer. What was to become of him?—what was to become of them all if he threw away this only certain sustenance? There are few of us who have not seen such scenes; but not many discontented boys nowadays have such foundation as had poor Chatterton, thus beset on every side, and shut out from any possible consolation or even privacy in his life.

It is hard to say whether the accident which cut short his bondage was the result of careful arrangement on his part, or if it was simply chance; probably a little of both. There is a mixture of levity and reality in the strange document called his will, which seems to

bring before us too clearly for any artifice the workings of the strange double mind—one all school-boy insolence, the other deepening into a pathetic sense of all the mysteries of life—which inspired the lad. This curious production begins with satirical addresses to his friends Burgum and Catcott in verse, and breaking off abruptly with a reference to the usual burial-place of suicides, continues thus:—

"This is the last Will and Testament of me, Thomas Chatterton, of the City of Bristol; being sound in body, or it is the fault of my last surgeon. The soundness of my mind the Coroner and Jury are to be judges of, desiring them to take notice, that the most perfect masters of human nature in Bristol distinguish me, by the title of the Mad Genius; therefore if I do a mad action, it is conformable to every action of my life, which all savoured of insanity.

"Item, If after my death, which will happen to-morrow night before eight o'clock, being the Feast of the Resurrection, the Coroner and Jury bring it in lunacy, I will and direct that Paul Farr, Esq., and Mr. John Flower, at their joint expense, cause my body to be interred in the tomb of my fathers, and raise the monument over my body to the height of four feet five inches, placing the present flat stone on the top, and adding six tablets.

"On the *first*, to be engraved in Old English characters—

"Vous qui par ici passez  
Pur l'ame Guateroine Chatterton priez;  
Le Cors di oi ici gist,  
L'ame receyve Thu Crist.—MCCC.

"On the *second* tablet, in Old English characters—

"Orate pro animabus Alanus Chatterton, et Alicia Uxeris ejus, qui quidem Alanus obiit X. die mensis Novomb. MCCCXV., quorum animabus propinetur Dous. Amen.\*

"On the *third* tablet, in Roman characters—

"Sacred to the Memory of  
THOMAS CHATTERTON,

Subchaunter of the Cathedral of this city, whose ancestors were residents of St. Mary Redcliffe since the year 1140. He died the 7th of August 1752.

"On the *fourth* tablet, in Roman characters—

"To the Memory of  
THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Reader, judge not: if thou art a Christian, believe that he shall be judged by a superior Power; to that Power alone is he now answerable."

\* The French and Latin are given as Chatterton wrote them.

This wonderful jumble of the imaginary and true, fictitious ancestors and but too real father and son, is not more remarkable than the sudden drop in a moment from the false levity of all that precedes it to the touching and pathetic words which have since been inscribed on Chatterton's monument—a momentary gleam of the better and truer soul. The will then relapses into satire, as the boy bequeaths his "vigor and fire of youth," his humility, his modesty, his spirit and disinterestedness, his powers of utterance and his free-thinking, to various of his friends, patrons, and enemies in Bristol. Then he pauses, with once more a recollection of something better, to make a kind of apology to the Catcotts for his sins against them. "I have an unlucky way of railing, and when the strong fit of satire is upon me I spare neither friend nor foe," says the poor fool of genius, divided between real regret for his cruelties, and a certain sense that it is a fine thing to have talents and impulses which are too strong to be resisted. "I leave all my debts," he concludes, "the whole not five pounds, to the payment of the generous Chamber of Bristol. . . . I leave my mother and sister to the protection of my friends, if I have any. Executed in the presence of Omniscience, the 14th of April, 1770." This wonderful melange of flippancy and solemnity is indorsed as follows: "All this wrote between eleven and two o'clock, Saturday, in the utmost distress of mind." Poor boy! wearing his charlatan habit with such a tragic truthfulness! He meant it every word, and yet he meant it not. He was playing with that cold-gleaming remorseless weapon of death; touching the axe with his finger, jesting over it, shooting sharp shafts under cover of its presence, and laughing at the twinges of his victims; yet wondering, wondering all the time when the moment came how it would feel.

He left this composition, written, as most of his productions were, in a copy-book, upon his desk; and by chance or by design it fell into Mr. Lambert's hands. The attorney had been already scared by another trick of the same kind, and was too much alarmed any longer to run the risk of finding a dead drudge in his office some day instead of a living one. His alarm was so great that we are told the

indentures were immediately cancelled, and the dangerous apprentice dismissed. He was as glad to be rid of Lambert as Lambert must have been to get rid of him; and went back to his mother, carrying trouble and consternation into the dressmaker's humble household, but full of confidence himself. "Would you have me stay here and starve?" he asked, when the weeping women tried to dissuade him from his project of going to London; and then he chattered to them of the great future that was coming, and of all the grandeur he would surround them with. He talked away their fears, or at least talked them silent—no rare occurrence; for here again is no exceptional feature in a poet's life, but one of the perennial chances of humanity—the confident boy, fearing nothing, eager to dash into the fight and dare all its perils—the older, sadder souls that have themselves been wounded in the battle, weeping, doubting, deprecating, and yet not without a feeling in their hearts that for him an exception may be made which goes against all experience, and that such bright hope and courage and confidence cannot altogether fail.

And in this moment of necessity his friends stepped in to help. They made up a purse for him to pay his expenses to London and gave him a start in his new career. The amount is not known, and probably was not very great; but it was enough to send the boy away in the highest spirits, in the basket and afterwards on the top of the coach, where he "rid easy," as he writes to his mother. He wrote the first morning after his arrival a long letter with a complete itinerary of his journey. He had got into London at five in the evening on the 25th of April, and had at once proceeded to visit the booksellers with whom he had already some kind of connection, through his contributions to the *Town and Country* and other magazines. He had, he says, "great encouragement from them all; all approved of my design." He had seen various relations in London, and had received a kindly welcome; and altogether was in high hope and excitement, feeling himself on the verge of a brilliant fate.

Chatterton established himself in lodgings in Shoreditch—a curious locality,

considering all the fine company which he immediately declared himself to be keeping. So far as personal comfort went he would not seem to have much improved by the change, for again we find he shared his room with a nephew of his landlady's, a young plasterer, whose peace must have been strangely disturbed by his new bedfellow. "He used to sit up almost all night in writing and reading," says the plasterer's sister; "and her brother said he was afraid to lie with him, for to be sure he was a spirit and never slept; for he never came to bed till it was morning, and then, for what he saw, never closed his eyes." And, however late he had been, he invariably got up when the young workman did, between five and six. The same feverish restlessness seems to have distinguished him through all the remainder of his brief life. His letters are like the utterance of a man in a breathless hurry. He is writing this and that—he is sought for here and there. Wilkes is anxious to see him; Beckford the mayor is going to make his fortune. He knows all the wits at the coffee-houses; he meant to have called on the Duke of Bedford, but could not, as he was ill. All these startling intimations of exalted fortune hurry from his pen as if he had no time to take breath. And he must indeed, during the first month he spent in London, have been busy enough, though not to much profit. He had papers in the *"Middlesex Journal,"* the *"Freeholders' Magazine,"* the *"Town and Country Magazine,"* the *"Annual Register,"* and even the *"Gospel Magazine"* received contributions from him, "for a whim" as he tells the anxious watchers at home. "I get four guineas a month by one magazine," he wrote a fortnight after his arrival, "and shall engage to write a History of England and other pieces, which will more than double that sum. Occasional essays for the daily papers will more than support me. What a glorious prospect!" He promises his sister "two silks during the summer," she has only to choose the colors; and does manage somehow or other to send his mother a box containing a half-dozen cups and saucers, two fans, and some British herb snuff for his grandmother—a touching proof of the boy's tender thought of his own

people, the humble, simple, anxious family who were rejoicing with trembling in the little Bristol house.

Amid all this big talk, however, he allows himself to complain, in a letter to his sister, that the political essays or letters which he had begun to write did not pay. It was the age of Junius, and the ambitious boy had set himself up as a kind of rival to Junius under the title of Decimus. But he found that "essays on the patriotic side fetch no more than what the copy is sold for," and that on the other side they fetch nothing at all. "You must pay to have them printed," he says with curious shrewdness, "but then you seldom lose by it." "If money flowed as fast on me as honors," he adds, "I would give you a portion of £5,000." There does not seem to have been any foundation for all these boasts; yet the brag which was made to keep up the spirits of his mother and sister, and conceal from them his privations, surely deserves to be called at least a pious fraud, and must not be too sharply criticised. He kept up the farce almost to the end, describing himself on the 20th July, only a month before his death, as having "a universal acquaintance: my company is courted everywhere; and could I humble myself to go into a computer, could have had twenty places before now; but I must be among the great: State matters suit me better than commercial," says the boy, in what must have been the half-delirious self-assertion of a spirit approaching the final margin of despair. A little later he tries to obtain a recommendation from Mr. Barrett for a situation as surgeon in a ship going to Africa, a wonderful practical contradiction to his boasts which must have confused the minds of his friends. Barrett refused to give it, as was natural. And then the darkness seems to have closed in around the unhappy lad. The last visible sign we have of him in this world is a letter to Catcott, mostly about the architecture of Redcliffe Church, and the improvement of the Bristol streets. "Heaven send you the comforts of Christianity; I request them not, for I am no Christian," he says. These are almost his last words out of the gathering shadows. They are dated the 12th August, but twelve days before his death; but not a word is in them to lead to the

inference that the writer's heart and hopes were failing, that he was nearly at the end of all his devices, beginning to starve among strangers. Shortly before this he had changed his lodging, for no reason that is told to us, but probably that he might hide his growing poverty, the beginning of utter want and destitution, from people who knew him. A relative of his own lived in the house in Shoreditch, and must have found out his privations—and the poor proud boy preferred to hide his misery and suffer alone.

There is little to be learned about his last days. He had stolen away like a wounded animal to hide what he had to bear. For the first time in his life he had his poor room to himself. It was in the dusky neighborhood of Holborn, in the midst of the fullest din of London, and nobody who knew him was near to win the unhappy one back to hope. He had written night and day, using all his young strong faculties to the utmost, dispensing with sleep and food and all the ordinary supports of mortal men; and this, no doubt, had undermined his health, so that despair had so much the easier mastery of him when, after valiantly fighting the wolf at the door for four long months, it at last broke in. The publishers, according to his own calculation, were owing him eleven pounds—enough to give so frugal a being bread for some time to come; but he could not get the money that was owing to him, and that bitter doubt and distrust of man which lay in the depths of his nature broke forth in full force, adding a double pang to his other sufferings. With that horrible doubt and sense of wrong came the pride which is their natural companion. Humble overtures of kindness made by the humble people about him, who saw that the boy was starving, were rejected with scorn. Once only the pretence of an oyster-supper tempted him to eat in the house of a kind apothecary in his new neighborhood. This, it is supposed, was his last meal. When his landlady begged him to share her dinner with her in the last awful days, the poor boy, mad with hunger and despair, resented the Christian charity. He kept himself all alone "a prisoner in his room" with such thoughts as only the eye of God could see. Between the unhappy child (not eighteen)



in his despair, and those tenderest, most pitiful, all-comprehending eyes of the Father in heaven, it is not fit that any man should interpose his vain judgment. On the 24th of August the boy's fortitude or his mind gave way. It is possible that he had the poison in readiness for some such emergency, or else that he staggered forth, all weak and ghastly, to get it when nature could bear no more. It was arsenic, mixed with water, we are told, which was the means of death he chose. Next morning, when the frightened people of the house broke open his door, he lay among a thousand fragments of the papers he had torn up wildly before dying, in all his young beauty, the bright eyes dim, the strong limbs powerless, like a young oak-tree felled, while all its strength was yet to come. This was the end of his struggles, his indomitable courage, his wild tender boastings of good fortune which had never been. The sleepless soul had perished in its pride. The great career which ought to have been was annulled forever.

We have not attempted any criticism of Dr. Wilson's careful and sympathetic study of this short sad life. The ground has been often gone over, but never with more painstaking labor or truer feeling; and this book is not burdened, as are almost all others on the same subject, with elaborate discussions about the comparative wickedness of literary forgeries, or the forgotten arguments of the Rowley controversy. Dr. Wilson's interest is with his hero—to whom he has rendered the calm yet generous justice which is scarcely ever attained by contemporaries, or even by critics of the generation im-

mediately following—and not with mere literary discussions or *dilettante* arguments.

We have refrained, too, from the Rowley controversy, and also from the Rowley poems, as things of inferior and temporary moment in comparison with the story of their author. The first is dead, as all such absurd discussions must come to be as soon as remorseless Time has laid his hand upon them. The poems, if not dead, are sadly buried under the rubbish of artificial antiquity with which it pleased their author to encumber them. Underneath are to be found rich tints of beauty and power, the scatterings of a splendid and prodigal genius; but we have no space to enter into criticism. We are told, in all Chatterton's earlier memoirs, with the unfailing set moral of the eighteenth century, that had he but waited a while all would have been well with him. Did not Dr. Fry of St. John's College, Cambridge, go to Bristol very shortly after to investigate into the Rowley poems and their discoverer? "Poor Chatterton! he might have grown to be a perfect man, and become a happy poet and a Christian philosopher," says one of his anonymous biographers. But, after all, there is nothing certain in Dr. Fry nor in the justice of the world; and the only conclusion we have the heart to put to this saddest chapter of literary history, is that which he himself appointed to be placed over his grave: "Reader, judge not. If thou art a Christian, believe that he shall be judged by a superior Power: to that Power alone is he now answerable." There is nothing more to be said.

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[Macmillan's Magazine.]

BLANCHE TRÉGUIER.]

THE first time I saw her she was cleaning a window. She was dressed in black, and had a little white cap tied under her chin. The frills of it stood round her face like a halo, and underneath the frills peeped some stray locks of hair; hair that was neither red nor sandy, nor what we call golden, but the color of the silk wound from the pale yellow cocoons that one sees sometimes in the silk

markets in Italy. She came and went, answering somebody who was calling from below, while I, who had just arrived at St. Aignan by the night diligence, sat disconsolate on top of my boxes in the red-tiled *salon* on Madame Landerneau's first-floor, in No. 49, Rue du Chat qui file, waiting till Madame got my room ready, and brought me some hot coffee. "*Tiens!*" she had

said coolly, when remonstrated with for not having been prepared to receive me when I had written to warn her; "*tiens!*" Mademoiselle did write, it is true, and I don't deny it. But I said to myself, I dare say she will change her mind now the weather has turned chilly. You will not have long to wait, however, Mademoiselle; your rooms are perfectly clean, only a little dusty."

I sat still, looking, I dare say, very tired and cross, staring absently across from my open window on one side of the court to the window that was being cleaned by the girl with the blond hair on the other side of the court. Presently she shot a glance across to me with a pair of beautiful, mischievous, unfathomable brown eyes; a glance that took in all the situation, as they say, of the *salon* of No. 49 in an instant: thus—middle-aged lady, new lodger, plenty of boxes; wanting bath, bed, breakfast, everything; Madame Landerneau behindhand as usual, puffing and blowing, screaming at Marthe in the kitchen, looking high and low for her keys, which are in her outside pocket, banging everything about, and wondering why people will come when she has made up her mind not to expect them. "Yes, yes; I know all about it," said the brown eyes, as plainly as possible. Then with a parting flick of her blue duster, a parting glance up at the six window-panes shining without a speck in the morning sun, and a look of mingled pity and amusement across the court to me, she shut the window, and vanished.

Before the end of the week I had persuaded Madame Landerneau to dust my rooms thoroughly. I had placed rugs here and there on the red-tiled floor, and scarlet hangings round the chimney-piece to keep my fire warm. I had silenced two of the three antiquated clocks of which my landlady was so proud, and I had made her understand that whenever I went upon any of the short excursions on account of which I had made St. Aignan my head-quarters, she was to expect me back at the time I fixed for my return, and not have any opinion of her own on the point.

Sitting in the dusk after my solitary dinner, on my return from one of these excursions, I could see into my neighbor's room across the court. Her lamp

was lit, and she was ironing busily. A row of ugly, old woman's night-caps hung before the fire, crisp and steaming. Three little white embroidered caps lay on the faded red sofa by the fireside. She had just finished ironing a fourth, and was in the act of trying it on, when I looked up. Thought I, "Some coquettish little bourgeoisie, no doubt. She will stick pink bows into her cap, and be very fine at High Mass to-morrow."

On Sunday afternoon, as I looked out of window debating whether it were best to take umbrella or parasol, I saw two ladies descend a staircase that belonged to a separate block of buildings on the other side of the court. They had Prayer-books in their hands, and wore bonnets. They crossed the court and entered Rue du Chat qui file by the long narrow passage belonging to Madame Landerneau's house. I did not see the face of the elder lady: the face of the younger was that of my ironing woman, my window-cleaner, the bourgeoisie with the brown eyes and the blond hair. But the bonnet on her head this afternoon told me in language not to be mistaken that she was no bourgeoisie, but a daughter of a good house, as they say at St. Aignan. I believe that at that time, had a bourgeoisie ventured into the street with a bonnet on, her neighbors would have mobbed her, and torn her head-dress into shreds. St. Aignan has the railway now, and gas, and flagged pavements, and many other innovations, and the bourgeois have left off observing their old sumptuary laws; indeed, I believe all the young ones wear bonnets and kid gloves on Sundays; but it was far otherwise at the time of which I write.

One winter's day, when the snow fell thick, and the white glare from the roofs filled and chilled my sitting-room beyond endurance in spite of my scarlet curtains and my log fire, a timid, uncertain knock came to my outer door. Madame Landerneau and I had had a "difference" that morning about answering the door. She was paid for attendance, which she supposed to include getting my coffee of a morning, making my bed in time for me to get into at night, and stopping to have a chat whenever she brought me a letter or a news-

paper. She had no objection to answer the door either, if she were in the way. If not—if she happened to be up-stairs in her apple-room, or down-stairs among her wine-casks, or nodding or gossiping with a neighbor out of window—why, then any reasonable lodger would get up and answer the door herself. I had been roused that morning from a delicious sleep and a dream about a chime of bells, by a pedler who had entered my room after knocking and ringing in vain at the outer door, and who insisted on selling me lithographs, and soap, and hair-pins, and brushes. After that it was necessary to come to an understanding with Madame Landerneau. "Oh, of course, since Mademoiselle insists upon it," she said, and as she went away I heard her muttering to herself and grunting, "Ugh! as obstinate as a Bretonne!" Madame Landerneau was a Normandy woman, and believed no good thing could come out of Brittany.

I sat still, wondering whether the door would be opened or not. After the third appeal to the bell I owned that Madame Landerneau had proved the stronger, and got up meekly to open the door myself. I was rewarded by seeing a princess in disguise—the girl with the brown eyes and the blond hair, hair that looked as if all the hairdressers in St. Aignan had been spending the morning over it. She stood and courtesied low, with mingled grace and pride, a princess if ever there was one. I courtesied too, and bid her enter.

"Mademoiselle," she said, as she dropped into the seat of honor, my biggest arm-chair, "a letter was brought to us this morning which was directed to me—or rather to a person with a name much resembling mine. The postman seeing no street marked, concluded it must be for me. I am Blanche Tréguier, and I did not know there was another person of the same name in St. Aignan or out of it. We did not know the handwriting, and, hearing there was a strange lady lodging in this house, my mother thought I had better show her the letter, as she might be its owner."

The letter was mine; my correspondent, a woman who never remembers street or number, and keeps no address-book.

It is a wonder how any of her letters

get to their owners. It was a wonder I got mine, then.

"My name is Blanche Tregaye," I said, "and I, too, did not know that there was another of the name in St. Aignan or out it. I am Cornish, Mademoiselle; you should be Bretonne, I think."

"Yes, I am Bretonne," said the girl, with proud humility. "But—I have very few relations."

Was she afraid I was going to claim relationship? Had she been Cornish, I should certainly have called her "cousin." But I had not even Cornish cousins. I was without a relation in the world. I told her so.

"That must be rather dull," she said, gazing away I know not where with her unfathomable brown eyes. "I should not like that. On the mother's side I have a few relations, and—I have Mama."

"If it is agreeable to Madame Tréguier, I will do myself the honor to make her acquaintance," I said, feeling curious to know what the mother of my princess in disguise was like.

Blanche Tréguier answered that her mother would be enchanted; but there was a want of alacrity in the tone in which she said the words which warned me it was possible Madame Tréguier would be anything but enchanted.

Madame Tréguier, my landlady informed me, was a widow lady who kept the *bureau de tabac*—tobacconist's shop, —tobacco being a Government monopoly, the places in which it is sold are not styled shops, but *bureaux*—in Rue de l'Épéron. She was as poor as a rat, but would take nothing from anybody, friends or relations; she preferred keeping her bureau and being independent, like a bourgeoisie. The girl was well enough, she always had a smile for you as she passed. But the mother was a regular Bretonne, proud down to the end of her skinny fingers.

I found Madame Tréguier, indeed, very proud. Had it not been that Blanche, with all her pride, had a certain winsome way about her, I think I should have not repeated my visit. I believe Madame Tréguier considered me a doubtful character. I was a woman who lived alone, who had arrived at St. Aignan by the diligence; with plenty of boxes, it was true, but no maid. She did not know

that I had only travelled in the diligence because I wanted to know what it was like, that I never intended to trust myself to it a second time, and that I had no maid because I had broken loose from my English Sarah after bearing her tyranny for fifteen years. Everybody was getting emancipated, and why not I?

But I found the way to Madame Tréguier's heart at last. One day I put on a wonderful cashmere shawl sixty years old, and paid Madame a visit in her bureau, where she sat in a cloud of smoke. She rose up quite flurried and distressed.

"You here, Mademoiselle? This is no place for you. The duties of my position keep me here, but I have a drawing-room for my friends up-stairs. You will find Blanche there."

But I sat down resolutely in spite of the horrible smoke, saying that I was in the mood for an hour's chat with her, and had sought her where I knew she was to be found. That hour's sitting, and my ancient shawl, won Madame Tréguier's poor proud heart. "I like those old patterns so much better than the modern ones," said the poor woman, taking up one end of the faded garment. "This reminds me of the shawl my grandmother—she was a Plouergast—had given to her on her wedding-day. She often told me about it."

I said I loved old things, and would like to see it. "Alas, I have it not," she said, with a blush and a sigh. Some time afterwards I learnt that the shawl, along with other heirlooms of still greater value and antiquity, had been sold to her cousin, a Plouergast, and wife of the Préfet of Clermont, to enable her to send Blanche to the *Sacré Cœur* for a year. That year of schooling, just at the time of her first communion, was all the regular instruction the child had ever had. It was a comfort to poor Madame Tréguier to think that her property had not passed out of the family; and it was a comfort too to think that Blanche had for a short time been associated with girls of her own rank. The first communion was, naturally, an epoch in girls' lives. They dated later events from it, and remembered in after life who had been their companions on the first communion-day.

"If Blanche is ever able to mix in society," said Madame Tréguier, "she has the nucleus of a set of acquaintances. My position can never be humbler, and I *may* rise. I do not see how, but I like to think it possible, for Blanche's sake."

Meanwhile, Blanche's existence was dull and colorless enough. Her young companions of the *Sacré Cœur* had forgotten her. Now and then a friend of her mother's, neither so poor nor so proud, nor perhaps her equal in birth, would spend a dull half-hour in the little sitting-room. Once a month Madame allowed herself a Sunday evening out, and then Blanche accompanied her to a whist-party at Madame la Présidente's. But the poor child confided to me that she hated whist, and would stay at home, only that then her mother would have to carry the lantern herself. Poor things! their energies were all bent to the solving of the sad and difficult problem: How to look like gentlewomen on a thousand francs a year!

"I sometimes think," said Blanche one day, "that it is a great pity I was ever born. If I were out of the way, my mother would be able to spend twice as much upon herself. I shall be glad when I am twenty-five, because then I shall be able to go to market alone, since it is only round the corner of the next street. When I think of all the money that old Filomène Batz has had for going to market with me ever since I was a child of eleven, I feel quite angry; and really, when I pay the old creature every month, though 'tis but a trifle, I feel as if it were my heart's blood. If I had all the money in a box that Mamma has paid her these years, how happy I should be!"

"And what would you do with it, my pet?"

"I should put it by, and add to it little by little," she said in an eager whisper. "And in some years from this I should have enough, adding what I get by embroidery, to buy Mamma a shawl to wear when she goes to church every morning. I can't bear her to go to the five o'clock mass, the servants' mass, as she does all the year round," said Blanche impatiently. "If she had not me to maintain, she would be able to have a real cashmere, and pay some one to take care of the bureau while she

went to High Mass, like all the St. Aignan ladies. Oh, I know, I have calculated it many times. 'When I think of all poor Mamma has endured,' she continued, "it makes me so sad, that I can't say my prayers properly. And of course Mamma must feel her position much more than I do mine, for I am only a baron's daughter, but she is the daughter of a marquis."

We were in Madame Tréguier's kitchen and Blanche was at her wash-tub when she made this speech. So these were all Blanche's aspirations at eighteen!

One spring morning, Blanche, who had been busy with her household work since five o'clock, came hastily into my sitting-room, exclaiming, "It is too detestable!" with a little angry stamp of her foot, as she stopped in front of me.

"What is too detestable?" I asked coolly, rather amused at the proud little thing's babyish petulance.

"Everything! My cap!"—she tore it off her head—"the pitcher! He—yes, he is a most detestable, forward, presuming young man!"

Was it possible any one could have been rude to Blanche? I began in my turn to feel angry, and begged her to tell me all.

Blanche, instead, began to cry bitterly.

"It was not meant for an insult, perhaps," she sobbed, as soon as she could speak; "but it is quite as bad as if it were. I feel insulted whether he meant it or not."

By degrees I got her to tell me what it was. She had forgotten to fetch water from the well in the court the night before, and had been obliged therefore to go down that morning. She had waited till seven o'clock, because the servants belonging to the four families who took their water from that well would have got their supplies by that time, and if no one saw Blanche drawing water, no one would be reminded of Madame Tréguier's want of a servant.

"Of course," said Blanche, drying her eyes for a minute, "I know they know we keep no servant, but if they don't see me doing menial work, I don't care."

"My poor little ostrich! And this time a servant did see you—a man-servant, was it?"

"No, ah no, it was a great deal worse

than that," Blanche sobbed, leaning her head on my lap. "It was a gentleman who saw me! I had stopped to take breath, for the pitcher was heavy. And he was running down-stairs, and then he said something—I don't know what—and seized hold of the pitcher. I never gave him leave. He actually carried it up to our door. I was struck dumb; I didn't even say 'Thank you;' and I am very glad I didn't. The impertinence of those young men!"

I tried to persuade Blanche that the young man had only been moved by a proper feeling of compassion at seeing a young woman toiling up-stairs with a heavy pitcher. But Blanche did not choose to take that view of the matter.

"If he had supposed me to be a young lady he would have waited till I had given him leave, before venturing to touch anything belonging to me. I will take care never to be mistaken for a bourgeoisie again. I will wear a hideous woollen thing on my head instead of a cap, and I will fetch water before any one in the house is stirring, or else go without."

"And deprive your mother of her morning coffee, proud, selfish child?"

"I can't help it," said Blanche defiantly. "If I were rich, oh then I'd be humble enough! But my pride is all I've got, and I mean to keep it."

One day, about a month after this, Madame Tréguier sent me a message to beg I would come to her in her bureau. I went down, wondering what could be her need of me; for, though by going there once I had in a manner established a claim on her friendship, I had never ventured there again, except to buy postage-stamps.

She told me in little disjointed hurried sentences, while people were going in and out,—for it was market-day, and all the country people were getting their snuff-boxes and tobacco-pouches filled for the week,—that she had had an offer of marriage for Blanche, and that she was in a puzzle, and wanted to talk it all over. I knew well enough the comfort of being able to talk a thing over, so I ensconced myself behind the counter, and actually sold two sous' worth of tobacco for Madame, while she told me what lay on her mind.

The name of the young man was Tris

tan de Kermartin; he was a sous-lieutenant in a regiment of the line. He was as noble and as proud as the Tréguiers, "but, thank Heaven!" said poor Madame with a sigh, "not in such narrow circumstances." But yet he was far from rich, and if Blanche married him, she would be obliged to be a careful housekeeper. M. de Kermartin had been most explicit as to his family and circumstances. The great hitch—that of Blanche's want of money—he did not choose to consider a hitch at all. As for the caution-money required by Government before an officer is allowed to marry, he had offered to supply it all himself.

"It shows that he really wishes to marry Blanche," said Madame Tréguier, with a mixture of pride and pleasure and sadness. "But oh! to think that I have not even a dowry of three thousand five hundred francs for my poor child!"

When Madame Tréguier had said all she wished to say, I left her, promising to run in again in a day or two. She was going to see her confessor about it, she said, and should probably abide by his decision. I believe M. de Kermartin's genealogy made her more inclined to him than anything else. When I went to Madame Tréguier's two days after, I found the confessor there, and a young man, a good-looking fellow, who was M. de Kermartin. Then it was all settled! I thought Blanche had made up her mind easily enough, but of course it was no affair of mine. I felt glad I had heard all Madame's talk without offering a single word of advice. I would not for any consideration have accepted the responsibility of that young creature's weal or woe, in ever so small a degree.

"Mademoiselle," said Blanche, when the two gentlemen were gone, "do you know who he is? He is the detestable young man!"

Madame Tréguier looked mystified. "Blanche," she said, reproachfully; "M. le Curé told you you had but to say a word, and——"

"Oh, Maman, I am well content," laughed Blanche; "I dare say I may get used to him in time."

The wooing went smoothly enough, I believe, but I saw little of Blanche for some time. One day, when I was ac-

cusing her to myself of being fickle, and debating whether I would go and see her or stand upon my dignity and wait for her to come and see me, she came in suddenly, announcing that she had something very particular to ask me about.

"Mademoiselle, I want to earn some money! I've wanted to before, but now I really must. M. Tristan has been talking to Mamma about the caution-money. He wants—that is—he doesn't want to wait. But I—the more I think, the more I dislike the idea of his giving it. He would be buying me—and I'll be bought by nobody," said Blanche, scornfully. "If three thousand five hundred francs are necessary for me to marry, they shall come from my hand—and I'll be beholden to nobody for them."

"If you really wish to earn money," I said, "I would advise your setting up a shop, close to your mother's. You might set up a wool shop, or something of that sort, and get on very well, I dare say."

"But the capital?"

"I would supply that. I have the means."

"Dear, kind, good Mademoiselle! But no, I should be in your debt, and I could not bear that. It seems to me I should not love you as I do if I owed you money."

"That would be unjust to me, Blanche."

"Perhaps. But I can't help myself, you know I can't. If I knew I could pay you back instantly, I'd take the money without hesitation. But there! what is the good of talking! I know Mamma would die rather than see me keep a shop. Try to think of something else, Mademoiselle, pray."

I did think of something else, to which Madame Tréguier was brought with some difficulty to give her consent. I found for Blanche a place as nursery-governess in an English family, where she would have forty pounds a year. Poor child! she danced for joy when I told her the situation was hers if she would accept it. I warned her that she would be homesick and worried, and vexed in a thousand ways; that she must make up her mind to endure without complaining.

"I'll care for nothing, so long as I

earn this money for myself," was her resolute answer.

Four years after this, I went to St. Aignan to see the Tréguier. Blanche was at home. Her employer's children had grown beyond her teaching, and she was going to look for another situation. M. de Kermartin was there too; he had come to beg that there might be no further delay. War had been declared with Austria; his regiment might be ordered to Italy at any moment. Of the three thousand five hundred francs Blanche had set herself to earn, nine hundred were still wanting. He entreated Blanche to accept the nine hundred and make him happy. If the regiment once received orders to march, it would be too late.

Blanche was immovable. "I will never be bought for nine hundred francs!" she said, scornfully, when M. de Kermartin was gone, and I, feeling drawn towards him, began to plead his cause.

"He is good, he is faithful, as you say," she cried; "but I cannot do it. Alas! do not ask me, Mademoiselle."

Would she take the money from me? Call it a loan or a gift, as she pleased. I was ready and anxious to give it.

"What! Begin my married life in debt? Never!"

All our arguments were thrown away, and I believe both M. de Kermartin and I left St. Aignan with our hearts feeling sore towards Blanche. He was ordered off with his regiment to Italy.

My anger vanished, however, when Madame Tréguier wrote telling me that her daughter was wearing herself out with anxiety; and when Blanche wrote, confessing that she had been too proud, and that she wished, now it was too late, that she had taken my money. In August, I went again to St. Aignan. Then followed the days of Magenta and Solferino; days of illumination and speechifying and horrible carnage. Proclamations were made by the Maire. The army had performed prodigies of valor. The inhabitants were invited to decorate their house-fronts and light up their windows; and "*Vive l'Empereur!*" cried the tambour and his following of ragamuffins.

On one of these sad lit-up nights, when Blanche, after putting three wax

candles in each window, had gone into her room to cry by herself, Madame Tréguier got a letter from the colonel of M. Tristan's regiment. He had got his captaincy, he had got the cross of the Legion of Honor; for he, too, had performed prodigies of valor. And now, with a broken arm and a head cut open, the poor fellow had begged his colonel to write and ask Madame Tréguier and her daughter to meet him at Toulon. The invalids were being sent home, and he would be among them.

"He must be out of his mind to ask such a thing," said Madame Tréguier to me. "He does not reflect on the expense. And even had I the money, how could I leave the bureau? He ought to know, that if I could afford to pay an assistant I should not sit behind the counter myself."

She would have written to excuse herself from coming, but I prevented her. I made her understand that I wished to do something to show my regard for M. de Kermartin, and that my taking her place as her daughter's travelling companion would show it sufficiently. There was a moment's hesitation, but the request was put so as to shield her pride—it was not herself I was anxious to oblige—and she consented.

That night Blanche and I set off; poor Blanche made no objection to taking my money now.

"Had I but listened to you," she said to me, as the diligence rolled and jolted along in the darkness, "I might have been on my way to nurse my husband."

I did what I could to cheer her up. The best thing was the travelling as fast as express trains and posthorses could take us to Toulon. Leaving Blanche at the hotel, I went to the Ministère de la Guerre, to find out whether the invalids of M. de Kermartin's regiment had arrived, and was told that a thousand, of which his company formed a part, would enter to-morrow.

"Will the invalids walk, Monsieur?" I inquired in surprise.

"Those that have legs will walk, those that have none will ride," was the answer.

Blanche's spirits rose when I told her that M. de Kermartin would probably march with his company.

"I ought to be thankful his legs are all right, at least," she said.

Early on the morrow we drove outside the Porte d'Italie, intending to wait there for the arrival of the soldiers. But we were told that no carriages would be allowed to stand till they had marched past. We had no alternative but to send the carriage back and stand waiting under a broiling sun in the midst of the filthy, noisy crowd that collected outside the Porte as the morning went by. Blanche made no complaint, but stood looking for the cloud of dust in the distance. At last they appeared, ragged, haggard, limping, the brave, victorious thousand. Every now and then, some one would rush forward from the crowd and clasp a poor fellow round the neck and drag him back into a group of people, more than half women; and there would be vociferations and embracings and words of tenderness intermingled with vile swearing. Blanche looked at one group. "I envy those creatures; nothing restrains them," she said bitterly, and turned away. The ragged victors marched past, Blanche with strained eyes looking from one to the other. When the last rank had entered the Porte d'Italie, she turned to me with a cry: "He is not here, he is dead!"

The crowd had receded; she and I were left alone. I took her inside the archway, and begged a corporal on duty to let us sit for a moment on the bench. He was civil, and ordered a soldier to fetch Blanche a cup of water. The man brought it in a tin cup. Blanche took it weeping: "Has my poor Tristan always had water to drink, even out of a tin cup, I wonder?" she said. I left her on the bench, and peeped out into the hot, glaring road. I saw a few poor stragglers on crutches. I went up to one of them and stopped him. "Tell me, *mon brave*," said I, putting a gold piece into his hand, "do you know anything of M. le Capitaine de Kermartin?"

The poor fellow stared dully at the money; he was past being thankful. "M. le Capitaine is coming in waggon number three, if he is alive," he said in a hoarse faint voice, and hobbled on after his comrades. We sat till the waggons appeared, and then we followed number three—Blanche giving a little

gasp whenever a jolt or a roll occurred—on to the gate of the military hospital.

I took Blanche back to the hotel, and went out to find the chaplain of the regiment. He helped me to inquire of the right people, and also made inquiries himself; and we were told that M. de Kermartin had gone into hospital with fever, and that friends and relations would be admitted the next morning at ten o'clock. "If M. de Kermartin's illness takes an unfavorable turn, I shall be sent for to administer the last sacraments," said the chaplain. "Is there any message you would like me to give, in case there happens to be a lucid interval before the last agony?"

I asked him to come with me to the hotel where Blanche was. I explained to her what his errand was, and left them together; for I felt that such a last message was not for me to hear.

We waited long next morning at the hospital gate before the clock struck ten. It was at any rate better for Blanche to wait there than in our room at the hotel, fancying that my watch and the hotel clocks were wrong, and that she would be defrauded of one minute of the short interview allowed. We were conducted to a ward up-stairs, and were just entering when a bell was heard ringing at the end of the corridor and our conductor bid us stand aside; the Host was coming. From every door in the corridor appeared figures, infirmiry attendants, convalescents, Sisters of Charity, who all knelt as it passed. Our conductor followed, and signed to us to follow. "Who is it for?" I whispered. "Some officer who only came yesterday," was the answer. The little procession stopped half-way down the ward, the Sisters of Charity knelt round a bed, we knelt too; such of the invalids as could move turned themselves on their narrow beds, and signed themselves reverently.

"Thank God! it is not Tristan," Blanche whispered, stealing her hand into mine. She remained on her knees till the little service was over and the priest had quitted the ward. "Let us go on now," she said, as she rose comforted.

The Sister who had been kneeling near us now came up and asked whom we sought.

"M. de Kermartin."



"Behold him!" she answered, indicating with her hand the bed on which the dying person lay to whom the last sacraments had just been administered.

"Are you sure? Oh, *ma sœur*, it is impossible, M. de Kermartin is quite a young man," we whispered both together.

The Sister went to the head of the bed and looked at the man's face. She signed to Blanche to come nearer. "He has got a silk chain with a little medal attached to it, round his neck. Come, and see whether you recognize it. He won't know you; don't be afraid."

Blanche stepped forward, dragging me by the hand. She went close, then gave a cry and started back. "Hush, no noise!" warned the Sister.

"My hair, my medal, my Tristan! O Tristan, Tristan!" the poor child cried, flinging herself down by the bed.

"Hush, Mademoiselle, you disturb a dying man," said the Sister. "You must leave the ward."

But Blanche had got hold of a poor maimed hand that lay on the coverlet, and was kissing it and weeping over it. Instead of making her leave the ward the Sister turned away her head. "Poor thing," she said. "This is a sad case. His sister, doubtless. Madame, you will be able to tell the family that everything was done that could be done. But he came in too late. What with the fatigue and the heat, gangrene set in, and amputation of the broken arm did no good. He sank immediately. It will be all over in an hour or two. You had better take Mademoiselle away. She has been here quite long enough."

Just then there came a change over

the face of the sufferer. He opened his eyes, and seemed partly to recognize Blanche.

"Poor Blanche, cruel Blanche! *Vive l'Emp*——"

"The ward is to be cleared instantly. Mesdames, you must go. Not one instant longer," said the Sister, peremptorily, as Blanche prayed to be allowed to remain. As she took us out by one door, the surgeons entered by another.

That evening we two attended poor Tristan's funeral. I had thought of one thing which had not yet occurred to Blanche. I had made arrangements by which the grave became her private property forever. For a fair sum of money one may have the certainty that the grave of a departed friend will rest inviolate. If this is considered a privilege not worth securing, the plot of ground is liable to be used for a new tenant after a limited number of years. I took Blanche home to her mother. There was only one little outburst from her, as we looked our last at Toulon from the carriage windows. "Ah! he never knew how much I loved him! I never knew myself till now. Henceforth my whole life shall be one prayer for him. That wretched money I was so proud to earn all alone, shall be spent in masses for his soul."

Ten years after Tristan's death I went to St. Aignan and saw Blanche, and we went together to the commemorative service in the church on All Souls' day. "I think he must be happy," she said, as we walked home. "I think ten years of praying must be worth something. But if it has been worth something, it will still be worth something. So I shall go on."

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Fraser's Magazine.

## LECTURES ON THE SCIENCE OF RELIGION.

BY PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER.

### FIRST LECTURE,

Delivered at the Royal Institution, February 19, 1870.

WHEN I undertook for the first time to deliver a course of lectures in this Institution, I chose for my subject the *Science of Language*. What I then had

at heart was to show to you, and to the world at large, that the comparative study of the principal languages of mankind was based on principles sound and

scientific, and that it had brought to light results which deserved a larger share of public interest than they had as yet received. I tried to convince, not only scholars by profession, but historians, theologians, and philosophers, nay everybody who had once felt the charm of gazing inwardly upon the secret workings of his own mind, veiled and revealed as they are in the flowing forms of language, that the discoveries made by comparative philologists could no longer be ignored with impunity; and I submitted that after the progress achieved in a scientific study of the principal branches of the vast realm of human speech, our new science, the Science of Language, might claim by right its seat at the round-table of the intellectual chivalry of our age.

Such was the goodness of the cause I had then to defend, that, however imperfect my own pleading, the verdict of the public has been immediate and almost unanimous. During the years that have elapsed since the delivery of my first course of lectures, the science of language has had its full share of public recognition. Whether we look at the number of books that have been published for the advancement and elucidation of our science, or at the excellent articles in the daily, weekly, fortnightly, monthly, or quarterly reviews, or at the frequent notices of its results scattered about in works on philosophy, theology, and ancient history, we may well rest satisfied. The example set by France and Germany, in founding chairs of Sanskrit and Comparative Philology, has been followed of late in nearly all the universities of England, Ireland, and Scotland. We need not fear for the future of the Science of Language. A career so auspiciously begun, in spite of strong prejudices that had to be encountered, will lead on from year to year to greater triumphs. Our best public schools, if they have not done so already, will soon have to follow the example set by the universities. It is but fair that schoolboys who are made to devote so many hours every day to the laborious acquisition of languages, should now and then be taken by a safe guide to enjoy from a higher point of view that living panorama of human speech which has been surveyed and carefully mapped out by patient ex-

plorers and bold discoverers: nor is there any longer an excuse why, even in the most elementary lessons, nay I should say, why more particularly in these elementary lessons, the dark and dreary passages of Greek and Latin, of French and German grammar, should not be lighted up by the electric light of Comparative Philology. When last year I travelled in Germany I found that lectures on Comparative Philology are now attended in the universities by all who study Greek and Latin. At Leipzig alone the lectures of the professor of Sanskrit were attended by more than fifty undergraduates, who first acquire that amount of knowledge of Sanskrit which is absolutely necessary before entering upon a study of Comparative Grammar. The introduction of Greek into the universities of Europe in the fifteenth century could hardly have caused a greater revolution than the discovery of Sanskrit and the study of Comparative Philology in the nineteenth century. Very few indeed now take their degree of Master of Arts in Germany or would be allowed to teach at a public school, without having been examined in the principles of Comparative Philology, nay in the elements of Sanskrit grammar. Why should it be different in England? The intellectual fibre, I know, is not different in the youth of England and in the youth of Germany, and if there is but a fair field and no favor, Comparative Philology, I feel convinced, will soon hold in England too, that place which it ought to hold at every public school, in every university, and in every classical examination.

In beginning to-day a course of lectures on the *Science of Religion*,—or I should rather say on some preliminary points that have to be settled before we can enter upon a truly scientific study of the religions of the world,—I feel as I felt when first pleading in this very place for the Science of Language.

I know that I shall have to meet determined antagonists who will deny the possibility of a scientific treatment of religions as they denied the possibility of a scientific treatment of languages. I foresee even a far more serious conflict with familiar prejudices and deep-rooted convictions; but I feel at the same time that I am prepared to meet my antago-

nists; and I have such faith in their honesty of purpose, that I doubt not of a patient and impartial hearing on their part, and of a verdict influenced by nothing but by the evidence that I shall have to place before them.

In these our days it is almost impossible to speak of religion without giving offence either on the right or on the left. With some, religion seems too sacred a subject for scientific treatment; with others it stands on a level with alchemy and astrology, a mere tissue of errors or hallucinations, far beneath the notice of the man of science. In a certain sense, I accept both these views. Religion *is* a sacred subject, and whether in its most perfect or in its most imperfect form, it has a right to our highest reverence. No one—this I can promise—who attends these lectures, be he Christian or Jew, Hindu or Mohammedan, shall hear his own way of serving God spoken of irreverently. But true reverence does not consist in declaring a subject, because it is dear to us, to be unfit for free and honest inquiry: far from it! True reverence is shown in treating every subject, however sacred, however dear to us, with perfect confidence; without fear and without favor; with tenderness and love, by all means, but, before all, with an unflinching and uncompromising loyalty to truth. I also admit that religion has stood in former ages, and stands even in our own age, if we look abroad, ay, even if we look into some dark places at home, on a level with alchemy and astrology; but for the discovery of truth there is nothing so useful as the study of errors, and we know that in alchemy there lay the seed of chemistry, and that astrology was more or less a yearning and groping after the true science of astronomy.

But although I shall be most careful to avoid giving offence, I know perfectly well that many a statement I shall have to make, and many an opinion I shall have to express, will sound strange and startling to some of my hearers. The very title of the Science of Religion jars on the ears of many persons, and a comparison of all the religions of the world, in which none can claim a privileged position, must seem to many reprehensible in itself, because ignoring that peculiar reverence which everybody,

down to the mere fetish worshipper, feels for his *own* religion and for his *own* God. Let me say then at once that I myself have shared these misgivings, but that I have tried to overcome them, because I would not and could not allow myself to surrender either what I hold to be the truth, or what I hold still dearer than the truth, the right tests of truth. Nor do I regret it. I do not say that the Science of Religion is all gain. No, it entails losses, and losses of many things which we hold dear. But this I will say, that, as far as my humble judgment goes, it does not entail the loss of anything that is essential to true religion, and that if we strike the balance honestly, the gain is immeasurably greater than the loss.

One of the first questions that was asked by classical scholars when invited to consider the value of the Science of Language, was "What shall we gain by a comparative study of languages?" Languages, it was said, are wanted for practical purposes, for speaking and reading; and by studying too many languages at once, we run the risk of losing the firm grasp which we ought to have on the few that are really important. Our knowledge, by becoming wider, must needs, it was thought, become shallower, and the gain, if there is any, in knowing the structure of dialects which have never produced any literature at all, would certainly be outweighed by the loss in accurate and practical scholarship.

If this could be said of a comparative study of languages, with how much greater force will it be urged against a comparative study of religions! Though I do not expect that those who study the religious books of Brahmins and Buddhists, of Confucius and Laotse, of Mohammed and Nānak, will be accused of cherishing in their secret heart the doctrines of those ancient masters, or of having lost the firm hold on their own religious convictions, yet I doubt whether the practical utility of wider studies in the vast field of the religions of the world will be admitted with greater readiness by professed theologians than the value of a knowledge of Sanskrit, Zend, Gothic, or Celtic for a thorough mastery of Greek and Latin, and for a real appreciation of the nature, the pur-

pose, the laws, the growth and decay of language was admitted, or is even now admitted, by some of our most eminent professors and teachers.

People ask, What is gained by comparison?—Why, all higher knowledge is gained by comparison, and rests on comparison. If it is said that the character of scientific research in our age is pre-eminently comparative; this really means that our researches are now based on the widest evidence that can be obtained, on the broadest inductions that can be grasped by the human mind. What can be gained by comparison?—Why, look at the study of languages.—If you go back but a hundred years and examine the folios of the most learned writers on questions connected with language, and then open a book written by the merest tiro in Comparative Philology, you will see what can be gained, what has been gained, by the comparative method. A few hundred years ago, the idea that Hebrew was the original language of mankind was accepted as a matter of course, even as a matter of faith, the only problem being to find out by what process Greek, or Latin, or any other language could have been developed out of Hebrew. The idea, too, that language was revealed, in the scholastic sense of that word, was generally accepted, although, as early as the fourth century, St. Gregory, the learned bishop of Nyssa, had strongly protested against it. The grammatical framework of a language was either considered as the result of a conventional agreement, or the terminations of nouns and verbs were supposed to have sprouted forth like buds from the roots and stems of language; and the vaguest similarity in the sound and meaning of words was taken to be a sufficient criterion for testing their origin and their relationship. Of all this philological somnambulism we hardly find a trace in works published since the days of Humboldt, Bopp, and Grimm. Has there been any loss here? Has it not been pure gain? Does language excite our admiration less, because we know that, though the faculty of speaking is the work of Him who has so framed our nature, the invention of words for naming each object was left to man, and was achieved through the working of the human mind? Is Hebrew less carefully studied, because it is

no longer believed to be a revealed language sent down from heaven, but a language closely allied to Arabic, Syriac, and ancient Babylonian, and receiving light from these cognate, and in some respects more primitive, languages, for the explanation of many of its grammatical forms, and for the exact interpretation of many of its obscure and difficult words? Is the grammatical articulation of Greek and Latin less instructive because instead of seeing in the terminations of nouns and verbs merely arbitrary signs to distinguish the singular from the plural, or the present from the future, we can now perceive an intelligible principle in the gradual production of formal out of the material elements of language? And are our etymologies less important, because, instead of being suggested by superficial similarities, they are now based on honest historical and physiological research? Lastly, has our own language ceased to hold its own peculiar place? Is our love for our own native tongue at all impaired? Do men speak less boldly or pray less fervently in their own mother tongue, because they know its true origin and its unadorned history; or because they have discovered that in all languages, even in the jargons of the lowest savages, there is order and wisdom; there is in them something that makes the world akin?

Why, then, should we hesitate to apply the comparative method, which has produced such great results in other spheres of knowledge, to a study of religion? That it will change many of the views commonly held about the origin, the character, the growth, and decay of the religions of the world, I do not deny; but unless we hold that fearless progression in new inquiries, which is our bounden duty and our honest pride in all other branches of knowledge, is dangerous in the study of religions, unless we allow ourselves to be frightened by the once famous dictum, that whatever is new in theology is false, this ought to be the very reason why a comparative study of religions should no longer be neglected or delayed.

When the students of Comparative Philology boldly adopted Goethe's paradox, "*He who knows one language, knows none;*" people were startled at

first, but they soon began to feel the truth which was hidden beneath the paradox. Could Goethe have meant that Homer did not know Greek, or that Shakspeare did not know English, because neither of them knew more than his own mother tongue? No! what was meant was that neither Homer nor Shakspeare knew what that language really was which he handled with so much power and cunning. Unfortunately the old verb "to can," from which "canny" and "cunning," is lost in English, otherwise we should be able in two words to express our meaning, and to keep apart the two kinds of knowledge of which we are here speaking. As we say in German *können* is not *kennen*, we might say in English, *to can*, that is to be cunning, is not *to ken*, that is to know; and it would then become clear at once, that the most eloquent speaker and the most gifted poet, with all their command of words and skilful mastery of expression, would have but little to say if asked what language really is! The same applies to religion. *He who knows one, knows none.* There are thousands of people whose faith is such that it could move mountains, and who yet, if they were asked what religion really is, would remain silent, or would speak of outward tokens rather than of the inward nature, or of the faculty of faith.

It will be easily perceived that religion means at least two very different things. When we speak of the Jewish, or the Christian, or the Hindu religion, we mean a body of doctrines handed down by tradition, or in canonical books, and containing all that constitutes the faith of Jew, Christian or Hindu. Using religion in that sense, we may say that a man has changed his religion, that is, that he has adopted the Christian instead of the Brahmanical body of religious doctrines, just as a man may learn to speak English instead of Hindustani. But religion is also used in a different sense. As there is a faculty of speech, independent of all the historical forms of language, so we may speak of a faculty of faith in man, independent of all historical religions. If we say that it is religion which distinguishes man from the animal, we do not mean the Christian or Jewish religions only; we do not

mean any special religion, but we mean a mental faculty, that faculty which, independent of, nay in spite of sense and reason, enables man to apprehend the Infinite under different names, and under varying disguises. Without that faculty, no religion, not even the lowest worship of idols and fetishes, would be possible; and if we will but listen attentively, we can hear in all religions a groaning of the spirit, a struggle to conceive the inconceivable, to utter the unutterable, a longing after the Infinite, a love of God. Whether the etymology which the ancients gave of the Greek word *άνθρωπος*, man, be true or not (they derived it from *ὁ άνω άδρῶν*, he who looks upward): certain it is that what makes man to be man, is that he alone can turn his face to heaven; certain it is that he alone yearns for something that neither sense nor reason can supply.

If then there is a philosophical discipline which examines into the conditions of sensuous perception, and if there is another philosophical discipline which examines into the conditions of rational conception, there is clearly a place for a third philosophical discipline that has to examine into the conditions of that third faculty of man, co-ordinate with sense and reason, the faculty of perceiving the Infinite, which is at the root of all religions. In German we can distinguish that third faculty by the name of *Ver-nunft*, as opposed to *Verstand*, reason, and *Sinne*, sense. In English I know no better name for it, than the faculty of faith, though it will have to be guarded by careful definition, and to be restricted to those objects only, which cannot be supplied either by the evidence of the senses, or by the evidence of reason. No simply historical fact can ever fall under the cognizance of faith.

If we look at the history of modern thought, we find that the dominant school of philosophy, previous to Kant, had reduced all intellectual activity to *one* faculty, that of the senses. "*Nihil in intellectu quod non ante fuerit in sensu*"—"Nothing exists in the intellect but what has before existed in the senses," was their watchword; and Leibnitz answered it epigrammatically, but most profoundly, "*Nihil—nisi intellectus.*" "Yes, nothing but the intellect." Then followed Kant, who, in his great work

written ninety years ago, but not yet antiquated, proved that our knowledge requires the admission of two independent faculties, the intuitions of the senses, and the categories, or, as we might call them, the necessities of reason. But satisfied with having established the independent faculty of reason, as co-ordinate with the faculty of sense, or to use his own technical language, satisfied with having proved the possibility of apodictic judgments *a priori*, Kant declined to go further, and denied to the intellect the power of transcending the finite, the faculty of approaching the Divine. He closed the ancient gates through which man had gazed into Infinity, but, in spite of himself, he was driven in his *Critique of Practical Reason*, to open a side-door through which to admit the sense of duty, and with it the sense of the Divine. This is the vulnerable point in Kant's philosophy, and if philosophy has to explain what is, not what ought to be, there will be and can be no rest till we admit, what cannot be denied, that there is in man a third faculty, which I call simply the faculty of apprehending the Infinite, not only in religion, but in all things; a power independent of sense and reason, a power in a certain sense contradicted by sense and reason, but yet, I suppose, a very real power, if we see how it has held its own from the beginning of the world, how neither sense nor reason have been able to overcome it, while it alone is able to overcome both reason and sense.

According to the two meanings of the word religion, then, the science of religion is divided into two parts; the former, which has to deal with the historical forms of religion, is called *Comparative theology*; the latter, which has to explain the conditions under which religion, in its highest or its lowest form, is possible, is called *Theoretic theology*.

We shall at present have to deal with the former only; nay it will be my object to show that the problems which chiefly occupy theoretic theology, ought not to be taken up till all the evidence that can possibly be gained from a comparative study of the religions of the world has been fully collected, classified, and analyzed.

It may seem strange that while theoretical theology, or the analysis of the

inward and outward conditions under which faith is possible, has occupied so many thinkers, the study of comparative theology has never as yet been seriously taken in hand. But the explanation is very simple. The materials on which alone a comparative study of the religions of mankind could have been founded were not accessible in former days, while in our own days they have come to light in such profusion as almost to challenge these more comprehensive inquiries in a voice that cannot be disobeyed.

It is well known that the Emperor Akbar had a passion for the study of religions, so that he invited to his court Jews, Christians, Mohammedans, Brahmans, and Fire-worshippers, and had as many of their sacred books as he could get access to, translated for his own study. Yet, how small was the collection of sacred books that even an Emperor of India could command not more than 250 years ago, compared to what may now be found in the library of every poor scholar! We have the original text of the Veda, which neither the bribes nor the threats of Akbar could extort from the Brahmans. The translation of the Veda which he is said to have obtained, was a translation of the so-called Atharva-veda, and comprised most likely the Upanishads only, mystic and philosophical treatises, very interesting, very important in themselves, but as far removed from the ancient poetry of the Veda as the Talmud is from the Old Testament, as Sufism is from the Koran. We have the Zendavesta, the sacred writings of the so-called fire-worshippers, and we possess translations of it, far more complete and far more correct than any that the Emperor Akbar could have obtained. The religion of Buddha, certainly in many respects more important than either Brahmanism, or Zoroastrianism, or Mohammedanism, is never mentioned in the religious discussions that took place one evening in every week at the imperial court of Delhi. Abufazl, it is said, the minister of Akbar, could find no one to assist him in his inquiries respecting Buddhism. We possess the whole sacred canon of the Buddhists in various languages, in Pali, in Sanskrit, in Burmese, Siamese, Tibetan, Mongolian, and Chinese, and it is our

fault entirely, if as yet there is no complete translation in any European tongue of this important collection of sacred books. The ancient religions of China again, that of Confucius and that of Laotse, may now be studied in excellent translations of their sacred books by anybody interested in the ancient faith of mankind.

But this is not all. We owe to missionaries particularly, careful accounts of the religious belief and worship among tribes far lower in the scale of civilization than the poets of the Vedic hymns, or the followers of Confucius. Though the belief of African and Melanesian savages is more recent in point of time, it represents an earlier and far more primitive phase in point of growth, and is therefore as instructive to the student of religion as the study of uncultivated dialects has proved to the student of language.

Lastly, and this, I believe, is the most important advantage which we enjoy as students of the history of religion, we have been taught the rules of critical scholarship. No one would venture, nowadays, to quote from any book, whether sacred or profane, without having asked these simple and yet momentous questions: When was it written? Where? and by whom? Was the author an eye-witness, or does he only relate what he has heard from others? And if the latter, were his authorities at least contemporaneous with the events which they relate, and were they under the sway of party feeling or any other disturbing influence? Was the whole book written at once, or does it contain portions of an earlier date; and if so, is it possible for us to separate these earlier documents from the body of the book?

A study of the original documents on which the principal religions of the world profess to be founded, carried out in this spirit, has enabled some of our best living scholars to distinguish in each religion between what is really ancient and what is comparatively modern; what was the doctrine of the founders and their immediate disciples, and what were the afterthoughts and, generally, the corruptions of later ages. A study of these later developments, of these later corruptions, or, it may be, improve-

ments, is not without its own peculiar charms, and full of practical lessons; yet, as it is essential that we should know the most ancient forms of every language, before we proceed to any comparisons, it is indispensable that we should have a clear conception of the most primitive form of every religion before we proceed to determine its own value, and to compare it with other forms of religious faith. Many an orthodox Mohammedan, for instance, will relate miracles wrought by Mohammed; but in the Koran Mohammed says distinctly that he is a man like other men. He disdains to work miracles, and appeals to the great works of Allah, the rising and setting of the sun, the rain that fructifies the earth, the plants that grow, and the living souls that are born into the world—who can tell whence?—as the real signs and wonders in the eyes of a true believer.

The Buddhist legends teem with miscrable miracles attributed to Buddha and his disciples—miracles which in wonderfulness certainly surpass the miracles of any other religion: yet in their own sacred canon a saying of Buddha's is recorded, prohibiting his disciples from working miracles, though challenged by the multitudes who required a sign that they might believe. And what is the miracle that Buddha commands his disciples to perform? "Hide your good deeds," he says, "and confess before the world the sins you have committed."

Modern Hinduism rests on the system of caste as on a rock which no arguments can shake: but in the Veda, the highest authority of the religious belief of the Hindus, no mention occurs of the complicated system of castes, such as we find it in *Manu*: nay, in one place where the ordinary classes of the Indian, or any other society, are alluded to, viz., the priests, the warriors, the citizens, and the slaves, all are represented as sprung alike from Brahman, the source of all being.

It would be too much to say that the critical sifting of the authorities for a study of each religion has been already fully carried out. There is work enough still to be done. But a beginning, and a very successful beginning, has been made, and the results thus brought to light will serve as a wholesome caution to every-

body who is engaged in religious researches. Thus, if we study the primitive religion of the Veda, we have to distinguish most carefully, not only between the hymns of the Rig-Veda on one side, and the hymns collected in the Sāmaveda, Yagur-veda, and Atharva-veda on the other, but critical scholars would distinguish with equal care between the more ancient and the more modern hymns of the Rig-Veda, as far as even the faintest indications of language, of grammar, or metre enable them to do so.

In order to gain a clear insight into the motives and impulses of the founder of the worship of Ahuranazda, we must chiefly, if not entirely, depend on those portions of the Zendavesta which are written in the Gāthā dialect, a more primitive dialect than that of the rest of the sacred code of the Zoroastrians.

In order to do justice to Buddha, we must not mix the practical portions of the Tripitaka, the Dharma, with the metaphysical portions, the Abhidharma. Both, it is true, belong to the sacred canon of the Buddhists; but their original sources lie in very different latitudes of religious thought.

We have in the history of Buddhism an excellent opportunity for watching the process, by which a canon of sacred books is called into existence. We see here, as elsewhere, that during the lifetime of the teacher, no record of events, no sacred code containing the sayings of the master was wanted. His presence was enough, and thoughts of the future, and more particularly of future greatness, seldom entered the minds of those who followed him. It was only after Buddha had left the world to enter into Nirvāṇa, that his disciples attempted to recall the sayings and doings of their departed friend and master. At that time everything that seemed to redound to the glory of Buddha, however extraordinary and incredible, was eagerly welcomed, while witnesses who would have ventured to criticize or reject unsupported statements, or to detract in any way from the holy character of Buddha, had no chance of even being listened to. And when, in spite of all this, differences of opinion arose, they were not brought to the test by a careful weighing of evidence, but the names of "unbeliever" and "heretic" (nāstika,

pāshanda) were quickly invented in India as elsewhere, and bandied backwards and forwards between contending parties, till at last, when the doctors disagreed, the help of the secular power had to be invoked, and kings and emperors convoked councils for the suppression of schism, for the settlement of an orthodox creed, and for the completion of a sacred canon. We know of King Asoka, the contemporary of Seleucus, sending his royal missive to the assembled elders, and telling them what to do, and what to avoid, warning them also in his own name of the apocryphal or heretical character of certain books which, as he thinks, ought not to be admitted into the sacred canon.

We here learn a lesson, which is confirmed by the study of other religions, that canonical books, though they furnish in most cases the most ancient and most authentic information within the reach of the student of religion, are not to be trusted implicitly, nay, that they must be submitted to a more searching criticism and to more stringent tests than any other historical books. For that purpose the Science of Language has proved in many cases a most valuable auxiliary. It is not easy to imitate ancient language so as to deceive the practised eye of the grammarian, even if it were possible to imitate ancient thought that should not betray to the historian its modern origin. A forged book, like the Ezour Veda, which deceived even Voltaire, and was published by him as "the most precious gift for which the West was indebted to the East," could hardly impose again on any Sanskrit scholar of the present day. This most precious gift from the East to the West is about the silliest book that can be read by the student of religion, and all one can say in its defence is that the original writer never meant it as a forgery, never intended it for the purpose for which it was used by Voltaire. I may add that a book which has lately attracted considerable attention, *La Bible dans l'Inde*, by M. Jacolliot, belongs to the same class of books. Though the passages from the sacred books of the Brahmans are not given in the original, but only in a very poetical French translation, no Sanskrit scholar would hesitate for one moment to say that they are



forgeries, and that M. Jacolliot, the President of the Court of Justice at Chandernagore, has been deceived by his native teacher. We find many childish and foolish things in the Veda, but when we read the following line, as an extract from the Veda :

*La femme c'est l'âme de l'humanité,—*

it is not difficult to see that this is the folly of the nineteenth century, and not of the childhood of the human race. M. Jacolliot's conclusions and theories are such as might be expected from his materials.

With all the genuine documents for studying the history of the religions of mankind that have lately been brought to light, and with the great facilities which a more extensive study of Oriental languages has afforded to scholars at large for investigating the deepest springs of religious thought all over the world, a comparative study of religions has become a necessity. A science of religion, based on a comparison of all, or at all events, of the most important, religions of mankind, is now only a question of time. It is demanded by those whose voice cannot be disregarded. Its title, though implying as yet a promise rather than a fulfilment, has become more or less familiar in Germany, France, and America; its great problems have attracted the eyes of many inquirers, and its results have been anticipated either with fear or with delight. It becomes the duty of those who have devoted their life to the study of the principal religions of the world in their original documents, and who value religion and reverence it in whatever form it may present itself, to take possession of this new territory in the name of true science, and thus to protect its sacred precincts from the inroads of mere babblers. Those who would use a comparative study of religions as a means for debasing Christianity by exalting the other religions of mankind, are to my mind as dangerous allies as those who think it necessary to debase all other religions in order to exalt Christianity. Science wants no partisans. I make no secret that true Christianity seems to me to become more and more exalted the more we know and the more we appreciate the treasures of truth hidden in the

despised religions of the world. But no one can honestly arrive at that conviction unless he uses honestly the same measure for all religions. It would be fatal for any religion to claim an exceptional treatment, most of all for Christianity. Christianity enjoyed no privileges and claimed no immunities when it boldly confronted and confounded the most ancient and the most powerful religions of the world. Even at present it craves no mercy, and it receives no mercy from those whom our missionaries have to meet face to face in every part of the world; and unless our religion has ceased to be what it was, its defenders should not shrink from this new trial of strength, but should encourage rather than depreciate the study of comparative theology.

And let me remark this, in the very beginning, that no other religion, with the exception, perhaps, of early Buddhism, would have favored the idea of an impartial comparison of the principal religions of the world—would have tolerated our science. Nearly every religion seems to adopt the language of the Pharisee rather than of the publican. It is Christianity alone which, as the religion of humanity, as the religion of no caste, of no chosen people, has taught us to respect the history of humanity, as a whole, to discover the traces of a divine wisdom and love in the government of all the races of mankind, and to recognize, if possible, even in the lowest and crudest forms of religious belief, not the work of demoniacal agencies, but something that indicates a divine guidance, something that makes us perceive, with St. Peter, "that God is no respecter of persons, but that in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness is accepted with him."

In no religion was there a soil so well prepared for the cultivation of Comparative Theology as in our own. The position which Christianity from the very beginning took up with regard to Judaism served as the first lesson in comparative theology, and directed the attention even of the unlearned to a comparison of two religions, differing in their conception of the Deity, in their estimate of humanity, in their motives of morality, and in their hope of immortality, yet sharing so much in common

that there are but few of the psalms and prayers in the Old Testament in which a Christian cannot heartily join even now, and but few rules of morality which he ought not even now to obey. If we have once learnt to see in the exclusive religion of the Jews a preparation of what was to be the all-embracing religion of humanity, we shall feel much less difficulty in recognizing in the mazes of other religions a hidden purpose; a wandering in the desert, it may be, but a preparation also for the land of promise.

A study of these two religions, the Jewish and the Christian, such as it has long been carried on by some of our most learned divines, simultaneously with the study of Greek and Roman mythology, has, in fact, served as a most useful preparation for wider inquiries. Even the mistakes that have been committed by earlier scholars have proved useful to those who followed after; and, once corrected, they are not likely to be committed again. The opinion, for instance, that the pagan religions were mere corruptions of the religion of the Old Testament, once supported by men of high authority and great learning, is now as completely surrendered as the attempts of explaining Greek and Latin as corruptions of Hebrew. The theory again, that there was a primeval preternatural revelation granted to the fathers of the human race, and that the grains of truth which catch our eye when exploring the temples of heathen idols, are the scattered fragments of that sacred heirloom, — the seeds that fell by the wayside or upon stony places — would find but few supporters at present; no more, in fact, than the theory that there was in the beginning one complete and perfect primeval language, broken up in later times into the numberless languages of the world.

Some other principles, too, have been established within this limited sphere by a comparison of Judaism and Christianity with the religions of Greece and Rome, which will prove extremely useful in guiding us in our own researches. It has been proved, for instance, that the language of antiquity is not like the language of our own times; that the language of the East is not like the language of the West; and that, unless we make allowance for this, we cannot but

misinterpret the utterances of the most ancient teachers and poets of the human race. The same words do not mean the same thing in Anglo-Saxon and English, in Latin and French: much less can we expect that the words of any modern language should be the exact equivalents of an ancient Semitic language, such as the Hebrew of the Old Testament.

Ancient words and ancient thoughts, for both go together, have not yet arrived at that stage of abstraction in which, for instance, active powers, whether natural or supernatural, can be represented in any but a personal and more or less human form. When we speak of a temptation from within or from without, it was more natural for the ancients to speak of a tempter, whether in a human or in an animal form; when we speak of the ever-present help of God, they call the Lord their rock, and their fortress, their buckler, and their high tower; what with us is a heavenly message, or a godsend, was to them a winged messenger; what we call divine guidance, they speak of as a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way, and a pillar of light to give them light; a refuge from the storm, and a shadow from the heat. What is really meant is no doubt the same, and the fault is ours, not theirs, if we wilfully misinterpret the language of ancient prophets, if we persist in understanding their words in their outward and material aspect only, and forget that before language had sanctioned a distinction between the concrete and the abstract, between the purely spiritual as opposed to the coarsely material, the intention of the speakers comprehends both the concrete and the abstract, both the material and the spiritual, in a manner which has become quite strange to us, though it lives on in the language of every true poet. Unless we make allowance for this mental parallax, all our readings in the ancient skies will be, and must be, erroneous. Nay, I believe it can be proved that more than half of the difficulties in the history of religious thought owe their origin to this constant misinterpretation of ancient language by modern language, of ancient thought by modern thought.

That much of what seems to us, and seemed to the best among the ancients, irrational and irreverent in the mytholo-

gies of India, Greece, and Italy can thus be removed, and that many of their childish fables can thus be read again in their original child-like sense, has been proved by the researches of Comparative Mythologists. The phase of language which gives rise, inevitably, we may say, to these misunderstandings is earlier than the earliest literary documents. Its work in the Aryan languages was done before the time of the Veda, before the time of Homer, though its influence continues to be felt to a much later period.

Is it likely that the Semitic languages, and, more particularly, Hebrew, should, as by a miracle, have escaped the influence of a process which is inherent in the very nature and growth of language, which, in fact, may rightly be called an infantine disease, against which no precautions can be of any avail?

And if it is not, are we likely to lose anything if we try to get at the most ancient, the most original intention of sacred traditions, instead of being satisfied with their later aspect, their modern misinterpretations? Have we lost anything if, while reading the story of Hephaestus splitting open with his axe the head of Zeus, and Athene springing from it full armed, we perceive behind this savage imagery Zeus as the bright Sky, his forehead as the East, Hephaestus as the young, not yet risen Sun, and Athene as the Dawn, the daughter of the Sky, stepping forth from the fountain-head of light—

Γλαυκῶπις, with eyes like an owl (and beautiful they are);

Παρθένος, pure as a virgin;

Χρυσέα, the golden;

Ἀκρία, lighting up the tops of the mountains, and her own glorious Parthenon in her own favorite town of Athens;

Παλλὰς, whirling the shafts of light;

Ἀλέα, the genial warmth of the morning;

Πρόμαχος, the foremost champion in the battle between night and day;

Πάνοπλος, in full armor, in her panoply of light, driving away the darkness of night, and awakening men to a bright life, to bright thoughts, to bright endeavors.

Would the Greeks have had less reverence for their gods if, instead of believing that Apollon and Artemis murdered the twelve children of Niobe, they had perceived that Niobe was, in a former period of language, a name of snow and winter, and that no more was intended by the ancient poet than that Apollo and Artemis, the vernal deities, must slay every year with their darts the brilliant and beautiful, but doomed children of the Snow? Is it not something worth knowing, worth knowing even to us after the lapse of four or five thousand years, that before the separation of the Aryan race, before the existence of Sanskrit, Greek, or Latin, before the gods of the Veda had been worshipped, and before there was a sanctuary of Zeus among the sacred oaks of Dodona, one supreme deity had been found, had been named, had been invoked by the ancestors of our race, and had been invoked by a name which has never been excelled by any other name?

No, if a critical examination of the ancient language of the Jews leads to no worse results than those which have followed from a careful interpretation of the petrified language of ancient India and Greece, we need not fear; we shall be gainers, not losers. Like an old precious medal, the ancient religion, after the rust of ages has been removed, will come out in all its purity and brightness: and the image which it discloses will be the image of the Father, the Father of all the nations upon earth; and the superscription, when we can read it again, will be, not only in Judæa, but in the languages of all the races of the world, the Word of God, revealed, where alone it can be revealed,—revealed in the heart of man.

Blackwood's Magazine.

## THE PRINCESSE DES URSINS. \*

THE dynasty of the Bourbons in Spain, which has just ended in a woman, was founded by a woman; for it was the Princesse des Ursins who was veritably Queen of Spain for the first fifteen years of their domination; and without the aid of her protection, courage, and indomitable spirit, the descendants of Philip V. would never have occupied the throne of Spain.

This extraordinary person has hitherto obtained too little consideration in the page of history. Writers, relying almost solely on the pages of St. Simon, have passed her by as a mere *intriguante*; but there was infinitely more than this in the Princesse des Ursins. She was the incarnate representative of the French spirit of progress in Spain, a female politician of the school of Richelieu and Colbert; she thoroughly understood by what means a stable government was to be secured for the country with which the peculiar circumstances of her early life had made her acquainted before the Bourbon accession; she had entirely comprehended by what measures bankrupt, beggarly, incapable Spain could be raised again in the scale of nations. The chief of these measures were the repression of the superb, punctilious, and factious spirit of the *grandees*, the reform in taxation and administration of the finances, the assimilation and centralization of the charter-system of provincial rights, privileges, and legislatures (the provincial *fueros*) which embarrassed the operations of government, and the suppression of ecclesiastic immunities in a country which was being yearly devoured by priests and monks. For the Spain which Charles II. had left behind him was a desert land, eaten up by *grandees* and churches and convents. After fifteen years of immense activity, Madame des Ursins, without a moment's warning, was forcibly seized in the mid-

dle of a horribly cold December night and carried out of Spain; but the greater part of the reforms she set on foot ultimately took root; and if Spain under the Bourbons rose in the scale of nations, much of the credit is due to Madame des Ursins. Although her sudden fall was owing directly to the ordinary ingratitude of absolute monarchs, yet the inspiring primal causes were the machinations of the *grandees* whose authority she had curtailed, joined to the dark workings of the Inquisition. To the honor of Madame des Ursins she dared to proclaim herself the enemy of this abominable institution; and the first, a small but ultimately deadly wound, which their power received, came from the hand of a woman, and that of a woman of nearly eighty years of age.

For, strange to say, the historic career, the public life, of Madame des Ursins did not begin till she was sixty-five years old. Her long life may be divided into five portions—that of the handsome, brilliant, witty, and intelligent *Mademoiselle de la Tremoille* up to the age of twenty-two; that of the loving and devoted wife, the Princesse de Chalais, up to the death of her first husband, Adrien Blaise de Talleyrand, Prince de Chalais, in 1670, when she was thirty-five years of age; that of the great Duchesse de Bracciano, when she was the leader of fashion and of elegant amusements in the great Orsini palace in the Piazza Navona, at Rome, after her second marriage in 1675; that of the Princesse des Ursins, which title she took after the death of the Duke of Bracciano in 1698, when her diplomatic and political career first commenced; that of the ex-regent of Spain, during her second residence at Rome, from 1715 to 1722, where she died at the age of eighty-seven.

If the Princesse de Chalais had been a mother, we might never have heard of the Princesse des Ursins; but, a solitary widow, childless and without scope for her great intelligence and her deeply affectionate nature, she seems to have thrown herself in the decline of life, when the brilliance of her beauty no

\* "La Princesse des Ursins. Essai sur sa vie et son caractère politique d'après de nombreux documents inédits." Par M. François Combes. Paris, 1858. This volume, two volumes of Correspondence of the Princess, published by M. Geffroy, and the *Mémoires* of the time, have given us the materials out of which the present article is constructed.

longer inspired the makers of sonnets and madrigals, upon diplomacy and politics, from the very lack of womanly occupation.

She first became acquainted with Spain in 1663, when she accompanied her first husband, the Prince de Chalais, in his flight from France to escape the sanguinary edicts of Richelieu still in force against duelling. He had fought in one of the duelling encounters so common among the nobility of the Fronde, a duel of four against four, in which the Duc de Beauvilliers had been killed. From Spain they passed to Italy, where the Prince died while away from his wife at Venice. The Princess, who was at that time at Rome, showed exemplary grief as a widow, and gained the sympathies of all Roman society. She remained for some time secluded in a convent, and only five years afterwards accepted the hand of the Duke of Bracciano, the head of the Orsini family. This marriage, however, was not a happy one: the Duke and Duchess had different tastes and divergent views in politics. The Orsini Palace was, however, the centre of all that was distinguished in Rome. The Duchess supported the honors of her position with consummate grace, but also with a great deal of extravagance—an additional item in the Duke's list of complaints against her, for from the age of forty to the commencement of her diplomatic career, she seems to have taken part with a ready spirit in all the joyous follies of Roman life, in all "the revel and the masque of Italy," and to have wanted no taste for art or for the growing superiority of Italian music. She was, according to St. Simon, well qualified to take the lead in any line of life. She was above the middle height, with blue eyes which expressed anything she pleased; she had a perfect figure and bust; a face without regular beauty, but yet charming; a noble air, and exquisite and natural grace. St. Simon, whose experience was great, said he never saw anything approaching her charm of manner; it was flattering, caressing, animating, yet kept always in due limits, as though she wished to please merely for the sake of pleasing. It was impossible to resist her when she had set her heart on captivating and seducing. With all this, a most agreeable

voice and a faculty in conversation delicious, inexhaustible, and highly entertaining. Since she had seen many countries and all their chief people, she was, moreover, a great judge of character; she attracted to her the best society, and kept quite a little court of her own; and from her position at Rome, and intimacy with the Roman cardinals, she became a mistress in that art of polished and subtle intrigue of which the Papal Court was the unrivalled school. The portrait of St. Simon, even in this reduced form, will afford some explanation of the absorbing fascination which the Princesse des Ursins exercised on the young, brilliant, devoted, and heroically-natured Marie Louise, the first wife of Philip V. "Don't let her speak to you for two hours," said Philip V. to his second wife, as she was about to meet the Princesse des Ursins in her first and only interview, "or she will enchain you forever." During the time of her second marriage she made sundry visits to France, and renewed her acquaintance with Madame de Maintenon, of whom she had been a rival in the salons of the Hôtel d'Albret when the latter was only Madame Scarron and she herself was but a girl. It may be imagined that the unrivalled position and influence of Madame de Maintenon may have stimulated the seeds of ambition hitherto dormant in her nature, for she certainly was conscious of no inferiority to Madame de Maintenon. It has been even said that she nourished secretly the design of displacing the rigid favorite in the good graces of Louis XIV. Of this there is no proof, but at any rate she was sufficiently conscious of her abilities and her power of command to look out for a theatre for her activity; and the force of circumstances, as well perhaps as her own calculations, drew her to Spain.

During the time of her visits to France and to Versailles the question of the Spanish Succession was agitating all Europe; and, as is well known, it was the opinion of Innocent XI., formally expressed in a letter, which finally determined the moribund Charles II. to draw up his famous testament in favor of the Duke d'Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV. The Duchess of Bracciano, connected by alliance with the greatest Pontifical families, with her little court in the Piazza

Navona, attended by Roman cardinals, seemed a person deserving of the attention of the French Government. She was thoroughly tutored in the matter by Torcy, the French minister, and it was recommended to her diplomatic advocacy at Rome. She had the credit of having exercised a real influence upon the judgment of Innocent XI.; but she achieved something more effective even than this. Portocarrero, the Archbishop of Toledo, the greatest ecclesiastic in Spain, the confidential adviser and minister of Charles II., came to Rome to receive the *pallium* and the cardinal's hat. She completely captivated Portocarrero, and elicited from him a promise to advocate the French claims to the succession with Charles II. When Louis XIV. knew that Portocarrero was won over, he considered the matter settled. He granted a pension to the Duchess of Bracciano, and Torcy wrote that he had now only to lower his flag before her in matters of diplomacy, and to become her pupil.

But neither Louis XIV., nor Torcy, nor Madame de Maintenon, had any notion of the heights to which ambition was now leading the Duchess of Bracciano, who, on the death of her husband, appeared before the world as the Princesse des Ursins, Ursins being the French for Orsini, her late husband's family name. The Duke had become reconciled to her before he died, and left her all he possessed; but she disposed of the duchy and title of Bracciano to Don Luigi Odelscalchi, her late husband's kinsman. The young Duke of Anjou had now gone to Spain, and taken the title of Philip V., and was about to be married to a princess of Savoy, aged fourteen, the daughter of the wily Victor Amadeus, and the sister of the Duchesse de Bourgogne. According to the usage of the Spanish Court, the *camerera mayor*, the head lady-in-waiting of the Queen, was an indispensable and awful functionary, a sort of female grand inquisitor of etiquette, to whom constant domesticity with the royal couple gave terrible power and authority. If such was the case ordinarily, what ascendancy might not a *camerera mayor* such as the Princesse des Ursins attain over the minds of a boy king and a girl queen in the present condition of Spain?

Such was the reasoning of Madame des Ursins as she set about diplomatizing for the post of *camerera mayor*; and she diplomatized in a way which proved her admirable sagacity in the ways of courts, and her knowledge of the natures of kings and ministers. She was by no means so impolitic as to ask at once for the post, which was of course virtually in the gift of Louis XIV.: such a proceeding, she knew, would raise the suspicions of the politic monarch in her disfavor. She asked merely, as a preliminary, for the honor of being the lady attendant who, as custom was, accompanied a Spanish royal bride across the frontier. But she had already previously carefully prepared her way to Madrid by gaining entirely the friendship of Portocarrero in her intercourse with him at Rome, and by acquiring the favor of the Duchesse de Bourgogne, and of the Piedmontese Court, through her activity in obtaining the goodwill of the great Spanish ecclesiastics and grandees for the Piedmontese marriage of Philip V.

Carefully and cautiously did she gradually disclose the real object of her diplomacy, working by turns through her friend, the Maréchal de Noailles, through the Maréchale, the friend of Madame de Maintenon, through Madame de Maintenon herself, through Torcy the minister. The Maréchale de Noailles, later called by the wits of Versailles the mother of the ten tribes of Israel (she had twenty-two children), was fully equal to the confidence reposed in her by the Princesse des Ursins and to the occasion. "I think," the Princess suggested to Madame de Noailles, "that if I was in a good position I might make rain and sunshine in the Court of Spain; and that it would be easy enough for me to establish a dozen of *mesdemoiselles vos filles* in that country." Moreover, the young Duc d'Ayen, the eldest son and heir of the Noailles, was named for a mission to Spain at the Court of Philip V. The Princesse des Ursins took care to recommend him carefully to Portocarrero and her friends among the grandees; and when the Duc d'Ayen, who had himself considerable tact and ability, was making way to the favor of king and court, she began to make use of his influence in the most delicate way possible — for it naturally required great

nicety of management for an elderly lady of the great position of the Princess to solicit any favor of so young a man as the Duc d'Ayen at the very outset of his career. The way in which she approached the young Duke was a model of diplomatic subtlety. "What opinion can you have of us Roman ladies," she wrote, "when you see me making advances towards you, and giving myself the honor of writing to you, *before you have discovered this confidence of mine?*" A more subtle turn of expression for saving her dignity could hardly be invented. The Princess, having thus broken the ice, continues her letter by asking the Duke to speak of her to Philip V. as a lady fitted to perform the merely honorary charge of conducting his young bride to Madrid. Next she brought into play her old intimacy with Portocarrero; and Portocarrero, in pursuance of former promises, and at the Princess's suggestion, sent her a letter representing that, in his opinion and that of the chief statesmen of Spain, the Princesse des Ursins was admirably qualified for the distinction she desired. This letter of Portocarrero was duly forwarded to the Maréchale de Noailles, who laid it before the French minister, Torcy; but Torcy replied that the selection must depend on the choice of Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, the father of the future Spanish bride.

The Princesse des Ursins, however, was not to be put off with such a reply. She knew that Torcy was favorably inclined towards her, and she now, through her friend the Maréchale, made another fine diplomatic suggestion, to the effect that Torcy should pay a visit to the Piedmontese ambassador at Paris, and should, just in the way of *casual conversation*, carelessly inquire whom the Duke of Savoy thought of naming as travelling *chaperone* to the Piedmontese princess, and then just as carelessly throw out a hint that the Princesse des Ursins would perform such a service admirably well. The Princess, knowing the ways well of kings and ambassadors, was sure the ambassador would report this conversation to the Duke of Savoy. The event justified her prevision, for on writing a letter with her own hand to the Duke of Savoy, he replied that he himself was not opposed to her request, only

he referred the matter to Louis XIV. This was precisely the point to which the Princess desired to come—that Louis XIV. and the Court of Versailles should have the absolute decision of the affair. All her diplomatic stratagems now, therefore, were made to converge on Madame de Maintenon and Louis XIV. himself. She approached Madame de Maintenon in the subtlest and most refined insinuations of flattery; and as for Louis XIV., she, with a consummate air of much self-denial and modesty, requested that it should be represented to him that she would only, if it seemed best, *go as far as the frontier* in an official position, and afterwards proceed to Madrid to pay her court to the young King and Queen in a private capacity; and indeed, moreover, *she really had business at the Spanish capital*. Were the meshes of diplomacy ever spun of a finer and subtler texture than these? Nevertheless, Louis XIV., with his appreciation of character and his knowledge of the ways of ambition, saw perhaps before anybody through those fine-drawn manœuvres, and was not displeased by them. He saw clearly that what Madame des Ursins really was aiming at was the post of *camerera mayor*. Nevertheless, the salutary advice he had given to his grandson on his departure for Spain was to take care that all his chief officers were Spaniards, and not to favor the French and arouse feelings of national jealousy; he consequently had his doubts about the advisability of naming a French lady for so thoroughly Spanish a dignity as that of the *camerera mayor*. But he also had advised Philip V. to place every confidence in Portocarrero, and Portocarrero was not only wholly gained over by the Princesse des Ursins, but Portocarrero produced some very solid reasons why, in the present instance, a Spanish lady ought *not* to fill the post, and why the choice of a foreign noblewoman, who had no family to lead into honors, dignities, and pensions, and was thus not calculated to excite the jealousy and animosity of families rivaling with her own, would in every respect be preferable.

Madame de Maintenon's mediation was the last and great trump-card which the Princess laid down upon the hesitation and scruples of Louis XIV. The game was won, and she was actually

named *camerera mayor* before she had quitted Rome, and before the young Piedmontese princess had left Turin.

The Princesse des Ursins began forthwith to organize her household so that she might enter Spain in due state. She strained all her resources to make a fitting display in the eyes of a people fond of pomp. "I have usually four gentlemen in waiting," she wrote to the *Maréchal de Noailles*; "now I take another, a Spaniard; and when at Madrid I shall take two or three more, who shall be well acquainted with the Court and be calculated to do me credit. Of the four which I now entertain, two are French and two are Italian. One of the latter is of one of the best Sicilian families, the other is a near relative of Prince Vaini." She increased her pages to the number of six—"tous gens de condition et capables d'être chevaliers de *Malte*." She had her chaplain. "I do not speak of my other attendants; I have these of every kind. I have twelve lackeys—my ordinary supply. When arrived at the Court, I will increase the number with Spaniards." She had one very fine carriage, "*sans or ni argent néanmoins*," but she had another, a gilded state carriage, lately ordered; this was to go with six horses when she drove outside Madrid. However, she assures her correspondent, the mother of twenty-two children, with an eye on the royal coffer, that she will not have recourse to the treasury of Louis XIV. "*Je suis guérie, il est vrai; mais je suis encore plus fière*." "On this occasion I will make it a point of honor not to demand anything. Nevertheless my expenses shall be suited to the splendor of my position, and shall make the Spaniards admire the greatness of the King." However, it appears that, on the eve of embarking on her great enterprise, she began to think seriously of the difficulties into which she was about to plunge. "I believe," she wrote to Torcy, "that I shall meet with as many adventures as Don Quixote in the undertaking you impose upon me."

She met the young Princess Marie Louise de Savoie at Villafranca, near Nice, to which place she had gone by sea. She was delighted with the appearance of the young queen, and wrote to Torcy, "*qu'elle saurait faire la reine*

*à merveille*;" and, indeed, Marie Louise, without being a perfect beauty, was a worthy sister of the Duchess de Bourgogne, the darling of Louis XIV. and the Court of Versailles. She was tall and well made, with a brilliant though pale complexion, with a loving heart and a noble nature, thoroughly capable of appreciating the fine qualities of Madame des Ursins, to whom she speedily attached herself with childish affection. From Villafranca and Nice the *camerera mayor* travelled through the south of France, side by side with her young charge, in a litter, to Figuières, on the Spanish frontier. There is no need to say that they were received with royal honors and discharge of artillery at every town on their route, and that, according to invariable Spanish custom on arriving at the frontier, the Piedmontese attendants were dismissed, and their place supplied by the stiff and formal ladies of Spain.

The marriage was to take place at Figuières, and Marie Louise was to enter Spain as queen in fact and in name. The young couple—the King of eighteen and the bride of fourteen—were duly united; but after the marriage ceremony some incidents ensued of an amusing character, most characteristic of Spain, and of the usual reception of royal Spanish brides.

The supper had been prepared half of French and half of Spanish fashion; the dishes half of one kind and half of the other. But the Spanish ladies—the attendants of their new young Queen—had visited the supper table before the royal couple sat down, and saw with disgust this array of heretical French meats on the table. Ever since the beginning of time, so to speak, the Spaniards had insisted that the brides of their sovereigns should, immediately on entering Spain, become pure Spanish at once, conform to the severe usages of Spanish etiquette, and take to the Spartan diet, the national *puchero*, and the garlic of Spain. The Spanish ladies at once seized these abominable French inventions, and threw them into corners of the room and out of windows into the street. This energetic proceeding naturally caused immense surprise to the only three foreign persons of the party at Figuières—to the young King and his bride, and to the Princesse des Ursins. Never-



theless, all had sufficient self-command to go through the supper without remark. However, as soon as the young Queen was alone with her husband and the Princesse des Ursins, her indignation broke loose. She sobbed, she wept, and she stormed. She complained bitterly of the dismissal of her Piedmontese attendants. She was indignant at the coarseness of the Spanish ladies, and declared that she would go no farther, but return to Piedmont. It was impossible to appease the wrath of the young bride. Philip finally left the room, hoping that, in his absence, the indignation of the Queen would subside; but there was no sign of this. Marie Louise passed the night obstinately alone, declaring in spite of all the remonstrances of Madame des Ursins, that she would return instantly back to Turin. Here was a scandalous beginning of royal wedded life! The poor child did not recover even on the following day from her ill-humor and vexation; so on the following night, Philip himself, acting on the advice of his chief gentleman-in-waiting, assumed the air of the injured party, and sent word to his Queen that he would retire to rest alone. This brought Marie Louise to reason. She apologized for her childish conduct, promised to behave in future like a queen and a woman; and on the third morning after the marriage the young couple left Figuières completely reconciled.

Madame des Ursins, in the commencement, wisely confined her cares to the duties of her office, which were for the most part of a singularly domestic character for a descendant of the great family of the Tremouilles. She writes to the Maréchal de Noailles, "Dans quel emploi, bon Dieu! m'avez vous mise? Je n'ai pas le moindre repos."

In fact, the Princess writes she could neither take her ease after dinner, nor eat when she was hungry. She was only too happy to snatch a bad meal as she ran on her duties. It was, she said, very rare for her not to be called the moment she sat down to table. "In truth, Madame de Maintenon would laugh if she knew the details of my charge. Tell her, I beg, that it is I who have the honor of taking the King of Spain's dressing-gown when he goes to bed, and of giving him that and his slippers when he rises.

That, however, I could make light of; but really it seems too absurd that every evening, when the King comes to the Queen's bedchamber, the Conde de Benavente should hand me the King's sword, and a bottle and a lamp, which I ordinarily upset on my dress." Indeed, among the other strange fashions of royal etiquette in Spain, there was one which provided that the King, when he went to visit the Queen at night, could go in a cloak armed with sword and buckler, and carrying a bottle. The *camerera mayor* had, moreover, to wake the King in the morning, and sometimes "he is so kind," wrote the Princess, "that he often sends for me two hours at least before I want to rise." All know of the rigors of old palace Spanish etiquette, which allowed kings to be roasted if the proper officer was not at hand to remove the brazier, and queens to be dragged by the stirrup to death by rearing horses, rather than permit them to be touched by a profane hand. Some of the incidents given by the Princess of the jealousy and rivalry of the great grandees on matters of etiquette are truly comic. Thus we have the venerable Patriarch of the Indies, who, however, the Princess says, looked like an ape, taking a napkin surreptitiously into church with him, and rushing at the most solemn moment of the sacrament before the King and Queen, and producing his cloth from his pocket for their use, because he found that it had been arranged that the *camerera mayor* should take his place at the ceremony. Another scene described in her letter is, if possible, still more amusing: thus we have the Conde de Priego and the Duque de Osuna fighting at the foot of the altar for the honor of moving his majesty's chair up to his *prie-dieu*. Both noblemen were very small, but the Duque de Osuna carried the day; and yet there was a moment, writes the Princess, when she thought the Duke, who was no bigger than a rat, would tumble beneath the chair, and fall upon the King at his *prie-dieu*, who would infallibly, if he had been knocked over, have fallen upon the Queen.

The influence of the strong mind of the Princesse des Ursins upon the youthful King and Queen of Spain became soon to be felt even in matters of government.

The state of ruin, hunger, and desolation of Spain at the time of the accession of the first Bourbon prince was something appalling. There are no records in history which present such a picture of beggared pride and misery and decay. The giant form which had once overawed the world had become a ragged scarecrow—an object of mockery and scorn. Charles II., the last king of the house of Austria, was a beggar and a pauper among monarchs. He was unable at times to find food for the table of the gentlemen of his bedchamber, and even oats and straw for his horses. He went on begging expeditions from town to town to ask for money, and generally in vain. The once-dreaded legions of Spain were reduced down to a miserable, starved, ragged remnant of unpaid boys and old men, numbering about fifteen thousand, officered by *hidalgos*, who begged in the streets of Flanders and in the ports of Spain. The dockyards which sent forth the invincible Armada had not a ship on the stocks. The art of shipbuilding was forgotten, and a few wretched men-of-war lay rotting in the harbors. Whole provinces had become denuded of towns and villages; the most fertile districts of Spain had become a desert; commerce and industry and agriculture were despised alike by all classes, and were in fact non-existent.

Nearly all the needs of Spain—its clothes and its very bread—were produced by foreign workmen. Each Spaniard desired, without income, to live like a nobleman. The population decreased yearly. People ceased to marry, or entered into monasteries and convents; and priests and monks owned, it was supposed, about a third part of the soil of Spain.

It was not then a misfortune for Spain to exchange the effete Austrian dynasty for the race of the Bourbons, under whose rule France had risen almost in the same proportion as Spain had fallen, which had adopted more humane principles of toleration and more enlightened ideas of political economy. Yet the difficulty of reconciling the Spaniards to any reforms or system of government imported from the institutions of their ancient enemies, to be carried out by the French counsellors of Philip V., was ne-

cessarily very great. The hatred of the *gavachos*, as the French have been called in Spain from time immemorial, was intense.

Hence it was that the influence of the Princesse des Ursins was so salutary. She was only ostensibly occupying the post of *camerera mayor* without any acknowledged mission from the Court of Versailles, and yet she was thoroughly acquainted with its policy and in constant correspondence with Torcy, the French Minister, and with Madame de Maintenon and the Maréchal de Noailles. On excellent terms at first with Portocarrero, who at the beginning of the reign of Philip V. was all-powerful, she had by far better opportunities of bringing about harmonious relations between the governments of France and Spain than the French ambassador himself, while her previous residence in Spain had made her well acquainted with the usages and necessities of the country.

The task, however, was no easy one of getting the Spaniards, on the one side, to accept the government of a French King, assisted by French ministers, and of co-operating with the policy of Versailles on the other, so as to satisfy the exacting supervision which Louis XIV. and his ministers exercised over Spanish affairs; for although Louis XIV. had given his grandson the advice not to surround himself with French ministers, and to respect all Spanish national feeling, yet this was but with the view of rendering the Spaniard more easily manageable for the purposes of his own ambition, and the maintenance of complete harmony between the two governments was indispensable in the war of the Spanish Succession.

It was no wonder, moreover, that a Queen of Spain should give herself wholly up to an adviser and companion like the Princesse des Ursins, for the monotony and isolation of palace life, guarded about by the inviolable prescriptions of Spanish etiquette, was something frightful. According to Spanish notions, the life of a Spanish queen should partake of the seclusion of the harem and the convent. She saw no society but those of her regular attendants. A tyrannical *camerera mayor* might, if she chose, be intolerable. She might, as did the *camerera mayor* of the first

queen of Charles II., prevent her from looking out of window. The stern gloom and rigidity with which *camereras mayores* had exercised their authority were habitual, and some of the former French queens of Spain had died of the terrible monotony of their prison life. It was, then, a great boon for the wife of Philip V. to be allowed the unprecedented luxury of a Frenchwoman for a *camerera mayor*, whose liveliness of nature, whose intellectual qualities, whose education, whose liberality in the matter of etiquette, and whose bright and good looks even at sixty-six made her an entertaining companion as well as a good adviser. The former Spanish queens had been condemned for amusement to insupportably childish games, something like spills, with their husbands, and to badly-acted Spanish plays. The Princesse des Ursins endeavored to lighten the heavy atmosphere of the Spanish Court by getting up theatrical amusements, in which Corneille and Molière replaced Calderon and Lopez de la Vega; and by concerts in which the music of the Italian masters, just then beginning to become fashionable in Europe, was first heard in the capital of Spain, in the palace of *Buen Retiro*. The young King and Queen were grateful for the vivacity and variety which she thus ingeniously and incessantly introduced into a life which both regarded as a kind of exile; and, moreover, the very domestic nature of her charge gave her an opportunity of tutoring the young Queen in such fashion that Philip V., who was perhaps the most uxorious monarch who ever reigned, was completely at the disposal of his wife.

The duties of her position naturally gave the Princess a right of advising on the manners, dress, and habits of the King and Queen; she extended this to matters of high policy, and invariably gave advice calculated to conciliate the Spanish nation towards the new dynasty. She advised the use of the Spanish language exclusively at Court, the performance by the Queen of the customary pilgrimages to the shrine of our Lady of Atocha, and other sacred places; the adoption by Philip V. of the Spanish costume, and especially of the stiff unsightly *golilla*, or Spanish ruff, to which the nobility were especially attached;

the royal attendance at bull-fights, and the practice of the national *juego de canas*; at the same time she strongly dissuaded the monarch from attending at those human sacrifices, the *autos da fe*, one of which was always prepared in honor of every new accession and every royal marriage. And the young Bourbon King was the first monarch who ventured thus to discountenance the practice of those rites of Moloch.

Madame des Ursins, indeed, did not hesitate to grapple at once with the Inquisition immediately on her arrival in Spain, and her success in delivering Aguilar Diaz, the confessor of the late King, from its dungeons, after a struggle of four years, created a new power in the country. Her influence became so manifest at last, that the French ministers and Court attendants, including the Jesuit confessor who accompanied Philip V. to Madrid, all grew jealous of the great influence of the *camerera mayor* over the royal councils. The French ambassador in 1703, the Cardinal d'Estrées, especially had made himself remarkable by his hostility to Madame des Ursins, and a struggle for dominion took place between them. Louis XIV., who was the arbiter of their differences in the close watch which he kept upon the affairs of Spain, decided at first in favor of his ambassador, and determined on recalling the *camerera mayor*. He changed his determination on account of the urgent entreaties of the Queen, who supplicated that if Madame des Ursins was recalled, the Cardinal and his nephew, the Abbé d'Estrées, who served him as secretary, should be recalled also. Other representations in favor of the Princess, which portrayed all Spain as ardently desiring the continuance of her stay in Spain, were made. A temporary reconciliation between the Cardinal and the Princess followed, as the price of the withdrawal of the recall of Madame des Ursins. However, at the last the Cardinal was removed, and the Abbé d'Estrées, who had deserted his uncle when he saw that he was likely to be worsted in the conflict, remained as ambassador; and the triumph of Madame des Ursins was completed by the recall of the Jesuit confessor, and nearly every French minister or attendant possessed of any authority in Spain. However, the Abbé d'Estrées, as ambassador, was unable to reconcile him-

self to the part he had undertaken, and while professing outwardly complete submission to the superiority of the *camerera mayor*, treacherously wrote a despatch to the French minister, full of bitterness and insinuation against his rival. He had offered himself to submit every despatch to the perusal of Madame des Ursins before sending it away, but this one despatch he endeavored to send surreptitiously by the ordinary courier, who not seeing upon it the accustomed mark of the Princesse des Ursins, as a sign of her acquaintance with the contents, carried the despatch to the *camerera mayor*. With her usual audacity Madame des Ursins wrote indignant marginal notes, and one of them of a most singular character.

She had an equerry named d'Aubigny, called *un tout petit sire* by St. Simon, who played a sort of nondescript rôle among her attendants. He had immense share in her confidence, and it was complained that he was the only man who slept in the palace. Indeed, his apartment formed part of the suite of the Princess's own. In the despatch of the Abbé d'Estrées, mention was made of d'Aubigny, and it was stated that people had no doubt that he was married to her. "*Oh, pour mariée, non!*" wrote the Princess in all the indignation of a *grande dame*, as a marginal note.

The opening of this despatch and the marginal note came to the knowledge of Louis XIV., and his anger was great. However, by the aid of her friends at Versailles, the *Camerera* got over this difficulty, and the Abbé d'Estrées in disgust followed his uncle, and gave up his post. But, nevertheless, shortly afterwards another subject of disagreement came between the Court of Versailles and that of Madrid, on the subject of the command of the war in Spain. The King insisted that Philip V. should shake off what he styled the shameful sloth of the palace, and put himself at the head of his armies. Madame des Ursins and the Queen both, however, set themselves against this advice of Louis XIV. The opposition of Madame des Ursins was not unknown at the Court of Versailles. The Cardinal d'Estrées, eager for revenge, beset all her friends with his representations, till, one by one, Torcy, Madame de Noailles (whose son-in-law, the Duc de Gram-

mont, arrived at the Embassy of Madrid), and even Madame de Maintenon, ceased to defend her, and she was recalled.

She was recalled, however, only to be sent back again with greater authority than before. Her disgrace was the way to her triumph. In fact, the affairs of Spain during her absence went from bad to worse. The King, after a brief effort at independence, had made his incapacity more apparent. Montellano, with the *grandees* in the *Despacho*, attempted to absorb the whole sovereign power, to oppose every French project, to prevent the formation of an army, and to prevent the King from being master of it. The great defeat of Blenheim came to throw into still greater disfavor the French alliance in Spain; and, to add to the difficulties of Louis XIV., the chief *grandees* began to be of opinion that the only hope of saving the integrity of the Spanish monarchy was to range Spain on the side of the allies, and against the monarch of France. The Queen of Spain, aware of the danger of their position, wrote day by day the most urgent letters of appeal to Madame de Maintenon for the return of her *camerera mayor*.

Louis XIV. consented at last to send back the indispensable *camerera mayor*, but he did so with great repugnance. He who in early life had engaged with Colbert to deliver himself of any woman in twenty-four hours, as soon as he should be told that she influenced his politics, felt contempt and pity for his weak-minded grandson, who was incapable of the slightest initiative, and was a mere cypher without his wife, who herself was nothing without her lady of the palace. Of his intense desire to get rid of Madame des Ursins altogether, and to efface the traces of her influence in Spain, evidence is extant, in the pseudonymous correspondence which he carried on with his ambassador, the Duke of Grammont; yet he became convinced at last that Madame des Ursins was the only person capable of reconciling the discordant elements of which the Council of Madrid was composed.

Having resolved, therefore, that she should return to Spain, his policy naturally was that she should return with all the consideration and *prestige* which royal favor could bestow upon her; and Louis XIV. accordingly went through

his part with a grand resignation which concealed all the sadness which must have been at the bottom of his heart.

A courier was accordingly despatched to Toulouse, where Madame des Ursins was residing, with permission for her to appear at Versailles.

"Nothing," says St. Simon, "could equal the air of triumph which Madame des Ursins assumed at Marly (at a ball), or the attention of the King to distinguish her and do her honor and everything; it was as if she were a small Queen of England in the very freshness of arrival. Nothing could equal the majestic fashion with which everything was received by the Princess. She bore herself with a mixture of grace and politeness long since effaced, and which recalled the memory of the oldest times of the queen-mother.

"The King was admirable in giving a value to everything, and in making valuable what in itself had no value at all. Madame de Maintenon and Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne were only occupied with Madame des Ursins, who made more remarkable the prodigious flight she had taken by a little dog which she carried under her arm than by any political distinction. No one could recover from the surprise at such a familiarity which Madame la Duchesse de Bourgogne herself would not have permitted herself—trifles have such importance when they are beyond example. *The King at the end of one of these balls caressed the little spaniel!!!* which was another subject of surprise for the spectators. Since that time Madame des Ursins was never to be seen at the Chateau of Marly without this little spaniel under the arm, which became for her the last mark of favor and distinction."

Madame des Ursins not only went back to Spain, but she went back with conditions drawn up by her in the form of a regular treaty, and accepted by the King; and she, moreover, named herself a new French ambassador, Amelot, in the place of the Duc de Grammont, and Orry, whose talents as an administrator and financier of the school of Colbert had obtained for him a previous mission to Spain, was also said to give her assistance.

The nine years, from 1705 to 1714, which followed, were the most important of Madame des Ursins's existence. Had it not been for this French *camerera mayor*, Louis XIV. would have abandoned his grandson to the mercy of the Allies. Spain, under the direction of Madame des Ursins, rose from the lowest state of prostration and abasement. The

country which formed one of the main causes of the ruin of Napoleon, became, and through her alone for a time, the single theatre where the glory of Louis XIV. was not overwhelmed with disaster. Almanza and Villaviciosa came in to balance the evil fortune of Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet. The victory of Almanza in 1707, which consecrated by a brilliant victory the regal power of Philip V. in Spain, had been in great part prepared by the careful administration and great reforms of the Princesse des Ursins. Four years before Almanza, Amelot wrote in one of his despatches, that Philip V. had neither troops, nor arms, nor artillery; his domestics were not paid, and his body-guard, dying of hunger, went to eat the scraps which were distributed at the gates of the convents. Even the previous year, the failure of the siege of Barcelona, then in the hands of the Allies, Philip V., with his Queen at Burgos, and Madrid occupied by his rival, was as little the King of Spain as was Charles VII. of France at Bourges. Berwick had declared that all was lost in Estremadura and Castille, and that nothing remained for the King but to fly to the mountains of the north of Spain, to be as near as possible to the frontier of France. Three parts of Spain were in possession of the Austrian prince who claimed the succession of Charles II. The great mass of the *grandees* deserted to the side of the Archduke, who was proclaimed in Madrid under the title of Charles III. Even the Cardinal Portocarrero, the founder of the Bourbon dynasty in Spain, obeyed the dictates of resentment at the disgrace into which he had fallen, embraced openly the cause of the rival of Philip V., and opened the gates of Toledo to his enemies. He illuminated his palace, had the *Te Deum* sung in the cathedral, gave a splendid banquet to the officers of the army of the Allies, at which they drank to the health of Charles III., King of Spain, and gave a public benediction to the standards of the Austrian pretender. But the cause of Philip V. had been embraced by the people in the capital. The populace made use of every hostile device, some of them of unparalleled strangeness, for the destruction and discomfort of his enemies, and peasants in

the country came in bodies to the King supplicating delivery from the yoke of the *grandees* who overrode them with exactions. The great mass of the people of Spain remained faithful to the adopted heir of their last sovereign. Madame des Ursins took admirable advantage of this popular enthusiasm. By her addresses, by her letters, and by the applications she directed, she obtained voluntary gifts for the support of the army of the King; 8,000 *pistoles* from the province of Burgos, from another province 15,000, and much greater contributions from the richest cities of Andalusia. Money and bread and clothes arrived in abundance at the camp of Berwick, and the king of Spain had a satisfaction long unknown to any monarch in the country, that of having his troops well paid and fed. He was transported with this wonderful good fortune, and immediately wrote a letter of the warmest thanks and acknowledgments for the devotion of the lady who had procured such an unexpected result in the darkest hour of his peril. One of her letters from Burgos to Madame de Maintenon at this time gave a lively idea of the straits to which the royal family was driven, and of the life of Madame des Ursins.

"I will give you the description of my apartment to amuse you. It consists of a single piece, which is not more than twelve feet wide in any direction. A large window, which does not shut, exposed to the south, occupies all one side. A door, very low, serves me for a passage into the chamber of the Queen, and the door leads to a windy passage where I do not venture to go, although two or three lamps are always burning there, for it is so badly paved that I might break my neck. I cannot say the walls are white, for they are very dirty. My travelling-bed, with a camp-stool and a deal table, is the only furniture I have, which last serves me as a writing-table and for eating the remains of the Queen's dinner—for I have neither kitchen nor money to provide me. I laugh at all that."

Nevertheless, after the battle of Almanza, the fortunes of Philip V., temporarily upraised by a brilliant victory, seemed to have fallen lower than before, and the energy of Madame des Ursins alone saved the Spanish monarchy from dismemberment, and Philip from being a realmless monarch.

In 1709, Louis XIV. was so hard pressed by the Allies, and France so exhausted, that the Court of Versailles seriously contemplated the abandonment of his grandson. Philip V. himself prepared to resign himself to his fate. It was then that all the spirit of this extraordinary and intelligent woman, now seventy-four years of age, was aroused. "What, sire!" said she to Philip V., "are you a prince? are you a man—you who treat your royal title so lightly and have feelings weaker than a woman?" Not only did she renew again all her efforts for the recruiting, discipline, and support of the Spanish army, but she threw herself thoroughly into the state of French affairs,—wrote eloquent and indignant letters to Madame de Maintenon, and propounded a scheme for utilizing anew the resources of France and filling afresh the exhausted treasury for the purposes of the war; and when we add to all the political difficulties with which she was daily struggling, the illness of the Queen after confinement of a second son, and upon whom, as *camerera mayor*, she was obliged to be in constant attendance, it must be imagined that more anxieties and cares never fell to the lot of a septuagenarian lady.

This stroke of policy of hers at this period was of surprising audacity, and worthy of the spirit which dictated the letters characterized by Madame de Maintenon as "*lettres à feu et à sang*." The Spanish people were so indignant at what they considered the treachery of the French king in contemplating the abandonment of his grandson, that the old international hatred between the two nations was awakened. The French residents in Madrid were in danger of their lives. In this state of things, Madame des Ursins ventured on the most daring act of her life. She extracted from the king a decree which banished all the French from Spain, and thus threw the new monarchy on the undivided sympathies of the Spanish people. This stroke of policy of Madame des Ursins had the happiest effect in reconciling the *grandees* of Spain to the Bourbon dynasty. The Princess was carrying on two great struggles at the same time—one against the supporters of the Archduke, and the other against the *grandees*, who, like all aristocracies,

seized the opportunity, when the monarchy was in this struggling condition, to aggrandize their privileges and pretensions. The Spanish nobility were now ambitious of recovering some of their feudal privileges, which they had lost under Charles V. and Philip II. From the beginning of her administration she had opposed resolutely the pretensions and unveiled the intrigues of some and punished the treachery of others of the *grandees*. Having discovered the high treason of the *amirante* of Castile, she had him prosecuted and condemned to death, which caused the Duke of Medina Celi to exclaim, "People like ourselves ought not to be treated thus!" But the Duke of Medina Celi himself, having conspired with the Duke of Orleans, and having as Minister of Foreign Affairs betrayed a trust reposed in him, was also arrested, and died in a state prison; and the Marquis de Leganez, another great noble, was also sent into captivity to France.

In fact, in almost every matter of internal policy Madame des Ursins followed the example of statesmanship in France, where not only the repression of oligarchical power, but the centralization and amplification of the administration, had been the aim of every French Government from Philip Augustus to Richelieu and Louis XIV. Thus after Almanza she ventured resolutely on a *coup d'état*, which put an end to the administrative and legislative chaos of Spain, where, up to that time, every province had its own *fueros* and *cortes*, and Catalans and Arragonese had been as jealous of Castilians as though they had been of different nations. But this daring lady was not content with having to grapple with the Archduke and his allies, with the great mass of the *grandees*, and with the thousandfold abuses of Spanish administration and justice; she dared to make assault even on the Inquisition, and to establish in Spain for the Spanish Church that independence which the Gallican Church had acquired in France;—a proceeding, however, which was discouraged by Louis XIV., who wrote to his grandson, "Croyez-moi, vous n'êtes pas assez fort pour avoir encore vos libertés gallicanes."

The greatest proof of the excellence of the administration of Madame des

Ursins was the devotion which the people of Spain showed towards the cause of Philip V., and the final reconciliation of the *grandees* to his government. When the Archduke, after his victory at Saragossa, had opened again the way to Madrid, and Philip V. had again taken his Court to the north to Valladolid, although the fugitive king had given permission to all the inhabitants to remain in the capital, yet all citizens who were able deserted the city for Valladolid. Even shop-keepers and artisans followed the general example; and some poor, and some even infirm, officers of justice made the journey to Valladolid on foot. All houses and shops and workshops were shut up. The capital seemed a desert; and when the allied troops entered the city, and the Archduke Charles went, at the head of two thousand horsemen, to return thanks to *Nuestra-Señora de Atocha*, only some ragged boys, in the hopes of getting a few *maravedis*, cried *Viva el Rey Carlos!*

The *grandees* themselves, in their stately pride, were touched by the enthusiasm of the people, and came over in a body to the king; a change of feeling, manifested by a letter to Louis XIV., signed by all the leading nobles, declaring their fidelity to his grandson, describing the pressing need of his cause for fresh assistance, and asking for French co-operation.

This application was the proposition of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, and was signed by the Dukes of l'Infantado, Popoli, d'Arcos, d'Abrantes, de Bageo, de Veraguas, de Montellano de Bejar, the Condestable of Castile, the Marquises de Almonacid and del Carpio, the Condes de Lernos and Peñaranda, and a crowd of others of the greatest names of Spain; only the great Duke d'Osuna, he who was "no bigger than a rat," always faithful to Philip V., refused to sign, from true motives of Castilian pride: he was haughtily discontented with Louis XIV., that he should have thought of abandoning his grandson and Spain, and said Spain would suffice for the work herself.

The joy of Louis XIV. at this letter was immense. He read it several times, and agreed to send to the assistance of his grandson 14,000 men. The great

Vendome, the grandson of Henri IV. and Gabrielle d'Estrées, was sent as general; and, on the 10th of December, 1710, the united Spanish and French army, with Vendome as general-in-chief, gained the great victory of Villaviciosa, which established the Bourbon dynasty securely. The nobles of Spain, fired with their new fidelity, and jealous of distinction under the eyes of the famous French general, fought with brilliant valor, and thousands of standards were taken, of which the French marshal made a couch for the first Bourbon king of Spain on the night of the victory. After ten years of struggle and persecution, the standard of the *fleur-de-lis* was firmly planted in Spain.

Madame des Ursins, to whom so large a portion of that success must be attributed, was herself already a grandee of Spain. She now received, in company with the Duke de Vendome, the title of Her Highness, and the order of the Golden Fleece, with a promise of a sovereign principality in the Low Countries.

In the year 1711 everything turned to the advantage of Philip V.: the Archduke, his rival, was elected Emperor. His allies were not inclined to confer upon Austria that aggrandizement which they had refused to France, and to create another empire like that of Charles V.; they consequently refused to make further efforts in his behalf. Marlborough, whose scientific blows had nearly laid helpless the French monarchy, fell into disgrace, and was recalled; and in 1712, the French, under Villars, were enabled to win the battle of Denain, and to lay down the basis of the Peace of Utrecht. Madame des Ursins, however, though her great work was achieved, still remained in Spain, directing reforms, administrative and financial, of the Colbert character, with the aid of the industrious Orry, and fighting with the Inquisition. Nevertheless the Inquisition was still too strong for her; for, says Llorente, 1,574 persons were burnt in the reign of Philip V., and 11,750 subjected to penitential punishment. But the power of the Church in Spain was enormous. "The abuses of the clergy," wrote Macanaz, a jurist employed by Madame des Ursins to fight her battles, and made by her a member of the *Despacho*, "have weakened the royal power. The eccle-

siastic immunities only serve to favor usurpation and disorder. The churches are become the refuges of criminals, and the right of asylum has been extended from these sacred edifices to adjoining houses, to shops, and whole neighboring quarters. The ecclesiastics, the monks and the nuns, encroach yearly on the rights of the King by continual acquisition of secular property, which forthwith becomes exempt from taxation. The clergy have in the State more subjects than the King. The ambition of some ministers has tolerated these abuses to give them the opportunity of enriching their families with the goods of the Church." Dangerous words these in the days of the Inquisition, when its name made men's blood still run cold with terror, and its power was sufficient to lodge the greatest grandee in its dungeons. The documents in which it was spoken of were consequently kept profoundly secret; and the very Council of Castile first resolved to adopt the precaution, in their proceedings against the Inquisition, of *voting by ballot*. The Inquisitors, it was argued, could not seize on the whole Council at once; yet even then the Council was afraid. The Inquisitors, working on the religious prejudices of the people, got up a popular commotion at Madrid; and Philip V. himself, and all his Council, were too terrified at the awful power they were confronting to follow the energetic advice of Madame des Ursins and Orry, and abolish it. So the Inquisition still remained unshorn of much of its terrible power; yet the struggle of Madame des Ursins with it was not wholly fruitless. She had found a vigorous and firm ally in England, who, since the Peace of Utrecht, had maintained an ambassador in Madrid; and it was decreed that the palace of the English ambassador, and every English ship in a Spanish harbor, should be exempt from the power of the Inquisition. The British flag and the British nationality, owing to Madame des Ursins, alone braved the Inquisition in the soil of Spain, and offered protection to every victim.

But the reign, as it may be called, of the princess was drawing to an end. Her young protectress and friend, the Queen of Spain, who joined to the affection of a daughter the deepest respect



for her great intelligence, died at the age of twenty-five in 1714. The heroic Marie Louise, who had given a soul to her weak-minded husband—who had been a wanderer with him in his rapid and forced flight amidst the rugged mountains of the Asturias, where she had often to be content with the bed and fare of a peasant and a mountaineer, worn out with ten years of difficulty, and sometimes of privation, during which she was subject to the moral distress of seeing her own father, the faithless Duke of Savoy, ranged among her enemies—was no more, and Madame des Ursins was left alone with Philip V.

The position of Madame des Ursins was now necessarily extremely delicate; and in the ten months which intervened between the death of Marie Louise and the second final disgrace of the Princess, her conduct was not of a nature to disarm jealousy and to avert the venomous force of scandal. She should have exercised greater precaution, since she well knew that she was detested by the priests, and that the *grandeas* and ministers of the Spanish Court were not attached to her, but only tolerated the ascendancy of this audacious French old lady, who was satisfied with nothing in Spain, who carried her reforming mania into everything, and had even violated the most inviolable rules of Court etiquette. Louis XIV., who detested all meddling of women in politics, moreover, had also only tolerated her as being for a time indispensable, and had been highly indignant that Philip V., out of gratitude to the Princess, had supported, with the allies, her claims to a sovereign principality in Flanders, in return for her services, with such pertinacity, that he delayed the signing of the Peace of Utrecht. Madame des Ursins, however, in all the pride of her conscious superiority, continued governing Spain with a high hand. She exiled one of her chief ministers from motives of personal discontent—she imprisoned two of the greatest *grandeas*—broke with all whom she considered her enemies, or even lukewarm friends—set the Duke of Berwick, who was sent to a military command in Spain, at defiance—and treated even Madame de Maintenon with haughtiness.

Being now close upon eighty, and

Philip V. only thirty-two, she may have imagined scandal could make nothing of their relations, and she kept the King in leading-strings, and hardly let him out of her sight. At the palace of the Duke of Medina Celi, to which she transferred the King from the Buen Retiro after the death of his queen, she had a corridor made between the monarch's apartments and her own. This corridor gave rise to immense scandal in Madrid. Yet Madame des Ursins, it must be remembered, was not only chief political adviser of the King, but the governess of his children, who lived in her apartments; and the constant society of the young princes was the chief consolation of Philip V. for the loss of Marie Louise.

Nevertheless the evil tongues of Madrid made much of the corridor. The Jesuit confessor of Philip one day during an interview confided to him that, both in France and Spain, people thought he meant to marry her. "*Moi Pepouser !*" replied the King; "*oh ! pour cela, non !*" Fatigued at last, however, he said to Madame des Ursins, "*Cherchez-moi une femme ; nos têtes-à-têtes scandalisent le peuple.*"

There was at this time at Madrid, in the service of the legation of the Duke of Parma, an intriguing, restless, ambitious Italian priest, Alberoni by name, who had been brought originally to Spain by the Duke of Vendome. He was himself a Parmesan by birth, and the son of a gardener. The great rôle which Madame des Ursins played in Spanish affairs stimulated his ambition, and he was destined to outdo her and to take her place. He saw the part which a foreigner might play in Spanish politics. He allied himself at first with the Grand Inquisitor, the Cardinal del Giudice, and offered his services secretly to defend the Inquisition against the assaults of the *camerera mayor*. Then the wily Italian broke apparently with Del Giudice, and paid his court to Madame des Ursins.

The Princess of Parma happened to be among the number of princesses who were considered as eligible for marriage with the Spanish king. She was, as her subsequent history proved, one of the most intractable, imperious, and domineering of ladies—a royal virago. Madame des Ursins was naturally anxious that the new Queen should be of a pre-

cisely opposite character. Alberoni, from being at the Court of Parma, was acquainted with the character of the princess, and on being personally consulted by Madame des Ursins as to the character of the Princess of Parma, assured her that the princess was one of the most docile of creatures, and that she would have no difficulty in establishing an empire as complete over her as she had held over the late Queen of Spain.

Madame des Ursins was ravished at this false account of the Princess of Parma, and despatched Alberoni forthwith to negotiate the marriage. Some expressions, however, of the satisfaction of her enemies at the step she had taken reached her. After further inquiry she became aware that Alberoni had deceived her, and she endeavored to stop the marriage by sending a courier. The courier arrived at Parma a day or two before the marriage. The Court of Parma got wind of his errand, and had him seized and threatened with death if he divulged a word of his mission. Madame des Ursins set forth from Madrid to meet the new queen as *camerera mayor*. One of the last acts of this remarkable woman, before she went to encounter the fiery young princess who was to annihilate her political existence, was the establishment of an academy at Madrid, framed after the model of the *Académie Française*. She had some warnings of the fate which awaited her; but she despised all. Everything, however, had been arranged for her overthrow. The King himself had, with consummate cowardice and treachery, and with palpitating uxoriousness, sent his wife full powers. Everything had been arranged by a conspiracy of the King and his bride, and the Inquisition, and the old aristocracy of Spain, for dismissing into instantaneous exile an aged lady who had labored unceasingly for fifteen years in the desperate cause of the Spanish monarchy. The Queen-Dowager, the widow of Charles II., an aunt of Elizabeth Farnese, had an interview with the new queen at Saint-Jean-Pied-de-Port, as she approached Spain. The Queen-Dowager was not only a personal enemy of Madame des Ursins, but she had been thoroughly tutored by the Grand Inquisitor, Del Guidice, who was residing, like herself, at Bayonne, as to

the advice she should tender to the Queen. *Alberoni saw the latter alone at Pampeluna*, and with consummate art roused the fury of the young virago to an unnecessary pitch of exasperation.

Madame des Ursins, as *camerera mayor*, had organized the Queen's household. It was arranged that the royal marriage should take place at Guadalupe. She had a last interview alone with the King at that place, on the 22d of December, and advanced to meet the bride at Quadraque, a small village seven leagues farther on. The Princesse des Ursins had not the slightest notion of what was awaiting her—even the cruel brow and scorn of the vixenish young Elizabeth Farnese as she received her obeisance were insufficient to prepare her for what was to come. There are various accounts of what took place; but the most trustworthy report relates that when left alone with Elizabeth Farnese, the latter burst forth in a torrent of reproach on the whole of her administration, accused her of the death or exile of all the great grandees who had been her enemies, and finally, lashing herself into fury, screamed for Don Antonio Amazaga, the officer of the body-guard, and told him "to put that mad woman out of her room"—to arrest her, and not to leave her till he had put her into a carriage. She then called for the groom of the royal equipages, and ordered him to get ready a carriage and to take the Princesse des Ursins off at once to Bayonne by Burgos. Amazaga represented that the King of Spain alone had the power to give such orders. She demanded with haughtiness if he had not orders from the King to obey her in everything; and Philip had indeed had the ingratitude and cowardice to give such orders, knowing full well what was intended.

A strange but a veritable object for commiseration was now the Princesse des Ursins. It was night, the eve but one before Christmas, and bitterly cold as it is only cold in central Spain and Siberia when the earth is covered with ice and snow. The driver of the Princess lost a hand with frost-bite before morning. Nevertheless Madame des Ursins, in her eightieth year, with her gray hairs, in her grand Court dress, was bundled into a carriage and started

without a change of raiment, without being allowed to alter her cumbersome head-dress, without money, and without a single means of protection against the cold. Never was disgrace in the world more unforeseen, and hardly ever more undeserved. What must not the towering pride of the high-born lady, with her quick and vast intelligence, have suffered in that long and terrible Siberian ride, deprived as she was of every necessary! This was the end of the service of kings,—to be rolled off at a minute's notice through a night of arctic severity, seated between two body-guards, without a mantle to wrap round her, and without a vestige of food or a single restorative. What emotions must have passed through the brain of this extraordinary woman during that bitter night! We may imagine, but cannot know; for she never spoke a word to either of her guards till the morning, when they stopped to refresh the horses. And so across Spain—across desert, hotelless Spain, where at that time neither bed nor food was to be had beyond such as were fit for muleteers—travelled the Princess. Her resignation was astonishing; her guards remembered it with admiration to their dying days. This dreadful journey lasted three weeks—three weeks of every kind of privation—till she reached Saint-Jean-de-Luz, on the 14th of January; and yet not a tear, not a single regret, not a single complaint at all the hardships and suffering she underwent, or at the ingratitude and rigor of the King or his new Queen, escaped her.

Such was her exit from Spain, which she had entered ten years before in triumph and in the full blaze of summer, when every town on the road from Madrid to Burgos was full of spectators assembled from the capital, and indeed from all parts of the country, to

clap their hands, to wave *sombreros*, and to shout her welcome back to Spain,—when the King and Queen themselves advanced two leagues from the capital to meet her and embrace her with affection.

What need to relate the subsequent neglect she met with from the moribund Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon on her arrival in France? She who had lived in royal state in Madrid, with guards in her antechamber and about her carriage, was reduced at Versailles, whither she went to have a solitary audience with the King, to lodge with the wife of a clerk of the office of foreign affairs.

She finally retired to Rome, the congenial retreat of fallen greatness, where she received immense respect from the Pope and cardinals; where, too, she received some tokens of consideration from Philip V. as atonement for the past. There she lived in intimacy with the exiled and discrowned race of Stuart; and there ultimately she came face to face with both Del Guidice and Alberoni, the authors of her disgrace, both vagrant and in exile; and there she died, with her lucid intelligence vigorous and active, in 1722, in her eighty-seventh year.

The pages of St. Simon, where he describes his interviews with Madame des Ursins, are among the most curious of his Memoirs; and although not personally inclined towards her, on account of his relations with her enemy the Regent, who had been guilty of treasonable plots against the throne of Philip V., yet he does full justice to her courage, her powers of application, and her wonderful intelligence; and declared that "her life deserved to be written, since it would hold a place among the most curious portions of history of the time in which she lived."

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British Quarterly Review.\*

#### THE PLACE WHERE LIGHT DWELLETH.

THE central idea of modern science is force. Of this force it is supposed there

is a certain quantity in the universe

\* *Le Soleil*. Par AMÉDÉE GUILLEMIN. Paris: Hachette et Cie. 1869.

*Researches on Solar Physics*. By WARREN DE LA RUE, Esq., Ph D, F.R.S., F.R.A.S., BALFOUR

STEWART, Esq., M. A., F. R. S., Superintendent of the Kew Observatory, and BENJAMIN LOEWY, Esq., Observer. First, Second, and Third Series. London: Taylor and Francis. 1865-9. (Printed for private circulation.)

which can neither be physically lessened nor increased. It may be passive, like the slumbering electricity in an unexcited body, in which case it is called potential energy; or it may wake up into resistless activity, like the same element in an exploding thunderbolt, and then it is known (perhaps felt) as actual or dynamic energy. All the forms of force are said to be related, and all admit of mutual conversion; but whatever character they assume, and whether kept in daily circulation or buried in some subterranean storehouse for ages, the sum-total of power is alleged to remain precisely and unchangeably the same. It is a something which He only who created can diminish or destroy.

For us, in this planet, the sun is the chief fountain of force. The mechanical labor alone which our luminary performs in the world is prodigious, and his agency in some of the commonest transactions is popularly unsuspected. Ask a rustic miller what turns his watermill, and he would regard it as a pure mockery were he told that it was the sun. It is certainly the stream which drives the wheel, and as certainly it is the earth's gravity which draws the fluid down to the lowest level it can find. But what lifted that fluid to the heights from which it has so noisily descended? Clearly the bright but distant orb, without which there would be no rain to fill the channel and no moisture to feed the springs.

And what works that windmill whose sails are circling so merrily on the neighboring hill? There again we have the same great agent employed—stronger than the strongest giant, meeker than the humblest turnspit; for it is he who sets the air in motion, and refreshes the earth with zephyrs, or purifies it with the storm and tempest. But surely, it might be said, the horse which drags yonder heavy load, and the locomotive which transports yonder heavier train, accomplish their tasks, the one by virtue of its muscles, the other by virtue of its steam, and this without the slightest help from your puissant sun? Do they? Not a morsel of duty could they perform had he not given them the means! For without him there could have been no vegetable life to supply the animal with food, or to replenish its iron substitute with fuel. It is to the sun, too, that we

ourselves owe the power of performing the simplest physical acts, for it is he who is our helper if we shake a friend by the hand, and our accomplice if we knock an adversary down. In fact, trace matters back sufficiently far—a few steps will generally be enough—and we shall discover that all mechanical activity must, in some way or other, be ascribed to the influence or intervention of this *ministro maggior della natura*, as Dante calls the sun. The very tides which appear to be so emphatically under the sway of the moon are no exceptions to this law; for how could the seas respond to the lunar solicitations if they were converted into solid masses of ice, as they would infallibly be by the extinction of his rays? \* Considering, indeed, how all animal and vegetable existence is dependent upon the solar emanations, Professor Tyndall is abundantly justified in his assertion that “we are not only in a poetical sense, but in a mechanical sense, the children of the sun.”

From this orb there stream down upon us three distinct forms of influence—the luminous, the calorific, the chemical. How light develops force, how it sets bodies to work at its bidding, may be seen in its action on plants. A laurel leaf introduced into a receiver of carbonic acid and hydrogen, as Boussingault shows, produces no effect whilst kept in perfect darkness; take it into sunshine, and that leaf becomes inspired with energy; it tears the elements of the acid asunder, appropriates the carbon to its use, and is prepared to deliver up the oxygen for the general purposes of creation. So long as a vegetable is retained in profound obscurity its leaves appear to be asleep; they can only exhale—we had almost said dream out—carbonic acid; and it is not until placed under the stimulus of light that they become sensitive, and wake up to do their appointed work.

How the chemical rays excite molecular action may be briefly indicated by referring to their effect upon a mixture

\* Perhaps volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, and the energies derived from the internal heat of the globe may seem to be purely domestic transactions; but it is impossible to say how far that very heat may not have been a legacy from the sun, or our share of the great solar inheritance when the earth entered upon its planetary career.

of chlorine and hydrogen. Kept for a time in darkness, these two gases, though eager to combine and form hydrochloric acid, remain silent and insulated; but turn on a current of sunshine, and in a moment or two an explosion ensues, and the union is effected with such violence that the vessel may be shattered to fragments. By way of estimating the sun's chemical power, Bunsen and Roscoe calculated that if our earth were surrounded by an atmosphere of these two gases, to the depth of about thirty-eight yards, the letting in of his light fully for a single minute would convert the whole into an ocean of hydrochloric acid.

But it is the sun's heat which will afford us the readiest and most familiar illustrations of his force. His issue of caloric has been variously represented. According to Sir J. Herschel, it would melt a pillar of ice 1,590 square miles at its base and 194,626 miles in height in one second of time. According to Pouillet, it would liquefy a shell of ice ten and a half miles thick in a single day, though it encompassed the entire orb. According to Professor Tyndall, it is equal to the heat which would be yielded by a seam of coal sixteen and a half miles in depth were it fired and reduced to ashes. Large figures are generally very bewildering, and when M. Guillemin\* expresses the sun's deliveries of caloric by a row of twenty-five ciphers preceded by 4,847, the effect upon the imagination is benumbing rather than exciting.

But the matter may be put in a more simple and accessible form. Calculating the caloric yielded by each square foot of the sun's surface every hour, as equivalent to that which would be given out by the combustion of 1,500 lbs. of coal, this would accomplish the work of upwards of 7,000 horses. There is something overpowering in this conception when we consider that it applies to the entire superficies of an enormous globe of more than 880,000 miles in diameter,

\* M. Guillemin's work on the sun is one of those agreeable productions which take off all stiffness from scientific topics, and put matters in so popular a form that no reader need wrinkle his brows in the vain effort to understand what the writer means, or what the facts imply. It is copiously illustrated, and is inspired with French vivacity from first to last. (Published by Scribner & Co., New York.)

and not to a few selected spots. We may have here and there on our own planet steam engines doing the work of innumerable quadrupeds, but the idea of several thousands clustered—concentrated, we may say—on each square foot of the sun's area, and exerting their energies incessantly, is one which we cannot compass with much sense of success.

Let us, however, transfer the question of solar power to the surface of the earth. Our globe, of course, intercepts but a fractional part of these burning emanations—only about  $\frac{1}{220,000,000}$ th of the whole, according to Herschel. But, relatively small, they are intrinsically enormous, for M. Guillemin observes that the quantity poured upon a single hectare of ground (2.47 acres) develops, under a thousand various forms, as much force as is equivalent to the continued labor of 4,163 horses. The vast amount of work our luminary could, therefore, execute as a mechanical agent by means of his rays, even in the diffuse condition in which they reach this planet, has not failed to attract the attention of curious inquirers. Indeed, we might say that the waste of valuable sunshine which might do the duty of all the steam engines in the world, has excited the displeasure (wrath might be a better word) of more than one scientific economist. There are people who will always be indignant to think that Niagara cannot be employed to turn mills for grinding our corn, and Vesuvius converted into a forge to melt metal on the most stupendous scale. We plead guilty to a touch of the same temper. But, without indulging in philosophical covetousness, is it not distressing to know that the beams which play so unprofitably, in some respects, on many parts of our earth, might, if properly impounded and harnessed to cunningly-constructed machines, be compelled to serve mankind in a very useful and lucrative capacity?

So, at least, thinks Monsieur Mouchot.

On a fine day, at Paris, it was found that the sun's rays, playing upon a surface of one square metre (1.196 yards) communicated as much heat every minute as would suffice to raise at least one litre (1.76 pints) of ice-cold water to the boiling point. In other words, says our Frenchman, its effect was nearly equal to the theoretical duty of a single

horse-power steam engine. There are places, however, on our globe where the sky is clearer, the soil more arid, and where, consequently, the Lord of Day is known to stalk in burning splendor. Could not some of this radiance be captured by means of what M. Mouchot calls solar receivers? He announces that he has taken some practical steps towards the solution of this question. So far back as 1861 he showed the possibility of working a hot air engine by the instrumentality of the sun's rays. Subsequently, having ascertained that he could generate seventeen litres of vapor in a minute by the use of a silver reflector, he attempted to drive a small steam-engine by the agency of arrested sunshine. In 1866 he succeeded. Since, however, his experiments were made upon a restricted scale, this ingenious Frenchman recommends that they should be repeated in tropical countries, and with receivers of more magnificent dimensions. In his enthusiasm he even indulges the hope that some day the invention will be transferred to the deserts, where industry will settle down, and establish important works for the sake of the superior sunshine which those glowing tracts afford. Who will not sympathize with M. Mouchot on learning that, according to his experiments, it would be practicable to collect, in an inexpensive way, fully three-fifths of the solar heat which falls upon our earth? Is it not a matter for many groans, that whilst the sum of the sun's influence upon our planet has been computed as equivalent to the labor of 217,316,000,000 horses toiling day and night, not a single patent, so far as we know, has been taken out for an engine to be directly worked by sunbeams. Ours is certainly a wasteful world. A large portion of the warmth we might extract from our coal goes idly up our chimneys; and it seems that the cheaper caloric which is sent us from our luminary is allowed to flow back into space without driving (by its immediate action) so much as a coffee-mill, or performing any artificial mechanical duty for mankind.

Whence, however, proceeds the heat which the sun thus prodigally emits? In our own planet, combustion—that is to say, chemical combination—is the chief source of native caloric. But if a simi-

lar process were in progress on the central orb, it must sooner or later come to a conclusion; and though we cannot read the history of the sun at large, yet it is in our power to grope backwards, and judge whether such an operation can have been in force during his registered existence. Now, Professor W. Thomson says that the “chemical theory is quite insufficient, because the most energetic chemical action we know, taking place between substances amounting to the whole sun's mass, would only generate about 3,000 years' heat.” If, therefore, our luminary had been dependent upon his own treasures of inflammable material, he must have been a dead, dark mass when Adam left Paradise, and could have had no visible existence when Joshua is reported to have held him spell-bound for a whole day upon Gibeon. And during those 3,000 years his energies must have varied not only sensibly, but seriously; for, however well “coaled” the orb might be when his career as the giver of light commenced, yet, self-sustained, it is impossible to believe that he could have preserved the same steady glow throughout the whole period of human experience. Professor Tyndall computes that if the sun had been a great block of coal, supplied with as much oxygen as would enable him to uphold the existing rate of radiation, the whole of his substance would have been consumed in 5,000 years. Kindled at the birth of Adam, his very embers would now have ceased to gleam.

We must, therefore, have recourse to some more efficient theory than that of simple combustion. That the luminary shines by virtue of some mysterious property of his own is as inadmissible as the idea of those perpetual lamps, fed by their own unrenowned fuel, which are said to have been found in ancient sepulchres, but of which no specimen is to be seen in any modern cemetery or antiquarian cabinet. Perhaps the most inviting hypothesis is the meteoric.

There is manifestly a prodigious quantity of spare matter in the universe. We will not call it waste matter—the refuse left by the Creator when the work of world-making was completed, as Dr. Whewell suggested—but round the sun, and probably round the earth, and pos-

sibly round each planet,\* small bodies are continually revolving. These are, of course, too diminutive to be ranked as satellites; but occasionally some of them are seen flashing through the air, whilst others, though more rarely, are overpowered by the earth's gravity and dragged to the ground. Looking up at the sky on any clear evening, it would be strange if the eye did not catch a glance of some meteor suddenly kindled and as suddenly extinguished. On certain nights in August and November—classical nights for the astronomers—thousands of these splendid objects have been counted. It was computed, from observations at Boston (U. S.), that on one occasion not less than 240,000 swept through the atmosphere in the course of nine hours; and there are few persons in this country who will not remember the magnificent display of 1866, when our planet seemed to be undergoing bombardment from some rival orb, and the shells fell in showers through the air—harmlessly, thank Heaven!—for if the skyey artillery had been pointed direct at our globe, instead of hurling its missiles over our heads, what a battered appearance the poor earth might have presented when the combat was concluded and the foe had retired!

Now, when one of these vagrant masses alights upon our globe it is found to be in so highly heated a condition that it cannot be handled; or should it remain undiscovered for months or years, we know from the signs of superficial fusion, though its substance consists of stone or iron, that a vast quantity of caloric must have been developed during its transit through the air. Mr. Symonds, who witnessed the fall of a mass of meteoric iron in 1844, in a pass near the river Mocerita, in South America, went immediately to the spot, but could not approach nearer than ten or twelve yards on account of the heat; the soil was bubbling up around it for the same reason, and the *piedra de fierro*, so far as it was not imbedded in the ground, was glowing intensely.

This caloric cannot come, to any extent at least, from combustion, for we might as well expect a cannon-ball to burst into a blaze as a lump of meteoric

iron; nor can it have been imported from abroad by the body itself, as might have been the case if *aërolites* had been ejected from lunar volcanoes in conformity with Laplace's view. Obviously the elevated temperature of these objects is due to the friction encountered in the atmosphere, and to the concussion sustained by the fall. Can we doubt, then, that the impact of such masses, showered into the sun by millions—all their arrested motion converted into heat—would feed the solar furnace to some notable extent?

Nor will it be deemed a fact without significance that the elements discovered in the sun are correspondent in character with those discovered in meteoric stones. In other words, on applying the spectroscope to the solar atmosphere no substance can be detected there which may not be found in the lumps of fuel dropped by the way, and left with us as if for the very purpose of analysis. The singular prominence of the iron lines in the spectrum cannot fail to prove suggestive when we remember that the same metal forms the chief constituent of many of the masses which have fallen from our sky, though, as M. Meunier says, it is more characteristic of ancient than of modern descents. Nickel, cobalt, copper, zinc, sodium, potassium, calcium, aluminum, hydrogen, and other elements which have already revealed themselves in the sun, are common components of these captured ramblers.

It is true that meteorites exhibit still more numerous points of concurrence with the materials of our globe, for about thirty of our elementary bodies have been traced in them on the one hand, whilst, on the other, no purely foreign substance has yet been detected; but the discoveries in the solar world are by no means completed, and the community of matter which has recently been established suggests that there may have been in ancient days, as there may be in future times, something more than a casual connection between the wandering masses of space and the great orb whose gravity governs the whole system.

Let it be observed, however, in reference to this theory, that it does not involve the idea of combustion in the ordinary sense. It is not coal, or coke, or other inflammable material which is sup-

\* Saturn's rings may be thus constituted.

posed to be carted off to the sun. The meteors produce heat chiefly by their concussion. Doubtless, there are many persons to whom this will appear a very unsatisfactory source of caloric. A smith may hammer a piece of iron till it becomes red-hot, but how many Cyclops would be required to keep a whole anvil glowing from day to day? Yet, if we take a few calculations as proximately correct, it will be seen what prodigious results may arise from the simple arrest of motion. It was computed by Mayer, the great patron of the theory, that a cosmical fragment hurling itself upon the central orb at a speed of from 445,750 to 630,400 metres per second, would produce from 4,600 to 9,200 times more heat by its simple shock than a similar quantity of coal would by its combustion. One of our eminent physicists asserts, that if the earth were suddenly halted in its course, and allowed to descend by its gravity to the sun, the caloric generated by the blow would be equal to that developed by the combustion of 5,600 worlds of solid carbon. Professor W. Thomson estimated the effect which most of the planets would produce if they were similarly flung upon the parent orb. Whilst the shock occasioned by the precipitation of our earth in a direct line would of itself maintain the sun's present issues of heat for nearly 100 years, Mars, by his concussion, would afford a supply for about twelve and three-quarter years. Little Mercury, short as is the distance he would tumble, would represent something more than a few scuttles full of fuel cast upon the central fire, for he would be able to keep it alive for about six and a half years. If Saturn, though light as cork, were to "shoot madly" from his sphere, the terrible momentum he would acquire during his descent would contribute 2,650 years of heat; whilst Jupiter, with his heavier mass, would charge the solar furnace with caloric to the extent of its capacity for upwards of 322 centuries. Thus the eight planets of our system (to say nothing of their satellites, or of the mob of asteroids) would, if perpendicularly projected upon the sun, engender heat sufficient to enable it to preserve its present status amongst the stars for nearly fifty thousand years.

But is there adequate foundation for

this hypothesis? It is a captivating speculation, for it has the merit of pointing out an accessible supply of fuel (using that word in its scientific, and not in its conventional sense), and at the same time of converting the very lumber of creation, as it might be excusably deemed, into the most useful and important item in the cosmical economy. The theory is one also which sweeps shoals of comets into its net, and of these bodies, as Kepler observed, there are more in space than there are fishes in the sea. "Alle diese Massen," says Mayer, "stürzen mit einem heftigen Stosse in ihr gemeinsames Grab." It provides also a kind of self-acting machinery, by which this fuel is brought to the sun's doors, and flung into the flames without any other agency—we had almost said without any other "stoker"—than gravity itself. Seeing how necessary it is for the planetary household that the solar caloric should be carefully maintained, could a more valuable function be assigned to such matter than that of keeping up the great focal fires, especially if it be the wreck of shattered globes, or the sweepings of the system which might otherwise have been consigned to the dust-bin of creation, or allowed to litter the heavens in revolving heaps?

Fascinating, however, as this theory may be, it is right to remember that it is looked upon by many as little more than a scientific castle in the air. There is no proof that meteors are shot down upon the sun in such profusion, and with such wonderful regularity, as to keep the great central furnace in "full blast." Many points of difficulty will, of course, arise. If, for example, our luminary is thus incessantly pelted, he must be constantly augmenting in substance; and in a system so delicately adjusted as ours, will not this continual addition of matter disturb the balance of forces, and eventually lead to the destruction of the whole? To this it is replied that the increase must be so slight in comparison with the solar mass, that no change measurable by human instruments, or perceptible by human organs, can possibly have ensued; and further, since the sun's current expenditure of radiant force is assumed to be balanced by his income of fuel, there must be compensating principles at work which will keep his



accounts "on the square." Just in proportion, for example, as his heat is dissipated, so his volume should contract, and it is not an unpardonable supposition, when dealing with an agent of which we know so little as gravity, that even this mystic power may be affected by conditions too subtle or too remote for our present comprehension.

The existence of the zodiacal light has sometimes been quoted in corroboration of the theory. What is this luminous phantom, shaped like a cone, which is best seen on the horizon after the sun, when he sets in the spring of the year, or before him when he rises in the autumn? Part of his atmosphere, it was commonly said. Or, might it not consist of cometary and meteoric material which, growing denser as the distance from the focus of gravity decreased, became visible as a solar appendage? To use the eloquent words of Professor Tyndall, "the entire mass constituting the zodiacal light must be constantly approaching, and incessantly raining its substance upon the sun." Not long ago, however, the spectroscope was brought to bear upon this magnificent apparition, and Angström found that instead of exhibiting faint bands of color, as it should if it shone by reflected solar light, it yielded only one bright line, and that the very line which figures most conspicuously in the spectrum of our own aurora borealis. What renders this coincidence more striking is, that the bright streak in question does not appear to answer to any ascertained spectral element. And to add to the interest of the discovery, similar indications have been obtained from the corona of the sun during a late total eclipse, so that, as Mr. Proctor has recently pointed out, a curious relationship is found to exist between the zodiacal display, the solar crown, the terrestrial streamers, and probably the tails of comets. From this fact alone, however, we are scarcely entitled to infer that the sun is surrounded by a dense swarm of meteoric masses, ever thickening as we approach his vicinity; indeed, the variable demeanor of the phantom in question seems to intimate (what we suspect is the solution of its character) that it is an electrical phenomenon produced by the play of the electrical fluid in matter of an extremely

attenuated description attached to the sun. At any hour, however, discoveries may be made which will do much to clear up this as well as other ancient puzzles of the sky.\*

Another attempt to account for the sun's high temperature ascribes it to the domestic operations of gravity. Assuming that this body represents matter which originally existed in a state of great diffusion, the process of condensation round a central point would necessarily be attended by a disengagement of heat. Looking at the operation simply under its mechanical aspect, the moving of the particles towards the nucleus, and the clashings and collisions thus produced, would raise a capital of caloric, upon the doctrine of transmuted motion, presumably sufficient to establish the sun in business as manager of a planetary system. To many persons indeed such a statement will appear perfectly incredible; or, if they admit that the primary stock of heat may be thus explained, they will insist that the theory makes no provision for subsequent supplies. But the effect of further condensation must not be forgotten. It has been computed by Helmholtz that the contraction of the sun's diameter to the extent of a single thousandth would "squeeze" out as much force as would balance all the heat and light he will squander for the next twenty thousand years.

One other theory deserves passing mention, not, indeed, from its intrinsic merit, but from its gay defiance of all consistency. The sun's warmth is renewed by *friction*. In rotating on its axis the orb brushes against the surrounding medium—the presumed ether of space—and this process occasions a continual discharge of heat, and even of light. But granting as we may the existence of such a medium, and admitting that it was of sufficient density to produce any noticeable amount of friction, should not the same principle be applicable to each planet, especially to the rapid revolvers like Saturn and Jupiter, who spin round on their axes, the former in little more, the latter in little less,

\* Professor Balfour Stewart seems disposed to regard the red flames or protuberances, respecting which so much has recently been said, as auroral exhibitions in the upper solar atmosphere.

than ten hours ; and, consequently, ought not each of these bodies to be called a little sun, after its own humble rushlight fashion ? Or if it be supposed that the ether is much denser in the vicinity of the solar orb by reason of his commanding gravity, just so much more readily will his motion be retarded, just so much more speedily will his light and caloric be exhausted, and the poor luminary must eventually be brought to a complete halt by the application of this subtle empyreal "break." Mayer, indeed, calculated that, giving to this rotary movement all the effect that could be fairly ascribed to it, it could not, if wholly converted into heat, keep the sun in stock for more than 183 years.

But if the limits of human observation are too narrow to afford us the opportunity of detecting any decline in our imports of caloric, may we not at any rate draw some conclusions respecting the manners and customs of suns by studying their behavior on a large scale—that is, by noting whatever alterations may appear in some of the myriads which sparkle in the sky ? Now, there are notoriously stars which wax and wane, stars which flame up conspicuously and then subside into insignificance, and stars, too, which suddenly start into view and then vanish apparently for ever. To explain these peculiarities, it has been supposed that the body thus affected may present a dark and a luminous side alternately, or that its native brightness may be obscured by the intervention of some opaque companion, or that instead of being spherical, its form may be such as to exhibit at one time a full face and at another a mere profile or silhouette, or that in consequence of some great convulsion the orb may really be inundated with fire, and finally go out after suffering all the agonies of a terrible conflagration. In sundry cases, too, stars are supposed to have undergone certain alterations of color, and these may be indicative of alterations in their luminous force. Since then there are, and have been, many examples of these changeable suns in the heavens, it is a possible thing that our own master orb may be subject to similar contingencies, and destined to experience analogous vicissitudes ? Courage ! however, suggests M. Guillemin :—

"Nous pouvons dormir tranquilles, nous et les générations qui nous suivront pendant bien des milliers de siècles. Notre approvisionnement de chaleur et de lumière est assuré pour un avenir dont nous ne pouvons mesurer la durée. Quelle que soit donc la fraction de ce temps qui nous reste encore à vivre on peut sans crainte de se tromper la mesurer aussi par des millions d'années. La fin du monde par le refroidissement et l'extinction du soleil est loin de nous !"

In speaking of our sources of heat, however, some little qualification is required. It is but an act of justice to other suns to remember that we owe some thing to them, small and insensible as the debt may at first appear. Swift was scarcely correct when he wrote—

"Stars beyond a certain height,  
Give mortals neither heat nor light."

From every part of the heavens caloric may be said to be trickling down upon the earth, for each orb must be radiating its bright influences into space incessantly. Mr. Huggins and also Mr. Stone have made direct experiments upon the heating capabilities of certain stars, and the latter gentleman ascertained that Arcturus produced an effect equal to that which would be derived from the face of a Leslie cube filled with boiling water, and placed at a distance of 383 yards, whilst *α* Lyre threw out as much warmth as would be represented by a similar cube at a distance of 860 yards. Small as these individual issues may appear, it is something to know that thousands of orbs are sending us their subsidies of caloric. It seems difficult to believe that those calm cold-looking stars, with their icy glitter, should cast out any thermal rays which would produce the smallest appreciable effect upon our broad acres or deep foggy atmosphere, particularly as Pouillet fixed the temperature of space at 110 degrees below zero. But paradoxical though it may seem, he computed that whilst the sun by his proper force communicates to our globe annually (that is actually delivers *here*) sufficient heat to melt a shell of ice 31 metres in depth, the stars and space afford us as much more as would fuse a shell of 26 metres ! It has even been affirmed that if, during the hours of night and the wintry season of the year, we were deprived of this unostentatious supply—this low-toned and ob-

scure caloric, as it might be called—our own radiations into space would be so exhausting that the sun itself would scarcely be able to carry on the business of vitality in the planet.

One question cannot fail to present itself here. Is there any reason to suppose that the sun will ever run out of light, that it will ever become bankrupt in heat? It is impossible to imagine anything more prodigal of his treasures than the "informer of the planetary train." He pours out his beams above, below, around; by night as fluently as by day; and upon the wastes of the universe as freely as upon the most crowded tracts of creation. He is such a spendthrift of his splendors that he would shine on if every planet were as barren of life as the moon, or as filmy in substance as the comet. But surely, think we, this reckless expenditure of energy must tell upon his exchequer, and some symptoms of decline, if not of future exhaustion, might be expected to appear?

Not, indeed, that there is such a thing as the absolute destruction of force. Upon modern principles, as we have seen, it is simply transmuted, never extinguished. But it would afford us, daily pensioners upon the bounty of the sun, scanty comfort to know that the solar energies might be dispersed over the universe without a single particle being actually lost. That which concentrated in one central body is capable of vivifying a whole family of worlds, would not possess sufficient potency to maintain a cabbage garden, were it parcelled out amongst myriads of stars; just as the annual revenue which enables an empire to fill every sea with its ships and every land with tokens of its power, would neither support a single pauper, nor make an appreciable addition to a rich man's pocket-money, if equally distributed amongst its inhabitants.

There is, of course, no mode by which the question of declining energy can be accurately determined. It is impossible to say from mere human testimony whether the sun possessed a whit more photographic power a thousand years ago than he does now, or whether his beams played with more ardor upon the painted hides of the ancient Britons than they do upon the highly accoutred

forms of their more polished successors. Changes of climate have undoubtedly occurred on our globe, and many vicissitudes of temperature are geologically recorded in our rocks; but it is needless to state that these are not due to any unsteadiness on the part of the sun.

Still, if a man is spending his fortune at a given rate per annum, and we know of no outward sources from which it can be renewed, it might be possible to hazard a guess at the longest period for which it would last. We should, of course, have to conjecture what his capital now is, or what it might have been when his spendthrift career commenced. According to the calculations of Herschel and Pouillet, says Professor Thomson, in a remarkable memoir on the "Age of the Sun's Heat," that body "radiates every year from his whole surface about  $6 \times 10^{26}$  (six million, million, million, million, million) times as much heat as is sufficient to raise the temperature of 1 lb. of water by 1 degree Cent." Assuming that the mean specific heat\* of the solar mass were equal to the specific heat of water (this liquid being about the greatest devourer of caloric upon our earth) the rate of cooling deduced from the above computation would be 1 degree Cent., and 4-10ths of a degree per annum. For certain reasons Sir W. Thomson regards it as highly probable that the sun's specific heat is more than ten times and less than 10,000 times that of the fluid in question. "From this it would follow with certainty that his temperature sinks 100 degrees Cent. in some time from 700 years to 700,000 years." Pouillet, estimating the specific heat of our luminary at 133 times that of water, infers that he is expending his warmth at the rate of one degree Cent. in a century. Small as this may appear, it must be considered that in 6,000 years it would amount to a decline of 60 degrees (= 108 Fah.), which comprehends as great a range of temperature as lies between an African summer with its

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\* Specific heat is the quantity of caloric (if we may speak of such a force quantitatively) which a given substance absorbs or stows away—hides, as it were, in itself in a latent form—whilst passing from one degree of temperature to another. To raise one body a single degree requires more or less heat than another; hence its capacity is said to be large or small.

sudden sunstrokes, and an Arctic zero with its stealthy frostbites. Reasoning, however, upon the supposition that the sun's caloric was acquired from the fall and coalition of smaller bodies under the constraints of gravity, Sir W. Thomson concludes that we may accept

"as a lowest estimate for the sun's initial heat 10,000,000 times a year's supply at the present rate, but 50,000,000 or 100,000,000 as possible in consequence of the sun's greater density in his central parts. The considerations adduced above in this paper regarding the sun's possible specific heat, rate of cooling, and superficial temperature, render it probable that he must have been very sensibly warmer one million years ago than now, and, consequently, that if he has existed as a luminary for ten or twenty million years, he must have radiated away considerably more than the corresponding number of times the present yearly amount of loss. It seems, therefore, on the whole, most probable that the sun has not illuminated the earth for 100,000,000 years, and almost certain he has not done so for 500,000,000 years. As for the future, we may say with equal certainty that the inhabitants of the earth cannot continue to enjoy the light and heat essential to their life for many million years longer unless sources now unknown to us are prepared in the great storehouse of creation."

But this glorious orb, bright and unsullied as it seems to the untutored eye, is by no means stainless. On the contrary, its countenance is rarely free from blotches. One day towards the beginning of the seventeenth century a Dutch observer, Fabricius, whilst eying the sun with a telescope, was struck by the appearance of a speck of considerable dimensions. What could it be? A cloud, was his first surmise; but as it was impossible to continue his inspection long for want of a fitting mode of moderating the solar radiance, he and his father were compelled to postpone their scrutiny till the next day. Impatiently they retired to rest, indulging in many a curious speculation as to the nature of the phenomenon. Eagerly they arose; and, on scanning the sun's disc, there was the mysterious intruder, slightly changed in position, and still more slightly changed in form. Great, however, was the chagrin of the worthy pair when three days of untoward weather intercepted their view of the sun. But, this passed, the apparition was not only found to have advanced

some distance towards the western rim, but a smaller spot had emerged on the eastern border, and in a few days this was followed by a third. All were evidently in full march across the solar field, and all successively disappeared. Between the hope of seeing them again and the fear of losing them for ever, poor Fabricius was kept in a state of considerable agitation, and therefore it was with inconceivable pleasure that, after the lapse of some days, he saw the first of them spring up again on the eastern margin of the luminary. Then he knew, either that the objects in question must have made a complete revolution round the sun, like little planets, or, that the sun itself, as Bruno and Kepler had suspected, possessed a rotatory motion of its own.

Now these spots have been the subject of much study in recent years, not only on account of their interest as solar eccentricities, but because it was expected that a correct understanding of their character would throw much light on the sun's constitution. Specks as they seem, their movements have been followed and their changes mapped down with an attention which might seem exaggerated if we looked upon them simply as a Lunarian might upon the clouds floating in our own atmosphere. In this country, Mr. Carrington, who has published the results of his telescopic rambles in the spotted regions, in a splendid volume,\* stands conspicuous; and Messrs. Warren de la Rue, Professor Balfour Stuart, and Mr. Loewy, who have devoted much time and thought to the same subject, have given (and the word must be taken in its literal sense) the fruits of their labors to the public in a series of valuable papers on Solar Physics.

If we imagine ourselves to be standing at some distance from a terrestrial globe, and regard the large islands which speckle the tropical seas as sun spots, we shall notice changes of aspect due entirely to the rotation of the sphere, if slowly and equably performed. Take Madagascar, for example. The island, on emerging from the "wooden horizon," would appear to move some-

\* Observations of the Spots on the Sun, from Nov. 9, 1853, to March 24, 1861, made at Redhill, by Richard Christopher Carrington. 1863.

what tardily, but would proceed more rapidly as it approached the "brass meridian;" this passed, it would slacken its pace gradually until it dipped into darkness on the other side. The reason is obvious. The motion, in the first place, is partly lost to us because the object is travelling in a measure towards the eye: in the central portions it is more fully displayed, because the object is travelling athwart the field of vision, whilst in receding, the conditions are reversed, and the pace appears, therefore, to be retarded. Then, too, it was observed, in studying the blots on the sun, that when there were several in sight, they generally took similar paths—tracing, as it were, parallel or concentric lines, like lines of latitude across his disc. Just so, we need scarcely say, the islands on our globe would appear to move in corresponding routes, the curvature being dependent upon the inclination of the pole to the plane of vision. Some specks there are, however, which seem to be endowed with a mobility of their own; for, unlike their island representatives here, they are occasionally observed to vary their distances from each other; one mentioned by M. Langier retreating from a neighbor at the rate of 111 metres per second. The proper motion of the spots, which follows a regular law of increase in proportion to their proximity to the equator, is found to be opposed in direction to that of the sun's rotation.

But these objects do not present themselves at random over the dazzling disc. They affect certain latitudes and eschew others. Even early observers of the phenomenon did not fail to notice that they rarely ventured out of a belt of 30 degrees on each side of the solar equator, which for that reason was designated the "royal zone." In a few instances, indeed, stragglers have been seen in much higher latitudes, and one very lonely and exceptional individual was discovered by La Hire as far north as 70 degrees. But, strange to say, they shun the equator itself almost as much as they do the polar circles. Out of 954 groups observed by Mr. Carrington, one only lay across the line; in four degrees on either side specimens were thinly scattered, whilst in the belts comprehended between the 10th and 30th degrees (the northern hemisphere, however, being

more preferred than the southern) they appeared with such frequency, that it is obvious these must be regarded as their favorite promenades.

The most significant feature, however, about these objects is their general construction. They are not of uniform hue, but in or towards the centre there is a dark part called the umbra, or nucleus, and round it there runs a grayish or more gently shaded portion known as the penumbra, the shape of the latter being dictated, in a great measure, by that of the former, just as the fringing round an island on our artificial globe adapts itself to the contour of the island itself. This typical form, however, admits of many variations, and is rarely realized in its perfect simplicity. There may be two or three or more black nuclei; the penumbra may seem to be quite out of proportion to the central parts; the outer lines may be ragged and destitute of anything like true conformity; here we may have an eccentric specimen without any dark core, and there another which has dispensed entirely with its shaded appendage. Not unfrequently the gloom of the black abyss in the centre (so imagination might deem it) is relieved by bright streaks or patches, and sometimes it is spanned by lines or arches of light, which Herschel happily described as "luminous bridges." Occasionally the penumbra has a striped or corrugated appearance, which has been compared, by another felicitous illustration, to the slopes surrounding a lake when furrowed by the beds of innumerable streams.

But whatever may be the shape the spot assumes, it undergoes certain changes, some of which are optical, some internal. When first detected on the eastern border (telescopically viewed) the visitor looks like a line or a streak; as it advances it assumes an oval configuration; at the centre it attains its greatest rotundity, and then it passes through reverse transformations before it runs off the opposite edge. Precisely similar changes would appear in our Madagascar, making allowance for its oblong contour, if surveyed from a distance during a half revolution of the globe. The internal alterations are, of course, more capricious. The dark core may expand, but usually the penumbra seems to invade the nucleus, and divide it into por-

tions, or overflow it entirely, gradually vanishing itself in turn. Occasionally patches break up with great rapidity, if we consider their prodigious bulk, for many of them are vastly larger than our terrestrial continents; several, indeed, having been upwards of 50,000 miles across; and one of some notoriety mentioned by Dr. Wollaston, is said to have shattered into fragments almost under the observer's eye.\* M. Flammarion gives a lively account of another which slowly threw off a smaller or infant spot by a process similar to that of fissiparous generation: the parent left the little thing lagging in the rear, and sailed away composedly, whilst its offspring was agitated by internal movements and finally went down into the luminous sea around.† The duration of some maculæ, however, is considerable. Follow one across the solar field, and after an interval of about  $12\frac{1}{2}$  days (during which the sun performs a semi-revolution) *plus* the advance made by the earth in its orbit, the same object will reappear modified in shape, but as near as may be identical in position. For six months a big spot haunted the luminary in 1779, and in 1840, Schwabe tracked another, which returned not less than eight times.

But passing over sundry other features in their character, there is one circumstance connected with the spots which is extremely important. It could not fail to be remarked that there were seasons in which they were abundant, and seasons in which they were scarce. Certain years have passed without a single speck being discovered, or at least recorded. By and by the question was asked, whether there could be anything periodic in their proceedings? Continuous study of their habits eventually showed that there was a regular cycle, and Herr Schwabe ascertained that for about five years they increased in number, whilst for about five years more they gradually declined. Wolf, availing himself of still more extended observations, decided that this cycle occupied 11.11 years.

A still more surprising coincidence was detected. The intensity of the earth's magnetism, as expressed in the

variations of the magnetic needle, is subject to a periodic increase and diminution. Curious to say, this also is comprehended within a cycle of ten or eleven years; indeed, the two terms appear to be nearly, if not wholly coincident. But does this correspondence in action imply connection in cause? One circumstance seems to point to such a conclusion. It is that the periods of maxima and minima in the two cases are in exact accordance. It has been said, also, that "magnetic storms" occur with greater frequency about every ten years, and that at such seasons spots may be seen developing themselves in the sun, and changing their size and character with unusual rapidity, as if to show that the sympathy extended to the most temporary fluctuations.

Again, it was suspected by the elder Herschel that the heat received from the sun was greatest when the patches were most numerous; and, as some test of the accuracy of this surmise, he compared the price of wheat on our earth for a certain time previously with the state of affairs on the surface of the sun. Corn fell here (so he thought) as the spots rose there. Dr. Wolf also inferred from his observations that the driest and most prolific years on our planet coincided with those in which the sun's countenance had been most profusely speckled. Arago, Barratt, and Gautier, however, have arrived at a contrary conclusion.

But this is not all. Other periods of variation have also been inferred, if not determined. Wolf discovered a large cycle of 55 years, a smaller epoch of 233 days, and then a tiny term of 27 days, which virtually synchronizes with the sun's rotation on its axis. Another of 584 days will presently be mentioned.

Assuming the fact of periodicity then to be established in reference to the spots, we have to seek for some cause which operates with regularly varying power. Nothing can be more uniform in their play than the tides upon our globe, but these heavings of the ocean are due to a force from without. Can it be that the blemishes on the sun are the results of some external instead of some domestic agency? Possibly the planets may be the disturbers of its peace? De la Rue, Stewart, and Loewy have elaborately investigated this ques-

\* Philosophical Transactions, vol. 64, p. 329.

† "Comptes Rendus," vol. 67, p. 90.

tion, and indicated a connection between the nearer planets and the solar spots. Finding, from certain data, that it was necessary to assume the existence of some travelling influence which returned to the same position with reference to the earth in the period of about twenty months, the mean being 584 days, Venus at once stood detected. That was her synodical time. Her bulk and proximity to the sun would of course give her considerable power over Phœbus. Jupiter is more distant, but his mass is very much larger, and he, too, meddles with the solar affairs, though, not apparently, in a predominant fashion. Naturally enough, too, it might be expected that Mercury, diminutive as he is, would claim his share of influence in virtue of his near relationship to the Head of the system. Accordingly it was found, that when Venus and Mercury were together in the heavens, there was evidence of a decided excess of action, as compared with the seasons when the two were estranged. It was also ascertained that, when Venus, and probably Jupiter, crossed the solar equator, the spots were drawn towards that region, but when the planet attained its greatest (heliographical) latitude, their tendency was to spread out in a polar direction. Could these bodies act by intercepting the hail of meteors to which reference has been made, thus leaving blank or dark places where no fuel was supplied?

In a paper in the "American Philosophical Transactions," Dr. Kirkwood\* has recently discussed this doctrine of planetary influence, and finds it necessary to insert the following proviso, namely, that a particular part of the solar surface should be considered more sensitive to foreign force than others. Granting this condition, he thinks it unquestionable that the sun-spots are ruled in their behavior by the configurations of the nearer planets. To Mercury he ascribes the chief honor of managing the 11-year cycle; the 56-year period is due to the combined action of Mercury and the

Earth, whilst the 233-days' epoch is in significant accordance with the conjunctions of Venus and Jupiter.

"We do not, of course," say Messrs. De la Rue, Stewart, and Loewy, "imagine that we have as yet determined the nature of the influence exerted by these planets on the sun; but we would, nevertheless, refer to an opinion expressed by Professor Tait, 'that the properties of a body, especially those with respect to heat and light, may be influenced by the neighborhood of a large body.' Now an influence of this kind would naturally be most powerful upon a body such as the sun, which possesses a very high temperature, just as a poker thrust into a hot furnace will create a greater disturbance of the heat than if thrust into a chamber very little hotter than itself. In the next place, it is not to be inferred that the mechanical equivalent of the energy exhibited in sun-spots is derived from the influencing planet, any more than it is to be inferred that the energy of a cannon-ball is derived from the force with which the trigger is pulled.

"The molecular state of the sun, just as that of the cannon, or of fulminating powder, may be extremely sensitive to impressions from without; indeed, we have independent grounds for supposing that such is the case. We may infer from certain experiments, especially those of Cagniard de Latour, that at a very high temperature, and under a very great pressure, the latent heat of vaporization is very small, so that a comparatively small increment of heat will cause a considerable mass of liquid to assume the gaseous form, and *vice versâ*. We may thus very well suppose that an extremely small withdrawal of heat from the sun might cause a copious condensation, and this change of molecular state would, of course, by means of altered reflection, &c., alter to a considerable extent the distribution over the various particles of the sun's surface of an enormous quantity of heat, and great mechanical changes might very easily result."\*

What, then, do these spots indicate? According to some early theorists, they consist of smoke hovering in the sun's atmosphere, or of scum and scorix swimming at the surface of his ocean, like the refuse in a furnace of molten metal. In the opinion of others, great volcanoes lay concealed at the bottom of the shining sea, and these, ever and anon, cast up masses of "bituminous matter," which appeared to us as specks, but might be compared to temporary islands,

\* Dr. Kirkwood is Professor in the University of Indiana, and is one of the ablest astronomers in the United States. His opinions are more quoted and respected abroad than those of any other savan we have, except perhaps Agassiz.—Editor ECLECTIC.

\* "Researches on Solar Physics." Second Series, p. 45.

like that of Santorin, except that they wasted more rapidly away; whilst others again imagine that the maculæ were projecting parts of the solar globe left dry and exposed by the retreat or withdrawal of the luminous substance for the time, in consequence of a species of tidal action.

Far more plausible, however, was the view propounded by Dr. Alexander Wilson, of Glasgow, about the year 1774. His idea was that the spots were "immense excavations in the body of the sun," some of them two, three, or four thousand miles in depth, and that the dark part was the floor of the hollow, whilst the shaded portion represented its sloping sides. This conclusion was deduced from the fact that when an emergent specimen presented itself on the border of the disc, the further side of the penumbra was the first to become visible, then the nucleus, and afterwards the nearer side of the penumbra. On retiring from view these phases were reversed. There could scarcely be but one explanation. A funnel let into a sphere revolving under similar circumstances would exhibit similar results; a cone or projecting body certainly would not. In the theory as revised by Sir W. Herschel, the penumbra was attributed to a cloudy stratum in the sun's envelope, which reflected the light of the luminous stratum above, while the solid body of the orb, shaded by clouds, reflected little or none. And in some shape or another this notion that the spots are temporary rents or pits in the solar atmospheres has proved the most popular hypothesis of all. Unfortunately for Wilson's views, he held that the nucleus of the orb, visible through the chasm, was dark and cool; whereas that searcher of suns, the spectroscope, seems to point to the conclusion that it must be a ball of intensely heated matter.

So recently, however, as the year 1866, Professor Challis, writing on the subject of the solar atmosphere, suggested that possibly the spots might, after all, be clouds of aqueous texture, in which case the coalescence of their globules would produce genuine raindrops. The obvious difficulty arising from the sun's elevated temperature was cleverly evaded, indeed utilized, by assuming that the excessive heat would raise the vapor in the form

of steam, and that its particles would affect that well-known "spheroidal" state, in which attraction and repulsion are so critically adjusted; moreover, the existence of an ocean—a solar Atlantic—as the necessary source of this vapor was also deemed practicable, seeing that the enormous pressure of the atmosphere would keep the fluid from flying off unless heated far beyond our terrestrial boiling-point. But vapor so formed must, sooner or later, descend. It would do so in the shape of rain, and, where a copious downfall occurred, there spots might be supposed to appear. Since, however, recent spectroscopic research, as Mr. Janssen shows, seems to negative the existence of aqueous matter in the solar envelope, it would be premature to assert that our luminary is a place for simmering seas and scalding showers.

On the other hand, Kirchhoff, who takes his stand upon a nucleus heated white hot, intimates that a spot may be an agglomeration of gaseous matter—a chemical cloud—formed in the lower part of the atmosphere in consequence of some diminution of temperature in the underlying portions of the sun's surface. This cloud, intercepting the flow of heat from beneath, would lead to the production of another, more shadowy in its structure, at a much higher point in the envelope; the latter constituting the penumbra, the former the core of the spot.

Dissatisfied with all previous solutions, M. Faye propounds another. The sun has no solid nucleus; it is gaseous to its centre. Owing to the heat garnered up in the interior, the forces of affinity and cohesion cannot operate freely there, but at the surface it is probable they will come into liberal play. Hence condensation, and afterwards precipitation, will ensue. A series of ascending and descending currents will be produced, the object being to transfer heat from the central reservoir of calorific to the radiating regions above. Where the upward currents prevail at the moment the luminous substance of the photosphere will be temporarily dispersed, and the observer looking down through the aperture thus produced will see the gaseous core, dark and opaque to all appearance, not because it is cold, but because, even if heated to incandescence, its radiating faculties are too slight to render it visi-



ble when contrasted with the resplendent material by which it is surrounded.

Now, to say nothing of the inadequacy of this theory on various grounds—failing as it does, for instance, to meet the exigencies of perspective, for the nucleus should be as visible near the border as the penumbra—it seems to blow hot and cold with the same breath; for it is difficult to conceive of a gaseous nucleus so highly heated that the photosphere is comparatively cool, and yet so dark that the latter is infinitely more brilliant.

With our limited knowledge, however, of the sun's constitution, it would be premature to speak with any confidence as to the cause of these interesting phenomena. Much must of course depend upon the final decision (if finality can ever be reached on such a point) as to the nature of the solar envelopes. In a globe so highly heated as the sun's nucleus is presumed to be, and surrounded as it probably is by atmospheres of such extent and complexity, it is certain that great disturbances must continually arise. Whatever may be the mode in which the wonderful expenditure of radiant force is regularly balanced, the process must unquestionably involve much energetic action, and may be accompanied by many violent commotions. To a spectator, looking down upon our planet from a more elevated point than balloon ever reached, a hurricane or tornado, produced by some slight alteration of temperature, or a thunder-storm floating in the lower regions of the air whenever the electrical equilibrium was

broken, would appear a very frequent and inevitable exhibition. Even if the most commonplace breezes could be inked or colored, so as to become visible to such an observer, our atmosphere would seem to be the seat of incessant turmoil. But in an orb where gravity is twenty-eight times as powerful at the surface as it is here, where the pressure of the aerial ocean must be so prodigious, and where yet the temperature of the mass is so elevated, is it any wonder if that gaseous envelope should be the theatre of extensive local perturbations? Now, assuming the existence of an outer atmosphere encompassing the photosphere, and of colder quality than the latter, Messrs. De la Rue, Stewart, and Loewy suggest that the spots may be produced by a descending current from the higher regions, which current breaking in upon the photosphere chills or disperses it, and by its absorbent powers drinks up the rays of light, and so presents the spectacle of a dark nucleus. It must be enough simply to indicate this most probable of all explanations, and to point in confirmation to the spiral-shaped patches in which the luminous matter seems to be sucked in and carried down into a gaping vortex, these formations looking pretty much like cross sections of a whirlpool or water-spout, if viewed from above. Instances have occurred in which the penumbra appeared to be equally in rotation round the nucleus, and as the spots are evidently excavations or funnel-shaped cavities, the most natural inference seems to be that they are due in the main to some descending force.

(To be concluded.)

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The Cornhill.

AT ROME.

WHAT came we forth to see? a prima donna  
Caressed and fêted by an idle crowd?  
Or would we do some favored princeling honor  
That thus we herd so close, and talk so loud?

Pushing and struggling, fighting, crushing,  
shouting,

What are these motley gazers here to seek,  
Like merry-makers on a summer outing?

'Tis but the services of Holy Week.

The pious Romans thank the Virgin Mary,  
For pockets heavy and for feelings light;  
And most devoutly mulct the *forestieri*  
Of a round number of strange coins per night.

The Eternal City swarms with eager strangers  
From every quarter of the busy earth;  
Who fill the temples, like the money-changers,  
And say some prayers—for what they may be  
worth.

In never-ending tide of restless motion,  
They come to burn, in fashion rather odd,  
The incense of their polyglot devotion,  
Before the altars of the Latin God.

As flock the Londoners to Epsom races,  
Or from a "queue" to see the newest play,  
So do the pilgrim-tourists fight for places  
Before the chapels in their zeal to pray.

From holy place to holy place they flit,  
To "do" as many churches as they can  
And humbly kneeling, for the fun of it,  
They climb the staircase of the Lateran.

Here a fair maid from melancholy\* Erin—  
Where by Swiss bayonets the way is barred,  
Nor Heaven, nor Pope, nor Antonelli fearing—  
Breaks through the lines of the astonished  
guard.

In customary suit of solemn black,  
With string of beads and veil *d l'Espagnole*,  
She means to "see it all;" to keep her back  
Would be to peril her immortal soul.

There a slim youth, while all but he are kneel-  
ing,  
Through levelled opera-glass looks down on  
them,  
When round the Sistine's pictured roof is peal-  
ing  
Our buried Lord's majestic Requiem.

For him each storied wonder of the globe is  
"The sort of thing a fellow ought to see;"  
And so he patronized *Ora pro nobis*,  
And wanted to encore the *Tenebræ*.

Stranger! what though these sounds and sights  
be grandest  
Of all that on Earth's surface can be found?  
Remember that the place whereon thou stand-  
est,  
Be thy creed what it may, is holy ground.

Yet I have gaped and worshipped with the  
rest—  
I, too, beneath St. Peter's lofty dome  
Have seen, in all their rainbow-colors dressed,  
The tinselled glories of monastic Rome;

Have heard the Pontiff's ringing voice bestow,  
'Mid cheering multitudes and flags unfurled,  
Borne by the cannon of St. Angelo,  
His blessing on the "City and the World;"

Have seen—and thrilled with wonder as I  
gazed—  
Ablaze with living lines of golden light,  
Like some fire-throne for Arimanes raised,  
The great Basilica burn through the night;

Have heard the trumpet-notes of Easter day  
(Stones on the lake translated into sound,)  
In strange unearthly music float away,  
Their silver echoes circling all around:

But I would wander from the crowd apart,  
While heads were bowed and tuneful voices  
sang,  
And through the deep recesses of my heart  
A still small voice in solemn warning rang.

"O vanity of vanities! ye seem,  
Ye pomps and fineries of cleric state,  
To make this text the matter of your theme,  
That God is little, and that Man is great.

"Is this parade of priestly wealth and splendor  
The lesson of the simple Gospel-word?  
Is this the sacrifice of self-surrender  
Taught by the lowly followers of the Lord?

"In that bent form, with lace and gold bedi-  
zened,  
Wrapt in the incense of idolatry,  
Are the old spirit and old heart imprisoned  
Of the poor fishermen of Galilee?

"Do we, who broider thus the garment's hem,  
Think of the swaddling-clothes the child had  
on?  
Grace we the casket, to neglect the gem?  
Forget we quite the manger for the throne?

"How long, O Lord, how long? Must then for  
ever  
The idle throng deface thy sacred walls?  
Will mighty Rome throw off these trappings  
never?  
Oh, of her prelates and her cardinals

"If there be one who with his faith not palter,  
But holds the truths divine not taught in vain,  
And if about her desecrated altars  
One shred of true religion yet remain,

"Among their ranks will not the late avenger  
Rise, as of old the Saviour rose in wrath,  
O'erthrow the tables of the money-changer,  
And scourge the rout of mummers from his  
path?"

"Or will the waters break from Earth asunder,  
In some new flood the sons of pride to drown,  
And the insulted Heavens descend in thunder  
Upon this mask of impious mockery down?"

\* \* \* \* \*

While thus in moralizing mood I pondered,  
I turned me from the hum of men alone;  
And, as my vagrant fancy led me, wandered  
Amid the maze of monumented stone.

The crowd their favorite lions had deserted—  
Left galleries and ruins in the lurch;  
The cicerone's glory had departed,  
For 'twas the proper thing to be at church.

So at my will I strayed from place to place,  
From classic shrines to modern studios—  
Now musing spell-bound, where Our Lady's\*  
face  
In nameless godhead from the canvas glows.

Now, from the still Campagna's desolate rise,  
I saw the hills with jealous clasp enfold  
The lingering sunlight, while the seaward skies  
Paled slowly round the melting disc of gold;

Now gazed, ere yet on dome and tower had  
died  
The glory of the Roman afterglow,  
Over the map-like city lying wide,  
Half-dreaming from the Monte Mario.

\* The epithet rests, it will be remembered, on  
high authority.

\* The Madonna of Foligno.

Traveller, do thou the like; and wouldst thou learn  
How Rome her faithful votaries enthralls  
With all the memories that breathe and burn  
Within the magic circle of her walls,

Leave pomp of priest and track of guide led  
tourist;  
And drink of history at the fountain-head;  
For living minds and living things are poorest  
In that vast mausoleum of the dead.

There, where the stately Barberini palace,  
Like some new Nimrod's fabric Heavenward  
climbs,  
Enduring monument of Christian malice,  
By outrage wrested from the Pagan times; \*

Where, lulled and drowsy with the distant hum,  
The sentinel keeps watch upon the town,  
And from the heights of old Janiculum  
On Father Tiber's yellow face looks down;

Where in their southern grace the moonbeams  
play  
On Caracalla's tessellated floors,  
And rescue from the garish light of day  
The Colosseum's ghostly corridors;

Where Raphael and all his great compeers  
Art's form divine in giant-mould have cast,  
The very air is heavy with the years,  
The very stones are vocal of the past.

Still, as we saunter down the crowded street,  
On our own thoughts intent, and plans, and  
pleasures,  
For miles and miles, beneath our idle feet  
Rome buries from the day yet unknown trea-  
sures.

The whole world's alphabet, in every line  
Some stirring page of history she recalls;  
Her Alpha is the Prison Mamertine,  
Her Omega, St. Paul's without the Walls.]

Above, beneath, around, she weaves her spells,  
And priest and poet vulgarize in vain:  
Who once within her fascination dwells,  
Leaves her with but one thought—to come  
again.

So cast thine obol into Trevi's fountain—  
Drink of its waters—and, returning home,  
Pray that by land or sea, by lake or mountain,  
"All roads alike may lead at last to Rome."

H. C. MERIVALE.

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All the Year Round.

#### A HINDU LEGEND.

ABOUT a century before our Christian era, there lived in India—precise locality a little hazy to us western barbarians—a certain king and demigod, called Gandharba-Sena. Now Gandharba-Sena was the son of Indra, the great God of the Firmament; and according to Captain Burton (whose delightful book† we are going to lay under contribution for an article) he was the original of that famous Golden Ass, whose metamorphosis and vicissitudes are told by Apuleius. For, having offended Father Indra by an indiscreet tenderness for a certain nymph, he was doomed to wander over the earth under the form of a donkey, by day; though by the interposition of the gods he was allowed to become a man by night. While still for half his time a donkey, Gandharba-Sena persuaded the King of Dhara to give him his daughter in marriage; but it unfortunately happened that at the wedding hour the bridegroom could not show himself otherwise than as an ass; in

which, perhaps, he was not singular, taking the circumstances into consideration. Hearing music and singing within, he resolved to give them a specimen of his powers of melody too: so he lifted up his voice, and brayed: to the consternation and contemptuous amusement of the company. The guests began forthwith to remonstrate with the king.

"O king," said one, "is this the son of Indra? You have found a fine bridegroom; you are, indeed, happy; don't delay the marriage; delay is improper in doing good; we never saw so glorious a wedding! It is true that we once heard of a camel being married to a jenny-ass; when the ass, looking up to the camel, said, 'Bless me, what a bridegroom!' and the camel, hearing the voice of the ass, exclaimed, 'Bless me, what a musical voice!' In that wedding, however, the bride and bridegroom were equal; but in this marriage that such a bride should have such a bridegroom is truly wonderful."

"Other Brahmans then present said: 'O king, at the marriage hour, in sign of joy, the sacred shell is blown, but thou hast no need of that.' " (Alluding to the donkey's braying.)

\* "Quod non fecerunt barbari, fecerunt Barberini."

† Vikram and the Vampire; or, Tales of Hindu Devilry. Adapted by Richard F. Burton, F.R.G.S., &c. London: Longmans & Co.

"The women all cried out, 'O my mother! what is this? At the time of marriage to have an ass! What a miserable thing! What! Will he give that angelic girl in wedlock to a donkey?'"

"At length Gandharba-Sena, addressing the king in Sanskrit, urged him to perform his promise. He reminded his future father-in-law that there is no act more meritorious than speaking truth; that the mortal frame is a mere dress; and that wise men never estimate the value of a person by his clothes. He added that he was in that shape from the curse of his sire, and that during the night he had the body of a man. Of his being the son of Indra there could be no doubt. Hearing the donkey thus speak Sanskrit—for it was never known that an ass could discourse in that classical tongue—the minds of the people were changed, and they confessed that, although he had asinine form, he was unquestionably the son of Indra. The king, therefore, gave him his daughter in marriage."

The son of this man-donkey, or donkey-man, Gandharba-Sena, and the Princess of Dhara, therefore the grandson of Indra, was the great soldier-king Vikramanditya, or Sun of Heroism, "Vikram" meaning valor or prowess, the King Arthur, the Charlemagne, the Harun el Rashid of India. (We follow Captain Burton, who presumably knows what he is about, in the spelling of our old friend's name.) Before the Sun of Heroism's birth Gandharba-Sena promised him the strength of a thousand male elephants; but Indra swore an oath that he would never be born; whereupon his mother stabbed herself, and Vikram, as he is called for short—it is lucky for him he did not get curtailed to Vick—came into the world on his own account, and so saved his grandfather's oath. In conclusion, perhaps as some sort of compensation, Indra, to whom the little Sun of Heroism was taken, had compassion on him, adopted him, and gave him a good education: which last fact is an example which all irate but influential grandfathers ought to follow.

We come now to two quasi-historical and decidedly less mythical accounts of Vikram; one which makes him the second, the other the eldest, son of his father. In the first account, of course, he mur-

dered his elder brother, Shank, as all wise young princes, in India, do. For though he was protected by grandpapa Indra, and endowed by Father Gandharba-Sena with the strength of a thousand male elephants, still as the younger brother of the reigning monarch he would not have found things quite to his taste. The second account makes him the eldest son of Gandharba-Sena, of whom the most that posterity has to say is, that he became an ass, married four queens, and had six sons: each of whom was more powerful and learned than the other; and that when he, Gandharba, died, Vikram and his younger brother, Bhartarihari, received some excellent advice from their worthy grandfather about mastering everything; which, as Captain Burton says, is a sure way not to succeed in anything. Without going into the list of their required accomplishments, suffice it to say, they were to be models of morality, and inexhaustible wells of learning; the outcome of which was that Vikram, when he had become a monarch on his own account, meditated deeply on what is said of monarchs. "A king is fire and air; he is both sun and moon; he is the god of criminal justice; he is the genius of wealth; he is the regent of water; he is the lord of the firmament; he is a powerful divinity who appears in human shape." He reflected with some satisfaction that the scriptures had made him absolute, had left the lives and properties of all his subjects to his arbitrary will, had pronounced him to be an incarnate deity, and had threatened to punish with death even ideas derogatory to his honor.

His kingship, however, despite its power and glory, was no sinecure practically; and what between the necessity of swallowing a mithridatic every morning on the saliva, or, as we say, on an empty stomach; of making the cooks taste every dish they had prepared before he would touch a morsel of it; of being fully armed when he received strangers; and of having even women searched for concealed weapons, before they were admitted to him, his life must have been anxious as well as busy. Pedantically marked out, and wearisomely monotonous, it certainly was. The result of it all was, it must be confessed, a well-ordered kingdom, where no one was op-

pressed, and where all had equal justice; where the innocent were protected, and offenders inexorably punished: whereby the majesty of the law was upheld, and a wholesome fear of the rulers inculcated. "But what benefited him most was his attention to the creature comforts of the Nine Gems of Science: those eminent men ate and drank themselves into fits of enthusiasm, and ended by immortalizing their patron's name." Suddenly, the king bethought him he would travel, that he might, in fact, spy out in disguise the nakedness of the lands, and so judge for himself how he could best bring his powerful army against them. He had several sons by his several wives, and he had a fair share of paternal affection for all, save, of course, his eldest born: a youth who conducted himself as though he had no claim to the succession! But of all, Dharma Dwaj, his second son, was his favorite. Accompanied by this young prince, an adolescent of admirable modesty and simplicity, Vikram the Brave, giving the government of his kingdom and the city Ujjayani into the charge of his younger brother, Bhartari Raja, set out in the garb of a jogi, or religious mendicant: wandering from city to city, and forest to forest, to see what fate and chance would send in his way.

Now, the Regent Bhartari Raja "was of a settled melancholic turn of mind, having lost in early youth a very peculiar wife. One day, while out hunting, he happened to pass a funeral pyre, upon which a Brahman widow had just become sati (a holy woman) with the greatest fortitude. On his return home, he related the adventure to Sita Rani, his spouse, and she at once made reply that virtuous women die with their husbands, killed by the fire of grief, not by the flames of the pile. To prove her truth, the prince, after an affectionate farewell, rode forth to the chase, and presently sent back the suite with the robes torn and stained, to report his accidental death. Sita perished upon the spot, and the widower remained inconsolable—for a time." He led the dullest of lives, and took to himself sundry spouses, all equally distinguished for birth, beauty, and modesty; he regulated his desires in all things by the strictest rule and measurement; he worked as ploddingly and unrestingly as a horse in a mill; and when his mono-

tonous day was over, he used to retire to his private apartments, and while listening to soft music and spiritual songs fall fast asleep, as the best compliment he could pay the minstrels. Sometimes, on wakeful nights, he used to summon his brother's Nine Gems of Science, and give ear to their learned discourses, which never failed as soporifics when nothing else could "get him off," as nurses say. So time and his youth passed away, and Bhartari Raja became a philosopher and a quietist.

But Kama, God of Love, no more able than his younger brothers Eros and Cupid to let sleeping dogs lie, sent into the raja's way Dangalah Rani, his last and youngest wife. To say that her face was the full moon; her hair a purple rain-cloud; her complexion exactly like the pale waxen blossoms of the large-flowered jessamine; her eyes those of an antelope; her lips as red as a pomegranate bud, and that, when they opened they distilled a fountain of ambrosia; to say that her neck was like a pigeon's, her hand like the pink lining of the conch shell, her waist a leopard's, and her feet the softest lotuses; will perhaps give us dull westerns no very distinct image of her charms. To say that the staid raja became drivelling and doting in the excess of his love; that he would even have committed the unforgivable sin of slaughtering a cow, had she so commanded; and that the very excess of his love sickened the woman into indifference, if not hatred; is perhaps more intelligible. To indemnify herself for the presence of a husband who loved her and whom she did not love, Dangalah Rani lost no time in lavishing all the love of her idle soul on Matú-pala, the handsome ambassador of peace and of war, who, in his turn, preferred Lakha, one of the maids of honor; who again looked to the regent as the fountain of an honor still higher than her own, vice the king.

Now, it happened that in this city of Ujjayani, within sight of the palace, dwelt an austere Brahman and his devout wife. This couple were very pious. They fasted and refrained from drink; they stood on their heads; they held their arms for weeks in the air; they prayed till their knees were like pads; they disciplined themselves with scourges of wire; they walked about unclad in the

cold season, and in summer they sat within a circle of flaming wood; in short, they became the envy and admiration of all the second-class gods dwelling in the lower heaven; and in return for their piety a celestial messenger brought them an apple from the tree called Kalpavriksha, which would confer immortality on whomsoever should eat of it. But it was enough for only one person's immortality; it would not serve for two. At first the old Brahman was for making himself deathless; but his cleverer wife, with as much craft as good sense in her meaning, prevailed on him to refrain; and rather to get the good reward which would be sure to be given them if they presented it to the raja. So the old Brahman took it to the court, gave it to Bhartari Raja, and brought away as much gold as he could carry. The raja rushed with the apple to his young queen Dangalah Rani, saying, "Eat this, Light of my Eyes! This fruit, Joy of my Heart! will make thee everlastingly young and beautiful!" The pretty queen, placing both hands upon her husband's bosom, kissed his eyes and lips, and sweetly smiling in his face—for great is the guile of women—whispered: "Eat it thyself, dear one, or at least share it with me; for what is life, and what is youth without the presence of those we love?" But the raja, whose heart was melted by those musical words, she being always so cold and repelling—he called it coy—put her away tenderly, and having explained that the fruit would serve for only one person departed. Whereupon the pretty queen, sweetly smiling as before, slipped the precious present into her pocket and gave it to the handsome ambassador. He, wishing to please Lakha, gave it away to her; and she, seeking to rise at court by favor of the raja, presented it anew to him. And then the raja saw the full extent of his misery, and by what a round of deception the apple of immortality had come back to him. Loathing life and all its pleasures, he resolved to abandon the world, and end his days in the depth of a gloomy forest. But before he set out, he took care to cause Dangalah Rani to be summoned before him. He asked her what had become of the fruit he had given her: she replied that she had eaten it; upon which

he showed her the apple, which caused her to stand silent and aghast before him. Then, giving careful orders for her being beheaded, he washed the fruit and ate it, and went out into the jungle as a jogi or religious mendicant, no one knowing what had become of him.

This was the history of Vikram's brother, the regent, and of what passed in the royal palace during the absence of that Luminary of Heroism.

Meanwhile Vikram became weary of wandering about with his second son alone. To be sure his kingdom was well secured, though he did not know it, for Indra sent a div or giant to defend the city, and hold the throne until such time as its lawful possessor should put in an appearance. But the wandering monarch began to reflect, that this dancing about from city to desert, and from desert to forest, half clothed, and always more than half hungry, afraid of wild beasts, and at all times ill at ease, was neither comfortable for himself nor dutiful to his various wives and their several offspring. He reflected, too, that the heir-apparent would probably make the worst possible use of the paternal absence, and that the kingdom had been left in the hands of an untried man, who for aught he knew might make the worst possible use of his trust. So he resolved to return forthwith to Ujjayani, more especially as by this time he had spied out all the weak points of friends and foes alike, and had nothing more to learn. And while these considerations were pressing on him, he heard a rumor that Bhartari the regent had abdicated his viceregal throne, and gone away into the forest; which rumor decided him on the spot. So he and his son went home, and got to the city gates just as the gong was striking the mysterious hour of midnight.

But they were not allowed to enter unmolested. A huge and hideous figure starting up barred the way, demanding in a thundering voice, who were they, and where going? Raja Vikram, choking with rage at such a reception, gave his royal name and address; but the giant, div or demon, Prithwi Pala by name, commanded that he should first fight to prove his title, after which, if showing that he was really the Sun of Heroism, he might enter. The warrior

King cried "Sadhu!" wanting nothing better; and for all that the giant's fists were as large as water melons, and his knotted arms whistled through the air like falling trees; for all that the raja's head scarcely reached the giant's middle, and that the latter, each time he struck out, whooped so abominably loudly that no human nerves could remain unshaken; yet Vikram was not Vikram for nothing. Besides, the young prince aided by jumping on the div's naked toes, and sitting on his stomach when he was down; so both together they got Prithwi Pala into evil case, and the raja, sitting astride on his throat, dug both his thumbs into the monster's eyes, and threatened to make a second Polyphemus of him if he would not yield.

The giant, moderating the bellow of his voice, agreed to give the raja his life, in consideration of his own overthrow. And when the raja laughed scornfully at what seemed a mere piece of fustian, the giant, raising himself up into a sitting posture, began a solemn tale in solemn tones.

The story is too long (as long as the giant in fact) to be more than very closely condensed here, keeping to the leading lines only in so far as they relate to Vikram.

It seems that a certain jogi was Vikram's deadly enemy. He, an oilman's son, and the king, were all born in this same city of Ujjayani, in the same lunar mansion, in the same division of the great circle described upon the ecliptic, and in the same period of time. The jogi had already slain the oilman's son, and his own child; and was waiting now to compass the death of the king, in revenge for a practical joke which had been played on him in the days of Gandharba-Sena, when a pretty young woman of doubtful discretion made a promise to bring him to the court, bearing his child on his shoulder, he being then a famous devotee renowned throughout the universe for his austerities. When the saint found that he had been simply taken in by a designing little witch, and made into a court jest—that he had lost the fruits of his austerities to create a laugh among addle-pated courtiers, he cursed them all with terrible curses; took up his child again on his shoulder, and went back into the forest—where he

slew him as his first offering of expiation. He then slew the oilman's son, suspended him head downwards from a mimosa tree in a cemetery; and was now designing to do the same kind office by Vikram. The oilman's son he had made into a baital or vampire. Wherefore said the giant to Vikram, among other useful counsels, "Distrust them that dwell amongst the dead, and remember that it is lawful and right to strike off his head that would slay thee." Then Prithwi Pala disappeared; and the king first feeling his bones to make sure they were all sound, went into his own again.

By and by, after the colored powders had been flung, the feasts made, and the rejoicings of Ujjayani at the return of the lawful ruler had become a little moderated, there came into the city a young merchant, called Mal Deo, with a train of loaded camels and elephants, and the reputation of immense wealth. He came one day into the palace court, where the king was sitting dispensing justice, and gave into his hand a fruit, which he had brought with him. He then spread a prayer carpet on the floor, remained a quarter of an hour, and went away. But the king was wary. The giant's warning remained in his mind, and he gave the fruit to his *maitre d'hôtel*, with orders to preserve it carefully. Every day the young merchant came to the court in the same way, and every day brought one single fruit. One day the king was in the royal stable when Mal Deo arrived with his offering; and as Vikram was thoughtfully tossing it in the air it fell from his fingers to the ground. Then the monkey, who was tethered among the horses to draw calamities from their heads, snatched it up and tore it open, when a ruby of such size and water came out as astonished all beholders.

The raja, now thoroughly angry and suspicious, asked Mal Deo what he meant by presuming to bring such costly gifts. On which the merchant demurely quoted the *Shastras*, where it is enjoined on men not to go empty-handed into the presence of *rajas*, spiritual teachers, judges, young maidens, and old women whose daughters they would marry. Mollified by the glib religiousness of the young man, and not displeased at finding

that he had in his possession some half dozen or more of these rubies, which were of such value that the whole revenues of the kingdom could not purchase one, Vikram gave Mal Deo a robe of honor; then graciously asked him what he could do in return for such more than regal generosity? On which Mal Deo replied: that he was not Mal Deo a merchant, but Shanta-Shil, the devotee; and that all he asked of the king in return for the rubies, was to come to him on a certain moonless night, to a cemetery where he was going to perform incantations which would make the Eight Powers of Nature his. He was to bring with him his arms, and young Dharma Dwaj, his son, but no followers.

Vikram at first almost started when he heard of the cemetery, remembering the giant's words, but knowing now with whom he was dealing, composedly answered that he would come to the accursed place; and with this promise they parted.

The moonless night indicated by the jogi came. It was a Monday, and the king and his son passed out of the palace gates, and through the sleeping city to the abode of the dead. Arriving there, after a most uncomfortable and horrifying walk, they found Shanta-Shil, hideously painted, and nearly naked, sitting by a fire, and surrounded by demons and every loathsome and terrifying form that could be summoned from the face of the earth or the darker regions below, playing on a skull with two shank bones, and making a music therefrom as frightful as his person. Father and son, nothing daunted, walked boldly forward and seated themselves by the jogi. They waited for some time in silence, and then the raja asked the devotee what commands there might be for them? Shanta-Shil desired them to go to a certain place where dead bodies were burned, and where, hanging from a mimosa tree, was a body which he was to bring to him immediately. So Vikram and his son rose up and departed for the place.

It was an awful night, and they had an awful walk, even worse than before, with company neither to be imagined nor described. At last they came to the burn-

ing place; where they suddenly sighted a tree which, from root to topmost bough, was a blaze of crimson flame. And hanging from this, head downward, was a nondescript thing, more like a flying fox than anything else: icy cold, and clammy as a snake; whose only sign of life was the whisking of a ragged little tail like a goat's. This was the oilman's son—the baital or vampire. After tremendous struggles and repeated failures, but by the grace of not knowing when he was beaten, and never giving in, Vikram at last conquered, the vampire saying on the seventh effort, "Even the gods cannot resist a thoroughly obstinate man," as he resignedly suffered himself to be thrust into a bag improvised out of the king's waist-cloth, and slung across his shoulders *en route* for the jogi, and the subjection of the Eight Powers of Nature. But on the way, being a loquacious demon, the vampire proposed to tell the king some stories, giving him good-naturedly a prefatorial bit of advice, never to allow himself to be entrapped into giving an answer or an opinion, for if he should fail in this, then assuredly would he, the baital, slip back to his mimosa tree, and all the labor of the capture would have to be repeated. Then he began his stories.

Not being able to epitomize even one of them, we refer our readers to the book itself. There are eleven of them, for eleven times did the Sun of Heroism suffer himself to be entrapped into an answer, whereby the baital was able to wriggle himself free from his bag, and hang himself up by his toes again from a high branch of the burning mimosa tree. But the twelfth time Vikram had learnt a little discretion, so the journey was duly completed, and the baital flung into the jogi's magic circle. We will say no more. How Vikram fared, and how the jogi fared, and who slew whom, that is, which was able to "breakfast on his enemy ere his enemy could dine on him," is it not all to be found within the black and red covers which Ernest Griset has so quaintly adorned? All that we would say is this: if such a story as we have epitomized can be got out of the prologue, what may not be expected from the body of the book?



Macmillan's Magazine.

## ORIENTALISM IN EUROPEAN INDUSTRY.

BY SIR M. DIGBY WYATT, M.A., ETC.

As steam and railways, and the type of man that steam and railways engender, push themselves further and further ahead into those profundities of Oriental life, which, but for such intrusion, might—so far as we can judge—have remained unchanged for centuries to come, the quickening life of Western activity and enterprise shakes to their very vitals the constitutions of the Eastern races.

That rude intrusion of European energy which took originally the form of trade, and which, ere long, assumed that of conquest, must have rudely broken in upon the uninterrupted tide of despotic rule which had for many centuries held unlimited sway in India, in China, and Japan.

While such intrusions served to introduce European life and energy—and too often European passions and vices—to the peoples of the East, they served also to rend aside that thick veil which had hidden almost entirely from Europe arts and industries of almost unparalleled originality and beauty. The result of continued intercourse has been to effect a peculiar interchange of mutual respect.

By a principle, as it were, of convection, the colder temperature of Europe has warmed under the Eastern sun into admiration for arts which it at first deemed magnificent, but uncultured. Those, on the other hand, who were originally tolerated as but little less than savages by the Celestials, have so far made good their footing as to command unlimited respect for the power of their arms and the cheapness of their cottons. Their steam and their cannon have forced an entry, not only into the country but into the intelligences of the rulers of China and Japan, as they had previously done into those of the continent of India.

History has always shown us that such counterchanges of national characteristics have been intensely slow in their commencement, and very rapid in the later stages of assimilation; and hence we may observe that, for centuries after

the original opening up of the East by European countries, the influence of the abundant products brought to us from India scarcely in any wise affected the corresponding industries of Europe.

As traveller after traveller, and ship after ship, brought to Portugal, to Holland, and to England beautiful specimens of the textile fabrics of India, and of the ceramic products of China and Japan, gradually and slowly an inclination arose to imitate those classes of products. The desire to rival the shawls of Cashmere has helped to create and develop much of the trade of Norwich, of Glasgow, and of Paisley.

Under Napoleon I. in France, the great house of Ternaux embarked with success in the same class of industry; while admiration for the beautiful porcelain of China and Japan encouraged the Dutch to imitate those products in the best samples of the Delft ware, and the Saxons in the earliest products of Meissen and of Dresden. The French, in their earliest porcelain manufacture, limited their imitation to the desire to equal or excel the body of the Oriental china rather than its appearance or ornamentation. We, in England,—probably from a more popular appreciation of the excellences of the ordinary porcelain brought to us by the East India Company's trade,—in some of our earliest Staffordshire, and especially in our early Worcester, china, manufactured imitations of Chinese production which it is sometimes very difficult to distinguish from the original they imitated. Still, these reproductions were to a great extent mechanical, and we were loath to admit the beauty while we commended the utility of the object imitated. Whilst admiration was reserved for reproductions of ornament based upon the antique, and upon the best remains of the period of the renaissance of the antique, every one remained all but blind to the value of the East as a source of inspiration for industrial designers.

The first step to renewed activity and greater liberality in the theory of in-

dustrial design is, I think, to be recognized through the archæological movement in favor of a recognition of the value of the mediæval system of dealing with form. As that mediæval system had unquestionably derived much inspiration during the period of the Crusades, and indeed during the greater part of the Middle Ages, from contact with the products of the East, which stood out with conspicuous excellence during the dark ages of European mediævalism, so the profound study of that system carried back the attention of students to those original sources of inspiration.

The *prestige* of classical tradition and the French supremacy in matters of taste once broken down, prejudices were removed which had previously limited the range of industrial art; and men arose, like Owen Jones and Pugin in this country, and Texier, Coste, Clerg t, Girault de Prangey, and Flandrin in France. By such men the public of both countries were made acquainted with sources of beauty, and theories for the creation of beauty, which greatly extended the range of facilities with which it was their privilege to arm the designer to enrich industrial art with new and beautiful forms, based and systematized upon their interpretation of Oriental tradition.

The influence of these and other pioneers in the good work first manifested itself emphatically in the face of Europe at the Great Exhibition of 1851. The collection of Indian manufactures contributed from every part of India took the world of European manufacture by storm, and excited a general and previously unknown admiration for all the products of the East. The comments made by Owen Jones upon those products tended much to a codification of the principles upon which their beauty mainly depended; while the technical and historical details concerning them, furnished by the late Dr. Royle, provided us with the fullest information as to the means by which, and the circumstances under which, the most beautiful of the objects exhibited had been manufactured.

After the close of the Exhibition of 1851, the best of the products specially forwarded from India for that Exhibi-

tion were reserved to supplement the small collection previously deposited in certain apartments of the old India House in Leadenhall Street.

The excitement caused throughout India by the admiration which the products forwarded from that country received at the Exhibition of 1851 culminated in the contribution to the Exhibition held in Paris in 1855 of an even more complete and extensive series of illustrations of Indian manufacture than that forwarded to Europe in anticipation of 1861.

The Indian portion of the Exhibition of 1855, which I had the good fortune to be employed by Colonel Sykes, the then chairman of the East India Company, to arrange with the late Dr. Royle, excited the greatest enthusiasm amongst the principal designers of French industry. Artists were continually sketching and drawing in the Indian department, and the writers who principally chronicled the *memorabilia* of that Exhibition dwelt with the utmost fervor upon the beauty of the Indian patterns.

In France, it was especially upon the tissues of Lyons that the Indian department of the Exhibition of 1855 exercised the most potent influence.

After the close of that Exhibition, as on the occasion of the previous Exhibition, the best of the Indian goods were selected to be added to the India House Collection, which having at that date considerably outgrown the space available for its display, induced the directors to turn their attention to the conversion of certain additional rooms into a tolerably satisfactory museum. In this instance, again, I was employed by the Company to effect the requisite enlargement and refitment of their old museum galleries. The work was a difficult one, as a number of old offices and a couple of dwelling-houses afforded by no means satisfactory elements out of which to contrive an industrial museum. The whole was, however, so completed as to admit of a tolerable classification, and the exhibition of an extensive series of samples of all the leading manufactures of India, under fair conditions of lighting and accessibility for the purpose of study and comparison. On the completion of the new museum it was visited by thousands of persons,

and amongst them numbers of students and practical manufacturers, who began to incorporate into our current system of production imitations, especially in textile fabrics, carpets, &c., of the best Indian goods exhibited by the Court of Directors of the East India Company.

The necessity for the abandonment of the old East India House and the removal of its contents to the west end of London, coupled with the death of Dr. Royle, caused some interruption in the work of usefulness effected by the permanent exhibition in London of these beautiful products. The intelligence and activity, however, of Dr. Forbes Watson (Dr. Royle's successor), and the growing importance to our country of affording to its manufacturers the means of becoming practically acquainted with the arts of India, soon remedied the ill effect of the temporary interruption to the progress of appreciation of Indian designs in English industrial art, caused by the removal above alluded to.

Having received the necessary authority from the then Secretary of State for India in Council, I was permitted to fit up Fife House, Whitehall, as a temporary museum, in which, on Dr. Watson's completion of the arrangement of the magnificent collection of products belonging to the Secretary of State in Council, a still greater concourse of inquiring visitors flocked to the museum established in that building than had previously visited the old museum at the India House.

I am not aware that in this country much direct reproduction or imitation of Oriental arts has taken place; but I am certain that their influence upon surface decoration has been of the very utmost importance. Their especial value has, I think, consisted in the admirable illustrations they furnish of the possibility of obtaining repose and quiet beauty by the right employment of the most brilliant coloring when broken up into minute and properly contrasted forms, and arranged for flat surfaces upon what is technically known as a "flat" system of design.

It is the especial reasonableness of the Eastern treatment by Arabians, Indians, Chinese, or Japanese alike—of every material pressed into the service of industrial art, which has specially tended

to correct the vagaries of industrial artists. Until it had been shown to them by the unquestionable merits and success of Oriental products, that beauty in manufacture might be effected without involving any misapplication to it of the fine arts, their only idea of raising the character of design of any piece of manufacture appears to have been limited to the addition to it of an introduction of pictorial elements which disfigured more than they adorned.

The Exhibition of 1851 overflowed with illustrations of this tendency, and sculpture was no less abused in its forced association with ceramic art and furniture than painting was in textiles.

Who does not remember the Newfoundland-dog carpets and rugs, the portraits of the Queen and Prince Albert worked into every class of fabric, and the fox, and dog, and ballet-girl shirts in the well-known Chamber of Horrors at Marlborough House?

From the productions of Oriental taste all such anomalies were banished, and in them the artists preserved the utmost gorgeousness of decoration, which was never rendered obtrusive, and was always effected by means harmonizing with the class of product to which they were applied, or into which they were incorporated.

As serious thought became applied to the elaboration of a judicious system of teaching, upon which the Schools of Design throughout the country required to be organized, the common-sense system of the East grew in our estimation, and became established and adopted in our practice. We work now in almost all departments of production, especially in carpets, rugs, tiles, floor-cloth, mural decoration, paper-hangings, shawls, and to some extent in jewelry and mosaics, in the spirit if not in the forms of Oriental art. Its influence is a growing and, as I believe, a highly beneficial one.

It was about the year 1855 that the practice of collecting, which has now grown to so extraordinary a mania in France, acquired a sudden and very extensive development. Under the old *ré-gime* in that country, collections had been formed by many distinguished connoisseurs, who had exhibited a very high appreciation of the value and rarity of beautiful specimens of Indian and other

Oriental produce. Of such collections many catalogues are still extant, and some of them contain items which cannot but excite the utmost envy and cupidity of the collectors of the present day. The finest and oldest porcelains and lac of China and Japan were especially appreciated, and the jades and precious stones of India, the enamels of Persia, and much beautiful wood and ivory carving from the East, generally figure in the foremost line.

Such collections were, however, rudely broken up and dispersed during the great French Revolution, and the spirit of refined admiration for beautiful manufacture, which certainly existed in a very strong form during the reign of Louis XVI., entirely died out,—to be revived only of recent years, and through the influences to which allusion has been made.

The opening-up of China and Japan, and the greater facilities for travel in India and Asia Minor, and indeed in the East generally, brought new material of a most interesting kind into the market, and the collectors of the nineteenth century have been in no wise slow to appreciate the value of the precious spoils, the new types of form, and new processes of manufacture illustrated by the rarest and most beautiful of the curiosities brought to Europe, as cultivated travellers returned from long and adventurous wanderings.

Again in 1862 in this country, and lastly in 1867 at Paris, the artists who had been foremost in renovating industrial art have enjoyed ample opportunities of becoming acquainted with the most precious samples of Oriental industries; and a general appreciation of the value of such products has gradually grown into a most prominent position.

While I believe that the influence exercised by these exhibitions of Oriental manufactures has been similar and about equal upon the artists and most cultivated classes of the two countries, their effect upon the working classes has been very dissimilar.

On the workman in England, owing, I fear, to his lower intellectual organization and development, they seem scarcely to have acted at all; while in France they have succeeded in causing an imitation and, as it were, re-creation of

technical processes of manufacture destined to have a most important influence upon national production. At the present time, in France, there is no process of Oriental damascening or enamelling which has not been perfectly revived by the Parisian workman. Those curious specimens of Japanese metal work which, in small objects—such as brooches, clasps, chains, &c.—show the Japanese to possess powers of combining and inlaying various metals by methods unknown to, or at least unpractised by European artists, have been perfectly imitated; and MM. Barbedienne and Christoffe have shown us damascening and enamelling, both on the *champlevé* and *cloisonnée* principles, of as perfect elegance and beauty as the finest specimens from Scinde, from Yeddo, or Peking.

So sensible have the French been of the great progress made by this country in industrial art in recent years, and of the value and influence of the teachings to be derived from institutions such as that of South Kensington and the Crystal Palace, and from the formation of museums (such as those of the Department of Science and Art and of the Secretary of State in Council of India), that their foremost writers have lost no opportunity of stimulating their Government to the steady provision of similar facilities for the training of industrial designers and art-workmen.

Nor have they regarded the action of Government as sufficient for effecting all their requirements. Acting upon the principles of the old adage,

He who by the plough would thrive,  
Himself must either hold or drive,

the leading manufacturers and artists of France, with the co-operation of many of the most distinguished connoisseurs of that country, have formed themselves into an association, which they have called "The Central Union of Fine Arts applied to Industry."

The seat of this society in Paris is in one of the fine old houses of the Place Royale, where may be found a museum and library open gratuitously to workers every day from ten o'clock in the morning to ten o'clock at night. The system of this institution comprises special courses of lectures and discussions on various branches of the subject of the

application of art to industry. Its principal public manifestation of activity takes the shape of periodical exhibitions including three classes of objects, viz., the premiated productions of the principal schools of design in Paris and the Departments; special museums consisting of works of art borrowed from private collections; and current articles of manufacture representing the most interesting applications of art to industry. In short, as the programme of the society states, its aim is to seek to raise by every possible means the level of industrial art in France, and to counterbalance, by an activity independent of the State and springing from the individual initiation of those most practically interested in the success of art manufacture, the influence of great establishments founded with the same ends and at vast cost in other countries.

The previous exhibitions of this society have been most interesting; but their last, held during the autumn of last year, displayed a feature especially interesting, as exhibiting the intense appreciation which the French have recently manifested for Oriental art. In eight great galleries the council of this society inaugurated an Oriental museum of the utmost importance and beauty, the contents of which sufficed to show the zeal and energy with which collectors have during the last twenty or thirty years been steadily accumulating in France the rarest and most magnificent illustrations of the arts and industries of the East. Of these eight apartments, three were devoted to Chinese and Japanese art, one to that of India, a fifth to Persian art and that of Asia Minor and the Greek archipelago—or rather, so much of the art of the two last-named districts as denotes an influence independent of that usually found in those countries, viz., one derived from classic sources.

The limits of this notice do not permit me to dwell upon the beauty and value of the articles contained in these galleries, and I may be permitted possibly in a future special notice to repair this omission; but I desire now to note the fact that these objects were contributed by the most enlightened connoisseurs of France. Such men really constitute the leaders and chief patrons of the most advanced current industry—a circumstance which

gives exceptional importance to their thus manifesting their earnest appreciation of the value and beauty of such masterpieces of industrial art.

That which was to the practical man perhaps the most interesting feature of this exhibition was his being able to pass from this portion of it to the main area of the building, in which the contemporary goods of the best Parisian manufacturers were displayed, and to observe in them the active reproduction of the best features of the same art as that which formed the staple of the Oriental Museum. In the latter, for instance, were displayed some of the most beautiful of the ancient lamps of the Caliphate, enamelled upon transparent glass—objects of the greatest rarity and beauty. In the former, at the stall of M. Brocard, lamps of original design and of equal beauty in all respects were to be seen, and to be bought at reasonable prices. In the museum, the Faience of Persia, with its hand-work processes of decoration, was to be met with in every variety of beauty; while, in the exhibition, at half-a-dozen stalls at least, objects of a corresponding nature were displayed for sale. In this branch of industry the productions of MM. Bouvier, Deck, and Collinot were alike excellent in originality, freshness of form and design, and perfect success in manufacture. In all of these any stereotyped reproduction seemed to be avoided as fatal to beauty. Every object was specially designed, and, generally speaking, actually executed by the designer; being, on that account, instinct with a life and vivacity converting the object of industrial manufacture into one of fine art.

The Burlington Fine Arts Club of London have just organized a corresponding museum, on a small scale, to that in the Champs Elysées, and this will be opened in a short time at the rooms of the club in Piccadilly. It will be hard to excel the beauty and rarity of the objects contributed on loan to the French collection, and unfortunately the limits of space and light in the apartments of the Burlington Fine Arts Club will restrict their selection from the abundant materials available. Possibly some day the voice of an intelligent public opinion both at home and in India will demand from the Indian Government in this coun-

try the establishment of a museum far exceeding in extent and importance that which has just been so well arranged by Dr. Forbes Watson in the upper story of the new India Office.

Meanwhile the policy of the Secretary of State in Council of India has been to provide, for the use of the great centres of industry in this country, selections of those Indian art manufactures which are likely to be found most useful in each locality. Such a collection formed one of the greatest attractions at Manchester, and again at Leeds; and, more recently, there has been lent to the town of Birmingham a series of illustrations of Indian art which has proved of the utmost utility and popularity. I observe from an interesting statement, drawn up by Mr. W. C. Aitken (a well-known and most active promoter of the best interests of industrial art at Birmingham), that, during the three months from November 11, 1869, to February 12, 1870, the average number of daily visits of artisans and others to the Corporation Free Art Gallery, in which the Indian goods are now

placed, and which, before the earliest of those dates had amounted only to 143, has been raised to 324; and after its three months' exhibition the collection is found to excite an even greater amount of curiosity and attention than it did when it was first opened.

Mr. Aitken has drawn up an exceedingly able popular catalogue of this exhibition, pointing out, with special reference to the contemporary art industry of Birmingham, those features of a technical nature, and as elements of design, which in the objects shown are most likely to be useful to the Birmingham artisan.

In this collection, and indeed in all that I have ever seen of Oriental products, the predominant characteristic is unquestionably that which was so well urged by Mr. Owen Jones, with reference to the Indian collection of the Paris Exhibition of 1867. In that display he observed: "We find no struggle after effect; every ornament arises quietly and naturally from the object decorated, inspired by some true feeling, or embellishing some real want."

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Chambers's Journal.

#### BETTER-HALF BARTER.

IN savage lands, women are so far merchandisable articles that a young man anxious of setting up an establishment of his own is expected to give the papa of the lady of his choice something handsome in the way of cattle, or whatever may be the favorite currency of the country, as an equivalent for the loss of her services. A custom somewhat inconvenient in its results, leading, as in Kafirland, to much discontent among the young men, from the rich old men buying up all the wives, as they are able to outbid younger wife-seekers—an evil the legislature of Natal has sought to check by fixing the price of a wife at twenty cows. Even in civilized communities, the selling of daughters is not entirely unknown. An English lady travelling in Portugal was horrified by a wealthy Moor offering her a good round sum for her beautiful daughter, an incident evoking from the narrator the remark: "How we revolt from appearances instead of realities. A proposal

to buy her daughter would shock any European parent. But if a man of superior rank or fortune offered himself, though his intellect, morals, and appearance were all contemptible, would there be the same horror entertained of selling her? Certainly, in openness and honesty, the savages have the advantage; and it must be owned that they never seem to entertain the idea of selling a woman after they have made her a wife.

That idea is one, however, that has been entertained and carried out often enough in England; and what is more strange still, the perpetrators of the offence appear to have believed they were doing nothing contrary to the law of the land when divesting themselves of a partner of whom they were tired, by such a simple and inexpensive mode of divorce. A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* attempted to account for the popular belief in the legality of transactions of the sort, by saying it sprang

out of the long war ending in 1815, when many soldiers and sailors returning home, found their wives, supposing they were dead, had re-married. To get out of the difficulty arising from the unwelcome appearance of so many Enoch Ardens, it was declared to be lawful to sell the wife in open market, when the second husband made his marriage good, by purchasing her, and the first one became free to marry again. We fancy the writer in question would find it difficult to prove that such dealings were ever declared lawful; and unfortunately for his theory, disposing of a wife by sale was practised in England long before the era of Napoleonic wars.

In Grimaldi's *Origines Genealogicæ* is to be found the following curious document, dating back more than five and a half centuries: "To all good Christians to whom this writ shall come. John de Camoys, son and heir of Sir Ralph de Camoys, greeting.—Know me to have delivered and yielded up, of my own free will, to Sir William de Paynel, Knight, my wife, Margaret de Camoys, daughter and heiress of Sir John de Gatesden. And likewise to have given and granted to the said Sir William, and to have made over and quit-claimed all goods and chattels which the said Margaret had or may have, or which I may claim in her right; so that neither I, nor any one in my name, shall at any time hereafter be able to claim any right to the said Margaret, or to her goods and chattels or their pertinents. And I consent and grant, and by this writ declare that the said Margaret shall abide and remain with the said Sir William during his pleasure. In witness to which, I have placed my seal to this deed before these witnesses: Thomas de Depeston, John de Ferringo, William de Icombe, Henry de Biroun, Stephen Chamberlayne, Walter le Blound, Gilbert de Batecumbe, Robert de Bosco, and others." Despite its signing, sealing, and witnessing, this precious deed was declared illegal and invalid by parliament itself. In later times, Lord Hardwicke had occasion to issue an information against a gentleman for disposing of his spouse by private contract; but what came of it is not recorded. Another instance in which formality was invoked occurred in 1773, when three men and

three women went to the *Bell Inn*, Eg-baston Street, Birmingham, and made the following entry in the toll-book kept there: "August 31, 1773. Samuel Whitehouse, of the parish of Willenhall, in the county of Stafford, this day sold his wife, Mary Whitehouse, in open market, to Thomas Griffiths of Birmingham; value one shilling. To be taken with all her faults. Signed, Samuel Whitehouse, Mary Whitehouse. Voucher, Thomas Buckley, of Birmingham."

In 1803, one Smith took his wife from Ferrybridge to Pontefract, a distance of twenty miles, and put her up for sale in the market-place; the biddings were started at twelve pence, and she was knocked down at eleven shillings, the spirited purchaser leading his bargain away by a halter, amid showers of mud and snow from the spectators. A fellow at Tuxford let his wife and child go for five shillings; and in 1859 a similar scandalous exhibition took place at Dudley, when the wife was put up by auction at three-halfpence, and sold to the highest bidder for the sum of sixpence.

In the above cases, the wives seem to have fallen to chance buyers; but generally the affair was a prearranged one between the buyer, the seller, and the sold, who seem to have saved their consciences by going through the ceremony of a mock-auction. On Valentine's Day, 1806, a man named Gowthorpe exposed his wife for sale in the market at Hull, at one o'clock in the day; but the mob interfered with such effect that he was compelled to withdraw her. However, in the evening, he again brought her out, and sold her for twenty guineas to a man who had lodged at his house for some years. In 1764, a man and his wife got into conversation with a grazier at Purham Fair—a conversation resulting in the man offering to exchange his better-half for a bullock, if he might choose one for himself from the drove. The grazier agreed, and the lady readily acceded, and the next day was duly delivered up, with the inevitable halter round her neck, the husband taking his bullock away, and afterwards selling that too for six guineas. In 1844, a Glamorganshire laboring man, after living very unhappily with his wife for some time, discovered that she sought solace in the affections of a neigh-

bor. To make the best of a bad matter, he called upon his rival, and after an amicable discussion, agreed to sell the cause of it to him. The following Saturday, he accordingly appeared in the market with his wife, attired in a new black gown and a white bonnet, with a halter round her neck, and then and there handed her over to her paramour upon payment of two shillings and sixpence—in this instance an unvirtuous wife proving half-a-crown to her husband; and we are told the purchaser always boasted it was the best bargain he ever made in his life. Not so successful in their arrangements were another couple, whose disappointment was made public in the *Stamford Mercury* of the 26th November, 1858: "On Monday, a disgraceful exhibition—the attempted sale of a wife—took place in front of a beer-house at Shearbridge, Little Horton, near Bradford. The fellow who offered his wife for sale was Hartley Thompson. She was a person of prepossessing appearance. The sale had been duly announced by the bellman, and a large crowd assembled. The wife appeared with a halter, adorned with ribbons, round her neck. The sale, however, was not completed; the reason for this being, that some disturbance was created by a crowd from a neighboring factory, and that the person to whom it was intended to sell the wife was detained at his work beyond the time. The couple, though not long wedded, have led a very unhappy life, and it is said they and their friends were so egregiously ignorant as to believe they could secure their legal separation by a public sale." In 1863, a workman at the Cyfarthfa Ironworks sold his wife to a fellow-workman for two pounds ten shillings in cash, and ten shillings to be spent in drink. The wife appeared more amused than pained by the performance, and went home with her purchaser, after enjoying her share of the beer.

One fickle wretch was deservedly punished. Having parted with his spouse for a quarter of a guinea and a gallon of beer, he was disgusted to hear, a few weeks afterwards, that she had, by the death of a relative, come into a little fortune of two hundred pounds. Only a few years ago, a bachelor in easy circumstances, living at Dittisham, a vil-

lage on the banks of the Dart, took a strong fancy for the wife of one of his neighbors; and after some negotiation, it was agreed, between him and the husband, that he should take the lady for fifty pounds, her baby being thrown into the bargain; and the newly-mated pair soon set off on a sort of wedding-trip. The husband, however, found he had been sold, for, after having delivered up his wife, his customer went off without paying for her, and the deluded scamp was left lamenting. In 1766, a carpenter, who had sold his wife, hung himself upon her refusing to return to his repentant bosom, on the plea, that she was perfectly satisfied with the result of his trading.

The women concerned in these singular transfers seldom seem to have made any objection. We have only met with two instances of the lady proving rebellious. Mrs. Waddilove was one of these exceptions to the rule. Her husband, an innkeeper at Grassington, agreed to dispose of her to a Mr. John Lupton upon payment of one hundred guineas—the highest figure a wife is recorded to have fetched—the latter depositing one guinea in earnest of the bargain. When he went the following day to tender the remaining ninety-nine guineas and receive the fair dame, to his dismay, she flatly refused to allow herself to be delivered up; and the disappointed wife-buyer was obliged to depart as wifeless as he came; while, to render his discomfiture more mortifying, mine host declined to refund the earnest-money. The husband was the sufferer in our second instance. He was a young man hailing from Bewcastle in Cumberland, who, finding it impossible to live comfortably with his spouse, resolved to give somebody else the chance of doing so, by disposing of her by public auction. Not being successful in finding a customer in his own neighborhood, his wife suggested that he should try Newcastle. They went there; and the wife so contrived matters that certain gentlemen employed on his Majesty's service—very pressing service—introduced themselves to the husband, and he found himself one fine day safe on board a frigate bound for a long cruise in distant waters; and so the tables were turned, and instead of getting rid of his wife, she got rid of him.



By law, the selling of a wife counts as a misdemeanor; and in 1837, one Joshua Jackson was convicted of the offence at the Sessions in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and got a month's hard labor for his pains.

A young and sprightly widow once appeared at a Bath masquerade with a paper pinned to her bosom bearing these lines:

To be let on lease for the term of my life,  
I, Sylvia J—, in the shape of a wife:  
I am young, though not handsome, good-natured,  
though thin—

For further particulars pray inquire within.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1788, the taking a lady on lease is treated as a sober reality; a Birmingham correspondent of Mr. Urban's writing: "Since my residing in this town, I have often heard there is a method of obtaining a wife's sister upon lease. I never could learn the method to be taken to get a wife upon lease, or whether such connections are sanctioned by law. But there is an eminent manufacturer in the vicinity of this town who had his deceased wife's sister upon lease for ninety years and upwards; and I know she went by his name, enjoyed all the privileges, and received all the honors due to the respectable name of wife." Birmingham would appear to have a speciality for extraordinary contracts of this nature. In 1853, a woman who accused her husband of assaulting her, in giving evidence before the magistrates of that town, said she was not living with the offender, because he was leased to another woman. For the satisfaction of the bench, the agreement was produced; it ran thus: "Memorandum of Agreement made and entered into this second day of October, in the year of our Lord 1852, between William Charles Capas, of Charles-Henry Street, in the borough of Bir-

mingham, in the county of Warwick, carpenter, of the one part, and Emily Hickson of Hurst Street, Birmingham, aforesaid, spinster, of the other part. Whereas, the said William Charles Capas and Emily Hickson have mutually agreed with each other, to live and reside together, and to mutually assist in supporting and maintaining each other during the remainder of their lives, and also to sign the agreement hereinafter contained to that effect. Now, therefore, it is hereby mutually agreed upon, by and between the said William Charles Capas and Emily Hickson, that they shall live and reside together during the remainder of their lives, and that they shall mutually exert themselves by work and labor, and by following all their business pursuits to the best of their abilities, skill, and understanding, and by advising and assisting each other, for their mutual benefit and advantage, and also to provide for themselves and each other the best supports and comforts of life which their means and income may afford. And for the true and faithful performance of this agreement, each of the said parties bindeth himself and herself unto the other finally by this agreement, as witness the hands of the said parties, this day and year above written." For this precious document, five-and-thirty shillings had been paid to some unscrupulous limb of the law. It may be hoped it is unique; but one must allow the agreement, so far as it goes, is a fair one, and is just such a deed as may be expected to be drawn up between man and wife in the happy coming time when the clamorous preachers of the equality of both sexes of man shall have altered the laws affecting matrimony to the utmost of their desires, and established connubiality upon a proper commercial basis.

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HENRY WARD BEECHER.

BY THE EDITOR.

HENRY WARD BEECHER was born on the 24th of June, 1813, at Litchfield, Conn., where he also spent his childhood until the completion of his tenth year. His father was Dr. Lyman Beecher, one

of the most vigorous intellects that New England has produced, and one of her most celebrated divines; but in those early days the rewards of the Church were not what they are now, and the

Ward followed him immediately upon the termination of his college course. Here, under the direction of Dr. Beecher and Prof. Stowe, he finished his studies, was ordained, and accepted a call to Lawrenceburg, Indiana. After a residence of two years he was invited to take charge of a church in Indianapolis, where he labored for eight years. It was during his ministry here that Mr. Beecher first made that distinctive reputation which he has maintained and extended ever since. The genial character of his religious doctrine, his sympathy with all the generous and liberal tendencies of the age, and his familiar, colloquial manner of delivery and illustration, were at that time an altogether novel reaction, in a Christian pulpit, from the stiff, gloomy Calvinism which had so deeply impressed itself upon religion in America; and he brought to his work a profound knowledge of human nature, such as is not too often found in our doctrinal expounders. His "Lectures to Young Men," delivered at this time in Indianapolis, and since republished, exhibit a moral fearlessness, and a thorough knowledge of the precise nature of the evils that he had to combat, which it would be difficult to match anywhere in the literature of Christian morals.

In 1847 Mr. Beecher received a call to Plymouth Church, then just founded in Brooklyn. Many ties had been contracted during his long ministry in the West, and his robust nature felt an instinctive sympathy with the vigorous civilization which had gradually but effectually rooted out the turbulence of frontier life, but which had not yet settled into the stereotyped formalism of the older States. The wider field which the new parish would offer to his labors, however, could not be overlooked, and he accepted the mission. From that time to the present Plymouth Church has been identified with Mr. Beecher. He is said to have the largest regular congregation in the world, not even excepting that of Notre Dame; and he never preaches a sermon, probably, which in some form or other does not reach a million or more of readers. Standing in Plymouth pulpit, he has exercised an influence throughout the land unsurpassed by that of any other individual in America, and his audience extends over Europe.

What that influence has been it would be superfluous for us to say. It is known of all men. It has impressed itself ineffaceably upon the history of the nation. On all social and political questions he has always occupied a position of advanced liberalism; and in religion he represents the extremest overture which true Christianity can make to the sceptical spirit of the times. Holding the divinity of Christ to be the one essential belief, he is willing to recognize all other questions as belonging to secular morals. It is on account of this non-dogmatic liberalism that Mr. Beecher has been regarded with so much suspicion by orthodox religionists, but it is now perfectly certain that it is on the line which he has taken upon which must be fought the final battle between Christianity and Philosophy.

Besides his ministerial labors, Mr. Beecher has performed a tremendous amount of literary work. He has been for years one of the most popular lyceum lecturers in the country, and is constantly in demand. He assisted in founding the *Independent*, and contributed powerfully to its success; he writes a weekly paper for the *Ledger*; has just become editor of the *Christian Union*, which he is carrying to the front rank of religious journalism; gives a weekly "Lecture-room Talk," and does beside a mass of miscellaneous work. He is also engaged, and has been for some years, upon a *Life of Christ*, which is to be the crowning labor of his life. At the same time he affords a lesson to all his professional brethren by the vigor with which he performs his extraordinary pastoral duties, and he is remarkable for his social qualities and his hearty participation in all the amenities of life.

In 1863, says Mrs. Stowe, "the burden of the war upon Mr. Beecher's spirit, his multiplied labors in writing, speaking, editorship, and above all in caring for his country, bore down his health. His voice began to fail, and he went to Europe for a temporary respite. On his arrival he was met on the steamer by parties who wished to make arrangements for his speaking in England. He told them that he had come with no such intention, but wholly for purposes of relaxation, and that he must entirely decline speaking in England." He yielded,

however, after several months, and by his speeches in Manchester, Glasgow, Liverpool, and London turned the tide of English opinion with regard to our late civil war.

As this bears upon the political career of Mr. Beecher, it may be well to refer to that briefly before concluding. In politics he has always been an ardent liberalist,—what we in America call a *radical*,—though his course has been nobly conservative and conciliatory since the war. Before he left college he had identified himself heartily with the anti-slavery party, and through all the long troublous years which have intervened he has been one of the most conspicuous and influential advocates of the cause.

The last time we saw Mr. Beecher was at the Academy of Music in Brooklyn, on the occasion of the celebration by the negroes of the passage of the XVth Amendment. The vast building was

packed with whites and negroes in about equal numbers. He was called upon to introduce Senator Revels to the audience, and as, at the conclusion of his remarks, he grasped the latter by the hand, saying, "As the representative of one race I extend to you, the representative of another, the right hand of fellowship," the great audience rose in a perfect frenzy of enthusiasm.

Fifteen years before a storm of obloquy was heaped upon Mr. Beecher for placing a negro upon the steps of his pulpit!

Verily, as we thought at the time, it is not often given to those who have groped in the early dawn of a moral awakening to look upon a triumph so complete.

And the triumph of the liberal and enlightened ideas which he has advocated, though slow, is not less sure, in the sphere of religious ethica.

## POETRY.

### PROTEUS.

A sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interposed,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting sun,  
And the round ocean, and the living air,  
And the green earth, and in the mind of man.

#### I.

Sole in blank boundless darkness, dimly bright,  
The hornèd moon hangs o'er the viewless sea,  
Whose spell-bound wavering lips wash fitfully  
Up the black shingle in whisperings of crisp  
light.

Lonely I stand—the midnight's eremite,  
Whilst mine awed seaward gaze goes wist-  
fully

Into the darkness face to face with me,  
The darkness where the sea is, and the night.  
And lo! I feel it coming again, again—

Up from the waves as Proteus did of old.  
Ah, wert Thou like that old God of the main  
To whom we cry "Unveiled" for ever in vain,  
Formless Desire, which no eye may behold,  
No hands of ours can weary, and no spell chain!

#### II.

Ah, bosom-friend! familiar Mystery!  
Oh Lurer with veiled face! oh Comforter!  
One Spirit of many forms felt everywhere,  
Who knows what manuer of Spirit thou mayst  
be?  
None, tho' his most loved haunts be full of Thee,  
Valleys, where leaves and clear streams sleep,  
and stir,

The blue flash of the diving kingfisher,  
The rose, whose depths of scent soft rains set  
free,  
Though Thy wild way be with the hurricane,

Thunder and cloud; though he behold the day  
Cradling Thee in some wandering eastern  
fleece

Of loveliest fire; or sadly sighing, again,  
His evening soul bewail Thee, dying away  
To unknown lands, and gold Hesperian seas.

#### III.

Ah! even now Thou art very near to me;  
But veiled and far as ever from any prayer.  
Still my soul feels Thee, and strange longings  
there

Start at Thy voice, and cry in choirs toward Thee.  
In mine own soul what may these tumults be—  
Desires I cannot rule, that do not dare

Whole days to stir within their secret lair,  
But at Thy voice seek their wild Rhodope?  
One to another in a strange tongue calls—

I hearken, but can catch not what they say;  
Only I hear their voices far away  
Swell and a passionate clamor at intervals.

Ah, who art Thou their God? for what boon  
pray  
These mine own inmost soul's vague Baccha-  
nals?

#### IV.

What! wilt Thou never be revealed to us!  
Must our souls still in blindness follow Thee?  
Nor, borne in swift raft over the deep sea,  
Ever sleep even upon Thy Dindymus?  
Not ever build Thee up a pillared house,  
Nor serve Thee with articulate liturgy?  
Never before Thine altar bend our knee,  
Nor weave rare flowers in coronals round Thy  
brows,  
No costlier offerings than these prefer,

Blind discontent, insatiable unrest,  
 Deep lonely love following an unknown guest,  
 Sad as man's love for woman, and tenderer?  
 Lo these be all we offer, alas! our best,  
 No certain gold and frankincense and myrrh.

## V.

Do we then waver, and fear we are fools and blind?  
 Doubt we? and ask Thee whither lead Thy ways?  
 Ask whither? Nay, see whence, pale doubtful face!  
 Look back, and see how far we have left behind  
 Anger, and blinding lusts, and loves that bind,  
 And the mean voice that to any moment says,  
 "Stay, thou art fair," as with unflinching pace,  
 Veiled One, we follow Thee, and trust to find  
 Hereafter Thee unveiled—knowing, and known—  
 Set with a rainbow round about Thy throne,  
 Soul of our life's unrest—to find Thee  
 The thing we have long sought sorrowing here  
 from far,  
 The Spirit of the bright and morning star,  
 The sunrise, and the sunset, and the sea!

## ON THE RIVER.

THE drooping willows whisper soft, the rushes  
 murmur low,  
 The water-lilies white unveil their breasts of  
 gleaming snow;  
 The kingfisher, a living gem, flits like a meteor by,  
 The sun goes down, the star of eve upriseth in the  
 sky.

There comes to me a memory, a memory of old,  
 A tale of youth whose chronicles are ever writ in  
 gold;  
 A tale of love and summer-time, when roses were  
 in blow,  
 A tale of bright and happy dreams, a weary while  
 ago.

'Twas in the melting, mellow light of eventide in  
 June—

'Twas when the chestnuts were in flower, the  
 nightingale in tune;  
 But more than all, 'twas when our hearts had  
 never known a care,  
 And when the greed of fame, or gold, had never  
 entered there.

Ah, golden hours of indolence! Ah, fleeting  
 hours of bliss!  
 Unmarked save by the clasp of hands, or by the  
 stolen kiss!  
 We drifted on the river, carried onward by its flow,  
 Beneath the bending alder-boughs, a weary while  
 ago.

I dropped the oars—she the rope that held the  
 rudder-band—  
*Somehow* it happened, by and by, that hand lay  
 clasped in hand;  
 And presently entwined were arms, and eye spoke  
 mute to eye,  
 No sound around to break the charm save when  
 the swans sailed by.

Old am I now, and silver-haired, and life hath lost  
 its zest,  
 I soon beneath the daisied turf shall lie in dream-  
 less rest:

But whilst I live, and whilst I love, on this fair  
 earth below,  
 I'll treasure in my heart of hearts those dreams of  
 —long ago!

A. H. B.

## A REGRET.

I BLAME not that your courage failed,  
 That prudence over love prevailed;  
 It seemed that we must walk together  
 Rough ways through wild and stormy weather,  
 And you must have smooth paths to tread,  
 And skies all cloudless overhead.

Wise was your choice, the world will say,  
 That sees you fresh and fair to-day  
 As in the spring-time of your years,  
 Those hazel eyes undimmed with tears,  
 That forehead all unlined with care,  
 Nor streaked with gray that chestnut hair.

Yet if you could have dared to lay  
 Unfaltering hands in mine, and say,  
 "I trust you still, nor count the cost!"  
 Something, I doubt not, you had lost,  
 Yet found when all was told remain  
 To you and me some larger gain.

Not loveless nor unsweet my days;  
 I toil, nor miss some meed of praise;  
 Had you been with me they had known  
 The grace they lack, and thou hadst grown,  
 O weak but pure and tender heart!  
 To something nobler than thou art.

Ah! better had we both been laid  
 To rest for ever, ere the shade  
 Of that cold worldliness had made  
 Division worse than death, and bade  
 Our souls be parted evermore,  
 Still strangers on the heavenly shore.

A. J. C.

THE RECOGNITION OF GENIUS: A  
SONNET.

WRITTEN IN A POPULAR EDITION OF WORDSWORTH'S POEMS.

TIME was, great Seer, when in thy mountain place  
 Thou dwelt'st apart, and river, lake, and glen  
 Had more to teach thee than the noise of men  
 Or all the cares that vex our mortal race;  
 Yet would the envious tribe that springs apace  
 In presence of all goodness, even then  
 With busy havoc of the idle pen,  
 Have turned thy wise retirement to disgrace.  
 Now, common as the all-encircling air,  
 And open as the waters or the wind,  
 We take thee, till the riches that we share  
 Seem as a part of being,—undefined;  
 This is the same true greatness only knows,  
 Pulse of the world's free heart it comes and goes.

## ARGUING IN A CIRCLE.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

WHEN first my true love crown'd me with her  
 smile,  
 Methought that heaven encircled me the while!  
 When first my true love to mine arms was given,  
 Ah, then methought that I encircled heaven!

## FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

Strahan & Co. have in press "The Book of the Visions seen by Orm the Celt," by Robert Buchanan. It contains ten poems or visions.

M. Rouher, the French ex-Minister, has compiled an important work on the woollen industry of France.

Hachette, of Paris, has nearly ready a most important work, "A Theory of Intellect," by the celebrated philosopher and writer, H. Taine.

*Best of Everything* is the title of a forthcoming English magazine, which will be under the editorial management of the author of "Inquire Within."

The Thirty-second volume of "Napoleon the First's Correspondence," lately published in Paris, completes what it is thought proper to give to the world.

A posthumous article by M. Sainte Beuve on Madame Tastu, the well-known poetess, has been published. It was intended by the author to form part of the *Galerie des Femmes Célèbres*.

M. Amédée Roux is the author of a new work entitled "Histoire de la Littérature Italienne Contemporaine." There is, however, room for a more complete and careful work on the subject.

The lectures of Prof. Max Müller on the Science of Religion, the first of which is given in our present number, are already eliciting much discussion in England.

Lamartine is said to have left MSS. enough to make twelve duodecimo volumes in addition to the numerous ones which he published during his lifetime.

The King of Burmah has offered a complete collection of the Buddhist Canon to the Government of Ceylon, and has undertaken to build a fire-proof library to receive it, at his own expense.

The Viceroy of Egypt has presented the University of Oxford with a complete collection of Oriental books printed at Boulak, amounting to 74 distinct works in 140 vols.

Prof. Huxley's work, "Man's Place in Nature," has been translated into Italian by Professore Pietro Marchi, under the title of "L'Uomo nella Natura."

M. Stanislaus Julien, an eminent French philologist, has recently published a Chinese grammar. The difficulty of this undertaking may be estimated from the fact that there are 800 letters and combinations of vowels in the alphabet.

*The Dublin University Magazine*, after a long and honorable struggle to be an essentially national periodical, has failed to find the support in Ireland which it deserved, and has passed into the hands of English proprietors.

Some undoubted MS. Homilies of Ælfric's, with an inedited Anglo-Saxon verse life of St. Judith, and a new edition of the varying formerly printed life of the Saint, are to be edited for the Early English Text Society by the Rev. W. W. Skeat.

A reprint of the Frankfort edition of 1688 of

"La Fameuse Comédienne, or History of La Guérin, the Wife and Widow of Molière," has appeared in Paris. M. Jules Bonassies adds a preface, notes, and collations of other editions.

The *Quarterly Review* for April contains an elaborate review of M. Lanfrey's *Napoleon I.* This work is, beyond question, the ablest and most powerful attack that has yet been made upon the fame of the great Emperor.

*Lady Geologists.*—The *Geological Magazine* for March contains two good papers by Lady Geologists. The labors of rational women of this class are worth more than all the thousand-and-one howls of what the *Saturday Review* justly styles "The Shrieking Sisterhood."

The star of Alfred de Musset's fame is said to be rising steadily toward the zenith in France. It has already eclipsed that of Lamartine, and bids fair to rival that of Victor Hugo himself, whose reputation was far from benefited by his two last books.

The first two sheets of the sample catalogue of Pali, Singhalese, and Sanskrit MSS., preserved in the temples and private libraries of Ceylon, have been received in England; also the first part of Dr. Kielhorn's classified catalogue of Sanskrit MSS., in the southern division of the Bombay Presidency.

Mr. Disraeli's new novel, the announcement of which created such a stir in London a month or so ago, has just been published. It is called "Lothair," and the author is said to have received an offer of £10,000 for the copyright, or £4,000 for the privilege of running it through a prominent magazine.

Mr. Robinson Ellis, the newly-elected Professor of Latin at University College, London, is about to bring out a translation of Catullus, in the metres of the original, keeping as far as possible to the rules of classical quantity, an experiment hitherto unknown in English translations of ancient authors.

Mr. Tweed, of Glasgow, Scotland, is the publisher of a curious volume, entitled "The Catholic History of Scotland," a copy of which he forwarded to his Holiness Pío Nono, and, in return, has been presented with a gold medal of considerable value, having a medallion portrait of the Pope upon it.

The twenty-fourth part (Red—Ret) of the great "Dictionnaire de la Langue Française," by M. Littré, has just been issued. The merit of this book is hardly yet recognized in England. It is the only etymological French dictionary with a series of examples from the earliest period to modern times, and deserves strong support.

We learn, as the public will learn, with pleasure, that the last word about Miss Mitford and her times has not been spoken. Her hitherto unpublished papers have been found to yield a rich crop of literary anecdotes and literary history. These will appear in the autumn, under the competent editorship of the lady's friend, Mr. H. E. Chorley.

A late volume of the Tauchnitz series contains

of the fifteen "Doubtful Plays of Shakespeare," those six which the editor, Max Mohle, deems unmistakably his. They are "King Edward III.," "Thomas Lord Cromwell," "Lochrine," "A Yorkshire Tragedy," "The London Prodigal," and "The Birth of Merlin." The editor contributes an introduction and notes.

M. Spring, in a paper read at Brussels, remarks that Strabo asserts that the ancient Irish considered it creditable to eat the bodies of their parents, and that St. Jerome speaks of cannibals in Gaul. These ancient authorities, added to the peculiar way in which human remains found in caves are often fractured, establish, in M. Spring's opinion, the fact that all the inhabitants of north-west Europe were at one time anthropophagous.

The London *Bookseller*, with a view to promote the study of bibliography, has offered a series of prizes for the best papers upon given subjects. The first prize of ten guineas is for the best bibliographical list of works connected with paper and other materials for writing and painting, printing and its accessories—bookbinding, bookselling and booksellers—and literary history generally.

Dean Stanley once told a friend that he had read Hawthorne's "Marble Faun" six times. "Once," said he, "I read it as a new book, from curiosity; a second time on account of its beautiful language; a third time, because I was going to Rome; a fourth, while in Rome, as a work well suited to the spirit of the place; a fifth, after I left Rome, as a pleasant reminder of my visit; and the sixth time, because I wanted to!"

A new universal Musical Lexicon is being published at Berlin, edited by Hermann Mendel. It is to extend to about sixty numbers, and to include explanations of all the terms used in music, of the principles of acoustics, harmony, orchestration, &c., as well as biographies of musicians, notices of compositions, and an historical review of the development and progress of music in all its branches. Its title is the "Musikalisches Conversations Lexicon."

Mr. James Lenox, who is favorably known on this side of the Atlantic as one of the most ardent and liberal of American collectors, has presented his important and valuable library to the city of New York. The collection is very rich in ancient Bibles and in works illustrative of the early history of the United States. It includes also a Shakespeare collection of some importance—the four folio editions and several of the quartos. In addition to the gift of the library, Mr. Lenox offers an endowment of the large amount of three hundred thousand dollars.—*Athenæum*.

*Books in the East.*—The Literary Society of Belgrade has just published vols. 25 and 26 of their *Memoirs*; containing (*inter alia*) a large number of unedited documents relating to the Servian Monasteries of the Middle Ages, and a study on the literature of the Mahometan Serbs of Bosnia. The latter vol. also contains a bibliography of Servian and Croatian books published in 1868, as well as foreign books about the South Slavonic peoples. The same society has also issued, under the editorship of M. Stojan Novaković,

a bibliography of Servian publications between 1741 and 1867.

The *Athenæum*, in noting the sale of a set of early-printed books in London, considers one block book on vellum the greatest puzzle it has seen. The illustrations are colored woodcuts, but the text, written in various hands, is like manuscript. There was, besides, a series of German playing cards of the fourteenth century, an Icelandic MS. of the fifteenth, and the first perfect copy ever discovered of "La Légende Dorée," printed at Lyons, by Barthomée Buyer, in 1476. The only other copy known (in Lord Spencer's library) wants at least one leaf, and probably several. It is the first French book printed in France, but no copy is now known in that country.

*Punch* has made a most important discovery in literary archæology over which it is very mysterious, but announces: "This interesting letter will shortly be published (it is in cipher, but fortunately the key is in the possession of the Ironmongers' Company), with a preface, prolegomena, introduction, copious variorum notes, including some ingenious but entirely conjectural emendations, appendices, and indexes, and with illustrations and fac-similes produced by the new chromophotolithotintotypoxylographic process. A few copies will be struck off on large paper and appropriately bound in calf, for presentation to various learned and scientific bodies at home and abroad."

Mr. Morris is writing a work on the *Nibelung* story, which will be out early in May. It will contain (1) a translation of the *Völsunga Saga*, a prose rendering of the story gathered from such of the songs of the elder Edda as existed at the end of the 12th century, and from traditions of songs lost before that time; and (2) translations of most of the songs which the Saga-man had before him, the greater part of which still exist, though in a more or less incomplete shape. The vivid prose and verse of the originals belong to the highest order of early literature, and is quite free from the wordiness of later mediæval work. Mr. Morris's *Bellerophon* will form part of the last vol. of the *Earthly Paradise*.

Dr. Haug has published an interesting paper on the origin of the Sikh religion in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, Feb. 1. It was founded, like several other sects, in the 16th century, and possesses two sacred books: the *Adi Granth*, or the Book of the First Nine Gurus, and the so-called Book of the Tenth King. The more interesting is the former, which contains various religious poems by 25 authors, including Nānak, the founder of the sect, written in various dialects of old Hindi, though some pieces are in Sanskrit. The other sacred book is tinged with Hindu mythology, and is in purer Hindi. Dr. Trumpp has been intrusted by the Secretary of State for India with the task of translating these hitherto unknown records.

*Valuable Results.*—As one of the good results of the English Historical Manuscripts Commission we may mention that the Marquis of Lothian has readily consented to let the Early English Text Society print his volume of Anglo-Saxon Homilies of the tenth century, and the Anglo-

Saxon Glosses in his Latin Psalter of the ninth century, while the Right Hon. Lord De Tabley has also kindly promised to allow the same society to print, in its volume on Early Music, his curious MS. on the History of Music and on Music in England, with a description of musical instruments and a list of the best lutanists in Elizabeth's time, and the best artists in music in 1640. This volume Dr. Rimbault will edit, while Mr. Richard Morris will edit the Anglo-Saxon texts.

Madame George Sand leads a very simple life at her château at Nohant, in company with her son and daughter-in-law. She rises at eleven, and breakfasts alone on an egg and a cup of sugarless black coffee. Then she smokes a few cigarettes, the best Maryland tobacco. At twelve she goes out for a walk, returns in an hour to write till six, then dines on soup, fish caught by her own hands, and fruits, *ad libitum*. At midnight she retires to her room, makes her *toilette du nuit*, and then writes until six in the morning. If she finishes a work at two o'clock, she "lays down a new keel," and continues to write until the usual hour. Her penmanship is clear, and each page, written on lines, is limited to a fixed number of words. Old music is her delight, and MOZART her favorite; she is fond of private theatricals and of dominoes, but never plays for money. In personal appearance she is described as dumpy, but not disagreeably so; her head and shoulders are large and heavy, her eyes piercingly back, her mouth vulgar but not sensual, hands and feet small and plump as a child's, and complexion the color of old ivory. She dresses in antique style, but is fond of gaudy colors.

*The Rewards of Poets.*—The following, although not entirely new, may be interesting to biographers and lovers of the poets mentioned; it is from the tract by Henry Peacham, himself a distressed writer of verses, which is styled "The Truth of our Times," 1638, pp. 37, 38, and 39: "Let us looke a little further backe to the authors and poets of late time, and consider how they have thrived by their workes and dedications. The famous *Spencer* did never get any preferment in his life save toward his latter end, hee became a clerk of the Councel in *Ireland*, and, dying in *England*, hee died but poore. When he lay sick, the noble and patterne of true honour, Robert, *Earle of Essex*, sent him twenty pound, either to relieve him or bury him. *Joshuah Silvester*, admired for his Translation of *Bartas*, dyed at *Middleborough*, a Factor for our English Merchants, having had very little or no reward at all, either for his paines or Dedication: And honest Mr. *Michael Drayton* had about some five pound lying by him at his death, which was *Satis viatici ad cælum*, as *William Warham*, Bishop of *Canterbury*, answered his steward (when lying upon his death-bed, he had asked him how much money hee had in the house, hee told his Grace Thirty pounds)."

An important scrap of news has come from the ancient land of Moab. An inscribed stone was found almost in the heart of that once warlike kingdom, on which Mesha, a monarch whose name appears in the "Book of Kings," has recorded some of his exploits. There are also names of places which occur in Scripture, and these, being identified, facilitate the work of translation. The

character of the writing is that known to Oriental scholars as Phœnician. It is very unfortunate that as soon as the Arabs heard that inquiries were made concerning the stone they broke it up, and hid the pieces in their granaries. These have, however, been recovered by Captain Warren, of the Survey, and one of the functionaries of the French Consulate, so that we may hope the whole will some day be seen in Paris or London. In its complete state the stone appears to have been three feet five inches high and one foot nine inches wide. Tracings of the largest pieces are now in the hands of Mr. Deutsch, of the Museum, and others are expected. When once he shall have the whole before him he will scarcely fail, he states, to show, that whether as regards palæography, ancient geography, or biblical history, this venerable Moabitish stone is one of the most important ancient records ever yet discovered. Its date is supposed to be about 850 years B. C.

Leon Curmer, the publisher, who died the other day in Paris, used to tell an amusing story of Balzac. At one time Curmer resolved to bring out an illustrated weekly journal—a thing then unknown in France. It was to be called *Les Français peints par eux-mêmes*, and Balzac was to contribute a series of humorous sketches of the various trades and professions. At first Balzac was in raptures at the idea, and fairly dazzled poor Curmer with the brilliancy of his suggestions. A week passed, and Balzac's enthusiasm had grown cold. Curmer was unable to get anything from him. The new journal, however, had been announced everywhere, and it was quite impossible to recede. On the eve of publication the printer's messenger was sent to Balzac's lodgings, with strict orders not to come back empty-handed. He returned with three or four slips of paper, on which a few lines had been hastily scribbled. Curmer, however, knew his man. The manuscript was speedily in type, and the proof was sent back to the author. Again it returned, double its former size, with erasures, corrections, and additions crossing each other between the lines in inextricable confusion. Eight times was the process repeated, and at last the admirable monograph entitled *Nos Épiciers* was the result. "The corrections of that proof," Curmer used to say, "cost me 1,000 francs, but I sold 20,000 copies of the first number."—*Tribune*.

In the Imperial Library, at Paris, there is a manuscript collection of the sermons of Gregory the Great, which contains a large number of illustrations on various subjects, and among them a drawing representing the second Œcumenical Council, held at Constantinople, in which Bishop Gregory took part. In the drawing the seats of the prelates form a half circle round the throne, to the left of which is installed, on a raised chair, the Emperor Theodosius the Great. In the foreground, on the left, is the Macedonian Bishop; and on the right, Bishop Apollonius. Of the latter the name alone remains, the face having been destroyed. Between the two are placed their writings, which were condemned by the Assembly. No one occupies the throne erected in the centre of the hall; but on the purple seat is lying a large open book—the Holy Scriptures—to indicate that it alone ought to preside in the

Council, and that it is the supreme judge in contested questions. The draughtsman has not invented that disposition; he has only reproduced the reality. What proves the fact is the testimony of Cyril, Patriarch of Alexandria. When speaking of the third Œcumenical Assembly, held at Ephesus, in 431, he wrote: "The holy synod met in the Church of Mary. The Presidency was given to Christ himself; for the Gospel of God was placed upon the throne, and seemed to say to the members present—Be just in your judgments!"

### LITERARY NOTICES.

*Goethe's Hermann and Dorothea.* Translated by ELLEN FROTHINGHAM. Boston: *Roberts Bros.*

THAT the same imagination which conceived "Faust" should also have produced "Hermann and Dorothea," is matched by but one other fact in the history of literature: that the same pen which gave us "King Lear" glided also into the limpid cadences and "footless fancies" of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Without actual knowledge of the authorship, Goethe is probably the very last name among the poets to which "Hermann and Dorothea" would have been assigned on *a priori* grounds. "Hermann and Dorothea" is the one perfect idyll in literature. Judged by its standard, every other, ancient or modern, is either epic or lyric, feverish or feeble. Though an absolutely realistic sketch of German peasant life, it is cast in the severest form of the Greek tragedy. Of incident there is none. Everything extraneous is eliminated, and nothing whatever is permitted to divert the attention from the group of characters whose placid lives are unfolded before us. Even the turbulent scenes of war and suffering and exile which form part of the panorama are important only as they result in bringing together Hermann and Dorothea. But for this fact they impress one with a sense of infinite remoteness and insignificance. We read of them very much as the shepherds of Acadie might read of the battles of the French Revolution.

Of this poem, writing in his Diary of March 10, 1863, Henry Crabb Robinson, who knew Goethe well, and was familiar with his works, says: "I hold it to be one of the most delightful of all Goethe's works. Not one of his philosophical works, which the exclusives exclusively admire, but one of the most perfectly moral as well as beautiful. It realizes every requisite of a work of genius. I shed tears over it repeatedly, but they were mere tears of tenderness at the perfect beauty of the characters and sentiments." No one possessed of poetic sensibility can read it without experiencing similar emotion.

In translating "Hermann and Dorothea" into English hexameters—confessedly the most difficult metre that can be attempted with our language,—Miss Frothingham has succeeded even better than in her former translation of Lessing's "Nathan the Wise." The verse is flowing, spontaneous, and idiomatic, with scarcely a hitch or false measure throughout.

Several good engravings embellish the volume, which has been issued by the publishers in a style worthy of the work.

*The Bazar Book of Decorum.* New York: *Harper & Bros.*

THE author says in her preface: "This book is an attempt to raise the subject of which it treats to its proper connection with health, morals, and good taste;" and it is the highest praise which can be bestowed upon a work of this kind when we say that she has succeeded,—succeeded, that is, if we use the words health, morals, and good taste, in their purely obvious and conventional significations. She has certainly produced the first work on the subject that can be read without feelings of indignation and disgust. While conveying all the needful instruction upon points which are essential and at the same time purely conventional, she has the intelligence to perceive the difference between politeness and vulgar formalism; and she can give the etiquette of breakfast and dinner, of christenings, weddings, and other ceremonials, without informing us that it is not considered genteel to pick our teeth with the carving-knife, or to blow our noses in the napkins. Indeed, the skill with which the line is drawn between that which is essential and that which may fairly be left to individual discretion, shows the author to be of a different class from the priggish compiler whom we usually meet in this field. In addition to the rules of etiquette, which are formulated and explained, there are many sensible and reliable suggestions regarding the hygiene and care of the person; and taken altogether, we cordially recommend the *Bazar Book of Decorum* to all who desire to be polite and who are not entirely familiar with the conventional code of society.

*How to Treat the Sick without Medicine.* By JAMES C. JACKSON, M.D., Danville. New York: *Austin, Jackson & Co.*

THE principal objection that can be made to this work is that it is too much of the nature of an advertisement, and too chary of those details and minute instructions which alone make a pathological treatise entirely effective. Dr. Jackson is a hydropathist, and presides over one of the most successful "water-cure" institutions in America, and his absolute confidence in this method gives his suggestions a special application, which tends greatly to impair the effect they might otherwise have. Nevertheless he thoroughly understands the principles of physiology, and his book contains much valuable instruction concerning the laws of health; particularly concerning diet and personal hygiene. Moreover, those thousands of unfortunates who have been victimized so long by the experiments of the Esculapians, will be glad to read that there is at least one cultured and successful physician who has never given a drop of medicine, and who believes that when it has become necessary to give medicine it has become unnecessary to do anything at all.

*In Spain and Portugal.* By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. Author's Edition. New York: *Hurd & Houghton.*

SEVERAL months ago, in reviewing "The Improvisatore" and "The Two Baronesses," we announced the intention of the publishers to issue a complete edition of Andersen's works, specially revised by the author. At the same time we



gave such an analysis of Andersen's characteristics as a writer, that it will not be necessary for us to do more than mention the successive volumes as they appear. Since then the world-famous "Wonder Stories for the Young" have been issued, and the fourth volume of the series, comprising the author's travels in Spain and Portugal. It would be difficult to meet a more agreeable companion in any walk of literature than Andersen, but he is particularly pleasant as a traveller. His faculty of observation, his culture and sensibility, and his keen eye for the beautiful, give a peculiar flavor to the instruction he imparts; and the flowing, rambling style has all the ease and abandon of oral narrative. Few travellers have so much self-restraint as he—that is, few discriminate so nicely between what should be told and what can very well be left for the compilers of guide-books. The interest which is now felt in everything connected with Spain makes this book peculiarly opportune, for it is only a few years since Andersen was there, and he gives some suggestive glimpses of the actual condition of the Spanish people.

*Wonders of Italian Art.* By M. LOUIS VIARDOT. Illustrated Library of Wonders. New York: Scribner & Co.

We have had occasion more than once, as the successive volumes have appeared, to commend the "Illustrated Library of Wonders," translated from the French and published by Scribner & Co. These books, though designed entirely for popular reading, are prepared by well-known and thoroughly-competent savans, and are quite a model of lucid and scientific, yet untechnical exposition. The last volume issued is the "Wonders of Italian Art," and it is likely to prove one of the most useful as it is one of the best of the series. M. Viardot is an art-critic much respected in France, and he has condensed a large amount of good criticism and other instruction into the four chapters of his work. First he gives an outline of what we may call the continuity of art traditions, from ancient times, through the Middle Ages; then an analysis of the Renaissance, and lastly an examination in detail of the different Italian schools. Biographical sketches of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian, Tintoretto, Guido, and the other great artists, with an analysis of the work of each, occupy the larger part of the volume, and afford entertaining as well as profitable reading. The woodcuts, representing some of the most famous pictures of the world, are far from satisfactory, of course; but they are suggestive, and give an idea of the pictures such as no words could convey.

*Travels in Little-Known Parts of Asia Minor.* 2 vols. By REV. HENRY J. VAN LENNEP, D.D. New York: A. O. Van Lennep. 1870.

THIS work is an interesting contribution not only to the literature of travels but to Biblical literature and archæology. It is quite elaborate, and, as justice cannot be done to it in a few lines, we reserve it for more extended notice.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The Publisher will send any book reviewed in

the ECLECTIC, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of price.]

*American Political Economy, Including Structures on the Management of the Currency and the Finances since 1861.* By PROF. FRANCIS BOWEN. New York: Scribner & Co. pp. 495.

*Zell's Popular Encyclopædia.* Nos. 27 and 28. Philadelphia: T. Elwood Zell. Large quarto, 40 pp. each.

*Marion Berkley.* By LAURA CAXTON. Boston: Loring. 16mo, cloth, pp. 255. Illustrated.

*Talks to My Patients; Hints on the Art of Getting Well and Keeping Well.* By MRS. R. B. GLEASON, M.D. New York: Wood & Holbrook. 16mo, cloth, pp. 228.

*Ben the Luggage-Boy; or, Among the Wharves.* No. 5 Ragged Dick Series. By HORATIO ALGER, JR. Boston: Loring. 16mo, cloth, pp. 290. Illustrated.

*Self-Help; with Illustrations of Character, Conduct, and Perseverance.* By SAMUEL SMILES. New York: Harper & Bros. 12mo, pp. 447.

*Debenham's Vow.* By AMELIA B. EDWARDS. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, paper, pp. 178. Illustrated.

*Tom Brown's School-Days at Rugby.* By ARTHUR HUGHES. New York: Harper & Bros. 8vo, paper, pp. 135. Illustrated.

*An Old-Fashioned Girl.* By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. Boston: Roberts Bros. 16mo, cloth, pp. 378. Illustrated.

*Bryant's Casket of Musical Gems.* New York: R. M. DeWitt. Quarto, paper, pp. 32.

*The Church and Her Sacraments.* By W. R. GORDON, S.T.D. New York: Board of Publication of the Reformed Church. 16mo, cloth, pp. 208.

#### SCIENCE.

*Effects of Sunlight on Vegetation.*—Experiments in reference to the effects of sunlight of different intensities in developing the chlorophyll in plants have been recently made by M. Prillieux, and have been reported by him to the French Academy of Sciences. *Galignani* gives the following abstract of the paper:—In former experiments sunlight was weakened by being received through water or glass shades, and the results were therefore liable to be modified by the absorption of rays. To avoid this, M. Prillieux, by means of a heliostat, caused a cone of light six mètres in length to fall into a dark room, and he then placed a series of five pots, each containing barley that had been reared in the dark, within the luminous region. No. 1 was placed at a décimètre's distance from the focus of the lens through which the solar rays were transmitted; No. 2 was placed at 1½ times that distance; No. 3 was separated from the latter by a further interval of 12 décimètres; No. 4 was at 55 centimètres from this; and No. 5 stood at 57 décimètres from the focus. The experiment lasted from half-past one to half-past four P.M.; and at the end of these three hours it was found that all

these little plants, except those of No. 1, had become green to very nearly the same extent; while those that had remained nearest the focus, and had therefore been exposed to the fullest sunlight, had remained as yellow and sickly as before.

*The Mineral Coals of the United States.*—Some traces of the use of mineral coals are found before the Christian era; but their importance as a fuel was not known until about the middle of the fifteenth century, and only within a brief period has coal become the great promoter of civilization. About 1649, London petitioned Parliament to abate the nuisance of the coals of Newcastle, as an "offensive commodity;" and, within about fifty years, the hapless countryman who introduced the anthracite coal, as a fuel, into Philadelphia, was threatened with prosecution for fraud and misrepresentation in selling a worthless article. The city of London now uses about 8,000,000 tons per annum of the bituminous coal, and England's power would vanish like a dream without this "offensive commodity;" while Pennsylvania draws from her anthracite coal the sinews of her strength and prosperity. In 1858, it was estimated that the whole coal area of the earth was about 200,000 square miles, distributed in part as follows:—

United States.....	188,182	France.....	1,719
British America....	18,000	Belgium.....	518
Great Britain.....	11,859		
Spain.....	8,408	Total.....	166,698

This estimate is found, by recent discoveries, to be far too small for the United States, but may be nearly correct as to Europe. The surveys and explorations of our continental interior have brought to light extensive fields of bituminous coal, and even anthracite is said to have been found on the Pacific slope. The coal area of the United States is, beyond question, more than 200,000 square miles, or 128,000,000 acres. Calling 30 cubic feet a ton, and the average thickness of its coal six feet, the number of tons in the coal-fields of the United States would be 2,230,272,000,000. About three-fourths of the coal deposits of the whole world, so far as they are yet discovered, are in the United States—eleven times as much as in all Europe, and seventeen times as much as in Great Britain. The coal-fields of Virginia and West Virginia, containing about 25,000 square miles, are of extraordinary thickness and of superior quality, embracing all the varieties of bituminous, splint, and cannel coals. These magnificent treasures of mineral coals, when once the grand railways and canal from the Chesapeake to the Ohio shall have been completed, may be placed on shipboard in the harbor of Norfolk at \$3½ to \$4 per ton, and delivered in the Mediterranean ports at prices, considering their superior excellence as steam coals, below the present cost of English coal.

*Professor Kirkwood on Sun-spot Periods.*—This laborious and thoughtful astronomer has subjected Wolf's periods to careful scrutiny, and has been led to the conclusion that in order to account for sun-spot periods we must suppose that portions of the sun lying in certain solar longitudes are more capable of being influenced by disturbing causes than other regions. He ascribes to Mercury the most powerful disturbing effect, and in particular he regards this planet as the cause

of the 11-year period—46 revolutions of Mercury being equal to 163 solar rotations, and to about 11¼ years.

*Pearls in the Gulf of California.*—The revenue returns for 1869, received by last mail from City of Mexico, show that the catch of pearls and shell for the past year on the Gulf coast of the territory granted to the "Lower California Company" amounted to the large sum of \$78,000.

This, of course, is the valuation of the pearls given by the divers and speculators, and is consequently very much below the actual value of the catch.

A pearl is sold frequently for \$20, which, resold at Panama at \$200, brings \$1,000 in Paris; and in many cases much greater profits have been made on very fine gems.

Not over one-half the catch is ever reported to the Government, and the yield of the Gulf for 1869 may be safely estimated at \$300,000 in gold.

*Present state of our Knowledge of Meteorites.*—Horr Rammelsberg, of Berlin, has just given a summary of what is known, from a mineralogical and chemical point of view, of the meteorites, those messengers from other heavenly bodies which from time to time reach our earth. The essential constituents which are always present in very distinct classes of these foreign bodies are nickel, iron, phosphorus, sulphides of the metals, oxides, silicates, free silicio acid, and, in rare instances, carbon, or combinations of carbon.

*New Theory of the Milky Way.*—Mr. Proctor has been led, by a careful examination of the structure of various parts of the Milky Way, to the conclusion that the true figure of the system of stars constituting this zone can neither be that of a cloven disc, as supposed by Sir W. Herschel, nor that of a broad flat and in part cloven ring, as suggested by Sir John Herschel. He points out that the existence of round *coal-sacks* in the Milky Way is as conclusive as to its figure, at least in those parts, as the round figure of the Magellanic Clouds is as to the general figure of those strange clusters. We cannot suppose the coal-sacks to be tunnel-shaped openings extending through the whole breadth of a wide, flat ring, without the "obvious improbability" spoken of by Sir John Herschel when dealing with the supposition that the nubecule may be cylindrical in figure. This being so, it follows that if the coal-sacks are really openings through a star-zone, that zone cannot, in all probability, have a much greater extension in the direction of the line of sight than at right angles to that line. According to this view the section of the Milky Way near the coal-sack in Crux (and presumably elsewhere) would be, roughly, circular. And viewing the Milky Way as a ring of circular section—that is, as resembling in section an ordinary wire ring—one can understand many peculiarities of its structure which seem wholly opposed to either the disc or the flat-ring theory. For example, the great gap in the constellation Argo may be readily explained, and so also can the yet wider vacant space in the fainter branch where the ring is double. Mr. Proctor shows how, by assigning to the Milky Way a spiral figure, nearly all the prin-

cial peculiarities of the zone can be very fairly accounted for.

*Color Changes in the Planet Jupiter.*—We have mentioned that last October Mr. Browning noticed that the great equatorial belt of Jupiter, usually the brightest part of the planet's disc, was of a greenish-yellow tint, resembling the color known among artists as yellow-lake. Since then the belt has passed through other changes, appearing sometimes of an almost full orange-yellow, at others coppery-red; while its boundaries, both on the north and south, have exhibited the most surprising changes of figure.

*The Sun's Corona.*—Astronomers are already looking forward with interest to the total eclipse of next December, when they hope to solve the perplexing problem presented by the solar corona. Mr. Lockyer, in a paper communicated to the Royal Society, has expressed his continued adherence to the theory which explains the corona as due to the glare of our own atmosphere. In this way he gets over certain difficulties presented by the results of spectroscopic analysis as applied by himself to the chromosphere and prominences, and by the American observers to the corona. It may be questioned, however, whether these spectroscopic observations cannot be interpreted more simply. One point, at any rate, is obvious; the corona is not a solar *atmosphere*; that it is, however, a solar appendage, can hardly, we think, be reasonably doubted.

*The November Meteors.*—Observations made on these objects last November, have continued to come in from various far distant stations. They point conclusively to a well-marked spreading of the meteor system, as compared with the portion through which the earth passed in November, 1868. In fact, from some observations made by Lieut. Tupman at Port Said, it would seem as though the width of the system had increased fully fourfold in the interval. The problem presented by the November meteors becomes more and more interesting, the more we consider the relations really involved in what has been discovered respecting the extent of the system.

*Icicles in the Cells of Plants.*—At a meeting of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, on 21st February, M. Prillieux sent in an interesting paper on the congelation of plants. He has established the existence normally of large icicles in the interior of all frozen plants. These icicles form small columns, perpendicular to the surface, and often penetrating the epidermis. The ice is formed from liquids derived from the cells. The cells themselves remain intact, so that there is no destruction, but simply a separation of organs, and therefore what has been said concerning the death of plants by freezing goes for nothing.

*A Rain of Sand.*—A curious shower of sand took place in some parts of Italy on February 13 and 14 last, and has been described in the *Comptes Rendus* by M. P. Denza. This memoir, says the *Chemical News*, contains the account of a very curious phenomenon—viz., rain in the southern parts of Italy accompanied by a fall of a fine reddish sand, while, in the northern parts of that kingdom, snow fell, accompanied by the same substance. The sand has been tested and found identical with that

which is now and then carried by gales of wind from the African desert, not simply into Italy, but even sometimes into Switzerland, where some of it fell, along with snow, at Tacappina (Canton des Grisons). This paper contains many curious facts relating to a phenomenon which is sometimes observed also on the Canary Islands.

*The Volcano Fish.*—A paper having appeared some time since in a contemporary, from the pen of the Rev. W. W. Spicer, in which the phenomenon of the expulsion of fish from volcanoes was spoken of as strange and astounding, and the idea being conveyed that the fish must have lived "in the line of fire" before being expelled, Mr. Scrope, F.R.S., writes to *Scientific Opinion*, February 23, as follows:—This sensational version of a very simple fact is one only of several which, on the authority of "the great Prussian traveller," have been repeated by compilers of treatises on volcanic phenomena. The simple fact, I conceive, is that the fish in question lived in the open air in crater-lakes, such as are frequently found at the summit of trachytic volcanoes—for the reason that the fine ash, which is usually the last product of their eruptions, and therefore forms the lining of their craters, is very retentive of moisture, and consequently occasions the production of lakes at the bottoms of these hollows. Of course in these lakes the same kind of fish will probably be found as, by Mr. Spicer's own statement, are met with in other lakes at an almost equal elevation on the outer sides of these very volcanoes.

*A Shower of Shell-fish.*—Our authority for the following account is a recent number of the *American Naturalist*. Mr. John Ford exhibited to the Conchological Section, Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, specimens of *Gemma gemma*, remarkable as having fallen, accompanied by rain, in a storm which occurred at Chester, Pennsylvania, on the afternoon of June 6, 1869. The specimens were perfect, but very minute, measuring one-eighth inch in length by three-sixteenths inch in breadth. Though most of the specimens which fell were broken, yet many perfect ones were collected in various places, sheltered from the heavy rain which followed their descent. A witness of the storm, Mr. Y. S. Walter, editor of the *Delaware County Republican*, assured Mr. F. that he noticed the singular character of the storm at its very commencement, and, to use his own words, "it seemed like a storm within a storm." A very fine rain fell rapidly, veiled by the shells, which fell slower and with a whirling motion. Judging from the remains of animal matter attached to some of the specimens, together with the fresh appearance of the epidermis, it is highly probable that many of them were living at the moment of transition. This minute species resembles a quahaug shell, and is common on the seashore between tide-marks.

*Curative Properties of Petroleum.*—A London medical journal reports a number of cures in East Indian hospitals by the application of petroleum in combination with other materials, to form a consistent ointment. Petroleum is found to take the place of carbolic acid as a local disinfectant. It has been successfully used, also, by American physicians, and has long been sold in this country as a "patent medicine" under various names.

*Comets and Meteors.*—The same astronomer shows reasons for believing that the solar system, as it passes through the interstellar spaces, traverses regions in which cometic or meteoric matter is sometimes densely and sometimes sparsely strewn. He concludes that during the interval from 700 to 1200 the solar system was passing through or near a meteoric cloud of very great extent; that from 1200 to 1700 it was traversing a region comparatively destitute of such matter; and that about the commencement of the eighteenth century it again entered a similar nebula of unknown extent. He points to a fact which has not hitherto, so far as we know, been noticed, that all the comets whose perihelion distances are less than 0.01 have their perihelion close to the direction towards which the sun is moving, while those whose perihelion distances are less than 0.05 exhibit a well-marked approach to the same peculiarity of distribution.

*The Proper Motion of the Stars, and the Sun's Motion through Space.*—Mr. Proctor, as we have already mentioned, has recently obtained some rather singular results respecting the proper motions of the stars, so far as they avail to indicate the motion of the sun through space. His paper on the subject has since appeared in the Monthly Notices of the Astronomical Society. It will be remembered that Mr. Dunkin, applying a method devised by Mr. Airy to the motions of 1,167 stars, found for the point on the heavens towards which the sun's motion is directed a place closely corresponding with the mean of results obtained by others. But when he applied to the uncorrected sum of squares of the stellar proper motions a correction corresponding to the deduced solar motion, he found, in place of a considerable reduction, a sum not differing by one-thirteenth from the uncorrected sum. Mr. Proctor, analyzing Mr. Dunkin's results according to several distinct hypotheses, arrives, by independent methods, repeatedly to this one conclusion, that the distances of the fainter stars have been largely over-estimated by astronomers. Finally, dividing the whole number of 1,167 stars into two sets, one including the stars of 1st, 2d, and 3d magnitudes, the other those of the 4th, 5th, and 6th magnitudes, and comparing the mean distances inferable from the mean proper motions of each set, he finds the ratio absolutely one of equality. It would follow, of course, that the stars of the lower orders of magnitude are relatively small (instead of being very far from us); and that in such a degree as to enable us to refer these orbs to the same region of space as the larger stars. Mr. Proctor remarks, however, that he is far from wishing to place so great a stress on his results; but he considers that they do suffice to render the usually accepted views respecting stellar distribution wholly untenable.

*Star-drift.*—In a paper communicated to the Royal Society, Mr. Proctor points out another peculiarity of the stellar proper motions. In certain regions of the heavens the stars exhibit a well-marked tendency to drift in a definite direction. Mädler had already noticed this in the case of stars in the constellation Taurus, but the German astronomer was mistaken in supposing that the drift in this constellation is exceptional. On the con-

trary, there is a more remarkable drift in the constellations Cancer and Gemini; while in many regions of the heavens the drift is at least as remarkable as in Taurus. It is to be noticed, therefore, that whatever stress has been laid by astronomers on Mädler's conclusion that Alcyone is the centre of the stellar motions is misplaced, since a similar community of motion is observed in other neighborhoods. One of the most singular instances of star-drift is recognized in the constellation Ursa Major. The five conspicuous stars  $\beta$ ,  $\gamma$ ,  $\delta$ ,  $\epsilon$ , and  $\zeta$  are all travelling in the same direction and at the same rate, in a direction which is exactly contrary to that due to the stellar motion. If these stars indeed form a single system, and it is scarcely possible to draw any other conclusion from so remarkable a community of motion, the mind is lost in contemplating the enormity of the cyclic period of this vast system. The duration of our solar system must be regarded as a mere moment by comparison.

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#### ART.

*Mr. Jarves on the Proper Prices for Art Labor.*—Consummate talent should not be grudging its gains, however large, because they are the legitimate fruit of labor, and the world largely benefits by it. But why pay as much or more for the inept or common-place as would content the greatest skill? The "Webster" of Powers is by universal criticism considered to be as indifferent a representation of that statesman as could be fashioned, and without any redeeming æsthetic features. For the original statue lost at sea, the public paid \$12,000; and for the present duplicate \$7,000; in all \$19,000. It cost to cast these statues in Florence, bronze included, within a fraction of \$3,300, which leaves almost \$16,000 as the sum paid for the fabrication of the "clay model," the equal of which any clever artist could put up in a short time. In these days, when monuments to cost hundreds of thousands of dollars are put without reflection into hands to be executed that have never given proof of their capacity to excel in art, it is expedient to pause a while over the pecuniary responsibility at stake. I am not speaking of works that display actual beauty, or energetic invention, or any really strong, characteristic trait. An American who could model a "Demosthenes" or "Aristides," would be cheaply paid at fifty thousand dollars, while one who did no better than the newly-found gilt "Hercules" at Rome, would be dearly paid at five thousand for a similar monster. An author may employ ten times as much toil and brains on a book as it took to model the "Webster" or "Everett," and he would be esteemed fortunate were he to receive one-tenth of their cost for his copyright.

The cost of making an ideal bust in Florence, including the marble, like the usual run of fancy heads, is eighty to one hundred dollars by contract. A portrait-bust, life-size, costs higher, and it is less remunerative, because seldom repeated; but two hundred dollars would cover the cost of the bust, including the time in taking the clay model. A heroic-sized statue in marble costs about two thousand dollars to make; repetitions of the ordinary parlor statues, Eves, Greek Slaves, Judiths and their like, from eight hundred to one thousand

The profit on large monuments is so large as to turn towards sculpture considerable ordinary business talent, which, as regards art, had better be left to its common pursuits. The "Cavour" statue, second quality of Carrara marble, sixteen feet high, imposing and respectable, lately erected at Leghorn, cost by contract twenty-five thousand francs. We often pay ten thousand dollars for statues no better executed, of ordinary life-size.

*King George of Greece* is excavating the ancient Panathenaic Stadium at Athens. He has purchased at his own expense the land supposed to have been occupied by the race-course on the right bank of the Illyssus, and workmen are engaged in removing the deposits of earth. At a depth of several feet, a perfect semi-circular wall of compact marble has been exposed, and a corresponding interior wall of perfect masonry. Between these the spectators passed, ascending through marble entrances—two of which have also been discovered—to the seats in the amphitheatre above. These walls are supposed to have extended around the entire length of the race-ground, and may be still existing. The upper end is in perfect preservation. Parts of columns have been found with carved work at the bases, and other marble fragments forming portions of the doorways and seats. It will not be surprising if King George's discoveries equal those made along the shores of the Acropolis, which are now only second to the Parthenon and the Tharum. The length of the Stadium was 600 yards, the semi-circle end was artificial, and the natural slope of the banks formed the amphitheatre, where some 40,000 spectators seated themselves on the turf. Herodes Atticus constructed the marble steps and seats, and this is the work now brought to light. It is described by Pausanias as having been "of white marble and wonderful to behold." The king intends to upturn the earth over the whole extent of the plain and hill-sides, so that whatever exists in the way of stoue-work may be revealed.

"*The Muse of Cortona*," is the only painting which remains to us from the pre-Christian age.

The "Muse" has those qualities which the best Italian masters have ever sought, and which French art tries to realize. Painted in the encaustic method, which was adopted in remote antiquity, it resists time and humidity better than any other. The Byzantines adopted it from the old, and transmitted it, in a modified manner, to the modern Greeks and to the Russians. There exist pictures, done in this way eight centuries ago, perfect now. Pliny says this system was in vogue before the epoch of Aristides. It is conjectured that the colors were boiled with wax, into which a light dose of oil was infused. The prices paid Zeuxis, Parrhasius, and Apelles exceeded even modern prodigality, and indicate the esteem in which they were held. Lucullus gave several thousand dollars for a copy of a portrait of Glycero seated with a crown of flowers in her hand. Nicias refused upwards of one hundred thousand dollars of our money for a painting of the "Descent of Ulysses into Hell," preferring to give it to Athens, his birth-place. Julius Caesar paid nearly two hundred thousand dollars for two pictures of Ajax and Medea. The fees given by pupils to the great masters were enormous, but the course of study in their studios was thorough. Protogenes

worked seven years on his picture of the hunter Jalyssus. We cite Leonardo's four years' work on the "Jacoconda" as a order of patient elaboration. Four centuries have robbed it of its finest qualities, while after the lapse of more than twenty, the "Muse" retains hers—a striking contrast to the rapid destructibility or deterioration of modern pigments.—*Jarves' "Art Thoughts."*

France has lost two historical painters: Col. Langlois, the author of the Panoramas in the Champs Elysées, born in Calvados in 1789, studied under Girodet, Gros, and Horace Vernet; first exhibited battle-pieces in 1822, in which year he was appointed Aide-de-Camp to Marshal Gouvion Saint-Cyr, and made the campaign of Catalonia, gaining the rank of Major of the Etat-Major. From about the year 1833 he occupied himself almost entirely with the painting of panoramas, visiting Africa and the Crimea for his subjects; also several battle-pieces for the gallery of Versailles; gained a first-class medal in 1834, published several volumes of travels, and won the rosette of Commander in the Legion of Honor by his military services.—The late M. Monvoisin was born at Bordeaux in 1793, and studied under Pierre Guérin: he won the Grand Prix de Rome in 1822, and while at Rome married a young Italian artist, Domenica Festa. He painted many historical and religious works for the city of Paris and the State galleries and churches, the best known being "The Birth of the Virgin," for Notre Dame de Lorette; but the only picture from his hand which obtained celebrity was "Jeanne la Folle."

*Irish Sepulchral Monuments.*—The literature of Irish Philology and Art is about to receive a valuable addition in the extra or "Annual Volume" to be presented early in the summer to the Fellows of the Royal Historical and Archaeological Association of Ireland. The work is in demy 4to, profusely illustrated, and consists of the first portion of Ancient Irish Christian Inscribed Sepulchral Monuments in the Celtic language, ranging from the seventh to the end of the twelfth century. Miss Stokes has illustrated "The Cromleac on Howth" (published by Day) and the late Dr. Todd's "Description" of "The Book of Kells," and other ancient MSS. preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin (recently issued by the Society of Antiquaries of London), and has undertaken the editing for the association of the drawings, made by the late Dr. Petrie, of these ancient inscribed stones, with the assistance, in the philological portion of the work, of the eminent Celtic scholar the Rev. William Reeves, D.D. The drawings have, where practicable, been compared with the originals, and many examples unknown to Dr. Petrie have been obtained.

*Three Paintings* by Meissonier were recently sold in Paris at excellent prices. The first, "La Halte des Chasseurs," was bought for thirty-two thousand francs by an Englishman; the second, by an Austrian, for twenty-two thousand francs; and the third, a little thing called the "Vin de Cure," for nearly twenty thousand.

*M. Malinowski* puts forth a description of six abbeys, of the Cluniac order, that existed in Poland in the Middle Ages; *M. Revon*, an account of the ancient inscriptions in Upper Savoy.